GOOD WORDS

1905

EDITED BY THE VERY REV.

DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS

"Good Words are worth much and cost little."

HERBERT

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THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

From the fresco in the Convent of S. Maria delle Grazie, Milan. (From a photograph by Ed. Alinari.)

FIVE GREAT PAINTERS OF THE RENASCENCE.

BY SIR WYKE BAYLISS, F.S.A., P.R.B.A.

I. LEONARDO DA VINCI.

MONA LISA. *But I am an old woman, and you painted me twenty years ago. Why do you desire to paint me again?*

LEONARDO. *I painted you then as the Blessed Virgin. Now you are old enough for me to paint you as her mother.*

THEY know little of the poetry of the heavens, who think of the stars only as so many points of light in the purple darkness, without realizing the loveliness of their grouping. From Homer to Virgil, from Dante to Tennyson, it is always the constellation rather than "the bright particular star" that fills the imagination with high and beautiful thoughts. Look at Achilles' shield, fresh from the hand of the artist god. There shone the starry lights of heaven.

The Pleiads, Hyads, with the Northern Team;
And Great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear revolving points his golden eye.

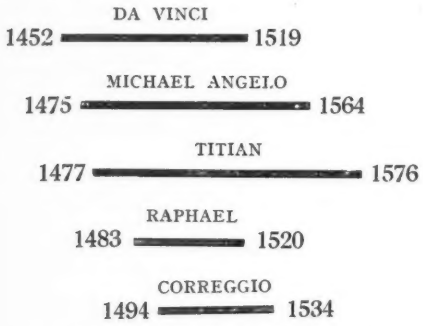
This—eight hundred years before Christ!—and twice eight hundred years after Christ it is the same. Shakespeare says—

Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlay'd with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed cherubim.

It is then to a group of painters, rather

than to an individual genius—to the choir of heaven rather than to a solitary voice—that I turn for light and music. Just as in considering the art of the Victorian Era, I studied the life and works of five great painters—Leighton, Millais, Watts, Burne Jones, Holman Hunt—finding in them the expression of the art of our own day, so now I set before me the life and work of five great painters of the Renascence—Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, and Correggio—regarding them not as solitary stars, but as a constellation in the firmament of Art.

I have named them in the order of their birth. Their lives lie in parallel lines, and cover a period of a little more than a century—from 1452, when Da Vinci was born—to 1576, when Titian died. Only for a very few years, however, were they actually contemporaries, living and working together. It is interesting to note how far their lives did run together, with the possibility of companionship, and the fine emulation which comes, with friendly personal intercourse, between men pursuing the same object. I have made a little scale which will show this at a glance :—



It will be seen that Da Vinci was a young man, just come of age, when Michael Angelo and Titian were born. Then Raphael followed very quickly, so that Angelo and Titian and Raphael were boys together ; and when Correggio was added to the group they were but lads still. No doubt the four youngsters regarded Da Vinci as a very old fellow indeed.

In looking back upon the evolution of Art in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries one is reminded of the building of a great cathedral. It is not every architect who, like Sir Christopher Wren, lives to see the completion of his design. St. Peter's, at Rome, was planned by Bramante as a Greek cross, and the first stone was laid with great pomp in 1506. What would Bramante say if he could see it now ? When Raphael was appointed architect, he changed the Greek into a Latin cross. A little later, Peruzzi, who succeeded Raphael, restored the Greek form ; a little later still, another architect, San Gallo, changed it back to the Latin. Greek and Latin—Latin and Greek—so the changes were rung, until Michael Angelo restored the foundations to the original design of Bramante. But even this was not to be the end. In the Decadence which followed, the nave was again lengthened to the proportions we see to-day. It was thus with the Renascence of Art. It was marked by changes corresponding to the evolution of a great edifice. Its foundations were laid by Da Vinci, on the fine lines of scholarship and scientific knowledge. A new splendour came upon it through the impassioned imagination of Michael Angelo. It was enriched with colour through the palette of Titian. It became more lovely through the tenderness and grace of Correggio—more stately and balanced through the completeness of Raphael. The movement was not always at the same impetus, nor in the same direction, but it was always forward—and it began with Leonardo. That is to say, the foundations were well laid, and the building was watched with intelligent eyes.

What is it that draws men into the profession of Art ? Da Vinci was the founder of a famous Academy, but in his early days there were no schools of art, such as we have to-day, nor exhibitions of the works of contemporary painters, to which young eyes turn, as flowers turn to the light. The encouragement of Art was limited to the action of princes and nobles of great wealth, who found place for the artist in their retinues—and to ecclesiastics, who adorned their churches with painting and sculpture. Thus Lorenzo the Magnificent took the young Leonardo into his service, and allotted to him a studio in the gardens

of the Medici at Florence. There he found a collection of the antique statues which had been recently discovered. These relics of Greek art no doubt awakened in Da Vinci, as afterwards in Michael Angelo, a new sense of beauty. But for Leonardo as a child there were no "old masters" to be worshipped. Perugino, Botticelli, and Ghirlandao, were children about his own age. Fra Angelico, who had been painting in the monastery of Fiesole, on the hills overlooking the town, had died in Leonardo's infancy. Even in his own Florence there was little to inspire him, except the cathedral which had just been consecrated, and Giotto's Tower.

Far away, indeed, there were known to be artists of great fame. At Venice the two brothers, Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, were painting pictures for the Doge; and one of them, it appears, for the Sultan at Constantinople—for Venice was not then at war with the Turk. It was whispered that His Majesty Mahomet the Second—in order to demonstrate to Bellini that he had made a little mistake in the anatomy of the severed head of John the Baptist—then and there, in the presence of the painter, cut off the head of a slave who happened to be standing within reach of his scimitar. I wonder whether this inquisitiveness of the Sultan troubled the young Leonardo. It is said to have troubled the gentle Gentile very greatly: for the older of the old masters had not been accustomed to enquire too particularly into the interior arrangements of the human frame. They took a great deal for granted.

Da Vinci, however, did not take anything for granted. At a later period he fully acknowledged his indebtedness to the painters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but he did not follow them as his guides. "No one," he says, "will ever be a great painter who takes as his guide the paintings of other men. Giotto was brought up amongst the hills, with goats for his companions, yet Nature compelled him to be an artist, and Masaccio proved by the perfection of his work that Nature is the Mistress of all the Masters."

Da Vinci, then, according to his own account, became an artist because he was led, or driven, into the studio by Nature, and he became a great artist because he thought for himself, refusing to be trammelled by the conventionalisms of the schools. Even as a lad he was counted a prodigy of learning. When, in 1470, at the age of eighteen, he entered the workshop of Verrocchio, he had already "confounded" his tutor with unsolvable mathematical problems—and, "being of an exalted imagination, had learned to sing to the lute most divinely, improvising at the same time both words and music." That is Vasari's account of the young man. Moreover, he is said to have been "as strong as Hercules, and as beautiful as Apollo."

As strong as Hercules and as beautiful as Apollo—the expression is an echo of conversations heard by Vasari in the studios of Florence and Rome. The antique statues — the Apollo Belvedere, and the Hercules Farnese—had just come to light, after a burial of more than a thousand years, and the young painter—beautiful to look upon, accomplished beyond other men of his age, and endowed with great physical strength—appears to have justified the comparison. I am half inclined to drop the "Da Vinci" altogether —for after all that was his name only by adoption—and know him for the future simply as Apollo. No doubt Verrocchio felt that he had a young god amongst his disciples, and rejoiced accordingly.

But presently things assumed a different aspect. The young genius passed from confounding the tutor who taught him arithmetic, to confounding the master who taught him to paint. And of this Andrea Verrocchio did not approve. In his chagrin at finding himself surpassed by a child he resolved to abandon painting for the rest of his life.

Regarded simply as an ebulition of temper, or jealousy, the incident was not worth recording. But it leads to something more than that—to something higher and better. Let us turn to the picture itself—the very picture in which the child "confounded" the old man—and see how Leonardo stands, not so much in relation to his master as to his mistress

—Art. I know no instance in which the transition or evolution of Art is more visibly expressed. The kneeling angels might be the work of Giotto, or Fra Angelico—better drawn; they might be from the pencil of Raphael or Correggio—with less mastery of technique. They are neither. They are altogether of the period when they were painted. They are of the transition. They are Da Vinci of Da Vinci.

These two beautiful figures are, as I said, a fragment only of a picture. It was the custom of the masters to employ their pupils and assistants upon the great mural decorations which they designed, and these angels were Leonardo's contribution to Verrocchio's painting of the Baptism of our Lord. It was a good beginning. If Leonardo was a mere child, as Vasari says, at the time—what shall we expect of him when he comes to his full strength? To the beauty of Apollo, and the strength of Hercules, will he now add the wisdom of Jove? We cannot expect more of him than he appears to have expected of himself. Dr. Richter, in his delightful life of Da Vinci, gives an amusing letter from the young man to his patron, the Duke of Milan, recommendatory of himself. It is too long to transcribe, but a brief summary will afford at least a glimpse of the confidence with which he set forth in life. He writes:—

"1. I can construct bridges, very light, and easy to carry—or a stronger kind to resist fire and assault, that will put the enemy to flight. I know ways also for destroying those of the enemy.

2. In case of investing a place I know how to remove water, and make scaling ladders and other instruments.

3. I have a way of ruining any fortress which is not on stone foundations.

4. I can also make cannon which will discharge inflammable matters, and strike great terror into the enemy by their smoke.

5. By winding passages underground I can contrive a way under rivers.

6. I can construct engines which will crash through the enemies' ranks, so that the infantry may follow without impediment.

7. I can construct cannon to be not only useful but beautiful.

8. I can make catapults, mangonels, and things hitherto unknown, and contrive endless means of destruction.

9. And if the fight should be at sea—(*sicut ante*).

10. In time of peace I can equal any man in architecture and engineering.

11. Then I can execute sculpture, in marble, or bronze, or terra-cotta; also I can do as much in painting as any other, be he who he may.

12. Moreover (and this is perhaps the finest touch of all) I would engage to make an equestrian statue to the lasting memory of your father."

And he did it too! That is where the delight of the thing comes in. He did it. For the Duke took him at his word. Da Vinci built bridges; he circumvented rivers; he made cannon beautiful for ever; even the equestrian statue came off, and was counted the wonder of Milan, for it was twenty-six feet high, and stood under a triumphal arch—which, of course, must have been higher still. Michael Angelo laughed at it a little—but then Michael Angelo was a rude Republican, while Da Vinci went with the King. Even that, however, was not all; Da Vinci was appointed "Master of the Ceremonies" to the Duke, and—*he painted a picture.* It reads a little like the old epitaph on the lady, famous for all the virtues, who was "deeply religious; also she painted in water colours and sent several pictures to the exhibition. She was first cousin to Lady Jones; and of such is the kingdom of heaven." Did Michael Angelo laugh? Yes. But not at Da Vinci's picture—nor is the laugh against Da Vinci now.

The equestrian statue, however, did not stand under its triumphal arch very long. Before the close of the century, in spite of the "beautiful cannon" and the smoke of its torment, Louis of France, the twelfth Louis, had taken the city; Milan was annexed to the French crown; the horse and his rider had become "a target for Gascon archers." It is true that a little later the French were driven out by the Spaniards, but Da Vinci did not live to see the deliverance. If he had seen it

THE TWO ANGELS, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

From the painting in the Accademia di Belle Arti, Florence.

I suppose he would scarcely have rejoiced, for he had become the friend of Louis. Ah, the changes! Italy is free now, and an Italian painter would no more take service under a French usurper than under a Spanish. The changes—did I say? What is left of Leonardo's Milan? Only a cathedral and a painting on a convent wall! The cathedral has been badly finished. It is hidden by a ghastly structure, known as the West Front, built by another French King—Napoleon. The

painting has almost perished. Is it for this that Hercules is strong and Apollo beautiful? Is it for this that youth grows into manhood, and that kingdoms are annexed? Let us forget for a moment the smoke of the cannon—the bridges—the infernal machines—and the annexations, while we look at Da Vinci's painting of the *Cenacolo*—that is, the Last Supper, in the Refectory of the Convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, at Milan.

The subject of the picture is not new. It is, indeed, one of the oldest that has ever been chosen by Christian painters. We find it in the catacombs of Rome, amongst the frescoes of the second century—twelve men, seated at a table, with One in their midst. Before Da Vinci's time it had become the favourite decoration for the refectory of a convent or monastery. Da Vinci's picture fills the end wall of the chamber, raised a little above the dado, so that every one seated at table may see it. It is the grace before meat of every feast. In one of the earliest of the frescoes of the catacombs our Lord is placed as in Da Vinci's picture, with six of the disciples at each side. There is nothing original in that. Moreover, Da Vinci has taken the likeness of Christ, as well as the curly beard of Peter, and the beardless face of John direct from these first records of Christian Art. But the faces of the Twelve were not all known to the worshippers in the catacombs, any more than they were known to the monks of Milan. Da Vinci had to imagine them for himself. His conception of them is, perhaps, the highest—it is certainly one of the highest—achievements known in the world of Art. In the ancient fresco ten of the figures are all alike, our Lord, St. John, and St. Peter alone being distinguished by any attempt at portraiture. Da Vinci discriminated between character and character. There was the impetuous Peter; there was Thomas who once doubted; there were James, and Jude—the Lord's kinsmen. How should these receive the words which must have pierced them to the heart? "One of you shall betray me." If it needs a great painter to represent this with living force, it needs a great poet to describe it in words.

The poet Goethe has rendered us this service. I have not space in which to give Noehden's translation of the passage. Moreover, I do not accept in every case Goethe's interpretation. But, availing myself of the poet's insight, I will follow the beautiful line of thought he has indicated, confessing that if I have varied it for the worse the fault is mine, the merit is Goethe's.

Note, then, how the Twelve are divided into groups—corresponding with their known relations to each other. Next to Christ—on his right—are John, and Peter, and Judas. This is the first group.

Peter has risen from his seat, and vehemently protests. He forgets that he carries a sword—and that it touches Iscariot—the very sword which a few hours later, at Christ's command, he shall put back into its sheath. Judas, conscience-stricken, shrinks from the Master. See, in his sudden movement of terror he has overturned a vessel, and the salt lies scattered on the table—but he still clutches the purse in his hand. Peter lays his hand on John's shoulder, who bends towards him to listen. The quiet of John's true heart is expressed by the folding of his hands.

On the left of our Lord is a second group. James is the son of the Virgin's sister, and Da Vinci has expressed this in the likeness of his features to Christ. James is a prophet also, and stretches out his arms with amazement and terror, as one who sees with his eyes the terrible things which shall be. Thomas leans over towards the Saviour, raising his finger as if in remonstrance—the finger which shall some day touch the wounded side and be satisfied. Philip bends forward also, his hands clasped to his heart. He is saying "It is not I, Lord. It is not I, Thou knowest."

Then the third group—on the extreme left of our Lord—Matthew turns eagerly to his two companions, stretching out his arms in passionate appeal. With what consummate art this simple action unites the groups! James, the son of Zebedee, betrays doubt and suspicion, and his eyes are turned towards Judas, as though he were saying "Did I not always suspect?

Did I not tell you ?" Simon, the oldest of the disciples, is troubled and full of thought. Each of the three in some subtle form conveys the idea that Iscariot is in their thoughts.

In the fourth group we see Bartholomew, standing at the end of the table, upon which he leans his hands, looking anxiously towards Matthew and Simon as though he would cry out to them "What shall we answer to the Lord ?" Jude, the brother of James, recognisable again by his likeness to Christ—this time in profile—lays his hand on Peter, as Peter lays his on John, so that the three with Andrew and Bartholomew are linked together apart from Judas. Andrew expresses with half-lifted arms and outspread hands the fixed horror with which he is seized.

What is the latest achievement in modern impressionism compared with this ? What is the "square touch" that we should desire it, if it is to forfeit for us the realization through Art of the passion of our lives ? There are men who tell us that stories must not be told in Art —that stories must be told only by poets and novelists. The blueness of the sky ; the purple of shadows cast by the sun ; the texture of linen, fine or coarse ; these are the things to which the painter is now invited to limit himself. Da Vinci has taught us a higher lesson. He has taught us that if where God is there are angels—so where Christ is there are men. He has shown us that love can be painted, as surely as sunshine ; hate, as surely as shadow ; and that the highest impressionism is not the impression made by a brushmark, but the imprint of the divine nature on our hearts.

Da Vinci's picture was finished towards the close of the century, and then he was driven by the clash of arms from Milan, and the great school he had founded was scattered. Scattered, but not destroyed. He visited Venice, where he must have met the young Titian, who was already filling the world with his praise. In 1501 he visited Urbino, where Raphael was a lad of eighteen. Then he travelled through Siena, Orvieto, Perugia, Ravenna, and along the shores of the Adriatic, as engineer of that terrible scourge of Italy—Cæsar Borgia. Next year he was at Florence, renewing his old quarrel with Michael Angelo. In 1504 he returned to Milan, by that time under the rule of the French ; and in 1519 he died in exile, at the Château Cloux, near Amboise, which had been allotted to him as a residence by his friend the new King, Francis the First.

The life of Da Vinci was not a happy life. A cloud hung over it from his infancy. Leonardo was one of many children—he speaks of eleven brothers and sisters—but, although brought up with them in his father's house, and allowed to bear his father's name, his mother was not recognised as one of the family. This was for the boy a sadder fate than that which befel Raphael, who, losing his mother, the gentle Magia, by death, still retained for her the tenderest memories. Da Vinci, however, never abandoned the unhappy Caterina. He alone of all her kith and kin visited her in her misery, and rendered her the last services of affection. If many candles and much incense can carry a soul to heaven, Caterina is safe. How far all this coloured Da Vinci's life cannot now be estimated. We read of no passionate outburst, such as we find in the lives of most painters ; no love story as in the life of Raphael ; no pathetic surrender of love to honour, as in the life of Michael Angelo ; no bereavement of wife or child like that of Titian ; no revolt from the religion of his fathers, like that of Correggio. Even the lightning of the Reformation, which flashed over Europe in his time, left him unscathed —content, as he said, to be a philosopher rather than a religionist. If Leonardo Da Vinci had been called upon to describe the issue of his life's work, I think he would have defined it as from first to last the fine flower of fine scholarship.

It was in his French home that Da Vinci designed his last great picture, the St. Anna with the Virgin. The picture itself, if ever finished, counts as one more of the lost treasures of art. But the design for it is preserved in our Royal Academy in London. It is my last illustration. The beautiful heads of mother and daughter

THE VIRGIN WITH HER MOTHER AND CHILD AND ST. JOHN

From the photogravure of the drawing in the Royal Academy, by permission of the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

are finely characteristic of the painter. As in the "Last Supper" he has given to the Lord's two cousins the reflex of the likeness of Christ, so in the lovely face of Anna we find the reflex of the face of Mary. I think Leonardo must have been reading those lines of Dante in the Paradiso—for Dante was to the painters of the Renascence what Shakespeare is to us—where he describes the Mother

of our Lord amidst the chorus of the redeemed—

> Seest thou Anna seated,
> So well content to look upon her daughter,
> That her eyes move not even while she sings.

That is what Da Vinci has expressed with infinite sweetness and grace, in this, the loveliest of his drawings. But the secret of his greatness as a painter does not lie in the grace of sweetness—in which Correggio excelled, nor in imaginative strength—in which he was surpassed by Michael Angelo. How shall Apollo be one and the same with Hercules? It was Hercules who violated Apollo's shrine. The truth is that painting is an affair of the heart, and of the brain, and of the perceptive faculties. Beauty alone will not satisfy Art, nor will imagination. Beauty and strength are great gifts, but they are not everything. Both Apollo and Hercules were sons of Jupiter, and yet Apollo was driven from Olympus, and Hercules died miserably, because his wife gave him a shirt not properly aired.

I know that this is not Ovid's way of telling the story of the Shirt of Nessus. He calls it a tunic, and says that it was poisoned. But it is the same thing. Besides, Ovid only received the story second-hand—and I have as much right to my interpretation as he had. I wish I could be as sure in my estimate of the relation in which Leonardo Da Vinci stands to the Renascence of Art as I am of the cause of Alcides's death. But unfortunately it is not possible to make a just comparison between Leonardo's work and that of his great contemporaries. The paintings of Michael Angelo and of Correggio may be counted by the score — of Titian and Raphael by the hundred; but of Da Vinci's there remain only nine of which we can affirm with any certainty that they came from his hand. And of these the chief, the *Cenacolo* in the refectory at Milan, is a mere wreck. And yet one thing is certain. The man who was master of all the sciences—anatomy, botany, chemistry, acoustics, optics, dynamics, statics, geology—the man who was architect, engineer, alchemist, poet, grammarian, satirist, musician, sculptor—the man who, after four hundred years, is recognised with Bacon as one of the founders of the inductive philosophy—whose theories on matter are still counted as revelations of physical truths—whose speculations on the relation of matter to mind stand on a level with the highest that have yet been formulated—this man, this Leonardo Da Vinci, passing from the laboratory of the philosopher to the studio of the painter, was indeed like Herakles approaching the shrine of Delphi—not to desecrate it by plunder, but to enrich it with new gifts.

And the gods approved. Apollo made no resistance, nor did Jupiter stay his course. Leonardo Da Vinci irradiated the studio with the light of the intellectual life.

Sussex Stiles and their Surroundings

By J. Harris Stone, M.A., F.L.S., F.C.S.

With illustrations from Photographs taken by the Author

COUNTY human nature in England finds a natural expression of its emotions in stiles. Are they not *the* essentially human county characteristic, being constructed solely for the comfort, or discomfort as the case may be, of the human race; the lower animals have nothing to do with stiles. Hence there is great scope in their architecture for the portrayal of individuality. Some stiles smilingly invite the wayfarer to use them or even take needed rest thereon. Others clearly indicate the builder to have been of a narrow, uncomfortable, vinegary, frame of mind—his stiles show it. Then there is the spendthrift stile—not needed, quite superfluous, redolent of misplaced energy and waste of money. The well-kept, tidy stile, perhaps with its orthodox three coats of paint, suggests carefulness, the wise expenditure of money, of success from a worldly point of view. And there is, best of all from an artistic standpoint, the beautiful stile. The overhanging or framing trees are not tonsorially treated at stated intervals, but nature is allowed to revel at her own artistic and natural sweet will, with the result that what she does, and man refrains from doing, produces a picture delightful to look upon, regretfully left behind.

In each county and district of England the stiles—subject to the vagaries of individual idiosyncrasies—exhibit common generic features. This is only to be expected. Somerset stiles have certain common traits of character, clearly recognisable, and quite different from Sussex stiles. Sussex stiles again differ in every prominent feature from the similar structures to be found in Yorkshire.

We are now concerned with Sussex stiles and one of the, if not the, best centre to observe them from is Littlehampton. And a study of the stiles in this part of England shows what a lovely county Sussex is.

Little in some things, perhaps, Littlehampton is admittedly great in stiles. Great in the full, racy, Irish meaning of the word, for they are many in number, obtrusively present, varied in architecture and location, and unavoidable. Even a short stroll around Littlehampton, away from the sea front and main roads, makes the pedestrian acquainted with what Sussex can do in the way of stiles, and he soon learns that she can do a great deal.

Some are made of odd pieces of old wood—if near the sea, of wreckage. Others are constructed with concrete steps evidently made like a pudding in a zinc pail and turned out. Others again are made over flint-pebble walls, by cutting away a portion of some three feet run, lowering it by some two feet and smoothing over the top of the indentation with cement. These latter are characteristically Sussex, and pebbly walls being naturally at least a foot thick, are not the easiest form of stile to surmount.

The land at the back of the town of Littlehampton, where it is not built upon, is much divided into small fields, and as cattle-grazing is the prevalent form of farming, each pasture is efficiently and thoroughly hedged or walled in to prevent cows and sheep seeking pastures new. The paths are, therefore, continually leading over fences and boundaries, barbed wire or quickset irresistibly forcing the traveller to use the means of egress provided. No convenient side-gaps are allowed to remain in the hedges, no tumble-down walls a little way off, are provided. Littlehampton stiles are meant to be used, and used they are. The local lame dog must require a vast amount of helping!

In singular contrast to the ups and downs of the land side of the place, which become in the course of even a short walk through the fields a weariness to the flesh generally, or at any rate to the understandings in particular, the sea-front is as

free, open, and unobstructed as at any sea-side place in England.

Littlehampton is certainly an ideal place for children, old people and invalids, just as much as the country at the immediate back of the town is the reverse. A lovely, almost quite level, expanse of sand by the sea, where children can revel to satiety and in absolute safety; a broad promenade of neat brown bricks which dry up at once after a shower and elevated only a foot or two above the beach, flanked on the beach side all along its mile or more of length by a wide unsophisticated stretch of common where the grass grows at its own sweet will, and where maidens, boys and nursemaids may play, sport, and romp without being restricted to paths or warned off the grass. These are no small charms and they sufficiently account for the rising prosperity of this little Sussex sea-port. And that the place has risen and increased is evident. An old chronicler says that in 1801 the population was only 584, living in 112 houses, which in 1831 had increased to 1,625 living in 292 houses, whilst to-day the normal number of inhabitants is over 7,363, and in the summer months, when visitors flock to the place, the number must be several thousands more.

Photograph by] **Typical Sussex Stile** [*J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

The Arun River enters the sea at the western extremity of the beach through an artificial canal made in 1628 by the then Earl of Arundel to improve navigation and drain the levels. A swing-bridge here for vehicles to connect the Brighton and Bognor roads is much needed. Up and down this canal-like straight mouth the water surges at many knots an hour

with each tide. The river is now navigable as far up as Arundel Bridge and a very pretty twisting about trip it is to that town through lovely wooded scenery and old-time villages. At the actual exit of the river into the sea among the old wooden piles and barriers, there erected to keep out the sand from blocking the harbour, the famous Arundel mullet may be caught by the expert fisherman. The bait is usually lug worms placed on small hooks at the end of fine gut about a foot away from a light sinker. The mullet is about the most difficult of all sea-fish to catch. It is no use putting the bait down and waiting till a fish gets well hooked. That style of mullet fishing simply allows the wily fish to suck the bait off and pick its teeth with the hook after the toothsome meal. No. Delicate, even nervous touch, must be kept on the light rod and immediately a faint tremulous nibble is felt the bait must be whipped up. It will be seen from this that Arundel mullet fishing is not for the drowsy or lazy. The Thames, punt, pot-of-beer-by-the-side angler had far better remain at Twickenham.

Once a year, on May 26th, Littlehampton has a fair of the old-fashioned kind. From time immemorial it has been held at the juncture of River Road with the Market Place, and in spite of the efforts of the Urban District Council to suppress it, the gipsies with their roundabouts and "pot shot" stands turned up as usual this year on the appointed day. It is somewhat unusual to see a fair going on in the streets of a town. Alas! there were no gingerbread stalls this year—the first time this time honoured fair-essential has been wanting, and the article most in demand has now come to be that modern abomination, the little lead squirt full of water, which sold in large numbers at a halfpenny each. Fairs of this character belong to the past and they had better be left there, for with the modern adjuncts of howling music, ringing bells, and bangings of the strength-testing machines, squirts and paper confetti, they have become simply unbearable. However, nothing short of an Act of Parliament can abolish them.

The walks around Littlehampton are many and of sufficiently varied style to make each distinguishable. A local little guide-book accommodatingly enumerates twelve different and interesting expeditions for the pedestrian.

Rustington, just an easy morning's stroll distant from Littlehampton, can be approached across fields abounding in stone wall, and wooden stiles, the return journey being made by the shore. The little village lies to the east. The ancient church is of mixed architecture, but mostly Early English, and the churchyard is entered by a delightfully quaint V-shaped stile and old lych-gate. Near this stile we came across a quaint epitaph on the yellow lichen-covered headstone of one Thomas Humphrey, who departed hence in 1859 :—

> "Stay Passengers behold and see
> As you are now so once was I
> As I am now so must you be
> Prepare yourself to follow me."

And near the chancel end of the churchyard we met an old friend, on the headstone of Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Croucher, who died in 1836 :—

> "Afflictions sore long time I bore
> Physicians were in vain
> Till death did seize and God did please
> To ease me of my pain."

Rustington and rest seem synonymous—but there, one never knows country villages.

The Saxon village of Clymping is alone worth a visit to this part of England. It lies 2½ miles to the north-east of Littlehampton across the ferry (which connects the Brighton road with the Bognor) and possesses a church which is said to be "perfection"—"Bosham for antiquity, Boxgrove for beauty, Clympton for perfection." It has a beautiful Norman arch and tower, the rest of the edifice being Early English, whilst the old lych-gate is temptingly inviting. And then there is, close to Ford Junction, just north of Clymping, tiny Ford Church, so small that once it was lost and only found when the nettles were cut down—but then one can't believe all one hears in the neighbourhood!

The drives from Littlehampton as a centre are simply superb. A continual stream is passed of quaint ancient timber and brick cottages, yellow-lichened clad, surrounded by old-fashioned flowers, in shady lanes of vista-like, gothic arch, perfection, of breezy commons where you can with ease lose yourself and also, odd

Burpham, five miles from Littlehampton, to the north of Warning Camp will cause love at first sight to the artistic temperament. The church is a mixture of Early English and Early Norman, and is approached by the usual Sussex V-shaped wooden stile. With their backs to the churchyard in the open space,

Photograph by] **Lych Gate, Clymping Church, Sussex** [*J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

to say, your trap—many of these commons being devoid of even tracks and finger-posts. Such an old-time house, for example, is that in a delightful dell at Warning Camp, near the woods where the undergrowth is richly blue with wild hyacinths in the springtime. A path from the wood here crosses the roadway by two pretty stiles which add to the sylvan charms.

where the roads and yokels meet, are two old-time, long, resting forms with rude carving, somewhat Celtic in tracery.

The cyclist and motorist may just as well stop at the Balls Hut Inn, eight miles from Littlehampton between Arundel and Chichester, on the main road, and see the old grandfather clocks the proprietor has collected. We counted no less than the startling number of 51, almost all of

Photograph by] [*J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

Porch, Arundel Church, Sussex

Sussex make, when we visited him in May last, and he is so attached to them that he prefers not to dispose of them. He keeps them all going—ancient grandfather clocks know how to tick—and in striking order, the effect of which when lunching in the midst of this strange forest is—well, striking!

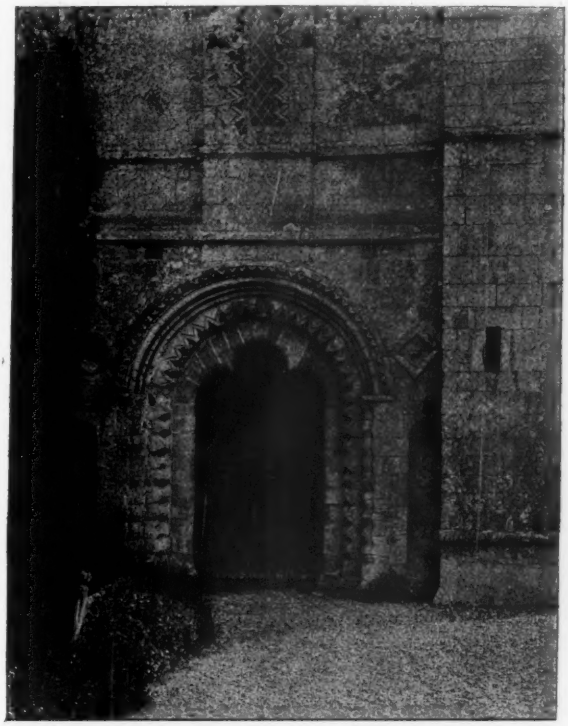
North of Arundel lies Amberley, where there is a station so that it is quite get-at-able. The river about here is beloved of fishermen and the sleepy, peaceful, old-world hamlet of artists. Is not the castle alone worth the trouble of visiting Amberley? The ruins are ivy-clad and there is a sufficiency of them to make mental reconstruction possible and pleasing. The entrance gateway with a tower on either side, and the remains of the portcullis-chase, form a typical picture of Norman strength. The church, close by, is also abounding in things interesting. It was probably constructed as early as 1230 by one Bishop Nevill, but portions of it show an even earlier edifice on the site. A very fine specimen of the yew tree is to be seen here before the porch, which was probably planted in 1724. The spreading symmetrical evenness of the branches all round distinguish it from almost all other churchyard yews in England.

From Amberley station two of the most out-of-the-way villages or hamlets in Sussex can be visited—North Stoke and South Stoke. The former can be approached by a trap expedition but the latter is so out of the world that road connection therewith it has none. The Saxon church of North Stoke is sweetly

quaint with its curious shingle bell turret. An old-fashioned mounting stone lies outside the churchyard and the walls in the spring are literally quite hidden beneath masses of wisteria bloom. South Stoke is reached from its twin by a narrow bridge, the footpath running by the side of the Arun, which about here takes several S-like windings.

The map of Sussex is simply a snare and a delusion to the motorist and driver of horsed vehicles. The traveller soon finds that there are, in reality, very few roads in the county suitable for carriages, and that those run through the least beautiful parts. Little places, in out-of-the-way corners, one would like to visit but enquiry discovers that they are on lofty downs approached by tracks where ruts from waggons are over a foot deep; such is, we know, the "road" to that marvellous view-point—Rockham Hill. Or, again, the most lovely spots of rustic beauty are reached by mere footpaths, not even accessible to the cyclist. Another great want is finger-posts. Surely the County Council might prevent the waste of the many miles each traveller in Sussex incurs when touring there by putting up more of these inexpensive conveniences, and we would suggest adding the mileage after each name.

To see Sussex, that is, its many nooky bits of unsurpassed beautiful scenery at the present time, requires energy, patience, perseverance, and a capacity for taking walking exercise. Still, it is well worth the trouble.



Photograph by] **Norman Arch, Clymping Church, Sussex** [*J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

Parables of Jesus

Introductory.—The Parable of the Sower

Introductory

I HAVE been asked to say a few words each month during the year upon one of the parables of our Lord. The use of parables was the special mark of Jesus' popular teaching—"without a parable spake He not unto them." It is easy to see the fitness of this kind of teaching: (1) It was a method to which His hearers were accustomed. Orientals are born story-tellers; their common speech is proverbial and parabolic. Teaching otherwise clothed would have been unreal—inaccessible to them. Our Lord when He came among men came not outwardly as a marvel, but as a brother, moving with the people among whom He lived and from whom, "as concerning the flesh," He sprang, their customary ways of thinking and speaking. He taught men in their own language; taught as a Rabbi, differing from other Rabbis, not in His method, but in the originality, the force, the strange and arresting authority which He showed in His use of it. (2) It was a method which arrested attention. You must always have clear in your imaginaton the scene of each parable—their Teacher standing there with the burden of truth upon His heart, and the crowd before Him; and remember what a crowd of men, a thing always so wonderful, must have meant to the Son of Man. Well, He must make them listen. With the sympathy and earnestness of the true Teacher He would swiftly and spontaneously use the suggestions of the moment—things passing before the eyes of His audience, familiar in their daily life, the ways of husbandman and housewife, the tales and news of the countryside—and thus catch and keep their attention. (3) It was a method which aroused thought; the great Teacher knew that He could not teach His hearers unless He made them teach themselves. He must reach their own minds and get *them* to work with Him. The *form* of the parable would attract all; but only the thoughtful could read its meaning. It could not be found without thinking. The parables therefore both attracted and lifted the crowd. Those only who "had ears" could hear—those only who were in earnest would either care or come to understand. (4) Hence it was a method which preserved the truth. What men think out for themselves they never forget; the exercise of their mind makes it their own. Moreover the language of symbols—expressed by what is seen by the eye or pictured by the imagination—is more powerful, enduring in its effects than the language of mere abstract words. It conveys and brings back to the mind the inner meaning with swiftness and sureness; it carries with it a wealth of suggestion and association. And mere words are constantly changing their meaning, whereas the symbols of life and Nature such as our Lord used in His parables are as abiding as Nature and life themselves.

Among all the teachers who have used this method of teaching, Jesus stands unrivalled. There is nothing in literature which can be compared with His parables. How familiar they are, yet how everlastingly fresh! Interwoven with all the memories of our lives, wrought with the texture of our daily speech, yet they retain a force and vividness wholly their own, so simple in form that a child may understand them, they are yet so deep in meaning that Christian thought for nearly two thousand years has pondered over them. The criticism of the Gospels, historical and literary, which has in so many ways changed and disturbed (as well as deepened) our knowledge of the life and words of Christ, leaves these stories for the most part untouched. No one can doubt that in studying them we are quite literally studying the very words of Jesus. They bear the mark of personality. They bring us to Him who spoke as man has never spoken.

From these thoughts two principles spring which shall guide our study. The first is, we must remember that each parable was spoken not primarily to unborn generations, but to living groups of bystanders and disciples. It had a single special lesson, meant for them, which they could understand. That primary lesson must always be our first concern. It must remain the touchstone of the worth of all our own interpretations. They must be consistent with it. No detail must be pressed to teach something plainly outside its limits. Thus (to quote familiar and egregious instances of a method only too common in all ages of Christian teaching) to see in some of the details of the story of the Good Samaritan a proof of the order of process in the Fall of Man, and an anticipation of the institution of the two great sacraments; to look upon the story of the Unjust Steward as a history of the apostasy of Satan; to discern in the Pearl of Great Price a description of the Church of Geneva—this is to ignore the unity of meaning given by our Lord Himself in the immediate lesson which He was impressing on His immediate audience, and to make interpretation fanciful, artificial, even violent. On the other hand—and this is our second principle of study—He who spoke these parables was the Son of God and Son of Man—the Word of God incarnate. However simple His words may have been they had in them the sureness and depth of the Truth itself. We shall therefore expect that the main lesson of each parable will carry us far, if we have power to follow it, into the deep things of life and God—nay, that the details will possess in relation to this main lesson a significance of their own. The parables will soon lead us to the mysteries of the Kingdom of God. We may even see "a mystery" in the very use of the parables by the Word Incarnate—the truth, namely, that the connection between the parable and the lesson is not merely accidental; that it corresponds to some inner harmony of thought and things. I cannot do better than quote the words of Richard French (whose introduction to the study of the parables in spite of the lapse of years since it was written remains full of scholarship, insight and beauty): "first to last, with its kings and its subjects, its parents and its children, its sun and its moon, its sowing and its harvest, its light and its darkness, its sleeping and its waking, its birth and its death, is from beginning to end a mighty parable, a great teaching of supersensuous birth . . . Christ moved in the midst of what seemed to the eye of sense an old and worn-out world, and it evidently became new at His touch, for it told to man *now* the inmost secrets of his being. He found that it answered with strange and marvellous correspondences to another world within him . . . that of these two worlds without him and within each threw a light and a day on the other." Jesus was man and God; His parables were simple, suited to the men He met on earth, yet were they also glimpses of truth deep and divine. May the Holy Spirit of God, the Giver of Life, through our study of them, make these venerable stories of Jesus live anew in our minds and lives!

I. The Parable of the Sower

We begin then with the great Parable of the Sower. It is the story with which Jesus Himself seems to have ushered in His parabolic method of teaching. It is the one which He gave as a type of all the rest, and concerning which He laid down the reasons which led Him to choose this way of reaching the breasts and consciences of His hearers. It is easy for us to imagine the scene of its first telling. Around the Master were the blue waters of the lake; before Him, on the fringe of bright yellow sand, stood the crowd of Eastern peasants, eager to hear the new Teacher, so unlike the formal and precise Rabbis to whom they were accustomed, as He sat there in the freshness and freedom of the open air. It may be that as He raised His glance, it fell upon some countryman on the slope of the hill behind the beach, sowing his seed, the birds flying around and behind him; that sight, a like thought which rose up in His mind, interpreted to Him with vivid reality His immediate situation—His presence there, meeting His brother men, with the message of their Father on his

lips, the love of their Father in His heart; these faces before Him, each of them representing some separate story of toil, of love, of hope, of need, of sorrow. "Behold, the sower went forth to sow." How could He make the words which came from His own very life become the germs of new and satisfying life in all these waiting folk? He knew that all depended upon the receptivity of the soil—on the disposition of the heart and mind. At the outset of our study of the parables, let us lay to heart that first and essential lesson. We shall make no progress in this or any other branch of Christian learning until we have grasped it. The Divine Teacher requires the right correspondence of heart and will. Truth cannot be known, grace cannot be received, without the fitting response of character. The message of Christian truth will never prove itself, the gift of Christian grace will never fulfil itself. To understand the first and to use the second really and vitally, a man must put and keep himself in the right attitude of mind and will. The object of the parable is to tell us what that right attitude is.

The seed is "the word," "the Word of God," "the Word of the Kingdom." The sower is the Living Spirit of God who breathes the word. The Spirit, like the wind, blows where He lists; and every breath of that Divine Spirit is a word of God. The language in which He speaks is manifold, unexpected, all pervading as Himself. Whenever the spirit of a man is touched and aroused, a word of God has been spoken. Sometimes it is spoken through Nature in—the glory of the setting sun, in the plash of the waters upon the shore, in the shapes and shadows of great mountains, in the multitude and silence of the stars, in the stillness of the huge and thoughtful night.' Sometimes the word is spoken through human lives—as when the example of a live man or woman warms the heart or fires the will, or when some spectacle of suffering quickens the instinct of compassion. Sometimes the word is spoken through memories of days and faces gone, through its associations rousing remorse, or reviving forgotten hopes. Sometimes it is spoken when some chord of music stirs strange yearnings in the soul and inarticulate "thoughts too deep for tears." Sometimes it speaks again to our own spirits with some echo of the power or pleading with which centuries ago it first sounded in the spirit of God's chosen men, when we read and hear the venerable words of the Bible. Has the inner spirit of a man at any time and in any way been reached and drawn towards good and God?—Here and there God has been speaking to him. Once indeed the Spirit of God expressed Himself in a Perfect Word—in *the* Word of God incarnate, and still the surest sign that a man can have that God Himself is speaking to Him is when the thought of Jesus moves him to grateful reverence. The example of Jesus inspires him to the service of his fellows, the Spirit of Jesus gives him the ardour of hope, and the strength of life. In all these manifold ways the Spirit of God is ceaselessly speaking divine words—the Sower is ever going forth to sow.

Whether or not these words of God enter within us as life-giving seeds, springing up in healthy and progressive life, and bearing fruit, depends upon the quality of the soil. It is this which we have to examine and prepare. This is the essential "spade work" of the Christian life.

1. Some seed fell upon the *way-side soil.* On the pathway trodden hard by the feet of men. The scattered seed finds no entry. It lies upon the surface, and the birds which fly in the wake of the sower pick it up and carry it away. The way-side soil is the type of the hardened heart. (1) The heart is hardened often by the routine of daily life, monotonous and persistent. Work we must have; hard work it is well for us to have; but if work is to ennoble and not enslave, the inner spirit of the worker must be kept free, otherwise the whole life is pressed down, becomes hard and flat, narrow and barren. You remember that epitaph, so significant of the common failures of life, "Born a man, he died a grocer." "The daily round," "the common task," are indeed "a road to bring us daily nearer God." But they are this only when the road is continually broken up by the free movement of His Spirit. There are three simple ways of

preventing this hardening of the heart. One is Prayer. It is busy, hard-working men who have most need of the daily prayer. The habit of prayer keeps the character moist with the tears of heaven, open and responsive to the seed-words of God. The second is the right observance of the weekly Sabbath—the rest for recreation: the pause, regularly enforced in the pressure of work, in which a man takes time to remember the Lord his God, and in the worship of the Church to enter another and a higher world. The third is the momentary recollection of God in the midst of daily work—and it is quaintly called "the practice of the Presence of God." You think of one, Brother Lawrence, the cook, who in the duties of the kitchen, by this means "possessed God in tranquillity." These momentary upliftings of the soul to God, in shop and factory, in street and railway, keep the soil from hardening and make it responsive to the words of God.

2. The heart is often hardened by the familiarity of religious language. The accustomed phrases fall on our ears or rise to our lips with dangerous facility. Unless they are constantly questioned and tested, they become a mere hardening patter of words. You have sung that hymn—you have heard that sentence in a sermon—you have, used these phrases in your family prayers. Ask: "What does this really mean to me?" It is often a good thing to think quietly for five minutes about the tremendous import of the simplest phrases of religion. "From all hardening of the heart, and neglect of Thy Word and commandment, good Lord, deliver us."

3. Some seed fell upon the *thin-surfaced soil.* Where there is a mere layer of earth covering a hard rock, the seed cannot spread downwards and take strong root, and its growth is both sudden and short-lived. "Those on this rock are they which when they have heard receive the word with joy; and then have no root, which for a while believe and in time of temptation fall away." In the pregnant phrase of St. Luke, "they have no root in themselves." Alas! there is here for very many of us the need of anxious self-testing. Has our religion any real root in ourselves? It may be that our religious emotions are quick and warm; that our interest in religious or ecclesiastical matters is intense. It may be that we have even gone through, to us, memorable religious experiences. All these things are good in their own way; but they are only surface matters. The Word of God can find no soil in it to take root there. It must get down to a man's *will;* for his inner self is what he is *willing* to be. Unless religion is conceived as *an obligation*—a power which reaches, grasps, and holds the will—it cannot stand the strain of life.

There comes perhaps the temptation to grow tired of moral drudgery—the long and weary task of daily self-discipline, of clearing out some besetting fault. It is tedious and depressing, assuredly; and the feelings of religion can apparently maintain themselves without it; why take so much pains about it? Yet it is scarcely too much to say that two-thirds of practical religion is just this drudgery of daily discipline. I am convinced it can only be faced, maintained, brought out to success by a man whose religion has got down to the roots of his being and thus more and more works with the steadiness and spontaneity of a near instinct.

There comes perhaps the trial of a great sorrow. Ah, how common, how pitiful, is the spectacle of the withering of religion under the blight of suffering! "I used to enjoy my prayers; I loved my church, its sacraments, its services; and now, just when I want it most, it fails me." Many a time have I heard that bitter complaint on the lips of those who, when the sun shone, were very religious. Doubtless it may be failure of nerves rather than failure of faith which accounts for this sense of blankness. But too often the reason is that faith has now got down to and mingled itself with the roots of life—its elementary instincts, its enduring characteristics. How different these complaints from the words with which Jesus, in whom the Father's will was the very breath of life, met the coming of his Passion—"Father, the hour is come, glorify Thy Son."

Or there may come the trial of "persecution." We may be sure that our

religion has only a surface hold when we find that it becomes harassed, petulant, distressed in the atmosphere of criticism; and criticism is the most common modern substitute for the franker modes of persecution. If a man's religion is part of himself—rooted in the bases of his being—he will not be tossed to and fro by the currents of opinion and talk. He may not be able to meet argument by argument, he may be baffled much in his own reasoning, but the "man in him," the real self, will remain unshaken.

That is the lesson for our learning. Religion, if it is to be sure and strong, must be pressed down till it reaches and grasps a man's inmost self—that self which abides the same beneath all changes and chances of life and sorrow and doubt. This is the *radical* reform of which the characters of most of us stand in urgent need. It comes to this—have we any conviction for which we are ready to die, i.e., which we could not give up without giving up the whole worth of life? Such a final standing-ground Frederic Robertson reached. "In the darkest hours through which a human soul can pass whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there is no God, no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward." Not much, you may say, but at least it was a root which had wrought itself into the fibres of the man's whole being. Therefore a new strong faith could grow up from it—"a faith and hope and trust," as he says, "no longer traditional but his own—a trust which neither earth nor hell shall shake henceforth for ever." Such a standing-ground they reach who know that they would rather part with life itself than with the conviction which alone to them gives life its meaning and its inspiration that the inner voice which once called them from the drift of indifference and set the light of a true ideal before them, and since then has cheered and guided them in their new journey was the voice of a Living Person, Jesus the Lord and Brother of men. Rest not satisfied till you have found some such holding root of faith. Plant it deep in the bases of your life. Test its strength by its control over the will. Do not despise, but distract mere feeling; and look to *acts* as the real proof of your religion. For it is by action, more and more immediate and instructive on the promptings of faith, that the fibres of its root become entwined close and strong around your inmost self. It is from a religion thus deep-rooted that a man's character brings forth a harvest for God's gathering.

[The rest of the parable will be our study next month.]

Profit and Loss

By John Oxenham

CHAPTER I

THE PRICE OF A MAN

TO get back to the very beginning would be a work of extreme difficulty. In these times we judge a man as we find him, and make small allowance for remote causes and hidden factors. We do not, indeed, as a rule trouble to ask why a man is what he is, unless he is a criminal lunatic or a very wealthy man. In the former case we hark back to the last lunatic in the family and say "heredity," and are satisfied. In the latter case we ask how he made his money, with a charitable suspicion that it may probably be as well not to enquire too closely into his first few steps up the slippery ladder.

Most men doubtless carry in themselves some of the faults of their forbears; some few even retain some of their virtues. As a faithful observer, I am bound to say that I think the virtues flourish most visibly in the female branches of most families. Possibly that is because I am only a man, and woman, *quâ* woman, as the pedants say, is to every man more or less of a sealed book, and therefore a delightful mystery endowable with all the excellences.

And again, the battle of life, as fought now-a-days, is mostly a somewhat ignoble strife, not, as a rule, calculated to call into action the nobler attributes of a man. And so these are kept in the rear, like the ambulance wagons, and only put in an appearance when absolutely needed. When the fight is going all our own way the baggage is left behind. When the check comes and we fall back, wounded maybe, then the wagons and the saving virtues come into operation.

All this is *àpropos* of the fact that George Barty, cashier in Frazer, Rae, and Burney's bank in Lombard street, sat stabbing the blotting pad, inside his little partition one afternoon, with vicious jabs of his pen, as though it represented his worst enemy, say himself. The blots he made and stared gloomily at were about the colour of the future which faced him. The holes might represent possible loopholes of escape. They were black round the edges and shady underneath.

"What a fool I've been!" he said to himself. It is a very fortunate man, or a still greater fool, who has never had to say the same at least once in his lifetime.

In the old times the Bartys of Cheshire had ruffled it with the best, and won and lost money, lands, and houses over the green cloth with the imperturbable equanimity and selfishness of the times. But the end was ruin. George's grandfather lost the last stick, stone, and guinea the family possessed, and then blew his brains out—blew a hole in his head, at all events, large enough to let the life out—a service to his family which came too late to be of any practical advantage to them, and Cheshire knew the Bartys no more.

His son, father of the man whom we have seen jabbing holes in his blotting pad and calling himself by his right name, came to London, and having constantly before him so vivid an illustration of the futility of backing himself against chance, lived a quiet and abstemious life as clerk, and finally head cashier, in Frazer, Rae, and Burney's bank. His son, the present man, had been admitted to a stool in the bank before his father died, leaving a good record of faithful service which helped the boy along. At thirty he was cashier. He had been married five years, and his wife, Margaret Irvine, of Largs, if she came of no particular family and brought him no dowry, possessed very considerable natural endowments which more than compensated for all deficiencies in those other matters.

He had, at the time when he was perforating his blotting pad, one daughter Margaret, aged three, one son George, aged two. His salary was £300 a year, and that, in the hands of such a wife, meant as

bright and comfortable a home as any man could possibly have.

If only he could have been content with it, and the slow sure prospect ahead. But the blood of the old Bartys was in him.

Next door to him at Highbury lived for a time one James Craven, a young stockbroker, just begun business on his own account after the usual bare-headed servitude with a big firm in Throgmorton street, where he had learned many things, and among others to look first after himself. He was a very decent fellow, however, and he did his best to keep Barty out of it.

They travelled to the city together every morning, and sometimes smoked a pipe together of an evening.

"Take my advice, old man, and keep clear of it all. You outsiders are no use except to be gobbled up." If he said it once he said it dozens of times.

But Barty, living in an atmosphere of money, could no more keep clear of it than a cat in a dairy could keep clear of cream. Within six months of starting business on his own account, Craven had done the immense disservice to his fellows of making for himself a fortune by a series of audaciously happy flukes—strokes, he called them—in stocks. Six months before, he was running bare-headed about Throgmorton street with the rest, and was curtly ordered about by his employers by his surname. Now he drove down occasionally in his brougham just to take a look at the old place and to see how the other bare-headed young men were getting along, and to afford them the opportunity of seeing for themselves how he had got on. The rest of his time he spent yachting and travelling and generally enjoying himself. And if the old firm met him and suggested an investment, he invariably replied with a laugh that he was "not on." If there was one thing he had learned it was when not to be on. Having picked his chestnuts out of the fire he had no slightest intention of throwing them back there. But then, you see, he had been on the Stock Exchange himself.

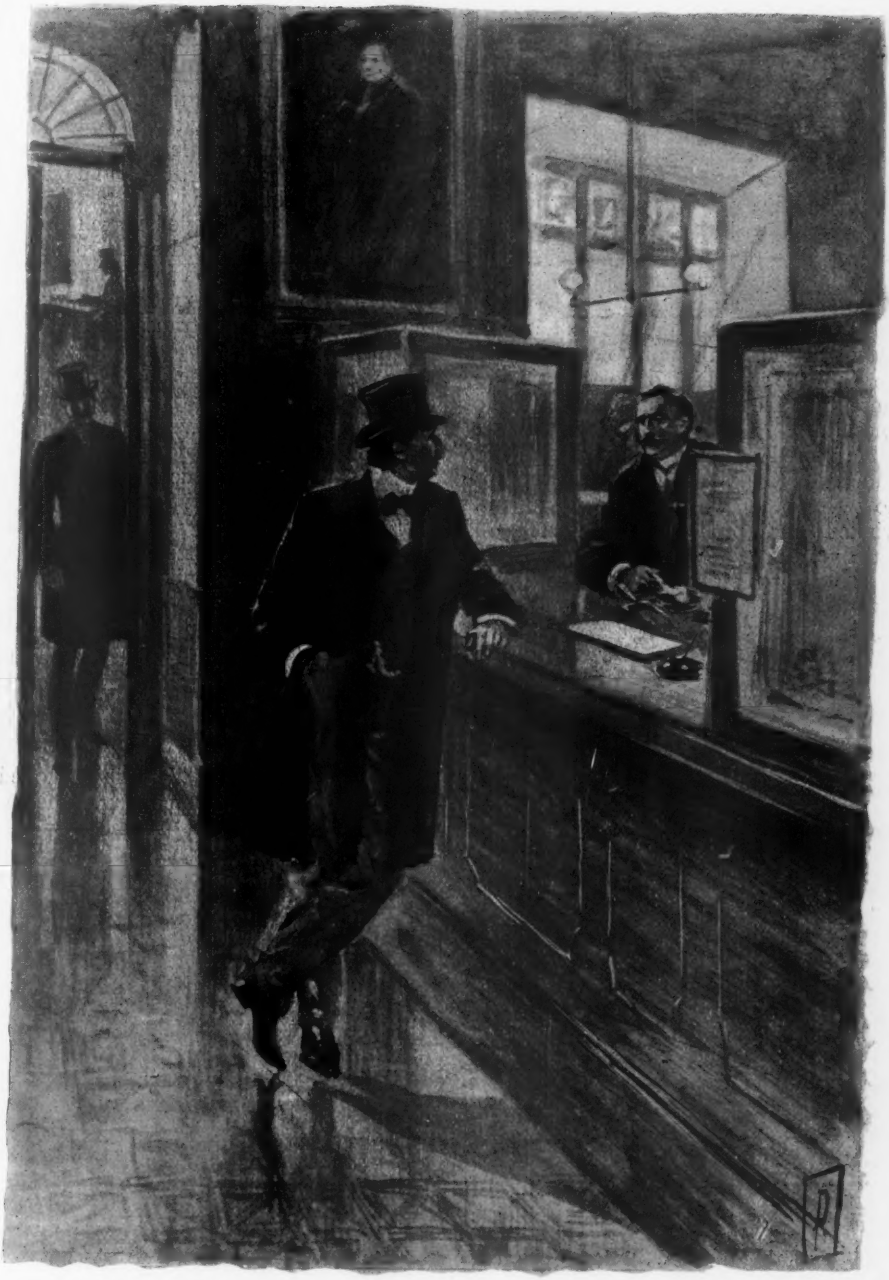
Along with a great many others, George Barty believed he had as much brains as Jim Craven. It would pay the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange to permit a young man like that to make a snug little fortune every few years, out of the outsiders of course, just as ground-bait for the rest.

That fortunate youth's good fortune ruined hundreds who believed, like Barty, that they had as much brains as he had. I know nothing about their brains or his. What I do know is that the Stock Exchange men were a great deal the better off for their belief, and they themselves a great deal worse off. They had the experience and the others had their money—in some cases. In others, Barty's to wit among many more, the Stock Exchange men had their money only in the sense of having won it. When it came to the gathering in of the fleeces, the lambs—curious offspring of bulls and bears—had nothing to offer beyond a few straggly hairs, which went but a very small way towards satisfying the demands of the ravening ones.

Craven was somewhere at the other side of the globe, or he might have given his old friend a helping hand, in spite of the fact that his advice had been consistently ignored. But he was not available, and facts are facts, and figures are brutal things when they are against you—especially on the Stock Exchange, which is an institution based on prompt settlements, quick returns, each man for himself, and death to the defaulter. It was a crooked enough business when straightened out. The figures showed a balance against George Barty of something over £900, and the simple fact was that he had no means of paying it. What savings he had had, and the little his father had left him, had been used in playing the game. His present assets were himself, his wife, his two children, and his furniture; and his creditors desired none of these things. They wanted cash. No wonder he looked worn and haggard, and called himself by his right name at last.

Bankruptcy gibbered up at him out of every hole he jabbed in his blotting pad. It meant the loss of his place and probably the impossibility of getting another. It meant——

A rap on the counter recalled him to his work—a cheque for £950, payable to



He scored out Lady Sarah's signature, and asked the young man with the nose how he would take it

bearer, drawn by Lady Sarah Gwynne—presenter, a young man with a prominent nose and beady black eyes. Barty wondered vaguely if Lady Sarah had been getting into the hands of the Hebrews.

Just then the front door swung wide again to admit young Frazer Burney, the son of the house. Barty got the impression of a slight start on his part as his eye fell on the presenter of Lady Sarah's cheque. He put two and two together, as he thought, and wished he also had a wealthy spinster god-mother to help him out of his holes, though young Burney's were not the same kind of holes as his own, more after the fashion of his ancestor's of Cheshire.

He scored out Lady Sarah's signature and asked the young man with the nose how he would take it. The young man winked and replied, with great good humour, that he didn't care a twopenny rap how he took it so long as he got it, and Barty paid him as short as he could make it.

Two days later, as luck would have it, Lady Sarah, being about to start for the Riviera, sent to the bank for her pass-book, which she was in the habit of conscientiously looking over once a year or so. Then followed a hasty visit from herself and an interview with Mr Burney in his private room, which left the old man staring with a much disturbed face at that £950 cheque. For Lady Sarah disowned it *in toto*, and with considerable warmth, and when Lady Sarah got excited her tongue played like a snake's.

Finally he sent for George Barty, into whose hands the cheque had come in the first place, and asked him if he had any recollection of the party who received the money. Barty remembered the young man perfectly, his nose, his eyes and his manner. When he had withdrawn, John Burney sat down at his desk and gloomily eyed the £950 cheque again. He went heavily for the rest of the day, and young Frazer Burney, from his distant place in the bank, regarded him with sulky apprehension.

His father barely spoke to him during dinner, and confined the few remarks he had to make to Julia Cleeve, his ward, the only other member of the Burney household.

Julia received his remarks either with a vacant stare or an ill-timed giggle. She was a big, stout girl, with no pretensions to good looks, and still less to brains, but she had a very large fortune and so was a person of consideration.

When Julia had giggled herself out of the room, John Burney drank two glasses of port and bade his son follow him to his study—a room with double doors, where the most private transactions were possible.

Arrived there and the doors locked, he drew from his pocket the £950 cheque which purported to have been drawn by Lady Sarah Gwynne, laid it on the table, and said, in a voice which was to his face as an icicle to Vesuvius in full blast,—

"What do you know about that?"

Frazer Burney knitted his jaw still tighter and looked stonily at the toes of his shiny shoes.

"You fool! You utter, idiotic fool!" shouted Vesuvius, red hot lava this time. "Blasting your own future and risking mine. My God! Why was I ever cursed with such a thing for a son?"

"I'm sorry——"

"Sorry!!!"—and Vesuvius choked, and came nearer to apoplexy than he had ever been in his life, at the disparity between the apology and the offence.

"I had to pay or be posted," growled the young man, while the elder was still wrestling with his air tubes, "and I knew you wouldn't."

"And—you thought you'd force my hand in this way!"

That was so obvious that the young man did not deem it necessary to reply.

"Very well," said Mr. Burney. "You know the penalty, I presume. Ten years across seas will be about the size of it. You will be thirty-three when you come out and will have to work for your living."

The young man looked rather startled.

"Thought I'd pay and say no more about it, did you?" said his father, with a grating laugh. "Well, you're mistaken. It's too late. This breaks me as well as you, you fool! My only chance of pulling

through was Julia's money. Even she can't marry a—convict. Lady Sarah will cut you out of her will the moment she hears of it. She's very angry about this matter, and vows if I don't follow it up she will—for the bank's sake. Oh, you've cooked the goose nicely all round, you idiot! When you come out you can go to stone-breaking on the roads. It's about all you're good for."

"How the deuce should I know——?" began his son.

"You're old enough to know how to keep out of jail."

"Well, if it comes to that, you're old enough to know how to keep out of bankruptcy——"

"Ay, that comes well from you—" and the old man fell silent and very thoughtful, and the young one watched him furtively out of the corners of his eyes. It was a long time before the old man spoke, and then it was to say musingly—"He might. There's no telling,"—which, having apparently reference to nothing that had gone before, caused the young man to wonder hopefully if the old one's mind had given way.

"Now, listen to me," said John Burney, after another long muse. "It would serve you right to let you suffer all the consequences of your folly. But that means my suffering too. . . . On the understanding that you marry Julia at once, and put her money into my charge, I will do my best to get you out of this hole."

"Julia's a fool—and not even a pretty one."

"Well, there'll be a pair of you and probably more to follow. But I never heard that she was a forger, and she's got the money."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then you may go to—your own place. You know what you have to expect."

"How'll you do it?"

"Barty is in trouble too—financially. He's not such a fool as to forge or steal. I saw it by his face and made my own enquiries. He's got a wife and a couple of children. If he goes smash it'll be bad for them all round. He couldn't get another place, readily, if at all. I shall offer him £5,000 to take this"—nodding at the cheque—"on himself."——

"He won't do it."

"He may—for £5,000. It's a big price to pay, but it's nothing compared with the alternative. . . . In his place I'm inclined to think I would. The other means starvation for them all. He'd find it difficult to get a place. This will give his wife and children a certain income till he comes out, and then he will have £5,000 to start on in Australia. He'll probably die a millionaire—if he keeps straight."

"Well, . . . if you can bring him to it, I agree," said the young man sulkily at last.

"We'll put it into writing. I'm taking risks and I intend to keep the whip hand."

The following evening George Barty sat in the chair young Frazer Burney had occupied the night before, and waited for something the head of the firm had told him he wished to say to him. Mr. Burney sat in his own arm chair and did not find it easy to begin. He had been in many a strange transaction and driven many a hard bargain, but he had never bought a man's honour before—that is to say, not in this open and cold-blooded way.

"Barty," he began, "I'm sorry to hear you're in difficulties——"

Barty had expected that. On the whole it was almost a relief to face the matter in this blunt fashion. It had to come sooner or later, and the sooner it was faced the sooner it would be over. What might lie beyond he could not say, and was sick of trying to think.

"Yes, sir," he said quietly. "It's true. I've been a fool."

"Expected to make a fortune, I suppose?"

"Well, I hoped so."

"And instead, you've ruined yourself."

"I'm afraid so, unless you——"

"And your wife and children?"

"That's the part that hurts. For myself I would not care——"

"If you mean that," struck in the old man, like the stroke of an axe, "I've got something to say to you. But first I require your word of honour that no word

of what I say shall pass your lips to any human being—not even your wife."

"I promise," said Barty, with a look of fresh interest.

"It is perhaps of no great moment, for my word would always weigh more than yours. Still, I have your promise, and I will rely on it. There has been a forgery committed at the bank. No"—in answer to a quick look from Barty—"I am not going into any particulars. But there is the fact—a forgery has been committed, and for reasons of my own I want it covered up. In the position in which matters are, that can only be done by some one other than the actual offender assuming the responsibility and suffering the penalty. I am prepared to pay £5,000 for the sacrifice, and will pledge myself to do everything in my power in mitigation of penalty."

He had been looking steadily into the fire, and he spoke slowly and distinctly. Barty had never taken his eyes off his face. When he had done speaking, a silence fell, and both men sat looking steadily into the grate. Both were thinking deeply. The one passing the pros and cons of the strange proposition in rapid review. The other pondering his next words. It was he who spoke first. Barty was already in Australia, a free man with £5,000 at his disposal and fortune ahead of him.

"In your present circumstances," said the banker, "you would have very great difficulty in getting another position. In fact I doubt if you would get one. Meanwhile your wife and children must suffer. That state of suffering might be prolonged for a very long time. In the other case the suffering would be your own. It would be severe, no doubt, but there would be a definite term. Five years probably, reducible by good behaviour. Then a free future with capital enough to make a good start in a new country. There is the smirch, of course, but—I have reckoned for that in the price."

The effect on his wife—on himself, innocent of the crime, but guilty of possibly a greater in selling himself for a price—but then it was only himself who would suffer. Was it?—He knew better. Anyway, by the sale he purchased comfort for the wife and children. Would she care for comfort at such a price? He doubted it. If he could only have discussed it with her and taken her into his confidence. But that was barred. And, besides, he did not need to consult her to know what her answer would be. If he went, he went as a guilty man in her eyes. Perhaps, in the future years, he could recover the lost place. Thoughts thronged in on him. He could not deal with them all.

"I must have a day to think it over," he said at last. "Is there no middle way? Suppose I assume the responsibility and disappear?"

"No. It must be final. You might crop up, you might be caught. If you pay the price the matter is wiped out. I pay your price and *that* is wiped out. What is your deficiency on the gamble?"

"Nine hundred."

"I will clear that off too so that the £5,000 will be clear. How long do you want to think it over?"

"Till to-morrow."

"It is now nine o'clock. I must know before midnight. If I am not in a position to-morrow morning to tell the—the person interested in the matter of the forgery that I have got to the bottom of it, it will be in the hands of the police, and then it will be too late. I know all I am asking, but the price is a big one, and your position is about as bad as it can be. No bank would take you."

Barty knew it. Had he not been facing the position, night after night, when he should have been sleeping, for many nights past—till he was so sick of himself and the world in general that, if only he could have seen Margaret and the children provided for in some miraculous way, he would have welcomed an endless sleep as the very greatest boon that could come to him?

He was sick to death of it all. His future had of late been akin to that of the wretch in the condemned cell—a daily-contracting horizon, a horror to go through, and then—blank. If he had carried an insurance of £5,000, under any policy that would not have been invalidated by self-destruction, he would hardly have hesi-

tated. To secure Meg and the children the sacrifice of himself would have seemed a small one. Give him all the credit you can, and pray God you never have to face a like situation.

In his thoughts he had been ready to sacrifice his life at any moment if only he could secure their future by so doing. And here he was offered all he wanted for them, plus his life, minus only his honour.

Some men—very well, let us say most men—you yourself, for instance—would doubtless have sacrificed anything sooner than honour. This was a very ordinary kind of man. He is not the man we shall have chiefly to deal with. But this was the beginning of things so far as we are concerned, and it is necessary that you should understand him. He was as unobtrusively selfish as most men are. Not militantly so, but life hitherto had been too fairly smooth and comfortable for him to have lost all thought of self in his thought for others. That comes through tribulation. It takes the grinding of the mills and the blast of the furnace to purge the dross out of a man. Without doubt he believed he was doing a not ignoble thing in thus sacrificing himself for the material welfare of those dependent on him. Quite as surely at bottom was the thought of himself, after it was all over, a free man in Australia with £5,000 behind him and fortune in front.

The incongruous recollection of a picture he had once seen, in which the Devil was depicted playing a game at chess for a man's soul, came into his mind. Mr. Burney, with his red face and comfortable figure, was about as little like the Devil in the picture as well could be, but that was the rôle he was playing, and he played it well. He was playing for high stakes, and George Barty's soul was not within the range of his practical consideration. He had no use for it.

"You will have the consciousness within you of your own innocence," he said quietly, "and I will keep an eye on your wife and children, nominally for your father's sake. We had a very high esteem for him. With £5,000 in a country like Australia your chances will be great. You will probably make a fortune. You can send for them the moment you are free ——" and so on, and so on.

"How do you propose to pay?" jerked out Barty.

"The money is here. On your signing me a letter which I will dictate, it is yours."

"Give me an hour," said Barty.

"Certainly. There are cigars. Here is brandy, soda. Help yourself. I will see that you are not disturbed."

During the hour he spent by himself in Mr. Burney's study, George Barty's thoughts were occupied wholly with the question of ways and means. The other question was already fully decided in his own mind. All he had to do was to see how the compact was to be carried out in such a way as to secure Meg and the children while he was in retirement. And rack his brains as he might, and did, he could not see how the matter was to be secured to his mind, without the admission of some outsider who should act for him on behalf of his family.

At the end of the hour Mr. Burney quietly entered the room.

"Well?" he asked.

"I am prepared to accept your offer, on condition that I may explain the whole matter to one man who will act for me in my absence. You must see that, under the circumstances, it will be impossible for me to arrange things properly myself."

"Then I'm afraid that ends it. . . . Disclosure to a third party involves risk all round. . . . It is an absolutely illegal thing I have proposed, as you know."

. . . That means risk to myself also."

. . . And after a long pause—"Who is your man?"

"John Sinclair, the accountant."

Burney nodded and relapsed into thoughtfulness.

"How do you know him?" he asked presently.

"We were at school together. His father and mine were close friends. I would trust him with my soul."

"He will do his best to dissuade you."

"I have decided, subject to his knowing."

Mr. Burney pondered long, with indrawn lips and knitted brows. He would have liked it all his own way, but he saw that that was impossible. He knew too that Barty was perfectly right from his own point of view. He would have done the same himself in like circumstances. And he did not know any other man to whom he could turn. It was introducing an element of risk, as he had said. But there was little to be gained in this world without risk.

"I have the highest respect for Sinclair," he said at last. "And he has done a good deal of work for us. When will you see him?"

"As soon as I have the money."

"I will go with you."

"That would perhaps be as well. Now—the paper you wished signed."

"Here is paper—ink. Write as I dictate . . . " and Barty wrote: "Lest suspicion should fall on any innocent person, I, George Barty, do hereby accept sole responsibility in connection with the forging and uttering of a cheque for £950 purporting to be drawn by Lady Sarah Gwynne upon her own account, and I am prepared to accept the penalty therefor."

"That all?" asked Barty, as Mr. Burney stopped.

"That is all. I don't think I could have put it more delicately. Stay—don't sign it yet. If you open that top drawer you will find £6,000 in notes. You will help yourself to them after signing the letter. It is better I should not be here."

Barty smiled—a twisted smile, and Burney left the room.

He came in again in five minutes, and Barty handed him the letter signed. "And now for Sinclair," he said, and the two men left the house together.

John Sinclair lived in Hampstead. They took a cab and drove there at once, and neither spoke during the journey. It was nearly eleven o'clock when they reached his house, and there were lights in the upper windows.

"See if he is alone," said Mr. Burney, and Barty went up by himself and rang the bell. After an interval Sinclair answered it himself.

"Why, Barty, what brings you here in the dead o' night?" he asked. "Come away in."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes. I should have been in bed in another ten minutes."

"I want a talk with you."

"All right! Come in."

"One moment," and he went back to the cab for Mr. Burney.

"Why, what's wrong?" said Sinclair, as they came in together, and he looked from one to the other in great surprise.

"Barty wants to consult you—as a friend," said Mr. Burney. "It is against my wishes that he has come. I hold a watching brief."

They sat down in Sinclair's private den at the back of the house. The table was strewn with papers. He had been hard at work when they came in.

"I've been losing money on the Stock Exchange," said Barty, without further preliminaries, "and I'm so deeply involved that there is no way out. It means absolute ruin, of course, both present and future. No bank on earth will employ a cashier who has come to grief over stocks and shares, and quite right too."

"How much?" asked Sinclair quietly. He was probably the quietest man in the city of London and one of the cleverest. He never lost his temper or his head. Once you knew him you trusted him implicitly. Business men consulted him on all sorts of matters, and he knew as much commercial law as most lawyers. He was not a wealthy man. Perhaps he was too honest. He was a widower, with no children of his own, but many hundreds in the East End. A man who spent himself freely for those whose lines had fallen in unpleasant places.

"Close on £1,000," said Barty.

Sinclair nodded. There was more behind, he knew.

Barty laid on the table his bundle of notes, and said to Burney, "Show him the other."

"It is understood that this matter is between us three, Mr. Sinclair?" said the banker.

"I should hardly have thought Mr.

'Why, what's wrong?" said Sinclair, as they came in together

Burney needed to ask me that," said Sinclair.

"Of course not. I know. But this is somewhat out of the common," and, with evident reluctance, he drew out the letter Barty had signed and laid it on top of the notes.

Sinclair read it through carefully. Both men watched his face. Not a muscle of it moved. He seemed a very long time reading the few lines. He was reading much between them.

"You haven't come to ask my opinion on this?" he said at last.

"No," said Barty, "I want you to invest that money for my wife and children. After squaring up there'll be about £5,000."

"I . . . see. . . . Does Mrs. Barty know?"

"Of course not. She must not know."

"Have you fully considered what you are doing?"

"Fully. Last night—any night in the last fortnight—if anyone had offered me £5,000 to jump into the river I'd have jumped at the chance. This offers me larger chances."

Sinclair shook his head. "I'm not so sure of that," he said, and added presently, "This is suicide as much as the other—perhaps more so." . . . And again, presently, and very slowly and distinctly—"There is that killeth soul *and* body."

"You will do what I want?" asked Barty.

"Will anything I can say induce you to reconsider——?"

"Nothing. It's a chance—my only chance. I've taken it."

"It is not too late to——"

"I'm past all that, Sinclair. Even if you offered to clear me, which I couldn't let you do, I've lost my position and have no chance of another. All I want now is to get through with the thing as quickly as possible."

"You consult me only as a friend, and as to the investment of the money on behalf of your wife and family."

"Exactly. There is the money. Do your best for them. I leave everything absolutely in your hands."

"I will do my best for them."

"You cannot act for the bank in this matter, Sinclair, you understand—" began Mr. Burney.

"No, I could not act for the bank, Mr. Burney." He had acted for the bank in many delicate matters before.

And as a matter of fact, after that night, he declined any further business from Burneys, and thereafter the banker went always in a certain and quite unnecessary fear of him. He would have heaped business upon him, but Sinclair always had his hands so full that he could not undertake it.

CHAPTER II

TO HIS CREDIT

THE trial of George Barty was a simple walk over for the prosecution. Prisoner pleaded guilty and was sentenced to ten years across seas. He was permitted a final interview with his wife, and sailed for West Australia in the very last batch of convicts ever sent out there.

How Margaret Barty lived through that awful time she never knew. Perhaps it was her sense of duty to the helpless children that carried her through. The shock and the disgrace came near to killing her. Had she been quite alone she would have welcomed death as the kindest of friends.

Barty, in their last interview, begged her to think of him as kindly as she could. He had made such provision as he could for her and the children. The time would pass, and he would make a new home for them all beyond seas, and they would start life again. He bore the interview much better than she did. But his last sight of her unconscious face, as the warder carried her away, tortured him for many a day.

Two days later, the very day he left England, their third child was born, little Joan, a frail mite whom nurse and doctor condemned to early death, but who lived in spite of them.

Mr. Burney of the bank was very kind to them during these dark days. John Sinclair kinder still in his quiet, helpful ways. Mrs. Barty decided that there was

more humanity in the world than she had been inclined to give it credit for.

Sinclair's task was the more difficult in its delicacy. His heart ached for her. In a very few words he could have changed the face of her grief and altered all the complexion of her sorrow, but his lips were sealed. When she was sufficiently recovered to discuss business matters, he told her he held money in trust for her from her husband. Margaret, believing as she could not fail to do, that this was the proceeds of her husband's crime, declared she would starve sooner than touch a penny of it. Sinclair wrote to Mr. Burney. Burney wrote to Margaret that in recognition of the services of George Barty the Elder, her husband's father, the bank insisted on paying to her the retiring allowance of £200 a year, to which he would have been entitled had he lived. There was no such system in vogue at Frazer, Rae, and Burney's, as a matter of fact, but she could not know that. He also sent her words of cheer, to the effect that many a man had recovered from a first stumble and come to fortune and an honourable name in spite of it, and he had good hopes of George Barty yet.

She was absolutely without means, and so she accepted the pension in all good faith. She had three children to keep, and one of them, little Joan, was crippled beyond redemption from her birth. Sweeter child than little Joan, both in face and disposition, never lived against doctor's dictum, but she never walked a step in her life and that was a very sore affliction to them all.

Margaret Barty recovered by degrees from the effects of the blow which, at the time, seemed to have shattered her life. She was a woman of rare spirit, but withal of so quiet and gentle a manner that, to the casual observer, the spirit itself might have seemed lacking—at this time at all events.

Her children were growing. They would soon need schooling. The lacks and gaps in Joan's life must be filled as adequately as love could fill them. For all these things money was needed. That is the trying thing about life. Love is the very greatest thing in it, but you cannot live on love alone. Sooner or later—and sooner as a rule—the sordid consideration will obtrude its ugly head. But if there is one thing life proves beyond all else, it is the fact that Love, plus just enough money, produces a larger and nobler life than all the money in the world can produce without it. The rich man is the man whose life is fullest of love though he jingle nought but counted coppers in his pocket.

"I am going to work for my living, or at all events for extras for the children," said Margaret to John Sinclair.

"Yes? How? . . . There is that money——"

"Not a penny of it," she said vehemently. "If you speak of it again we shall quarrel again."

"It takes two to make a quarrel," said Sinclair, with his quiet smile.

"Oh, no, it doesn't. One is quite enough and generally one too many. But I don't want to quarrel. I want you to help me."

"I will do anything—except speak about that money. What is it you think of doing?"

"The thing I can do best in the world is to keep house," she said. "I have been thinking I might perhaps take in boarders. I think I can make things go further than most, and I believe I could make it pay—if I could get the boarders," she added reflectively.

He looked at her with his usual musing nod.

"That's a bit odd now," he said, and searched through some letters out of his pocket till he found the right one. "This is from an old friend of mine in Glasgow. His son is coming down to Bart's. He begs me to see him suitably lodged. It would be a beginning."

"It's just what I want. Can you get me nine more?"

"They will come in due course. You will make this youngster so very comfortable that the others will all want to come too. You'll be turning them away before long."

"He shall have the nicest home in London," said Margaret.

"He is a very fortunate young man,"

said Sinclair, " and my mind is at rest on his account."

That was the beginning of " Barty's," a name which will set a pleasant chord vibrating in many a heart. " Barty's "—the sober, straight-windowed house in Wynyatt Square, up in the direction of the Pentonville road and not far from the New River Head. A house which, for many a year afterwards, held more hopes, aspirations, youthful happiness, and the high delights of home than any house of its size in the whole of Great Britain. Some of those boys—many of them—for every man of them turned out well, it was impossible to do anything else in that atmosphere—many of them have swelling accounts with their bankers, roll to and fro in neat two-horse broughams, and have comfortable four-figure incomes, every penny of which they honestly earn. And many of them have additional well-earned incomes from poorer folk, on which their bankers would not advance them a brass farthing, and which is exempt even from the avidious claw of the Assessors of Income Tax, but which yet may not be without its value in the final casting of accounts. Some of them cover the country side, wet or shine, day and night, on cobby little horses, and some on their own tireless feet fully as prosperous these, in everything but pelf, as their two-horse brothers in town, and quite as happy. And some lie below the African veldt, and some in India and China—their work completed and their rest well won.

But, among the living, mention " Barty's " to any man who lived there, and you will see a novel light come into his eyes, and while he talks of those good old times he will shed ten years off his age. And one of the very first things he will ask will be—" And Joan ? " and the chances are he will sigh softly. For every man of them in turn worshipped the ground she had never set foot on. For the combined science of Bart's and all the colleges in the world could not give her what she had not, and what she had was worth more than all the science in the world could give her. But we shall see more of her presently. We are dealing with beginnings still.

Margaret Barty, under John Sinclair's careful guidance, took the house in Wynyatt Square, and furnished it after her own ideas, with money he advanced her from her own funds, and every farthing of which she duly paid back. There was a small smoking-room from the first in No. 21. It was the room that was afterwards Joan's room, a room some of us will never forget while life lasts us. The billiard-room was in No. 22, and only came into use when the rising tide compelled Mrs. Barty to take the adjoining house and knock doors through the walls from one to the other.

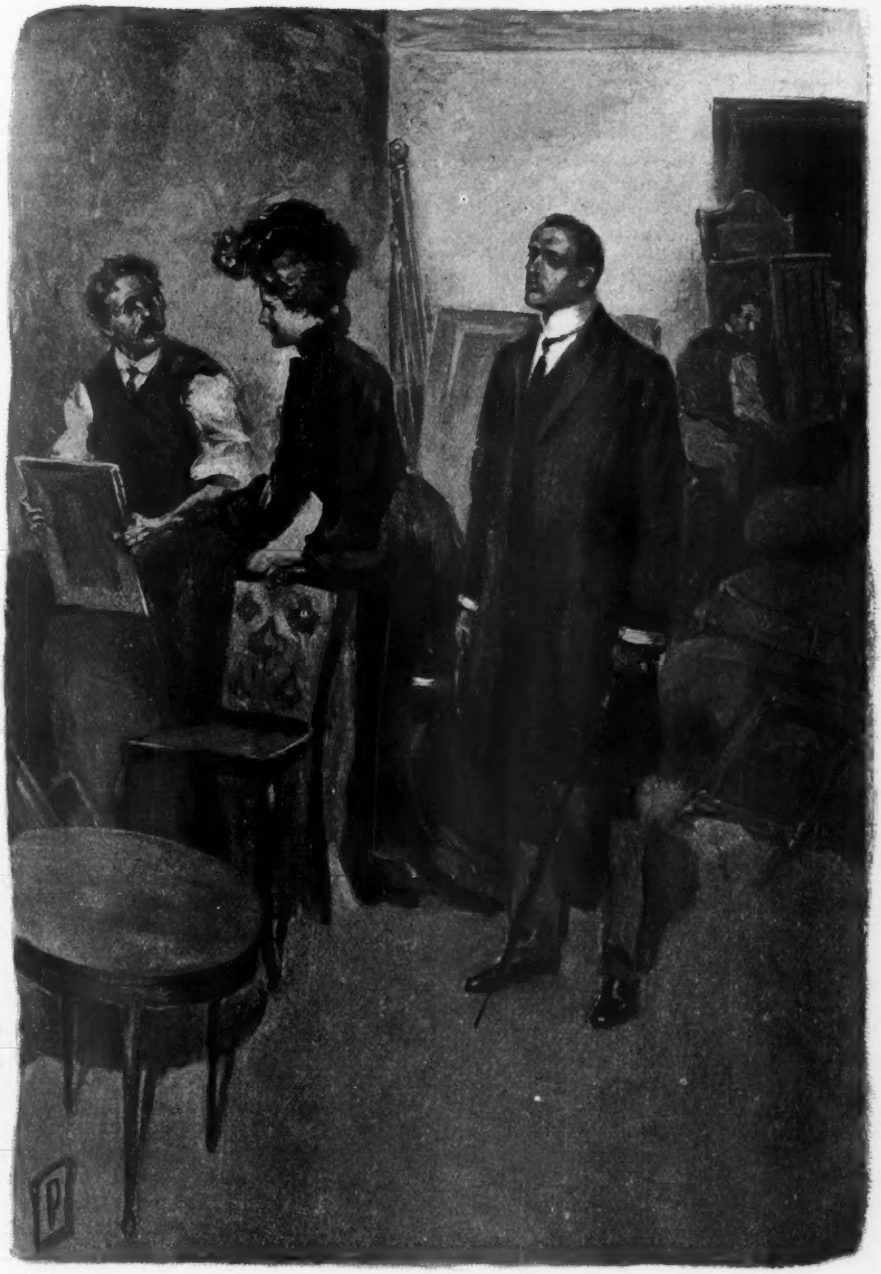
Sinclair's friend's son, young James Macgregor, was the first boarder. He was shy, and full of learning, and with small power of expression. A week later Sinclair asked him if he was comfortable.

" Man ! " he said, " I never was so comfortable in all my life. Mrs. Barty 'minds me of my mother." His own mother had been dead ten years, and he was coming to see what he had missed.

In six months there were five of them. In the second year she took the next house, and with ten strenuous youths under her wing, in addition to her own brood, was completely and absolutely happy—in her work at all events.

She wrote as often as the regulations permitted to her husband, and received replies from him in due course. They did not tell her very much. Perhaps there was not very much to tell. Perhaps what there was to tell was better not told.

For no man, innocent though he might be of the actual crime for which he was suffering, and guilty only of the possibly equal crime of moral suicide, could live among such surroundings as George Barty lived in for close on four years, without suffering loss and contracting taint. At first, buoyed up by mixed feelings of self-sacrifice and hope for the future, he kept himself aloof from the degrading crew which surrounded him night and day. For that he suffered physical martyrdom beyond the bearing. Under stress of circumstance he yielded outwardly and became one of the rest, while still inwardly striving to maintain some feelings of self-respect. But the position was an im-



Margaret Barty, under John Sinclair's careful guidance, took the house in Wynyatt Square and furnished it

possible one. Bit by bit his natural angles wore off and he fitted himself to his environment. The callosities of his soul marked the ebbing tide of his better feelings and the extent of his fall. By slow degrees, and in the natural course of things, the weaker foundation of his self-sufficient platform gave way under the sapping of so vicious an atmosphere. Time came when he no longer, even in his own mind, looked upon himself as anything of a self-sacrificing hero and martyr, but simply and wholly as a fool. With that, all his better nature weakened, and his thoughts and intentions for Margaret and the children grew less and less distinct. He was suffering for his folly. He was paying a bitter price. The future, when it came, would have a mighty backwardation to make up to him for the miseries of the present. To make up to *him*—he came in time almost to eliminate from that future those he had left behind, the patient waiters on his release, the equal sufferers from his fall.

His conduct as a prisoner was exemplary—that, of course, with a sole eye to the lightening of his load and the shortening of his term. But the time dragged wearily, and when, after close upon four years' service, a chance of relief offered, he jumped at it.

It came in this wise. Charles Desmond Gray, a young North countryman of wealth and determination, fired by the failures of others, made up his mind to attempt once more the hitherto unaccomplished feat of crossing Australia from west to east. The Forrest Brothers had separately tried their fortunes that way, but the Great Desert had been too much for them, and the mystery of the interior still extended open invitation to death to imaginative explorers. That was quite enough for Charles Desmond. Here was something that no man had done, Nature's neck awaiting the heel of a Gray. Shoulder to shoulder with him in the enterprise was young Frank Bernardin, English by birth and breeding, by extraction Huguenot. He had no money but every other qualification, and as to money, Gray had more than enough. He laid his plans before the officials at Perth, satisfied them of the strength of his intentions and his powers to carry them out, and begged the loan of a couple of volunteer convicts to act as servants to himself and Bernardin. There was no lack of volunteers. George Barty was one of the chosen, the other a man named Charles Lindsay, a quiet, self-contained man whose powers of aloofness from his surroundings had exceeded Barty's. He hailed from Edinburgh, where he had slain a man in hot blood and under circumstances which in France would probably have secured him an honourable acquittal. Barty had nominally six years still to serve, Lindsay but two.

With thirty horses, and provisions for six months, the expedition started, having as its stated first objective Lake Amadeus, a thousand miles to the east, and choosing Gregory's old route along the Gascoyne as the best way to get to it. The valiant four-and-thirty disappeared into the northern ranges and for six months nothing was heard of them.

Then one fine morning a gaunt wayfarer walked into the police camp on Cooper's Creek. He flung down a letter and a bundle on the table, told them his name was Lindsay, and devoured much food in silence while they looked at his papers. Then he staggered to a bunk and slept for forty-eight hours without turning. He was hungry again when he woke, and ready to answer their questions, but was obviously of a retiring disposition and slow of expression. The papers he brought told the story. The only questions the lieutenant needed to put to him were the final ones.

Briefly, the story was this. Up to Nicol Springs all had gone merrily. The great tramp across the desert tried them severely and cost them half their horses, but they won through eventually and struck the lake as intended on the 25th parallel. There they rested from their labours, and there Bernardin fell sick, and died, and was buried. The three pushed on into the desert again, with the remembrance of their late experiences still heavy on them. Day after day they looked anxiously for signs of the further ranges and water, and each to-morrow dis-

appointed them. Gray determined to strike south. When you attempt to cross a crowded street it is the greatest mistake in the world to lose your nerve and turn back in the middle. It is the same in the empty desert.

"I am going in," Gray had said, "where the 25th parallel cuts the coast on this side, and I'm going to keep right along it till I come out where it cuts the coast at the other side—unless I come out into a larger place still." He came out into the larger place still.

We know now that a few days more along the parallel would have carried them into safety. However, south they came, and so eventually to their deaths, all except this one gaunt survivor. After burying his companions one after the other, he started on again alone, with three scarecrows of horses whose throats he cut, as necessity arose, to relieve the shrivelling of his own. Eventually he struck the lower ranges—the Musgraves they are now—through which Giles came successfully a year or two later. Thence by the Alberga and the northern shore of Lake Eyre to Cooper's Creek, with the idea of getting through into New South Wales.

The letter he carried was from Charles Desmond, written in pencil as he lay dying in the desert, the bundle contained his journals. The leader's last effort had been for the benefit of the men who had walked hand in hand with him and death through so many weary days.

"They are brave men both," said the feeble scrawl, "and to Lindsay especially I am grateful beyond words—a man among men. My last words beg due recognition for him." And below, lest this should seem in the nature of a slight on Barty's character, he had written in shaky letters, "Good men *both*," and the underlining of the last word he ever wrote trailed downwards and broke off short.

"Yes," said Lindsay, "that was like him. A fine man."

"And what will you do now, Lindsay?" asked the lieutenant.

"Go on through," was the reply, with a look of surprise at the question. "He wished it. I am Charles Desmond Gray's expedition now."

"I suppose so," nodded the lieutenant. And finally: "If you keep on by the Creek till you strike the Pans, then on to Fort Wills, it's a picnic."

So they fed him up, and when he was himself again they started him off on a fresh horse, with another letter in addition to the precious ones he brought, and all the provisions he could carry.

His arrival in due course at Sydney made a tremendous sensation, and the retiring modesty with which he bore his honours increased the favourable impression he made. The Home Government would have done much for him, but all they succeeded in doing was to cancel the short remaining balance of his term and set him free. The Governments of West Australia, South Australia, and New South Wales subscribed a purse of £5,000 and presented it to him with words that brought the blushes through his bearded cheeks. He had struck up a friendship with a fellow-countryman, a wealthy squatter in the back country, with whom he had stayed a week on his way down. He had promised to go back if he was free to do so. He went, and so for the time being disappears from our story.

Sinclair broke the news to Margaret Barty and she mourned for her husband more perhaps than he deserved. But the heroism of his death wiped out the sadder memories of his fall, and thenceforth she thought of him only as the father of her three children and the gallant explorer who had laid down his life in the service of his country.

(To be continued)

The Blue Grey Spider

By

Rev. John Scoula Thomson

IT was a gorgeous Dragon Fly that on a fine June morning hung resplendent on the big dock leaf. His blunt, thick head and narrow shoulders were slashed with bright green and black; his long, slender tail streamed away to a light blue patch. And you could not but mark the beautiful brown wings which hung at rest exquisite as a network delicately wrought by fairy hands.

But an artist's eye is after all no trusty guide; to be an æsthete is to forget primary truths. If you had looked closer, you would have seen that for all his beauty shining there in the summer sun he had a great, ugly mouth tearing hungrily at the dark green leaf and devouring the bite in greedy haste; moving jaws that worked formidably as they munched their food; grinding teeth that did monstrous execution.

The very look of that snapping mouth has been too much for the denizens of the dock plant. See the frantic rush of the tiny flies, jet black! From their colony at the leaf-roots forth they whirr in trepidation. Up they dart into the air and engage in wild zigzag evolutions. But the feeding giant heeds them not, still munching stolidly. Gaining courage from this and from their numbers the startled colony settles in a compact cloud over a forest of grass not far away, whence they watch the destruction of their homes and hearths. But when the ravager moves, they swerve like a troop of skirmishing horse.

Their fear and anger found fitting vent in shrill clamour. That is the refuge of the vanquished. But the noise they made—these scarce visible specks—was monstrously absurd. Each was an accomplished vocalist and made a noise ten times its proper size. If a flock of birds were gifted—or cursed—with an equivalence of voice, a crowd of sparrows on a housetop would make a whole city uninhabitable of man and one crow spoil a forest. It came like an orchestra over the giant stems of the yellow trefoil, the instruments rising and swelling in chorus,

now shrill, now deep, now faint. It was a national anthem, a clan slogan, a veritable Marseillaise ; the stirring refrain quite distinct.

To what magnificent oratorios, what solemn anthems might we listen had we the ear of a tiny jet-black fly—what glorious marches, what jubilant songs of triumph ! I think they sing only when they are strong and glad. There is no dolefulness in their tunes—the shrill of the pipes is there but not the wail—and they are best in trumpet-calls to battle. For there's a chivalry even in your pestful gnat ; he never attacks without sonorous note of warning. And was ever a strain of human music so pregnant with the good humour of robust living and the rich heartiness of friendship, so charged with the warmth of full vitality and the gladness of joyous life as the deep-toned hum of the Bumble Bee ! He cannot help himself ; he drinks it in as he quaffs the luxuriance of the flowers. Life to him is brief, a glimpse of gold ; when he saddens, he ceases to sing, and when he ceases to sing, he has begun to die.

But there was more music to overhear than the war song of the ejected colonists. Beneath this wild medley of trumpet-blare and shrill war-pipe lay a serener air, and through it breathed the soft diapason of love and peace. A pair of amorous Grass Hoppers hid deep in a patch of scented grass whirred and whizzed amicably, their busy wings winnowing the air like the blades of a farmer's fan. The turmoil of the upper air disturbed not their retreat ; down below it all they purred together contented as any armchair cat.

The mingled sounds of love and war, of peace and defiance rose to the gods of the upper air as the hum of a vast multitude mounts to the spectator in the dome of a great cathedral. 'Twas a great and wondrous harmony, spelling out the story of existence, of life and struggle and death. For they are all warriors in the insect world and chant their own histories ; each celebrates his own achievements, sings his own pæan. Life is a musical monologue ; history a medley of notes. Biography is writ not in water but in air ; and the passing sound is the sole record of lives as full as tragic as our own.

Within this great oasis, shut round by a virgin forest of huge bracken and guarded by great grey rocks that towered over this patch of grass as the Grampians raise their rugged shoulders above the fertile lowlands, welled and throbbed a generous vitality, ebbed and flowed a tide of restless life. Every leaf had its rent-free tenant ; but there was small security of tenure. It was take and keep who can, individualism run mad. Removals were abrupt in character, frequent in number. The community had not evolved past the stage of clan-life which according to all authorities treads on the heels of the patriarchal. The feuds, however, were not of a hereditary nature ; they had no history. Invasions and robberies were prompted not by a policy of jingoism but by the sudden fleshly cravings of the moment and the freebooting instinct of the race.

Exquisite as was the golden-green of the grass—and it would have been the despair of an artist—and honey heavy as was the air, this miniature valley was no Garden of Eden. There was ceaseless warfare within ; everlasting harryings and forayings without. In the surrounding forests and thick jungles lurked great and terrible beasts. There was the big, black, blundering Beetle, awful to look upon ; but he was a harmless creature, slow, elephantine, clumsy. Not so the Spider, huge, rapacious, nimble, most formidable of all, lying in wait to cut off stragglers.

If the Beetle is the elephant, the Spider is the tiger of the insect world. He is quick, bloodthirsty, cunning ; he carries the most fearful of all the known instruments of torture and is tenacious as a crab. In the fairy tales of Insect Land he is the Ogre, the Blue Beard ; and mothers make him the children's bogey. Even the monster Dragon Fly gives him a wide berth and keeps well out of the danger zone. The Big Black Beetle himself does not wittingly cross the path of His Majesty King Spider.

It is not his sanguinary powers alone that make him formidable. His fitness for damaging attack and powerful defence is no doubt superb ; but he is as it were chained to his own corner. His means of

locomotion are happily confined to his legs; if he could fly, he would decimate the insect world. Any other creature would have become heavy-footed as the Beetle himself and been content with green food. Not so the Spider. He is an eater of flesh and must have his beef. So being a beast of brain he set to work. The result was a web.

It was a marvellous invention; only a brain of the finest calibre could have done it. The web is his substitute for locomotion.

It is wings to him, and it gives him legs. It enlarges his coasts; for the Spider as a killing force is just as big as his web. By its means he dominates a space a hundred times larger than himself and multiplies his nimbleness a thousandfold. Without the web his destructive powers would be comparatively restricted. Crawling things that came in his way he would indeed ruthlessly crush, but the swift denizens of the air would flaunt jeeringly past. It is his web and not his claws, that makes him the King of Insects.

The Spider is the finest engineer and his web the greatest feat of engineering skill in the world. Theoretically it touches perfection; it is a marvellously symmetrical piece of work, a triumph of calculation. Mathematicians say loftily that a perfect circle is a mere ideal of mind; but to the Spider it is the simplest reality. He executes the most perfect circles under heaven and overcomes the cunningest angles ever set to baffle architect. His knowledge of mechanics, his mastery of the principles of stress and strain, would qualify him for a professorship and render him an ideal President of the British Association. His great web is perfectly poised and balanced; every strand is stayed and strengthened by its neighbour, and all hang upon the centre, for the spider works both centrifugally and laterally. The problem of wind-resistance and elasticity he had solved while man was yet fighting with stone hatchets.

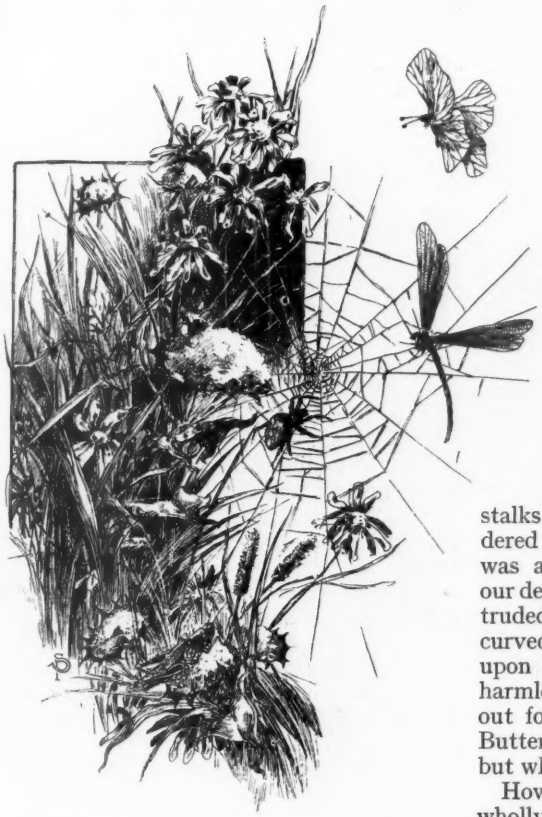
Nor is it merely an unequalled piece of mechanical construction; it is a superb trap. Ideal triumphs are always the finest realities. The winds pass through its meshes as they list; it does not catch wind. But let the most insignificant speck of a fly dart at an opening in the vast festoon, and in an instant the trap has done its flawless work. Man can only feebly imitate this perfection. The Spider has known all this since the Flood, and we are still struggling with the alphabet. When we are as wise as the Spider, we will have no more bridge disasters.

To-day the Blue Grey Spider eyed himself and his work complacently—for his eyes protrude and he can see himself. His web shone and shimmered in the sun like a network of silver thread, the fine lines and cunning angles clearly visible. Clad in his magnificent armour of deep blue studded with silver-grey he hung in the centre of his net resplendent as a gem in its bed of velvet, glorified by the sun. As he glanced over his web, he saw that every line was in order, every strand in its place. To make him supremely happy it only wanted some victim to come his way and test the tenacity of the net. But the throng of buzzing life that fitted the oasis heeded him not.

The patience of the Blue Grey Spider, however, is long, and the caution of Insect Land is fleeting. He hung there hour after hour so motionless in his silver web and glowing so vividly that the witless flies began to take him for a blossoming flower and made heedless dashes in his direction. But while they hovered round dangerously near the inviting trap, something of a sudden startled them away. It was the imperial dash of the Green Dragon Fly back to his dock-leaves; and King Spider took note of the intrusion.

A truculent beast at best, the Blue Grey Spider shook his web savagely at the disappointment. As a work of art the web was magnificent, and he had never seen it to better advantage; but the finest art, even if it be your own, is a poor thing to fill an empty stomach with. One can get hungry even in a picture gallery, and I never heard that painted canvas was a nutritious food. Our artist being ravenous had soon lost all taste of his masterpiece and no longer admired himself. When hunger comes in by the door, æsthetics fly out of the window.

He might have hung there all day long



without a bite, had it not been that the Grass Hoppers fell out. I do not know why they did that; and perhaps they did not know themselves. Lovers never do know the "why" of a falling-out. The twitch of an eyebrow may do it; but it matters little why so long as they kiss again with tears or without. After all, it is no concern of ours, and we are leaving our Spider suspended in a state of ebbing animation. Fall out they did, and that is the whole of it.

For there was just at this moment a little Butter Fly, precisely that shade of yellow which gives her the name, fluttering along in the happy-go-lucky way of the race, rising and falling like the petals of a flower in a breeze. Presently just when she seemed about to sink helplessly to the ground, she had lighted upon a rich bunch of golden trefoil which promised a sumptuous repast. For the Butter Fly, aimless as her meanderings may appear, is never without an object. The blundering futility of the movements is only part of the game and makes her the more elusive. There never was a more tantalising creature to chase, so clumsy to look at, yet so really and marvellously adroit.

What the Butter Fly lacks is initiative; unforeseen things put her out of reckoning. And the sudden upheaval from beneath scared her off a delicious hoard of June nectar. The amorous Grass Hoppers had come to sudden blows and were engaged in a battle royal among the stalks of trefoil. She lost her head, blundered into the net, and stuck fast. Here was a toothsome meal, heaven-sent, for our despairing artist; his gloating eyes protruded greedily and he began to shift his curved legs impatiently waiting to pounce upon his victim. It is always the poor harmless things of the air who are marked out for destruction. It is not often the Butter Fly gets into the Spider's toils; but when she does, escape is hopeless.

However, the gods of the air are not wholly immovable to suffering and have prepared a diversion. It was the wind that did it. Strangely enough—for the spider overcomes wind resistance better than the human builder who has sometimes to contemplate a scaffolding with its living freight cruelly swept to the ground. But the web offers no surface for pressure and escapes breakage.

This is the way it was done. The Green Dragon Fly is only a fair weather beast; you never see him save on pet days. With his long streaming tail he is but a kite in the hands of the breeze, and the makings of a gale would drive him like chaff to and fro. He does all his travelling in a motionless atmosphere and by a series of straight shoots and darts; for like the airship his steering powers are meagre and he can do nothing against the gust. Puff came a capfull of wind as he made to rise, and swish into the net he went with such

force as to drive himself half-way through. He would have come clean out at the other side but for his impinging on the Butter Fly whose bonds he vigorously swept asunder, himself remaining in the toils.

At this untoward event there was an astonished pause in Insect Land. The busy hum sunk to instant silence. They had never seen the Green Dragon Fly in such a situation as this; and there was a hush such as steals over the multitude when two gladiators in the arena below close in a combat which can end only in death. The hush deepened as the Blue Grey Spider stole out silently to reconnoitre his opponent. . . . There was a deliberation in his movements which showed much was at stake. His cold grey eyes were thrust out to the limits of the sockets in keen and anxious scouting of the leviathan stranded in his net whose great jaws opened and shut alarmingly. He had never tackled such a customer before.

All at once he seized and snapped a strand. It was heartbreaking to have to destroy his own beloved handiwork, but one or two more breaks would let his ugly captive go. At this resort of weakness, however, so strident a clamour of jubilation went up from the excited denizens of Insect Land that King Spider drew back his ready pincers. There must be some other way. His character for tenacity was at stake; and to release this dangerous monster would be to ruin the reputation of a lifetime.

But the Blue Grey Spider is no fool. He never risks uncertainties and does not fight except when sure to win. For the Green Dragon Fly he had an enormous respect born of hearsay. The Dragon Fly's repute among his lesser brethren was hugely inflated; and the cloud of witnesses were waiting for the speedy demolition of his captor. Even the Black Beetle thrust his blunt nose up through the undergrowth to view the onslaught. With such a mass of hostile spectators he must proceed warily.

As a matter of fact, however, the Dragon Fly's reputation is humbug; he is a painted sham. If you did not know him, you would fancy he was a formidable customer. But he is all paint and feathers and outside show—a veritable peacock. He looks big and truculent enough but his colours, like the soldier's scarlet coat or the bearskin, are put on, and his heart is very small. He is all swagger and bully. He does not believe (having no cannibal instincts) that all flesh is grass, and his huge mouth serves only for the munching of green food.

Peacock vanity is the ruin of the Dragon Fly; he has not developed his fighting powers. And it was the Green Dragon Fly's beautiful, sail-like wings and long useless tail that handicapped him. The wings were rolled in the net, and struggle as he might, the tail would not come through. The Blue Grey Spider braced himself up, darted forward rapidly, and delivered a smart blow. A quick shudder ran through the monster's frame and he snapped so wildly at the air that the spectators involuntarily drew back. But the retaliating stroke did not come; he was stiff with fright and pain. Another blow—and he was numb, insensible. A third blow—no response.

The Blue Grey Spider rushed forward ravenously, his cruel eyes glistening coldly. But he was premature; he should have first made his captive secure. As he bit at the shoulder of his victim, a strand parted and the huge body toppled over, tearing up the net and crashing down on the head of the waiting and expectant Black Beetle, whose feast was none the less welcome that it was so entirely unforeseen.

The Vantage Grounds of Africa

THE shrinkage of the world, of which we hear so much to-day, does not seriously impair the mystery of the African Continent. While the countries like Tibet, which have been secluded by man, are daily being explored for our benefit, there remains a deeper seclusion, the seclusion of Nature, and this mystery of the great forest and deserts of Africa must long possess. Though we know the source of the Nile and the length of Kenia, we still know but a fraction of the endless forest which swelters under the Line or the vast sandy spaces of the north and west. And while Africa retains something of her mystery she must retain her power to interest mankind. *Omnis ponitur pro magnifico* is a starting to all human character. She was the home of the most ancient and most mysterious of the great civilizations. In a present which in all likelihood is as old as the first Ionian navigators, she is reputed the eternal fountain of novelties. To Herodotus, to Ptolemy, and to the ancient geographers in general she was a land about which no tale was too strange to be true, the home of pigmies and cannibals, of gold and ferns beyond counting, of snow mountains unmelted under an equatorial sun. In the age of adventure which dawned with the Renaissance, Africa shared with the Indies the affections of the pioneers. She was one of the many dwellings of Prester John and somewhere in the centre ruled the auttut monarchs who sent ivory and gold to Solomon. When ages of light had dissipated these dreams, Africa still kept her hold upon the imagination of the world. It is with her that the names of the greatest travellers are associated; she has been the grave of a thousand reputations; dreamers, adventurers, saints, have all sacrificed themselves for her and seen but little fruit of their labour. We know much, certainly: but not all, not even the greater part. Africa is still the home of the unexpected, the birthplace of new things.

But if we have much to learn about the continent, then in truth we are beginning to understand the essential merits of the land and its people. We are beginning to realise that we cannot talk of a people as exclusively South African or wholly Egyptian, since the politics of any part of Africa have ramifications which carry them beyond local frontiers. Mr. Rhodes' dream of a Cape to Cairo railway —a dream which cannot, and perhaps was not meant to be taken literally—is an indication of the new standpoint. In his long and brilliant rule Egypt had known he consistently kept this truth in view, with the result that it is now admitted that equatorial problems are also Egyptian, and that a firm hand kept on Sudanese fanaticism is felt from Nigeria to Somaliland. It is this truth also which, in addition to the humanitarian argument, has compelled Britain to protest against mis-government in the Congo Free State. If this is indeed a solidarity in African problems, then a plague spot in this quarter will hamper all the work of civilization elsewhere.

If we take up any modern map of Africa, coloured according to European interests, we shall find the southern quarter almost wholly red, and the same colour extending north (save at a gap at Lake Tanganyika), in a broad belt, which in the latitude of Uganda, reaches the Indian Ocean, till it arrives at the Mediterranean seaboard. A smaller belt runs east and west with little interruption from the Gold Coast and the Nigerian uplands to the Red Sea. A huge red cross scored across the map may be said to represent the territory which Britain owns or controls. The tale of how this huge possession came into being during the past hundred years is perhaps the most curious

in the history of our Empire. Certainly it was the outcome of no conscious policy. Officially we refused all our opportunities. We let Germany annex Damaraland and Namaqualand in spite of protests from Cape Colony. We refused Delagoa Bay when we might have had it for a song. We earnestly desired at various times to get out of Egypt and to get rid of the territories north of the Orange. The "younger sons of younger sons," and the farsightedness of a few statesmen like Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Frederic Lugard saved us in our own despite. Our African empire is an accomplished fact, it may increase in mileage, it may even in certain parts decrease, but in substance its delimitation is finished. Our problem is not now the pioneer's but the administrator's; the land is there, our business is to make the best use of it. The time is ripe now for a serious stock-taking, a task impossible in the heat and stress of acquisition. Territory in itself is of little use, indeed a vast territory sailed without conscience or intelligence may be the ruin of the strongest race on earth. The problem of Imperialism to-day is the language of philosophy, qualitation rather than quantitation—how to make out of our wide domain and heterogeneous peoples prosperous, humane, and mentally helpful nations.

The first fact which must impress us in our stock-taking is that Britain controls by far the most valuable regions of the continent. Apart from the mineral wealth of South Africa, the richer lowlands of the Sabi and Zambesi are ours, and the vast uplands of Marotseland, which may in time afford cotton and rubber grounds of high value, as well as a great pastoral country. We possess the rich coast line of Mombasa, and the valuable hinterland extending almost to Victoria Nyanza, which has undeniable timber wealth and is reported to be the finest grazing land in Africa. We own Uganda with its forests and its facilities for all tropical products. We own in Nigeria one of the great cotton grounds of the future, and in the Soudan a sound supply ground, whose value it is still premature to guess at. If the scheme described in Sir William Garstin's latest report is carried out, and a new channel is cut for the Mountain Nile for Bor, then the Sudd area will be drained and made ready for crops. For thousands of centuries the richest deposits of Central Africa have been flung upon these marshes, and if the huge triangle is brought under cultivation it is impossible to limit the range of its productiveness. Lastly, there is Egypt, whose wealth we have exploited for the relief of her people, making a country out of chaos and asking no reward.

What is to be the future of it all? Have we any clear administrative ideal to guide us in dealing with so rich and so interite a heritage? If the essential unity of the land and its people is ever admitted, obviously there must be some unity, some guiding principle, in our policy. One part of Africa may be trusted to settle the question for herself. South Africa is mainly composed of self-governing colonies, and in a little we may hope to see her formed into a self-governing federation. How the tropical regions adjoining the high veld and their large native population are to be administered is strictly her own business. But elsewhere the Imperial Government has no colony to put the burden upon; it must find the question for itself and put into practice its own solution. Is tropical Africa to be exploited for the benefit of the suzerain power regardless of any duties to the subject races, or is the noble precedent of Egypt to be followed where the well-being of the Government is put far before the interest of the governors? There can be little doubt about the answer. It is happily not the destiny of Britain to stain her name with a second Congo Free State. The policy which has created British India is not likely to be soon relinquished. For the other is not only morally detestable; it is practically shortsighted. A selfish code of government sooner or later results in social anarchy and economic stagnation, for with states as with individuals, great achievements can only be attained by the sacrifice of petty and momentary successes.

But if Britain is to introduce the tribes and the districts under her rule to some degree of order, civilization and prosperity, she can only do so by bringing her own people among them. Tropical Africa will never be made a valuable part of the Empire by scattering a few unwashed and unhealthy officials among the black people and subjecting them to a straitlaced direction from home. She must bring her own civilization and set it side by side with barbarism, for only then will those unseen forces of example and encouragement permeate and leaven the mass. To do this she must have a vantage-ground hard by where white men and women can live and for which they can work, not mere hill-stations as in India but a true "white-man's country." No white civilization can be expected to flourish in places which Nature has decreed, after all has been done that science can do, that the white man cannot lead for long a wholesome life. And here appears the greatest of Britain's advantages in Africa—far greater than the fact that she owns the richest territory. *She possesses all the vantage-grounds.* Adjacent to each large tropical division—the Zanzibar valley, the Great Lakes, the Upper Soudan, Southern Nigeria—she possesses a tract of clear upland country where an Englishman can live a life, different indeed in kind, but not seriously different in physical well-being, from the life he leads in England or New Zealand or Canada. Africa is still in the popular mind a land made up wholly of fever swamps and arid deserts. It is well to suppose that there are great tracts of highlands not less healthy than a Yorkshire moor, and that these highlands in most cases border sharply with the tropics. In this article I propose to glance at a few of these vantage-grounds for civilization.

South Africa, is, of course, the greatest and the best known. The southern quarter of the continent is in physical configuration, something like a broad-rimmed pudding-dish turned upside down, a border of flat country round the coasts and a large plateau comprising the interior. The edge of this tableland, which is broken away in the south and west, becomes exceedingly steep in the east where the Drakenberg Mountains tilt it up to a height of about twelve thousand feet. Many of our columns during the war, operating in the Ermelo and Lydenberg district, found themselves on the brink of the high veld looking down over immense hazy lowlands, and the contrast found the inequation of that not over-inequative being, the British soldier. Certainly I know few finer sights than those which may be gained from some points on the Swaziland border or in the Woodbush Mountains, where all behind the spectator is a land of grassy wind-blown dunes, and below and before him the steaming flats and the slow reaches of tropical rivers. This borderland runs with a few breaks, such as that where the Limpopo has made a plain through the mountain, for Basutoland and Manicaland, probably along the whole south-eastern coast from Durban to the Zambesi. In the south the distinction is of less importance, since both highlands and lowlands are healthy, but north of the Delagoa Bay, like the difference between the two types of country is the difference between the temperate and the torrid zones, between, shall we say, Surrey and Barbados. These uplands are curiously northern too, in conformation as well as in climate. To the traveller a piece of fine Perthshire may suddenly present itself at the turn of the road, or a great park like Windsor, or a mountain torrent plunging down a ravine like a Norwegian foss. The climate is damper than the more central high-veld, and mists hang about the peaks of a morning and small rains blow down the glen in a way which would do credit to Lochaber. To one moving from the stagnant water-holes of the high-veld, and still more to one moving from the muddy green water of the tropical flats, the clear, full stream of the borderland seem like the four rivers of Eden. Heaths and brackens and little copses like hazel thickets complete the parallel with the north. I once accompanied a party of Welsh settlers from Patagonia in a tour through the Woodbush Mountains. They were old men who had left Wales as boys and had spent

their manhood on the vast plains of South America. When they found the roadside lined with bracken, and saw blue peaks of hill rising through the morning mist, memories stirred in them and they became silent. At last they found the clue, it was the Wales of their boyhood that they had stumbled upon again, and the way in which these old farmers pulled the bracken and snuffed the cold air was the best proof of the northern character of the land.

This is, perhaps, the chief of the vantage-grounds of Africa, but close after it comes the hinterland of the East African Protectorate, which will dominate Uganda. and the level around the great lakes. Across the trough of Central Africa rises the range of Nuarenzori, the Mountains of the Moon, still the most mysterious and unexplored of the world's ranges, though known to Europe since the days of Ptolemy. The dense mists, however, which enshroud it make it, in spite of the fact that it almost reaches the altitude of the Andes, an unsuitable habitation for white men, and a recent disastrous boundary settlement, which seems to have escaped attention in England, has given it, as well as the whole of Albert Edward Nyanza, to the Congo Free State. But the East African plateau has no such drawbacks. The traveller who makes the journey on the Uganda Railway from Mombasa to Port Florence wakes the first morning to find that the low tracts of the coast are far behind him, and that he is on an upland plain, partly dotted with bush and partly cane rolling down the dussen? A little further and he crosses the Kikuyu Hills and descends into the famous Raft Valley, with its immense blue distances and its gleaming chain of lakes. Emerging, he ascends the Man plateau, about 9,000 feet in height, where he will find reaches of short turf like an English lawn running up to the edge of little spinneys. He will also find noble forests of cypress and juniper, and meadows and streams like any other rich temperate country, and then he comes to the edge and looks down upon real tropical Africa, with Lake Victoria shining some fifty miles off in the trees. The whole plateau from Metandi to the Man, and north and south for some hundreds of miles, is not only rich in agricultural and pastoral wealth, but in any part of it white men can live in health and bring up healthy families. Its average temperature is about 65° F. in the cold weather and 75° F. in summer; frosts are unknown, and yet the air, though mild, is tonic and invigorating. It is also a country of wide horizons, which is a fact of immense moral and physical significance too often overlooked in the valuation of a territory. Sir Charles Eliot, than whom there is no better authority, has, in a recent magazine article, borne witness to the beauty and healthfulness of this strange land. "It is perennially a country of striking views. The scenery of its uplands has qualities peculiar to itself which I have not noticed anywhere else. It is anything but tropical in character, and the most noticeable effects, as seen from some high point of vantage, depend on subtle harmonies of grey and green spread over vast spaces of wind-swept plain and mountain, where the grassy slopes rise terrace upon terrace, and the clear outlines of the jagged volcanoes guard the lakes sunk deep in their rocky cups. And yet, clear though the outlines are, the vast breadth and airiness of the vision bring a certain feeling of transitoriness and unsubstantiality. Veils of cloud or mist obliterate or reveal in an instant whole panoramas, and one feels very near those elemental forces which can destroy their handiwork as easily as they created it."

A habitable country in the midst or on the verge of savagery has a peculiar attraction for human nature, just as a rose-park is more beautiful if it marches with a moor. There is more in the feeling than a mere whim of sentiment. It is based on the love of man for the wild and the primeval joined with his instinct for making himself a home. The idea is found in the old legend of a white burgher in Central Africa.

> "Beyond the swamp and sand,
> The fern-haunted forest and legion,"

a legend familiar to the Middle Ages and recently revised for the benefit of popular romancers. When Preston John ruled

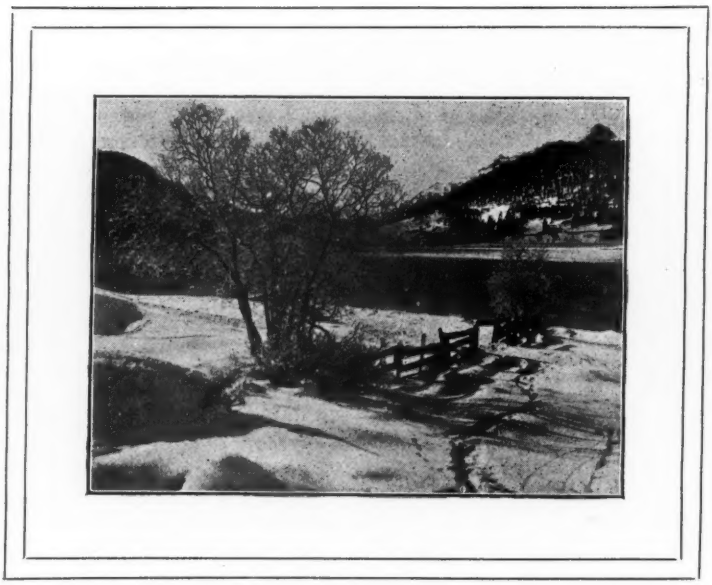
it was in the highlands and not in the plain. To lead a civilized and wholesome life on a vantage-ground above the tropics and therefore to control the low countries is to have at once a dwelling where schemes of administration can be clearly developed and the initial energy of such sustained and a sanatorium to which the wearied toiler on the flats can return. The wind and sand from the inertia, which physical state, if too long sustained, is apt to produce, and from that still more deadly disease, the immersion in formula, the loss of grip upon realities which a comfortable and settled life may bring to the keenest administrative minds. Civilization and barbarism are brought into strong contrast and in this juxtaposition are found not to be antagonistic but complimentary. That is the moral benefit of such vantage-grounds; there is also the very simple fact that effective tropical administration is simply impossible unless they exist. Officials have to return to England to recuperate every two years or so, and the result is a disjointed and incoherent system. But the African vantage-grounds have another merit which distinguish them from, say, the hill-stations of India. They are ridiculously European, not quite English, in character. Much of the glare and gauze is, of course, alien, but the general effect is English: the blue distances, the rolling downs, the soft, moist, and yet bracing atmosphere. To have a patch of the mother country in a strange land is to have an invaluable asset for successful settlement, for the true colonist is always homesick, with that manly homesickness which Emerson thought the most valuable quality of our race. English traditions become not a remote creed but a vital and ever-present standard when every turn of the landscape recalls England.

There are two other great vantage-grounds in Africa of a somewhat different kind—Northern Nigeria and Egypt. The Nigerian uplands are just beginning to be understood, for it is only a few years since Sir Frederic Lugard broke the power of the Emirs. They are a tropical country, not a temperate one like the Transvaal or East Africa, but they are also an open country and, when the facilities have been obtained from European life, a reasonably healthy country. Facilities for transport, whether by river or by light railways, are the chief requirement, and when some decent food and habitable dwellings are within the reach of up-country officials we may look for a service not less healthy than that of the Indian plains. Officers who have served in India are of this opinion. Most of the west coast of Africa is poisonous to Europeans; if Northern Nigeria can be made as healthy a tropical country as India and part of the West Indies, then some solution has been discovered of the very difficult problem of West African administration. Of the natural wealth of the land there can be no doubt, and of its future as a cotton-growing country, provided some part of it can be found habitable for Europeans. Egypt is in a somewhat similar position. For a hot country at a low elevation, it is remarkably wholesome. The rulers of Egypt must necessarily be the rulers of the River Nile, and it is fortunate that such rule can be exercised in health and comfort. It is not a vantage-ground of the same value geographically as some others, for it is not an upland; it has a hot and trying summer, and its best districts do not march sharply with the tropical lowlands which it controls. But it is essentially a place where administration can be conducted with the energy and continuity necessary for success—a valuable circumstance when we remember that in Egypt will probably be found the centre of gravity of our African possessions, north of the Line, as the South African plateau will control the southern half of the continent.

On the view which I have briefly sketched the red cross which we have scored over the map of Africa assumes a new meaning. It marks the limits of the white man's homeland. On all sides of it lie the vast native regions for whose peace and well-being he is responsible. If from an adjacent vantage-ground he can bring the civilization to bear upon the subject races, while preserving its own vigour intact, the problem of tropical Africa will be solved. And this is perhaps the great-

est of our new Imperial problems. The colonies have their future in their own hands; England may advise, but she cannot dictate, and the chief responsibility is not hers. But in the tropics she rules directly, and if such rule is to be in accordance with our Imperial traditions, it must not be the casual administration of a remote suzerain, but the strenuous day-to-day watchfulness of men who have made the unity their own and whose interests are bound up in its welfare. The "white man's burden" may be a cheap rhetorical phrase, or a great trust accepted with full intelligence and in all seriousness. But if the trust is to be well administered the State man must first find for himself a home.

JOHN BUCHAN.



A SWISS SCENE

(From a photograph by G. R. Ballance.)

Vignettes

THE soldier stood alone gazing into the flickering firelight. A hastily finished dinner lay on the table beside him; the little white note which was responsible for the crisis was in his hand. Already he knew the simple words by heart.

"Dear Ralph"—it ran—"The Chief wants you on his staff again for this new Somaliland job. Wire me sharp in the morning that you're game. You must sail on Saturday without fail, or Bobby goes instead. So get your kit together for another trek, old chap, and good-luck be with you." And there followed a signature to the message which will be valuable some day to the autograph collectors of the future.

The soldier turned the paper over mechanically. A regimental crest in fiery letters of red with its quaint motto in stately Latin crossed the little heading. Generations of Englishmen have carried out that motto according to their lights in many a distant corner of this war-worn world.

What was his decision to be? Heaven had mercifully decreed to him but little time to choose. He had just twelve hours in which to think it over. No, less—far less—if he was to see her first.

But should he . . . ?

He had had her all to himself for the whole of last evening; the others of the party at the concert had scarcely counted at all. The morning paper said that violin fellow had played his fiddle divinely; for his part he had heard, seen, thought of, nothing but the girl in the seat beside him. He had met all kinds of women but something indefinable, added to her delicate air of beauty, distinguished this one far above all the other pretty girls he had known. He had never believed himself capable of being drawn—as she drew him. He had watched her contentedly at the concert, perfectly willing to go on listening to the music and to sit by her side for ever, as it seemed. Never had he so realized her sweet attractiveness before, her almost childish directness of speech, that contrasted so oddly with the tall deep-chested frame and the soft fair hair low down on the smooth white forehead above the half-veiled eyes. They had driven back to her house together almost in silence through a night, black and moonless over the rain splashed trees of the park. She had turned to smile at him again as they parted on the step. Hungrily he remembered every detail of the picture as she stood there that last moment, with the hall light shining on her long cloaked dress, and the shadows playing round the small bare head, and on the dainty curves of the slender throat. He would have given anything to have had the right to have followed her indoors, and taken her gloriously into his arms. And then . . .

Then next morning, in his quiet methodical manner, he had faced the position, thought over all his plans, made up his mind. He would ask her to marry him. If she consented his papers should go in alone. He would leave the Service and settle down.

But at dinner a servant had brought in the letter, and all his resolution wavered. Another small war had burst upon the scattered frontier of Empire. Away in an arid land of stones and jungle where the barren mountains tower above monotonous plateaux, and the sands drift drearily over the nullah-strewn valleys, a Prophet had arisen, and put aside the robe of the recluse for the garment of the warrior. His hand had fallen with startling savageness on inoffensive tribes who grazed their camels under the shadowy protection of the British name, believing trustfully in the might of the few scattered white men who nominally administered that vast region of unrest. On the wild soil of native credulity the new leader impressed his divine mission as guide and revealer of holy aims; and his sanctity grew in proportion to the time in which he was suffered to preach with unmolested zeal. A solitary outpost in the desert, a mere handful under a white officer, was

overwhelmed in one fanatic rush, and the whole country blazed into tumult before the triumphant Mullah chosen of God. The work of repression that half a battalion on the spot could have done with promptness, a brigade had now to be sent to accomplish. Reinforcements were being hurried from England and India, and the door of Peace was closed.

Now a choice staff-billet was again at his disposal. A few words hastily scrawled on a telegraph form, and that other continent, that other campaign, awaited him once more.

The soldier smiled grimly as he thought of the past, and of the general who wanted him back at his side. He had ridden behind that curt stern-tempered man up the long Afridi-haunted valley, where no European soldier had ever penetrated till the relief column swept into it six years ago. He had marched beside that same chief up to the Atbara's thorn-breasted zariba, while the Highlanders surged behind them and the Dervish bullets cut the sun-scorched air by the lonely river. With him he had listened to the long absent music of the English hymn of requiem in the ruined palace garden after Omdurman's crowning mercy. And then—it was but as yesterday—had come that February Sunday by the side of the Modder. Again he seemed to see the tenacious rushes of the khaki-clad infantry on the level Paardeburg plains. How the Cornwalls had charged! And how they had withered away under the leaden storm from the fringing banks and dongas! Till, as he carried a message for the chief, he himself had crashed down heavily with a mauser bullet through his thigh, and his soldiering days had stopped for a long weary space.

Yes—the medals he had earned, the decoration he had won, in the years that were gone, lay over there in that table drawer by the window.

Now he was fit as ever. Now the whole struggle had to be fought again. Two paths diverged before him; the morning light must see his feet firm planted on one of them whence no return was possible. Vividly the contrast faced him in the stillness of the room.

Should he—dared he—marry? He had just about enough money to keep them both if he retired and they chose a pretty cheap place to live in. So far as he knew she hadn't a penny. Some men of his acquaintance had wedded heiresses and were kept by their wives. None should say that of him.

He walked unsteadily to the window, and looked at the careless carriages that passed unheeding under the street lamps. After all what did the money matter? If she loved him nothing mattered so long as they had each other. For the rest he would slave for her—somehow. She too would be capable of much for the man for whom she cared; those grave fair eyes and firm-lined lips and chin would be resolute in sacrifice did there come to them her woman's share of pain. And she was the only human being in the world who had ever meant seriously aught to him in his whole tempestuous life.

Besides, he was sick of war: he had learned its lessons well. Fellows who clamoured for it so eagerly little knew what it meant. Other things were better. A home after years of wandering, the love of a wife after the racket of the mess, quiet after barrack turmoil, peace after the rough and tumble of campaigns—surely he had deserved these of the Fates by now. The years were passing swiftly; ambitions pall to most men after thirty-five. There were pages in his life's history none too creditable, more of them than he cared to remember. No, it was time to change; time to wipe a sponge over the slate and start afresh, as so many a man had done before him. He would go to her. He would tell her frankly that he was neither clever, nor rich, nor good. Yet he would beg her to marry him. God! what a difference that would make in his life.

He wiped the gathering mist from the glass of the window and turned restlessly to the fireside. His gaze fell on a scratched leather case in a corner of the room; in it was a notched and dented sword. Along its dull steel blade he had looked Death in the face—how often he scarcely knew. It was as if a phantom hand had pointed out to him the other path to tread. He

came of a race of soldiers. When a lad he had been shown as a treasured memento the broken sword hilt his ancestor had carried dripping from the Breach of Badejoz. The sandy soil of Meanee, the ridge over against a rebel Delhi, the grim heights of Charasiah—near by each was buried one of his name. Marriage meant stagnation in life, the predominance of selfish comfort, the belittling scandal of a country village, the oncoming of old age. Love was a big word for an elusive thing; he was afraid of it, afraid of himself, afraid for her. War was the game for men. The march of armed battalions, the flashing of keen-tipped lanceheads, the musical rattle of straining gun teams, the eager excitement of battle, the exultation on the morrow of victory—these were the stern realities, the verities a soldier alone should trust.

How quiet the room was! How clearly the tick of the clock marked the passing of the moments in which his decision must be made. A cigarette! Then he would write out the telegram to be wired in the morning.

No, he would not. He would go to her now, to-night. He would see her; he would tell her all. She should decide. Somewhere he had read of a girl's finer instinct of right and wrong. It was an idea he would once have scorned; its applicability now was individual solely. But she would tell him, and it was only stupid people who feared to ask for woman's counsel. Womanlike she should show him wherein his duty lay.

The bell pealed loudly to his strung nerves. "A hansom at once, please! Yes, Kensington. And—drive as quickly as you can."

II

MIDNIGHT struck; the empty room seemed to stare back at her relentlessly. The girl gave a little shudder. Two hours since he had left her! And all life to be faced again as usual with the opening day. The pallor on the girlish face was as the coldness of marble in its despair. The fair eyes were utterly hopeless, the small hands clasped round the knee in pain. No rest, no peace, in after years could mould the scars of one of her life's evenings away for ever. Did she regret her words? Wistfully she wondered even now.

She had been sitting on a low chair, when he came and knelt beside her, so that their eyes were on a level while he told her gravely all his soul. He had done it so badly, but his hesitating words had been very real. He had said little enough in his own favour, but, because she loved him, she had taken him at another valuation; knowing matters not unimportant, which he had never told her since the truest things are more often shown than spoken. He had touched her hair half fearfully, wondering at its softness; and he had stroked the small white hand with a tenderness she had never known; while she crossed the borderland into that suffering which transforms a wondrous woman out of the transition chrysalis of a girl. For she knew what her answer must be: knew it all the time he pleaded; knew it despite whatever the future might hold in store. The romance of her life might pass from her—that light which no woman ever quite forgets wherever her subsequent steps may lead. An unnatural stillness seemed to have fallen on that world of two alone, as her voice stifled its cry of pain.

"Ralph, how can there be any question? You have still your work to do in action; I mine—to stand aside and wait. And when I read of the fighting, I shall know that there is a gallant gentleman who has gone to do his duty because—we—loved."

And then she had added steadily, unconscious of the light that flamed over the glory in her face:

"I shall remember you all my life, dear."

Which is a big promise, but the calls of love interpret different meanings to different women. And this one sealed her vow with the first kiss of passion she had ever given, ere he rose and left her without one backward look; left her to take the road she showed him through the absence and the darkness of the war.

* * * * *

The *Times* reprinted a subsequent entry in the *Gazette* which notified in due course:

He stroked the small white hand

"The following appointment is made to the staff of the Somaliland Field Force —Captain Ralph Wyston, D.S.O., 30th Lancers, to be a special service officer with local rank of Major while so employed."

Envious ones at Aldershot and Simla hurled hard abuse at their luck when they read it, and spoke with bitterness of the unfair awards of Fortune. The man it most concerned never even saw it, for a big whirring propeller was speeding him remorselessly through a tropic sea. While a girl at home never opened that paper in after time without the memory of that moment returning to her in which she wondered how life's journeys would have ended had she chosen another course.

III

THE critical day of the campaign had come when the fate of the expeditionary force hung in the balance of battle. Morning had broken after a night of rain, and the white fleecy mists embroidered the distant hills, and curled lightly up from the arid scrub-strewn desert. As the sun rose little specks of scurrying dust materialized into solitary Somali scouts;

friendlies galloping wildly towards the zariba with flying robes, and waving arms and spears. Not till the riders were safe inside were the hard-driven horses pulled to their haunches, and the tassel-covered bridles streaked with foam flung loose. Excited explanations told why it had not been wise to linger on the way, and a bugle blew shrill summons to the stragglers. These came in with exceeding haste, having keen knowledge of the undesirability of remaining outside the zariba when the storm broke upon its thorn-breasted defences. A mob of protesting camels jammed in the narrow opening, where the British grazing guard cursed the yelling native transport drivers and used their rifle butts with freedom. Silhouetted against the glare of the sunrise black dots came pouring tumultuously over the long sandy ridges and up the rock-covered nullahs. A few stray shots rang out curiously into the stillness of the morning, and the puffs of white smoke hung sluggishly in the air.

Fortunately the enemy elected to demonstrate for a while at a distance, and announce with much howling what manner of annihilation awaited their infidel foes at the hands of the Chosen Expounders of the Will of God and His most Faithful of Mullahs. This gave time: it was needed.

The hard clean-cut face of a senior officer on horseback peered out across the gleaming levels of the desert plain. One hand shaded the quiet eyes under the sheltering helmet, and his lips were pressed together in firm decision. They were tired eyes, such as are owned by men who work hard, but whom time will still not allow to forget, despite all forced distraction of work; instead insisting on moments of remembrance of other things. Comrades said that the Major had changed; that he had forgotten how to laugh in the months of his leave at home. Never had he gone so steadily and indefatiguably on his way, but it was as if that way wearied him. The life seemed to have left his voice, and there were touches of grey in the close-cropped hair above the temples. But now into his face there came the look that men wear who know what it is to kill.

A shrapnell shell hissed and broke above the surging masses in the distance, and the men lining the zariba waited with set faces for the wild death rush that would surely come. It was heralded by the fire of the enemy's riflemen. Bullets whistled weirdly overhead, and occasional grim thuds told where some of them had gone home. Strong imperious voices from their leaders rang out in peremptory restraint of excited Somali friendlies who desired above all things to loose off government ammunition at random into the air. Only the maxim grunted while the subaltern and its crew toiled around their pet plaything with exultation. A horse rolled over in the square and kicked with violence. Men collapsed vaguely, as if wondering what had happened to them, and a boy officer lay stilly upon his face with a bullet through his brain. Then at last with a long stern roar the mighty wave of the foe swept down impetuously in one grand charge led by a lean old sheikh on horseback, waving his banner of holiness.

In that awful moment all hell seemed to be let loose. The sides of the zariba burst into smoke and flame, through the cover of which fierce black faces—who had not learnt in comfortable class rooms the impossibility of frontal attacks—tore like a torrent in flood. Then each man fought for his life, and bayonet stabbed at slashing spearhead amid a turmoil of shouts and curses in a smother of sand and smoke. The defence in a corner by the camel lines was carried by sheer weight of numbers, and through the gap there poured a stream of triumphant savages. Sore hit camels grunted dismally, and the native owners got out of hand, firing blindly into the scuffle. The dust rose stiflingly. Maddened men fell stiffly forward into sudden quiet; others dropped limply and moaned. So much did the smoke hang that it was difficult in one part of the zariba to see what was happening elsewhere. Major Wyston was calming some British infantry—whose economically made cartridges had jammed—on one flank, when he became aware of the disaster which was overwhelming the other. With the prompt coolness which

is bred of familiarity with danger, he thrust his way through the rocking square, and the half company in reserve shouldered after him sturdily to the rescue. Then a gun cracked out at random from among the heaving camels, and the tall figure with the row of ribbons on his stained torn jacket reeled in the saddle, and sank very swiftly to the ground.

Ten minutes later, like the back-sweep of a sullen breaker, the enemy melted away from in front of and around the zariba, and a storm of frantic cheering broke from the maddened soldiers who waved their rifles exultant amid the litter of commissariat stores, camel saddles, loads débris and wounded, while Somali levies danced amid the sinister heaps of expended cartridge cases on the reddened ground.

One hand shaded the quiet eyes under the helmet

And the armies of the Chosen Mullah of God disbanded all the remainder of that day with exceeding celerity.

* * * * *

A big homeward bound transport was swinging out of Gibraltar Bay. On the upper deck lay a scarred and white-faced officer, whose campaigning days were done. One hand held tightly a little scented letter.

"I shall be at Southampton to meet you. If you are going to be disabled for life you will need me all the more."

The Truth About Macbeth

FEW of us pause to reflect on the possible injustice of our impressions of historic personages. There can be no doubt that such injustice exists, but its extent is only discovered here and there by the student who takes pains to arrive at the facts of some case. Perhaps no better evidence of this truth could be found than the instance of the much maligned Macbeth. The name of Macbeth stands in literature to-day as an equivalent for all the evils of unbridled ambition. Branded by the pen of Shakespeare, the ill-starred thane lives before generation after generation on the British stage as the incarnation of ingratitude and cruelty, and as a culprit justly punished by the consequences of his own unredeemed lust of place and power. At the same time, and by the same agency, "the gracious Duncan" survives as a type of the urbane and liberal if somewhat weak father of his people, a victim of his own too generous trust in others. Thus it is that literature gives complexion to the events and characters of the past.

The absence of half tones in such a picture might surely lead to some suspicion of its truth. Human nature, fortunately, is never either quite so immaculate or quite so black. But Duncan and Macbeth are personages of times so remote that the world has been content to make little question of the matter, to accept as veracious the counterfeit presentment, and to let historic fact sleep in its dusty archives. But though remote enough, Macbeth and his uncle were, not the less, very real makers of history in their time, and if the actual deeds and circumstances of their lives appear less interesting than the fictitious creations of the dramatist, it is only because these fictitious creations have the advantage of being illuminated by the genius of Shakespeare.

It is needless to say anything here of the magnificent use which Shakespeare has made of his subject—the mastery with which he has painted the working of passion in the heart, and the recoil of retribution upon the evil-doer. "Macbeth," as a drama, stands near the pinnacle of human achievement. Results of such superlative sort may be held to justify any liberty taken with strict history. In the resistless march of the tragedy, it might be urged, the ethical truth remains the sole consideration, and the mere historical truth stands of no account. There is, however, another side to the argument.

Shakespeare, it is understood, found the story in Hollinshed, and Hollinshed took it from Boece. But it is needless to enquire which of the three has been most to blame for the slander cast upon one of the greatest of Scottish kings. Shakespeare's play remains responsible to-day for the world's idea of Macbeth. Shakespeare's play it is, therefore, which must be put to the question. It is instructive to compare it with the direct records of Scottish history.

Of the chroniclers who deal with the events of Macbeth's time, by far the most reliable is Andro of Wyntoun. The character of the worthy prior's plain narrative may be judged by several facts. It was used by Lord Hailes, in the famous case of the Sutherland succession, as an evidence for ancient Scottish laws and customs of inheritance. A distinguished editor has said of it that "the compiler of a Scottish peerage might obtain from it more true information concerning the ancient noble families of Scotland than is to be found in any work extant." And wherever it is possible to compare the "Cronikyl" with other unquestioned testimony, like the Register of St. Andrews or the Fœdera Angliæ, it is found thoroughly to be depended upon. In every line, indeed, this earliest of Scottish vernacular recorders betrays an anxiety to relate only the truth, and he lived within three hundred years of Macbeth's own time.

Shakespeare and Andro of Wyntoun

certainly agree upon the opening and closing facts of the narrative—the murder of King Duncan by Macbeth, and the ultimate overthrow of Macbeth by Malcolm Canmore, King Duncan's son. For the rest, however, there are serious discrepancies between the two accounts. To begin with matters of minor importance, in the third scene of the drama we have the witches hailing Macbeth as Thane of Glammis and Thane of Cawdor. Now it is true that in the Cawdor family a tradition exists that Macbeth, when he became king, conferred the thanedom of Cawdor, or Calder, on his brother. And Glammis may indeed have passed into Macbeth's possession " by Sinel's death " ; but if so it must have been conferred on Sinel immediately previous, for it was a royal seat, and Malcolm II. had recently been murdered while residing there. Wyntoun, however, makes no mention of either thanedom. The honours conferred on Macbeth were the thanedoms of Moray and Cromarty.

Apart from Wyntoun's authority, another similar point may be questioned in passing. In the second scene of the drama we are informed that " the merciless Macdonwald " has just been overthrown by Macbeth. A less writer than Shakespeare would probably have contented himself with the remark that Macbeth had overthrown " the merciless invader." But the mention of " Macdonwald " imparts reality and circumstance, and is exactly one of those touches of local colour with which the great dramatist knew so well how to give life to his picture. But a point of history is involved. There were Donalds, of course, on the throne and elsewhere, before the time of Macbeth, and there may have been Macdonalds in existence. But the reference is obviously to those Macdonalds of the Isles who were so long a menace to the Scottish crown. Macdonald, chief of the name, was descended from the elder son of Somerled, Lord of the Isles, who flourished in the twelfth century. Macbeth lived and fought and was slain in the eleventh.

But Shakespeare's third scene contains another variation from the chronicler's account which has gone far to discredit the whole story of Macbeth, and to give it, to the popular mind, the air of a mere unreal figment of romance. This is the presentation upon the stage, in actual flesh and blood, of the three " weird sisters." For stage purposes, of course, nothing could be more effective and picturesque than the appearance of the living witches, with their hell-broth and their incantations. And strangely enough, on the Hardmuir, as it is called, in the Brodie woods, between Nairn and Forres, an actual hillock is pointed out as the spot on which Macbeth was confronted by the three. On the place where they are said to have emptied their caldron no grass has ever grown, and from this fact, it is said, the place is known as the Blasted Heath. There is a strong probability, however, that the tradition has grown out of the play. Wyntoun's narrative, at any rate, entails no such strain upon credulity as is involved either in the legend of the Hardmuir or in the Shakespearean account. The chronicler narrates the entire transaction with the witches as the unsubstantial fabric of a dream—

> " he mwrthrysyde hys awyne eme
> Be hope that he had in a dreme
> That he sawe quhen he was yhyng
> In hows duelland wyth the king."

Even this story of the dream was probably no more than a popular fancy or tradition set down for what it was worth by Wyntoun, for the chronicler forthwith proceeds to detail the much more pressing motive which inspired Macbeth to take the life of Duncan. According to Wyntoun, the king, coveting the wife of one of his thanes, had slain her husband and kinsmen, and seized the lady and her estates. Outraged by this treatment, and fearful for the life of her son, she fled for protection to Macbeth, and it was in her defence, and at her urgent appeal that the latter moved against the king.

During the first interview with the witches in the play a statement is put into Macbeth's mouth which violates history in a way even more deadly to the reputation of the thane. The words are familiar to all—

"By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glammis;
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief."

Much of the meaning and force of Shakespeare's play depends upon the fact implied in this last line. It is one of the crimes of Macbeth, in the dramatic account, and in the eyes of the world, that, on the murder of King Duncan, he usurped the throne. In this very vital suggestion, however, Shakespeare was entirely wrong. The dramatist was either ignorant of the ancient law of Tanistry, though it was abolished in Ireland only in his own time, or for his purpose he chose to leave it out of account. The omission, however, is extremely unfair to the memory of the great thane. By the Tanist law of succession which prevailed in his day, Macbeth was the natural and immediate heir to the throne at Duncan's death. He was, therefore, certainly no usurper.

On the other hand, the claim of Malcolm was extremely remote. Shakespeare, it is true, in the fourth scene of the play makes Duncan formally announce his successor—

"We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland."

By this speech the sympathies of the audience are enlisted for Malcolm as the rightful heir. But he was nothing of the kind. Not only was Macbeth, as senior male of the house, immediate successor, but Duncan had two sons older than Malcolm, and, to complete the chances against him, though this point was not thought insuperable in early times, Malcolm was not legitimate. If anyone, therefore, was a usurper of the throne it was Malcolm Canmore. Not only did he revolt against, and slay the rightful king, Macbeth, but he stepped over and ousted his own elder und legitimate brothers. As a matter of history, one of these brothers, Donald, seized the crown, and reigned for five years after Malcolm's death.

Then for "the gracious Duncan.' If ever a selfish, cruel, and bloodthirsty tyrant sat upon the throne of Scotland, Duncan was that man. From what Wyntoun records, he was as abandoned to his vices and unscrupulous in his methods of satisfying them, as he was inefficient in the first duties expected of a monarch. The country groaned under his excesses and his incapacity to defend it from its enemies, and his removal by the readiest means had become a necessity. Macbeth, it is true, was his sister's son, and had been bred in his house, but Duncan had earned his fate. His murder of a thane and seizure of his wife was the last straw, and on the lady's appeal for succour Macbeth was left no choice.

For the aggravation in the circumstances of Duncan's murder—the violation of the sacred laws of hospitality, the dagger, and the midnight chamber—as depicted by the dramatist, there is no historic foundation. Shakespeare makes Inverness the scene of the tragedy, and popular tradition names Cawdor and Glammis respectively. But the actual spot appears to have been the smithy of Bothgofuane, near Elgin, a place where Duncan certainly could not be the guest of his slayer. It seems probable, indeed, that the chief circumstances of the assassination in the play were borrowed by Shakespeare from an earlier event, the murder of King Duffus in the royal castle of Forres by Donevald, the governor, about the year 966.

In contrast with the real character of Duncan, that of Macbeth, as portrayed in actual history, shines out like a star. The seventeen years of his reign were among the best Scotland ever saw. In the words of the chronicler—

All hys tyme was gret plenté
Abowndand bath in land and se,
He wes in justice rycht lawchfull,
And till hys legis all awfull.

In Wyntoun's chronicle, as in Shakespeare's play, the fall of Macbeth at last is owed to the agency of Macduff, the Thane of Fife; but circumstances in the two accounts are very different. In the chronicle the right unquestionably lies on the side of Macbeth. He appears to have

suffered, like more than one later Scottish king, in an attempt to make the great obey the same law as the humble. Quick to detect any attempt at fraud, he was one day watching the building of his new royal castle on Dunsinane in the Sidlaw Hills, when he noticed one of the yokes of oxen fail in drawing timber. He enquired whose oxen these were, and, on being told they were supplied by Macduff, he threatened to put that thane's own neck in the yoke. News of the threat was, of course, carried to Macduff, and, knowing the King to be a man of his word, he fled forthwith. At Macduff's castle of Kennachy, on the southern coast of Fife, the thane's wife kept the pursuing king in treaty till she saw her husband's boat beyond reach on the firth. Local tradition declares that this circumstance gave rise to the rule of the Earlsferry, as it has since been called, that no pursuer should be allowed to leave the shore till a fugitive was half-way across. By his wife's stratagem Macduff escaped, but, far from practising the cruelty described by Shakespeare, Macbeth took no revenge on wife or child. Subsequent history, in fact, proves this statement, for the descendants of Macduff continued to enjoy certain privileges for several centuries afterwards. One of these privileges was the right of setting the crown on the king's head at coronation. This right belonged to the Earls of Fife as Macduff's descendants, and perhaps the most memorable instance of its exercise was the crowning of Robert the Bruce at Scone by the Countess of Buchan, in default of her brother, the Earl of Fife.

Macduff fled to the English court, then as at a later day, evidently the natural refuge of Scottish malcontents. There he set about inciting the sons of Duncan to attempt the overthrow of their cousin the Scottish king. The two eldest refused point blank to stir. Doubtless they had in view the fact that the throne of Scotland must fall to them by natural course of inheritance. But the third, Malcolm, being a natural son, had no such prospect, and he grasped the opportunity. Blessed by Edward the Confessor, and supported by Siward, Lord of Northumberland, he invaded Scotland, reached Birnam, and vanquished Macbeth at Dunsinane.

In the circumstances of this attack Shakespeare follows history with sufficient closeness. In two final and vital details, however, the dramatist has departed from fact. Macbeth was not slain in the storm of his stronghold on Dunsinane, and when he did fall Macduff, so far as is known, was not his slayer. The two may, indeed, have met during the conflict, and curiously enough a stone still standing in the park of Belmont Castle is named Belliduff, and declared by tradition to mark the spot of their encounter. But the king was to play a part in a later and still greater scene. Shakespeare, in making Macbeth fall at Dunsinane, appears to have followed the tradition of the neighbourhood. This fact, along with other details in the play, has been taken to show that the dramatist was personally acquainted with the spot. There is presumptive evidence on that point which need not be entered upon here; but if Shakespeare accompanied his future colleague, Laurence Fletcher, on either of his theatrical tours in Scotland, in 1599 and 1601, he must have passed close by Dunsinane, and so had an opportunity to learn its traditions. The historical fact remains, however, that Macbeth escaped from Dunsinane, and retreated northwards to Deeside. Wyntoun tells how

> Owre the Mounth thai chased hym than
> Intil the forest of Lumphanan.

The last scene of his life, more than any other, shows the heroic character of King Macbeth. The tradition of it runs like a romance. Close by the roadside at Lumphanan may still be seen the long-forsaken Peel Ring. That low ruin, with wide, bush-grown moat, was the spot where, during the Wars of Independence, the ancestor of the Melville's gave his submission to Edward I. But that inglorious incident only throws into higher relief the earlier and braver episode of Macbeth. Here in the Peel Ring of Lumphanan, the king made his final stand. As he looked from the walls, and saw the forces of his enemies hemming him in, he knew that his time had come. There was no whining,

however, in the character of Macbeth, and he met his end like the king he was. Putting on his armour and mounting his horse, he bade them throw open the gate, and rode boldly forth to "try his last." A boulder a couple of hundred yards away, known as Macbeth's stone, marks the spot where he received his fatal wound; but his charger galloped away among the hills with the bleeding monarch, and no man saw him die. A mile distant, on the side of the Perk Hill, they found him dead, and his funeral cairn is to be seen on the spot to the present day. Some hundred years ago the cairn was explored, and there was found beneath it a stone cist. Within lay some handfuls of brown mould, a few feather quills, and some fragments of rusted iron—all that was left of the great Macbeth.

The world may marvel at the miracle by which Shakespeare, out of a few meagre and uncertain traditions has built up a drama which shakes the soul with horror, and has invested an ordinary incident of those rude ages with the thrilling interest of a great moral catastrophe. At the same time it is only fair to remember that the characters portrayed by the dramatist are almost entirely imaginary. In using the name of Macbeth for his purpose Shakespeare has inflicted an irreparable injustice upon the memory of a great king.

GEORGE EYRE-TODD.

God's Monument.

I saw you when a flaming sun
  Its rising flood of glory rolled,
And crowned you, ere its course was run,
  Each peak and crag—with living gold.

I saw you when a phantom mist
  With clinging garments moist and chill
Crept slowly up: your brow it kissed,
  Then billowed back, from hill to hill.

I saw you when an awful sky
  Flung storm and fury round your crest,
When angry thunders pealed on high
  And steel-blue flashes lit the west.

I saw you when a moonbeam played
  On granite grey and mosses green,
Or, dancing through the pinewood, strayed
  Unchallenged down your deep ravine.

Age brings no change, nor years decay:
  A monarch in a far-off clime
Your snowy sceptre still you sway;
  God's monument, untouched by time.

W. B. POWER.

Her Flight of Fancy.

BY POWELL CHASE.

ONE would scarcely have supposed her possessed of a powerful imaginative faculty, nor had she the aspect of one likely to evince any burning interest in pictorial art. Sooth to say, the withered features and rusty bonnet indicated little but age and poverty, and those only of that sordid, city sort, unmitigated by any hint of picturesqueness.

This merely proves, once more, the futility of basing opinions upon appearances alone. That the above named tendencies existed, radical and inherent in her nature, is clearly seen in that rash indulgence of them, involving a headlong extravagance which some held was the direct cause of her abrupt demise.

It is somewhat difficult to account for, but perhaps the fact that Mrs. Merks was nearing her eightieth year was due to that unswerving dietetic moderation verging upon absolute abstinence, which circumstances forced upon her, seeing that it is allowed upon all hands, that way longevity lies. It cannot well be attributed to any cheerful airiness in her dwelling, at any rate—a single underground apartment, where the twilight common to basements and its twin-born sister, Night, held alternate sway.

In midsummer months, certainly, a rare sunbeam did slantingly touch her window-sill, lingering for half an hour and then sliding away, but the sun's crude mintage was twice-alloyed before it reached to her, once by the general murkiness of the City vapours far overhead, and again by the smoke-blackened walls that hemmed her in. The house was a dingy one, situated in a dingy street, albeit in close touch with the magnificence of superb West End thoroughfares. Occasionally, but only when extreme haste made it necessary, supercilious coachmen deigned to use it as a short cut. Then the perfumed child of Belgravia viewed an unsuspected squalor lurking close to Regent street elegance, with languid surprise. Here Mrs. Merks enjoyed an occupancy free of rent in consideration of her services as representative of a non-resident landlord, and in return for undertaking the keeping of the doorstep and entrance in as clean and tidy a state as the ubiquitous children and ever-drifting dust and litter of the street would allow. Her unimpeachable honesty had secured her this position, and though many degrees from being a sinecure, she was not unmindful of her mercies.

But given even free lodging, the riddle of existence is not quite solved. All unknowingly, Mrs. Merks had followed the

advice of the Sage of Chelsea, " lessening her denominator " until usually all costlier items than tea, and bread and butter, were eliminated. But these remained, ultimate, indispensable, the irreducible minimum—supposing, for the moment, that the flame of life in one so unimportant, needed to be kept flickering at all.

As to her income, its amount was variable and its sources varied. She sometimes acted as deputy, cleaning the upper flights of stairs for which the various lodgers were responsible, being paid at the rate of threepence a week. A young workman, the occupant of a top-floor room, paid her fourpence weekly for waking him each morning at five o'clock, an office for which she was exceptionally well fitted by the light and fitful nature of her own slumbers. Now and then, a day's charing was conferred on her as a favour by some old client, though, for the most part, younger hands had long since beaten her out of that field. Last, but not least, there were certain red-letter days when postal orders for a few shillings reached her from her late husband's relatives, kindly, prosperous people with a small but sound business of a " general " kind in a country town. Then it was that Mrs. Merks would burgeon, the strict regimen in the matter of food would be temporarily relaxed, and the coalman pay his infrequent visit with a modest " half-hundred."

Until a few years previously, her slender resources had been slightly augmented by occasional help she received from a dutiful and only son, but there is not much in the way of surplus from the pay of a married soldier, and when that staggering blow—the laconic, " Killed in action "—fell upon her, her keen and abiding grief was unsullied by any shade of self.

Into the august quarters already referred to, where shops are on an imposing scale and convey an air of opulence calculated to awe and subdue, she seldom intruded. Being somewhat dull of sight as well as of hearing, the wide roadways and the crowded traffic of carriages, cabs and 'buses, were provocative of alarm, and the strong and kind arm of the law in the shape of a considerate constable as pilot at the crossings, not always to be reckoned upon. But at times, circumstances compelled her to face these perils, and one particular morning found her there, returning home from an early errand. A shrewd East wind had swept the sky clear of November fog and cloud for the time being. With the instinct common to all aged creatures, from a late fly to a centenarian, she had chosen the sunny side of the way where the contents of the spacious shop fronts showed brilliantly in the bright morning light.

As she passed one in which engravings were displayed, the subject of a large, framed photogravure caught her attention. It was a reproduction of a powerful and popular war-picture, and represented a small group of British soldiers making an unavailing stand against terrible odds.

They stood there, that devoted band, completely surrounded by an out-numbering enemy—desperate, doomed, but undaunted. Here and there a gap in the stubborn line and a prone or huddled figure. In the foreground, a man, just hit, dropped his still-smoking rifle, and clutched at the air in his agony. Like a winding sheet, overhead and around them swirled and eddied the smoke-wreaths of the battle, pierced by the sudden lightnings of the enemy's fire.

So much she could see already in the strong sunlight that lit it up, but when her glasses were tremblingly adjusted and she read the name of the engagement it depicted—the action in which her son was killed—lost to all around her she stood gazing at it with an interest almost breathless. She was no longer in the sunny street, but there—in the grim scene before her. The roar of the traffic was, for her, the roar of death and doom.

But of all the pictured faces she had only eyes for one—her boy's. Yes, there he lay—her boy, her own boy lay. She did not ask herself how it could be; she was too sure to ask.

" My poor lamb! My poor lamb! " she murmured. In her fancy she was stumbling wildly towards him in her mother-hunger to pillow that helpless head against her breast. In her haste to reach him, she stretched out her arms, forgetful of

everything but that she was nearly at his side. The few packages she was holding—groceries she was fetching for a neighbour—fell, scattered, and her dream was broken.

"What a silly old thing I am, to be sure," she said to herself as she got them together again. "Of course it's only a picture. As if it could be my poor boy and him dead and gone so long and so far away. And keepin' Mrs. Rogers waitin' all this time, and the doorstep and mats not done yet!"

But as she hurried home, and all that day, her vision flickered and wavered before her, and, standing out clear and certain amidst it all, the fact that there was the very likeness of her dead son—that one with the glazing eyes and pallid lips. Like very many—some of them quite educated people—she was utterly ignorant of the manner of a picture's making; but, as a matter of fact, it was far from surprising that the artist had chanced to use a model resembling her son, whose features had been of a common military type. Her own view of such subjects as the battle-piece was that, like photographs, they were somehow "taken." Doubtless, other mothers could have identified their sons as she had done. Securely illogical, nothing disturbed her fancy.

The next day, as soon as her various duties were over, she made her way round to the shop, eager to dwell upon the likeness of her boy again. In the past, she had tried to picture that scene to herself so often, that though the vivid detailed realism made her heart contract, she found a distressful comfort in this grim aid to her imagination.

In her absorption of the previous day she had not noticed the ticket announcing that its original price, sixteen shillings—ostentatiously scored through—was reduced to twelve and sixpence during a fortnight's sale then proceeding. She only read it now with a quite impersonal interest. Either sum was so far beyond her that the only thought the reduction awoke was one of concern lest the engraving should be quickly sold and disappear.

Yet all unconscious of it as she was at first, a minute seed of the lust for possession had fallen in her heart, and encouraged by the warmth it found there, sent up a shoot. It was under the inspiring exhilaration of her afternoon cup of tea that this idea first vaguely flitted across her mental horizon, quickening her slow pulse with a sense of its wild daring. She had felt from the first, almost as if it had been painted for her eye alone, it could have so little meaning for any of the few passers that idly glanced at it compared with all it had for her. She began to picture to herself the battle-piece hanging there upon the wall, for her to see at any time. She had not even a photograph of him in his soldier's clothes and had so often regretted it; but what would the largest and most expensive of photographs be in comparison with that.

Audacious conception as it was, she began to harbour it and look around hopelessly for some means of attaining the object of her ambitions.

Her chaotic aspirings first took a definite form when, as if providentially timed, one of those rare remittances reached her from the country, and for a slightly larger sum than usual. As has been hinted, ordinarily these gifts set her luxuriously weighing the various merits of liver, "scrag-ends," sheep's head, and other inexpensive delicacies. The voluble butcher's hearty and boisterous queries, such as "What's your choice to-day, mother?"—usually replied to with a civil but inconsequent remark on the weather—had a splendid relevancy. Mrs. Merks ordered her "half-hundred" of the greengrocer at the corner—coals and cabbages being kindred commodities in these regions—and the idle saucepan was recalled from its chill repose to a warmer sense of its purpose in being, and for something more than the supererogatory scouring.

But now the butcher's succulent array did not as much as occur to her, or, if so, only to be scouted as an unworthy thought, a temptation empty of seductiveness and devoid of real power. Indeed, the perpetual theme of her cogitations was how far she could dare to reduce her present

expenditure, for she saw that, in order to make up the necessary sum by the Saturday when the sale would terminate, she would have to be far more sparing even than usual.

"Every little helps" was her favourite axiom, and bearing this well in mind, she began by foregoing the use of her favourite "Far-famed Family Blend" at one and twopence, buying in its stead a vague substitute which even the optimistic grocer modestly forebore to ticket as syrupy, rich, or even famous, merely inviting the rash and incautious to "try" his "Strong Household" with a grim avoidance of all commendatory adjectives —"strong," in this connection, having only an invidious significance. Butter she felt she could manage quite well without, for the time being. Even in the matter of bread she economised. As for coal, she had always ranked that with the luxuries rather than the necessaries of existence.

As the days flew by, she went round to the shop from time to time to assure herself that the picture was still unsold. Nothing daunted her but that dreaded possibility, for already the slender shoot had attained a girth of trunk beyond all uprooting.

When the end of the week loomed large, the above economies which the increased severity of the weather accentuated, began to tell upon Mrs. Merks. She found the cleaning of stairs attended by an even unwonted degree of fatigue, and mat-shaking a strangely exhausting exercise inducing a certain dizziness. Her poor looks led Mrs. Larkin to remark that she "must 'ave a care," and that she wasn't "seemin' at all 'erself."

The warning and the exhaustion she passed over, their significance being dimmed if not totally eclipsed by her zestful struggle to gain the end she had set before herself. Mrs. Larkin, a worthy soul who served in the same capacity as herself in the house adjoining, was Mrs. Merks' one intimate and confidante. The silver lining to their clouded existences lay chiefly in the delight of eternally discussing, on alternate doorsteps, such minute events as counted for large in their world of local and limited interests. Yet, even from her, Mrs. Merks had kept her purpose inviolate, counting over the slowly accumulating coins in strictest secrecy, feeling instinctively that her ambition would appear preposterous and presumptuous to another, and, moreover, shrinking ashamed from letting anyone share the knowledge of the sordid expedients she was using to attain her end.

So she kept her secret close and looked onward to that proud moment when she should usher her neighbour in, to view with awed and admiring surprise her brave boy's picture hanging grandly on her humble wall. Once the keen struggle for its possession was over she trusted to find some excuse, not too humiliating, of how she had effected its purchase.

Saturday, the closing day of the sale, came, and either the photogravure remained unsold, or—a possibility which had not occurred to her—a duplicate had taken its place.

The "top-floor back's" weekly payment would complete the sum required. She stood on the doorstep anxiously watching for him, fearful lest she should be too late.

In the street, the early dusk was falling. Shops were lighting up, an extra-brilliant glare illuminating the public-house opposite in honour of its customers' week-end saturnalia. That was in progress, judging by the clamour of mingled curses and laughter within, and the drunken lurchings, intended as a dance, of two or three bedraggled women without, to the strident strains, wafted through the open door, of an automatic piano, the publican's latest attraction. The pavements were animated with people mostly bent on purchasing in readiness for the morrow. It grew darker. The keen air made her shiver and hug herself in her shawl more closely.

At last he turned the corner, and now with the price in full, she started off.

It was still early in the evening when she neared the shop, but her heart began to fail her when she saw that most of those in the main street were already closed. As it was a sale, they would be sure to keep open, she had told herself. But no; when

she reached it, all was dark and shuttered. The sale was over.

One or two passers bustling against her, turned, momentarily puzzled to account for the bent figure gazing abstractedly at the huge iron blind. Gradually she rallied from her disappointment. Her only hope now was that they would let her have it at the sale price on Monday. On the way back she blamed herself for not offering payment by instalments, starting with the postal order on the day of its reaching her.

It was an arrangement well known to the shopkeepers in her immediate neighbourhood and the idea had inevitably presented itself to her, but she had felt it would be looked upon as "low" in this case, and had shunned the risk of a refusal. These self-condemnings and the question of whether she could anyhow manage to continue the pursuit or must abandon it in the event of her request being refused, troubled her far into the night.

She tried to account for the increased weakness she felt next morning by telling herself it was "just a touch of cold," and congratulated herself on the day's fewer duties. She boiled the kettle over a fire of waste paper and then, stimulated by the warmth rather than the savor of a cup of the "Strong Household," she washed down and whitened the doorstep and returned to bed, a measure which the biting air as well as a growing tendency to sway as she walked, made advisable.

Indeed, a strange languor inclined, and at last induced her to spend the whole day there, measuring the long hours by the Sunday sounds she knew so well, and revolving the question of what Fate had in store for her on the morrow.

An early din of bells commenced the day and was followed by the rival milkmen's vocal performances. About ten o'clock, a detachment of Salvationists arrived in the next street to hold the open-air meeting with which they prefaced the indoor service at the "barracks" where she attended, and where her poverty did not attract an embarrassing attention by its incongruity and her lack of well-clad respectability's wedding-garment passed undetected.

Her regret at her inability to go to-day was softened by the reflection that she should have had to let the box pass by without dropping into it her customary copper.

The refrain they were singing was an old favourite at the "barracks," and, knowing it well, the recumbent Mrs. Merks added a weak treble—

> "For the Li-on of Ju-dah,
> Shall break ev-ry cha-in,
> An' give us the vic-try
> Again and a-gain——"

As if in emulation of the Salvationists' zeal, the church-bells now awoke once more, becoming increasingly insistent and clamorous as it neared eleven and then lapsing into a simultaneous and sudden silence.

Gradually there crept on that strange sense of stagnation peculiar, as it would seem, to Sunday afternoons—a stillness eloquent hereabout less of repletion than of shirt-sleeves and sleep. The very chairs seemed conscious of it and objects in shadowed corners to brood upon the diminished street sounds with an aspect of stony reflection. The pattern of the wall paper was fraught with vague meanings and the light itself had a doubly pensive and melancholy cast which it conveyed to all it fell upon. How she regretted, then, her belatedness of the previous evening! With that coveted picture for her eyes to dwell upon, how contentedly she could have passed the long hours! Instead, she set herself to decide upon the exact spot where, in her slender segment of daylight, it should hang, if——; and so back to the revolving of the old question—whether they would grant her bequest or no.

Slowly the afternoon drifted by without anything to interrupt its leaden dullness. The tedium was not dispelled a second time by the cheery Salvationists. They visited other quarters at their afternoon and evening out-door gatherings. On any other day than Sunday Mrs. Larkin would have missed her friend and probably have stepped down to learn the meaning of her non-appearance; but upon that worthy woman the matrimonial fetters hung heavily, Mr. Larkin being of a morose

and exacting habit and demanding her undivided attention on these occasions.

When the light began to wane and the thin face glimmered more wanly in the deepening shadows, the all-pervading melancholy seemed to find a voice in the mournful cry of a hawker of shellfish working his way along the street with his barrow. A distant muffin-bell still further saddened the gloom. Then the street lamp was lit she knew by a faint yellow radiance that suddenly fell upon the wall from above barred with the shadow of the grating that intercepted it on its way.

Now the church bells began again announcing evening service, and again their clamorous reiterations reached a climax and subsided.

As the evening advanced, the weak languor of the day yielded to something more definite and Mrs. Merks fitfully slept.

She was sufficiently benefited by her day of rest to begin her duties as usual on Monday, though her growing feebleness was so apparent that she hastened to forestall the expressions of her good neighbour's inevitable concern with the " touch of cold " hypothesis, hypocritically assuming an attentive air as of an earnest seeker after remedial information as Mrs. Larkin recommended " something warm," and promising to follow her urgent advice with an inward thought of a crust soaked in " Strong Household."

To-day she had to collect the rents from the various lodgers in readiness for the landlord who called in each Monday on his way home from the city. Thus it was once more dusk before she set out again. She found the window had already been re-arranged, a fresh set of engravings now occupying it, while the red-lettered notices of the sale had vanished.

In response to the bell that announced her entry, a stylishly dressed personage stepped forward, but, hoping for little in the way of business from one of her appearance, adroitly exchanged his instinctive air of complaisance for one of condescension more suited to the circumstances. On making her request, Mrs. Merks was thankfully surprised to find far less difficulty than she had anticipated in persuading him to accept the sale price for the battle-piece. Indeed, once he realised that she was actually a customer he evinced but little of that obdurate and Fate-like finality which the successive announcements—" Last Week of Sale," " Last Few Days," and " Last Day of Sale " had appeared to suggest.

Gently veiling his satisfaction with the remark that it was against their rules to do so, he took the sum she tendered, and after holding the door wide for her to pass out with her precious burden, sauntered back across the thick pile carpet wondering idly at such an unaccustomed type of purchaser.

With many rests by the way she finally reached home with her prize, escaping the garrulous curiosity of neighbours in the darkness. It was this consideration, mainly, that had made her decline the shopman's offer to send it—a suggestion of which her weakness and the picture's weight might otherwise have tempted her to avail herself.

The placing it in position on her wall she found she must postpone until the morrow as her first impulsive and enthusiastic attempt to do so resulted in a faintness that reminded her she had done well in reaching home with it and without help. So, for the time being she rested it upon a chair and drawing the candle near passed the remainder of the evening wrapped in an admiring contemplation that was almost worship.

During the night her symptoms took an acuter turn. Her dreams were strangely chaotic. Yet even they yielded to a lucid interval, when, by some strange instinct born of long usage, she was conscious of its nearing five o'clock.

With the guttering fragment of candle she painfully climbed the stairs and knocked pertinaciously until she elicited the tardy, mumbled response. In her slow progress up and down the flights, the intense cold of early morning pierced through and through her attenuated frame. The tiny atom of wick, alternately flaring and dwindling towards extinction in its tin socket, afforded a strikingly accurate type of Mrs. Merks's condition. Her strength only sufficed to reach her bed again, and then once more her mind

lapsed into disordered dreaming, in the vague medley of which, the main feature was her old fancy—that of being on the field of battle, beside her dying son.

* * *

Slowly the steely light increased, and, filtering downwards through the area grating, fell upon the photogravure at the bedside, but the peaceful features turned towards it seemed, in their calm and deep content, to smile at such poor empty substitutes as pictures and the foolish dreams they bring.

She passed the remainder of the evening wrapped in admiring contemplation

Getting an Engagement

GLADYS EVANS had only been one week in London, but her illusions were paling fast. Miss Mortimer, who she had pictured in the radiant robes of a fairy godmother, had turned out a disagreeable old maid, with a talent for speaking plain truths. Her speeches rankled the more because after all there *was* truth in them. For example, when Gladys boasted that she had never had a singing lesson in her life, Miss Mortimer put up her pince-nez and said :

" In that case, my dear, I will not ask you to sing to me. It would be sheer waste of time."

Now in Wales, Miss Evans had been accustomed to unstinted praise whenever she condescended to sing. She was fond of declaring that she never practised, and had never been taught, and people always said : " How wonderful ! " or " Oh, but *you* don't need lessons ! " and her aunt always added, " Masters only spoil the voice, you know," so that the atmosphere of her home had not prepared her for the rude realities which were ever ready in Miss Mortimer's mouth. Then, although Gladys had left her professional cards with the few introductory notes she had procured, the day after she arrived in London, no one had taken any notice of them, and not a single engagement had come in ! Her terms were absurdly low, she thought. Three guineas for afternoons, five for the evening. Gladys meant to raise them as soon as she got known, but to get known one must be heard, and so far her only chance of being heard had been when she lunched with Miss Mortimer, who had declined to listen to her ! Of course, it was too soon to lose heart, but the outlook was not very encouraging, and how depressing the weather was ! Snow falling in May ! And the wretched lodging-house grate smoked, and the windows let in horrid draughts.

Miss Evans took up the newspaper. There was always a chance of something turning up through advertisements. She read : " Mr. Ferdinand Mendelssohn requires a number of ladies' voices for the production of a new cantata early in June. Good salaries given, and highest references required," It sounded rather attractive. Gladys had often joined in part-singing in Wales, and felt she should be thoroughly at home in a choir. Applications were to be made personally between two and five on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of May, and to-day was the 4th !

Without losing a moment, the girl took a cab to Notting Hill, and drove about till she found Apollo Villa, Sunderland Gardens, and enquired for Mr. Mendelssohn. She was shown into a large music-room, with chairs arranged in rows, and a grand piano standing open before them.

After keeping her waiting ten minutes, a tall, pompous man bustled into the room followed by a fat gentleman he called, " my secretary, Mr. Surtees." Gladys nervously explained that she had called in answer to Mr. Mendelssohn's advertisement, and would be glad to join his chorus if the terms suited. He enquired about her voice, and she replied that she sung soprano, and could take the high C without difficulty. Mr. Ferdinand Mendelssohn turned to his secretary with a smile.

" That is the thirtieth high C we have had this afternoon, is it not, Mr. Surtees ? "

" Yes, sir. The last was the twenty-ninth. We might be men-of-war for the way we're a-pitching on the 'igh seas," said the facetious secretary.

His employer laughed condescendingly.

" An unfortunate coincidence," he remarked. " More sopranos than we can do with. Compelled to refuse a dozen."

Poor Gladys was bitterly disappointed. She could never have believed her precious high C could be held so cheap, and it was no consolation that her cab had proved expensive.

" I think you would have liked my voice if you had heard me sing," she hazarded plaintively.

" By all means, by all means," said the

great man, waving his hand towards the piano. "Mr. Surtees will accompany you."

The two men stood behind her and she began. It was a poor performance. The girl's voice was sweet and true, and she

He enquired about her voice

Not till then did it strike Miss Evans that she had brought no music. In the hurry of her impulsive start she had not thought of it! She hated accompanying herself, as the piano was not her strong point.

"I am afraid I do not know much by heart," she apologised, "but I can try a little Welsh song which people rather like."

touched her high notes with perfect facility, but the lack of training was manifest in every breath she drew. Her accompaniment consisted of two chords only, and she changed them for reasons evidently her own and not the composer's. The bars contained three, four, or five beats, and eloquently condemned her musicianship.

Nevertheless approving whispers passed behind her back between the pair of listeners, and encouraged by their appreciation the singer gave them another Welsh melody with more confidence and spirit.

They both congratulated her, and declared it was a shame such talent should be wasted. Gladys assured them of her desire to make all possible use of her gifts, and they discussed the matter fully. They advised her to give a concert as a means of advertisement, and offered to manage the whole concern for her, engage a hall, put notices in the papers, and provide an audience. If she felt unequal to sustaining an entire vocal recital, there was a promising young violinist who would gladly share expenses and profits with her.

This magnificent proposal took Gladys' breath away. It was delightful to be considered capable of so vast an undertaking, but as her mind hastily ran over her repertoire, it appeared painfully meagre, and hesitatingly she expressed a doubt whether she was as yet quite ready to embark on a vocal recital.

"You can think it over and let us know," replied Mr. Mendelssohn. "Meanwhile, Mr. Surtees will enter your name on our books, and notify you, should we obtain an engagement for you."

Miss Evans was gushing with thanks. To see her name inscribed in that business-like volume seemed a real step in professional life. Visions of speedy engagements floated before her. When the Secretary said the fee for booking her address was a guinea, it slightly chilled her gratitude, but she produced the money with so cheerful a countenance that as Mr. Surtees let her out into the snow, he observed,

"It is not aloft a man need look for the *smiling 'eavens* to-day!"

Gladys caught a shocking cold that afternoon. There was no cab in sight, and she took a wrong turn and walked for twenty minutes before finding an omnibus, and her smart shoes were soaked through and her petticoats wringing wet! Still she was enchanted with her visit to Apollo Villa, and only wished she had known of Ferdinand Mendelssohn sooner.

"How easy it is," she told herself, "if only one goes to the right people. Friends mean to be kind, but what can they do? Whereas with these men one pays for it, and it is a matter of business."

Nevertheless the days passed, and no news came from these business men!

A fortnight later Miss Mortimer called. Gladys was still coughing, and her voice was in thoroughly bad order.

"I want you to dine with me to-night," said the visitor. "You will meet some friends from Glamorganshire who are sure to like your music, so you may sing after dinner."

"Indeed, I shall be delighted to dine with you," cried the girl joyfully, "but I hardly know about singing. I have such a cold!"

"Well! When I ask people on purpose to hear you, you really need not make difficulties! I shall not do so again."

"Please forgive me, Miss Mortimer. Indeed, I have been ill, and—no one has come near me. It has been so lonely."

Miss Mortimer sniffed, and raised her terrible pince-nez.

"There, child, don't cry," she said, not unkindly. "It is your own fault if you are lonely. No one wanted you to leave home, you know."

"No one wanted me to *stay*. After Anna came back from school she was everybody!"

"Oh! that was it. You were jealous of Anna?"

Miss Evans was indignant. *Of course* she was not jealous! How silly! It was quite natural that a niece should play second fiddle when the daughter of the house came home. Her aunt was very kind, but Gladys would much rather go and make her own place in the world, than stand in other people's light. She was of age, and could do as she pleased, and she had two hundred a year, and could live upon that till she began to get engagements.

Miss Mortimer did not contradict her.

"Is Anna pretty?" she asked. "I suppose your aunt expects her to marry young Lloyd, as he is the Glamorganshire *parti*."

"I think aunt would like it," said Gladys, "if he . . ." and then she stopped

suddenly, feeling such curiosity was downright impertinent.

The girl was tired out by the end of the visit. Miss Mortimer never opened her mouth without irritating her. Of course it was awfully kind to ask her to dinner and invite people to hear her sing. It was the one thing Miss Evans had been longing for, but the good nature had been so tempered with snaps and snarls, that it was impossible to feel properly grateful. Then it did seem such dreadfully hard lines that her chance should come when she was quite unfit to use it! Weak and miserable, and ready to cry, and looking hideous she thought, and no more voice than a raven! So she put on her pretty white frock, and drove off to her dinner-party in the lowest of spirits.

The warm room, the cheerful company, and above all, the champagne, revived her wonderfully. In the drawing-room she was introduced to Mme. Menozzi, whose conspicuous success as a concert singer convinced Gladys that her assistance would be invaluable. She, therefore, said all the civil things she could think of about Mme. Menozzi's voice, and asked whether she had found it very difficult to obtain engagements when she first came to London. The great singer looked astonished.

"It was because I had many engagements that I came to this London," she said. "Why else should I leave Italy, where at least I sang to flesh and blood, and not to figures of wood?"

"How I envy you!" cried the girl. "What *can* I do to get a start? Do advise me."

"Your master should advise you best. Who has been your master, Miss Evans? Where did you study?"

"I have not had much regular instruction," replied Gladys, who no longer felt this a fact to boast of. "In Wales, you know, everyone sings. But I should be quite willing to take a few lessons from a finishing master, if I could get some engagements first, and so save a little money."

Mme. Menozzi stared, and turned to Miss Mortimer, who joined her cordially, in assuring poor Gladys that she need not expect *paying* engagements for years to come. In London there were more musicians anxious to be heard than audiences willing to listen. When Miss Evans declared people always liked her singing and listened willingly, the Italian lady cried "Oh! *La la!*" and laughed, and Miss Mortimer asked:

"Will people *pay* to listen to you? That is the question?"

"Why *not*," demanded Miss Evans somewhat defiantly. "I suppose people *do* care about music in London?"

"No," said Mme. Menozzi, "not in the least. They converse more readily when their own voices receive support from the pianoforte, and they go to hear famous artistes at concerts, in order to speak of them afterwards."

"You say all this to put me off," said the girl crossly. "But I have heard before now of professional jealousy, and my agents take a different view. *They* are very encouraging."

"This is too amusing," cried the popular songstress. "Is it that I perhaps am jealous of the Welsh *débutante*, who has never had lessons, and whose agents so encourage her? Who are they, then, these gentlemen?"

"Mr. Ferdinand Mendelssohn is my agent," replied Gladys with dignity. "He has my name on his books."

"My dear child," said the Italian seriously, "have nothing to do with that beast Mendelssohn. He is well known as a cheat and a swindler. He will squeeze money from you and play you false always. Do be advised and keep out of his clutches."

These counsels were thoroughly unwelcome. The idea of the vocal recital had come to be the last shred of hope to which Gladys clung, in the failure of her other efforts to get engagements. She was angry and disappointed, and with rising temper declared herself the best judge of her own concerns.

It was well that after-dinner guests beginning to arrive, claimed Miss Mortimer's attention, and diverted Mme. Menozzi's thoughts. Gladys was startled out of her ill-humour by a cheery voice exclaiming:

"Miss Evans! What a delightful surprise! How enchanted I am to see you!"

"Mr. Lloyd!" she cried. "*You* in London? When did you leave Wales?"

The young man was unmistakably glad to meet her, and Gladys beamed with pleasure. They became engrossed with Glamorganshire news, and failed to hear the voice of the hostess summoning Miss Evans to sing. The girl had been longing for this opportunity for weeks past, but when Miss Mortimer's wishes penetrated to her, she exclaimed:

"Oh! what a bore!"

Mr. Lloyd, however, declared he was pining to hear her again. There was no voice like hers. She must show these London folks what Wales could do.

With a triumphant smile Gladys sat down to the piano.

She was very hoarse, poor child, and could not get near her top C. During her illness she had not practised, and her accompaniments were deplorable. A mocking glance from Madame Menozzi made her feel herself ridiculous. Altogether she did far from her poor uncultivated best, and when in the last verse her voice broke on the high note, she left the piano, on the verge of tears. It was then that Mr. Lloyd proved himself her true friend.

"What a shame of us all to ask you to sing when you are so seedy!" he said aloud. "I do trust my selfishness has not hurt your beautiful voice! It has delighted me hundreds of times. It would be too bad to let you strain it in return!"

This tribute was very soothing. Gladys felt comforted and followed him towards the tea-table. Mme. Menozzi looked up as they passed.

"So glad to have heard you, Miss Evans," she said. "I think you are sure to get an engagement soon!"

She glanced at young Lloyd with a meaning smile, and Gladys flushed purple with annoyance. She felt she could have killed the Italian singer! Apparently Mr. Lloyd had heard nothing, and he brought her some tea with an unmoved countenance. As she waited for cream and sugar there came a sort of hush through the crowd. Somebody whispered that Mme. Menozzi would sing. She had *offered!* Wasn't it sweet of her? Just to please dear Miss Mortimer who loved good music.

The song began, as a waiter passed Gladys with a tray full of tea-cups and cakes. The faint tinkle of spoons and china displeased the singer. She looked sharply across to the buffet and produced silence. The rich Italian voice rose higher, filling the room with liquid tones. Miss Evans listened entranced. She forgot her animosity to the songstress, forgot her own failure, forgot even the cup of tea she held. Her hand sank, the cup toppled over, and a hot stream fell over the shoulder of a lady sitting near. The waiter dashed forward to the rescue. His tray clattered to the ground, flinging sugar-basin, cream jug, cups, spoons, and sugar tongs helter-skelter, while the cries of the terrified lady, the tearful apologies of the culprit, and the stampede of the crowd produced such a hubbub as had never previously followed Mme. Menozzi's performance! She ceased singing and yelled with rage. It was on purpose that the Welsh miss, the insolent, had created a row like the fiends infernal. It was jealousy, it was vile spitefulness of a girl with no education. She would teach this miserable to comport herself before brave artists. It was all Miss Mortimer could do to soothe and restrain her, while young Lloyd with admirable promptitude hurried Miss Evans out of the room.

Next morning Miss Mortimer received a note.

"I dare not ask to see you," thus it ran. "You must be too angry with me, and I deserve everything, except the blame of purposely spoiling Mme. Menozzi's beautiful song. It's very beauty caused the accident. Never had I heard anything like it; and it taught me what singing ought to be, and made me so ashamed of my own wretched performance, that I lost sight of everything else! Then the cup slipped out of my hand and all that terrible disturbance followed Will you ever forgive me? I am miserable at the recollection of my carelessness, all the more because I was at your house through your great kindness in giving me

the chance I had been longing for. I can never forgive myself.

"At all events I have given up all idea of singing professionally. You will approve this decision. Mr. Lloyd wants me to go back to live in Glamorganshire, and London again for a long while. But if you are ever in Wales do come and stay with us. Mr. Lloyd's place is three miles from Cardiff, and we should both be delighted to see you."

Miss Mortimer smiled.

"I think you are sure to get an engagement soon," said Mme. Menozzi

I have promised him I will. Auntie felt sure that it was Anna he wished to marry, and of course I would never have stood in her way, but he says that was all a mistake, and it was me always.

"So now I must say good-bye to you and thank you very much for all you have done for me. I hardly expect to be in

"The child has been luckier than she deserved," she said to herself. "Of course she was jealous of Anna, and I daresay things were unpleasant at home, with that young Welshman shilly-shallying between the two. Still—the idea of her singing professionally!!"

AUGUSTA HERVEY.

Eccentricity in Musical Genius

THERE is probably no branch of art which can boast so great and varied an array of *eccentrics* as may be found in the musical profession. Her votaries, above all who follow the Sacred Nine, are the most erratic in conduct, though queer folk are certainly not unknown among the resentatives of literature and the Fine Arts. Tennyson, the annihilator of The New Timons, in his young days adopted a perverse negligence in get-up—(" Did your mother call you early, dear ? " cried a voice when the bard appeared at Oxford with uncombed hair) ; and Du Maurier, who gave the death blow to the inanities of æstheticism, was himself not a stranger to personal oddities. But, without question, the elect of Euterpe are well able to muster a majority at a roll-call of cranks ; and the fact is not displeasing.

Without repeating well-worn themes the story of Handel's semi-boorish manners may be called to remembrance. His greatest weakness was the dinner-table, at which he is credited with the most astonishing achievements. Thus, he would order dinner for " a company," and sit down to it alone, remarking, " I am de gombany." The style which he adopted in correcting his pupils, the princesses-royal, was quite audacious, and frequently went to the extent of oaths ; so that the younger ones could, on any occasion, be quietened by the threat, " Hush, Handel is in a passion ! " There was much indeed in the make-up of Handel which resembled the extreme Bohemianism of Beethoven, whose singular behaviour has become almost proverbial.

It was the latter, who, abruptly leaving the instrument, exclaimed, " I play no longer to hogs," when the company had started its customary conversation.

Dr. W. C. Muller says : " His dress . . . showed how little he knew of the world, or troubled himself about conventional forms. For instance, he was not acquainted with the custom of wearing collars, and he asked a friend, who had made him some linen shirts, what the use of the collar was. ' Ah ! to keep one warm,' he said to himself, and stuffed it under his waistcoat."

" He used to frequent a particular cellar, where he spent the evening in a corner . . . drinking wine and beer, eating cheese and herrings, and studying the newspapers. One evening a person took a seat near him whose countenance did not please. He looked hard at the stranger and spat on the floor as if he had seen a toad ; then glanced at the newspaper, then again at the intruder, and spat again : his hair bristled gradually into more shaggy ferocity, till he closed the alternation of spitting and staring by fairly exclaiming, " What a scoundrelly phiz ! " and rushed out of the room." (Russell.)

" Among his favourite dishes was a bread soup . . . in which he indulged every Tuesday. To compose this ten eggs were set before him, which he tried before mixing with the other ingredients, and if it unfortunately happened that any one of them was musty, a grand scene ensued. The offending cook was summoned to the presence by a tremendou ejaculation. . . . The moment she appeared the attack commenced, and the broken eggs, like bombs from well-directed batteries, flew about her ears, their yellow and white contents covering her with viscous streams." (Siegfried.)

A valuable relic is preserved in Beethoven House : the slip of paper on which his brother wrote the words, " I must see you, Karl Beethoven, house proprietor " ; to which the composer pencilled below, " I called on you, but did not find you at home, L. von Beethoven, brain proprietor ! "

The case of Chopin is not less noteworthy.

Take, for instance, the story of the composition of his " Funeral March." The inspiration came to him in the studio of M. Ziem, and was suggested by an incident told to him by that artist. M. Ziem had

been one evening to the studio of Prince Edmond de Polignac. There was a skeleton in the room, and, among other Bohemian whimsicalities, Prince Edmond placed the skeleton on a chair in front of the piano, and guided its fingers over the keys. "Some time later on," says M. Ziem, "Chopin came into my studio, just as Georges Sand depicts him, the imagination haunted by legends of the land of fogs besieged by nameless shapes. After frightful nightmares in which he had struggled against spectres that threatened to carry him off to hell, he came to me. His nightmares reminded me of the skeleton scene, and I told him of it. His eyes never left my piano, and he said, 'Have you a skeleton?' I had none, but promised to have one that night; and so asked Polignac to dinner, and asked him to bring his skeleton. They came; and what had previously been a mere farce, became, owing to Chopin's inspiration, something grand, terrible, and painful. Pale with staring eyes, and draped in a winding sheet, Chopin held the skeleton close to him, and suddenly the silence of the studio was broken by the broad, slow, deep, gloomy notes. 'The Dead March' was composed then and there from beginning to end."

"Professional hair," it seems, was not always worn on the head, for in a letter to his parents, from Vienna, dated 1831, Chopin wrote: "I have left my whiskers only on the right cheek. They grow very well there, and there is really no occasion to have them on my left cheek, as I always sit with the right one towards the audience." This whim was doubtless dropped on his alliance with the inflammable Dudevant.

It was in accordance with Polish custom, which permits a man to choose the clothes in which he shall be buried, that Chopin was interred in the garments which he had worn at his last recitals.

Piatti, the eminent violincellist, during a long career, as public performer in many parts of the world, discovered to his annoyance a number of faddists in the profession. Like Paganini, he enjoyed sleep above all good things; but his travelling companion artists, with whom, at the inns of those days, he was frequently compelled to share a room, or have an adjoining one, often disturbed his beloved repose. First he toured with Molique, who proved himself an adept in the irritating habit of walking about half the night through smoking strong German cigars. Piatti pleaded for peace but without success. "I cannot smoke without walking and I would sooner die than relinquish my cigar," the violinist replied.

After this, Piatti travelled with Sainton. He, it seems, had a mania for midnight dominoes, and wherever he went engaged the landlord to play the favourite game with him. And so what with the rattle of the pieces, the throwing of the dice, and Sainton's reiterated exclamation, as he thumped the table, "Am I always to have this rascal of a double six?" there was no option for Piatti but to get up and join in the game.

The next companion was Ernst, who, though he kept good hours, was little or no improvement. "This one dreams aloud and groans the night through," cried the 'cellist in despair. But the proverbial straw was yet to come in the person of Sivori, Paganini's pupil. They had retired together for the night, and all seemed well, when, suddenly, there came a sound as of one snapping his fingers upon a violin, and scraping, with an unstrung bow, the loosened strings. "Listen," cried Piatti, bursting in upon the fiddler, "I have lived in Spain, where the *serenos* awaken you at every hour of the night to inform you of the state of the weather. I have sojourned in Holland, where men are paid expressly to awaken you by shaking a rattle, to tell you the hour, and wish you good-night. I have even slept in Antwerp, notwithstanding the chimes which play every half hour variations on the 'Carnival of Venice,' and every half hour the bass-drum air of the Caïd. Thus, you see, I am well organised for sleep. But as for your noisy—well, let us separate."

Lastly Piatti toured with Herman. Now it is written that Herman was a notorious somnambulist. But in Piatti's charge he slept. They supped together; soon after which Herman became overpowered by the god Morpheus. "How I sleep in this

country," he said to his friend. "It is the Thames fog," replied the 'cellist. "I never in my life slept so soundly." "The heavy atmosphere of England," commented the other. Every night they supped together, at Piatti's hospitality; and every night the said Piatti adroitly threw into Herman's cup of tea an opium pilule!

bore him out in a strong fit of hysterics."

A facetious friend, commenting upon Liszt's "conversion," says: "Formerly he entered a *salon* with a rush, threw down his hat anywhere, removed the candles from the piano, and before commencing to play broke a dozen strings in a fantastic prelude. Now, he recollects himself, draws off his black gloves, and, after a

Suddenly the silence of the studio was broken by "The Dead March," composed then and there

They all indeed had their individual eccentricities. Liszt, when playing, would work himself up into a frenzy. "I saw," says Reeve, "Liszt's countenance assume that agony of expression, mingled with radiant smiles of joy, which I never saw in any other human face . . . his hands rushed over the keys, the floor on which I sat shook like a wire, and the whole audience was wrapped in sound; when the hand and frame of the artist gave way; he fainted in the arms of the friend who was turning over for him, and we

mental *benedicite*, begins the explanatory text."

Rossini's method of composing "Otello" was certainly eccentric. He had declined all proposals for further commission, and declared he would work no more. "I am going to eat macaroni and ices: these are my passion," said he, on arrival at Naples.

But force was brought to bear upon these resolutions, with the result that he was ultimately coerced into promising a new opera by six month hence. The agreement, however, on his part, was about to

fall through, so he was promptly made prisoner by his impressario, and threatened with confinement until the MS. was completed. In a few hours the overture to "Otello" was written. Within a day the first act was composed: and less than a week saw the entire work finished! The musicians of Naples were amazed; some sceptical, until the rehearsal began. A few elegant ladies and privileged gentlemen occupied the loges in the amphitheatre. Then was played the masterly overture; and frantic applause resounded through the arches of San Carlo. "Bravo," cried the delighted Barbaia, "pass on to the cavatina of the tenor." The first violin raised his bow and began again the overture, which, when finished, was met by still greater enthusiasm. Rossini acknowledged these plaudits. "Bravo," again shouted the director, "pass on now to the cavatina." The third rendering of the overture was commenced. "What do you mean by playing the same thing for an hour?" thundered Barbaia, coming down upon the musicians. Then he realised the truth as his eye caught sight of the music.

It was a cruel deception, for the whole opera was nothing but overture. The impressario fell back as if paralyzed, and a scene ensued. But Rossini had only meant an exchange of pleasantries; and eight days afterward "Otello" was given to an astonished world.

And so cases might easily be added to the list; but without doubt the most erratic of all his tribe was Nicolo Paganini, concerning whose endless whims and humours a volume might, nay, has, been written. He had no sense of the ludicrous, and his daily conduct was a series of the most extraordinary events. He took little or no delight in the company of musicians, and at a private gathering would become taciturn or morose, if the subject of music were but hinted. To entice him into playing was even a more difficult task than in the case of Beethoven, with whom it was often impossible. He was accused of having entered into a compact, for the possession of diabolous power, with the Prince of Darkness, or of being himself the incarnation of evil. Such stories received no little colouring from his own strange conduct, and his adoption of Tartini's story anent the Sonata del Diavolo. His appearance, too, was uncanny; lean and gaunt, with large ill-shaped bones, jet black hair of great length which would have beautified a more comely head and face, but served now only to throw up the cadaverous cheek and ungainly mouth in ghastly relief. And then his technique and mastery over the instrument, was said to be super-human. He vanquished, with the greatest of ease, every known difficulty, and created unheard-of situations, to overcome them by the same inexplicable power and dominant supremacy upon his violin.

W. BAILEY-KEMPLING.

Result of September Essay Competition

The prizes for the essays upon "George Sand and her writings" have been awarded as follows:—First prize of £2 to L. Hodgkinson, Boxgrove, Chichester; second prize of £1 to Rev. S. Dunlop, Irongray Manse, Dumfries; third prize of 10s. to Gertrude Pitt, 15 Regent's Park Terrace, Gloucester Gate, N.W.

Owing to the pressure on our space we are unable to publish any of the essays.

Loneliness

THE loneliness of the inner spiritual life may long be unsuspected, and its extent unrevealed, but, nevertheless, it exists and is inevitably experienced at one time or another by each individual.

The joys and sorrows which we share with others, the busy, daily life, teeming with interests and occupation of mind and body, yea—even the closest companionship and most perfect human love, can neither penetrate nor eradicate this condition of loneliness.

Quite little children do not appear to feel it. True they live much apart in a world of their own imagination, but they are not *lonely* in it. Perhaps their souls have, but so lately, emanated from God, that they are still too conscious that their universe is permeated with His presence, to feel the human loneliness.

But we are not little children for long, and the first experience of this wilderness in our lives fills us with dismay. Slowly we realize that He who made our complex natures has fixed a boundary beyond which our nearest and dearest may not pass, and that beyond this boundary is hidden that which must be lived through—each by himself.

The agony of doubt and despair, the fierce fight with temptation, the keenest joys, the most sacred thoughts and highest aspirations, and the clearest revelation of the Unseen come to us in the wilderness of our inner lives. Loneliness is the experience, not only of every artist and musician, every master-mind, and leader of thought, whether reader, writer, poet, or inventor, but also of the ordinary man living the humdrum routine of his daily life, and of the ordinary woman pondering many things in her heart, the while she does her woman's work.

This spiritual wilderness is lonely, but not empty. In it we find that which we feel on the ocean at night, or in the stillness of the " sacred hour of dawn " among the mountains—a human oneliness, but palpitating with the Presence of the Unseen.

And it is just here in this loneliness each finite being meets and touches the Infinite, for in our wilderness is the Sanctuary, which God has created and preserved in each human heart, into which none may enter but Himself.

We go into our wilderness with faltering steps, driven it may be at first by bitter shame, by despair, or utter human weakness and weariness; possibly—in time—we learn to enter in awe and loving reverence and faith. For this is the Word of the Lord of Hosts—" I will bring you into the wilderness of the people, and there will I plead with you face to face." And we know it is true. Throughout the ages God leads His children apart, each by himself, into the wilderness, there to plead with them, individually, and to give unto each according to his needs. The needs are many, forgiveness, strength, refreshment, wisdom to unravel the secrets of nature, inspiration to interpret spiritual truths, above all, the more intimate knowledge of the love of God and closer communion with Him.

Some are called yet further into the very heart of the desert to experience that more intense sense of isolation, and, it may be, *desolation*, when our eyes are holden, and God Himself appears to have withdrawn from us His Presence.

Then is wrung from us the cry, " My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me ? " And in the crying we are comforted. We are not alone. We are but feebly echoing the cry of the Christ, Who went through the wilderness before us. That cry which was uttered on the Cross of Calvary, heals our loneliness for it has admitted all men for all time into the yet greater loneliness of Christ. We participate in the loneliness of God.

Then once more like little children we are no more lonely in our wilderness, for it has become our sanctuary, our Holy of Holies, the place of meeting and communion with our God. From His Presence we go back to our daily life, strengthened in ourselves and enriched with priceless treasures of help and sympathy for others.

E. M. T.

The Shelf of the World.

Gay's Trivia—From Index to Poetry—Chemists' Shops, old and new—*Mother Goose*—Nonsense by Goldsmith (?)—Nursery Rhymes—Robert Robinson—Should parsons be farmers—A Socratic lesson in letter-writing—An undergraduate brawler—George Dyer's early bath—Topographical gossip—A Sussex "character."

I WAS looking the other day into Gay's *Trivia* and it is extraordinary how true it still is—at least, it would be extraordinary were it not that nothing really changes. The London of Gay is at heart our own London—with trifling superficial modifications. The Bully has gone, the Nicker (the gentleman who broke windows with halfpence) has gone, and the conditions of traffic are simpler. But Londoners are the same, and always will be, I suppose. It is too late in the day to quote from the poem (which some artist with a genial backward look, like Mr. Hugh Thomson or Mr. Cecil Aldin, ought to illustrate), but my little edition has an index, and I should like to quote a little from that, because it is interesting in itself, and partly because it transforms the reader into his own poet. Here are some entries :—

Alley, the pleasure of walking in one
Bookseller, skilled in the weather
Barber, by whom to be shunned
Butchers to be avoided
Cane, the convenience of one
Coat, how to chuse one for the winter
Countryman perplexed to find the way
Coachman, his whip dangerous
Crowd parted by a coach
Cellar, the misfortunes of falling into one
Dustman, to whom offensive
Fop, the ill consequences of passing too near one
Father, the happiness of a child who knows his own
Ladies dress neither by reason nor instinct
Milkmaid of the city unlike a rural one
Monday, by what observations to know it
Overton, the print seller
Oyster, the courage of him that first ate one
'Prentices not to be relied on
Perriwigs, how stolen off the head
Playhouse, a caution when you lead a lady out of it
Shoes, what most proper for walkers
Stockings, how to prevent their being spattered
Schoolboys mischievous in frosty weather
Saturday, by what observations to know it
Thursday, by what observations to know it
Umbrella, its use
Wig, what to be worn in a mist
Way, of whom to be inquired
Wednesday, how to know it
Wall, when to keep it.

From those heads one ought—given a knack of rhyme—to be able to make a *Trivia* for oneself.

The older I grow, the more convinced I am that every book should have an index. Not merely books of reference, histories, biographies, and so forth; but novels and poems too. Most novels also want maps, or at least ground plans of houses and gardens, where the drama is played out. Good literary workers, when they die, go to a place where every book has an index, and many a map.

Gay says nothing about chemists' shops. If I were attempting a new *Trivia* I should devote many couplets to the chemist's shop of a few years ago, because in London at any rate it is so steadily and surely disappearing. Our new business habits, imported chiefly from America, have in no respect done so much injury—æsthetically—as in substituting the new store druggist's crowded window for the old chromatic display. Only here and there are now to be seen those rows of coloured jars, with a gas jet behind each, which used to throw their prismatic rays across the pavement. In the modern stress of competition there is no room to spare for pure decoration. And within, all is changed too. An element of bustle has come into the chemist's life. Of old he was quiet and sympathetic and whispering; now his attitude is one best described by the words "Next please." Can nothing be done to check this blight of enterprise ?

An interesting little book has just been issued by Col. Prideaux, consisting of a reprint of the earliest known copy of Mother Goose,* with an introduction and

* *Mother Goose's Melody.* A facsimile of the earliest known edition. A. H. Bullen.

notes. The date is 1791. Everyone knows Mother Goose's rhymes: they have been included in hundreds of volumes of nursery rhymes; but what everyone does not know, and can read in this reprint, is the preface "by a very great writer of very little books," and the burlesque notes by the same hand. The preface ends thus:—

"We cannot conclude without observing the great probability there is that the custom of making *Nonsense Verses* in our schools was borrowed from this practice among the old British nurses; they have, indeed, been always the first preceptors of the youth of this kingdom, and from them the rudiments of taste and learning are naturally derived. Let none, therefore, speak irreverently of this antient maternity, as they may be considered as the great grandmothers of science and knowledge.

And I quote two or three of the notes. Thus to the song of Tom Tucker

"To be married without a wife is a terrible thing, and to be married with a bad wife is something worse; however, a good wife that sings well is the best musical instrument in the world."

Puffendorf.

To Margaret Daw:—

It is a mean and scandalous practice in authors to put notes to things that deserve no notice.

Grotius.

To "Cock a doodle doo":—

The cock crows us up early in the morning, that we may work for our bread, and not live upon charity or upon trust: *for he who lives upon charity shall be often affronted, and he that lives upon trust shall pay double.*

And to the old rhyme of the Pease Pudding:—

There is more music in this song, on a cold frosty night, than ever the Syrens were possessed of, who captivated *Ulysses;* and the effects stick closer to the ribs.

Huggleford on Hunger.

The question is, who wrote these footnotes and the preface? Col. Prideaux, I am sorry to say, cannot tell us, but he is evidently in favour of the theory that Oliver Goldsmith did. It is known that Goldsmith worked for Newbery, and this book was published by Newbery's successor. Goldsmith was long dead by 1791, but the book may be a reprint; and indeed probably was, for the style is earlier than the year. One's only doubt is whether Goldsmith, who was so sympathetic a character, would have been willing to allow such very adult humour to have a place in a book for children. Newbery was obviously too much for his authors in the matter of illustration, but would he have been in the matter of footnotes?

Are any verses now written that will become nursery rhymes? Very few, I fancy. Miss Greenaway, I have always thought, came nearer the true nursery rhyme than any modern, in her little collection *Under the Window.* Eugene Field's "Winken, Blinken and Nod" has all the qualities of a good nursery rhyme, except brevity. Some of the difficulty of writing a nursery rhyme was illustrated the other day by one of the *Westminster Gazette* competitions, in which a prize was offered for the best original six. The results were ingenious, but they were not good nursery rhymes. They began well, but did not finish well, and lacked universality. Here is a good beginning:—

Peter Patisson popped a pin
Into the arm of his next-of-kin;

But what a tame finish:—

And then he laughed, and he laughed again,
For he was the merriest of men.

This is good, but it is not a nursery rhyme:—

A crocodile
Upon the Nile,
Annoyed at getting thinner,
Asked Podgy James
To tea and games
And made him stop to dinner.

A nursery rhyme is something melodious which it is impossible to forget; it also needs a touch of disciplined lunacy. We are too clever and self-conscious to make them just now.

I have been looking lately into the writings of Lamb's friend and butt, George Dyer, and among other of his books in prose and verse I have read his life of Robert Robinson of Cambridge, which Wordsworth called one of the best biographies in the language. By this Wordsworth meant, I think, that Robinson was one of the best subjects for the biographer: for the book is good by virtue of Robinson rather than Dyer. Robinson was a very sensible and remarkable man, endowed with unusual independence, who began life as a barber's

assistant, passed under the influence of Whitfield, became a Baptist and subsequently a Unitarian. He had a strong, practical, and very clear mind, considerable powers of exposition and satirical invective, and much humour. At Chesterton, near Cambridge, Robinson had a farm, which he managed himself.

Robinson's agricultural occupations were not to everyone's taste, and he had more than once to defend himself. Here is a passage from a letter of justification :—

"I own it gives me a great deal of pleasure to see any of the ministers of our churches address themselves to honest employments in life; there are many reasons to induce us to do so. Idleness is abominable, and the pretence of study a joke, where a man hath not more books than he can read over in a month. Besides, what is there to find out? A Catholic had need be a subtle dog, and furnished with all the lore of the schools, to make the New Testament speak in favour of his church, but a Baptist, whose whole religion lies in believing a few plain facts, and in imitating that very plain example, Jesus Christ,—what hath he to do to rack his invention, and to assemble all apologies ancient and modern, to justify him for doing so? Oh! but there are some beautiful readings, and fine criticisms, and strokes of oratory, which deserve the study of a minister of Christ! Well, God forgive me, poor sinner that I am! I feel three pounds, gained honestly by the sale of a fat bullock, produce more fire in my spirit, than all those pretty, but poor tassels and spangles, can give me. With three pounds I can set fire to ten cold hearts frozen with infirmity and widowhead, poverty and fear.

Crabb Robinson (who was no relation) tells in his *Diary* several good stories of Robert Robinson. One is in the form of a short Socratic Dialogue between himself and his small daughter Betsy, who had said that she could not possibly write a letter to her brother. It is better than all the epistolary manuals lumped together.

Robinson. Shall I write for you?

Betsy. Oh yes, I wish you would.

R. Well, get me some pen, ink, and paper. [The child brought them.] Now, it must be your letter. I give you the use of my hand; but you must tell me what to say.

B. But I don't know.

R. You don't know!—though you love your brother so much! Shall I find something for you?

B. Oh, yes! pray do.

R. Well, then, let's see: Dear Tommy—Last night the house was burnt down from top to bottom.

B. No! don't say that.

R. Why not?

B. 'Cause it isn't true.

R. What! you have learned you mustn't write what's not true. I am glad you have learned so much. Stick to it as long as you live. Never write what is not true. But you must think of something that is true. Come, tell me something.

B. I don't know.

R. Let's see—The kitten has been playing with its tail this quarter of an hour.

B. No, don't write that.

R. Why should not I write that?

B. 'Cause that's silly; Tommy don't want to know anything about the kitten and its tail.

R. Good again! Why, my dear, I see you know a great deal about letter-writing. It is not enough that a thing is true; it must be worth writing about. Do tell me something to say.

B. I don't know.

R. Shall I write this—"You'll be glad to hear that Sammy is quite recovered from the small-pox and come down stairs?"

B. Oh yes! do write that.

R. And why should I write that?

B. 'Cause Tommy loves Sammy dearly, and will be so glad to hear he's got well again.

R. Why, Betsy, my dear, you know how to write a letter very well, if you will give yourself a little trouble. Now, what next?"

Another of Crabb Robinson's stories of his namesake shows him in the pulpit at Cambridge :—"When Robinson first occupied the pulpit of the Baptist meeting at Cambridge he was exposed to annoyances from the younger gownsmen. They incurred no danger of rustication, being put out of sizings, or even suffering an imposition, for irregularities of that kind. It was soon after his settlement there that a wager arose among a party of undergraduates. One of them wagered that he would take his station on the steps of the pulpit, with a large ear-trumpet in his hand, and remain there till the end of the service. Accordingly, he mounted the steps, put the trumpet to his ear, and played the part of a deaf man with all possible gravity. His friends were in the aisle below, tittering at the hoax; the congregation were scandalized; but the preacher alone seemed insensible to what was going on. The sermon was on God's mercy—or, whatever the subject may have been at first, in due time it turned to that, and the preacher proceeded to this effect: "Not only, my Christian

friends, does the mercy of God extend to the most enormous of criminals, so that none, however guilty, may not, if duly penitent, be partakers of the divine grace; but also there are none so low, so mean, so worthless, as not to be objects of God's fatherly solicitude and care. Indeed, I hope that it may one day be extended to"—and then, leaning over the pulpit, he stretched out his arm to its utmost length, and placing it on the head of the gownsman, finished his sentence—" to this silly boy!" The wager was lost, for the trumpet fell, and the discomfited stripling bolted."

One very good story of George Dyer himself I have lately hit upon. It seems that he was among those who visited the earth-bathing establishment of Dr. Grathan, in order to be treated for rheumatism, or some kindred complaint, by a living interment in the doctor's garden. While in this position, with nothing but his head and hands above ground, George Dyer obtained permission to read selections from his extraordinarily dull poems to the patients in a similar plight around him.

Only those who have tried to write a gossiping topographical work know how impossible it is, at any time, to say that their work is really finished. In the case of a biography an author can after a while come to the end of his material; so also in the case of a history, or a novel. But where the net is as wide as it is in the description of a county under every aspect —its history and its natural history, its scenery and its show-houses, its customs and its dialect, its famous sons and its obscure sons, why then the word " finis " can be written only because the patience of the printers is exhausted and not because the end has truly been reached. Last year I was engaged upon a book of this character; and ever since it was done I have been acquiring new, and often better, material. Among this material are some stories of rustic eccentrics, or " characters," as we say, two of which are perhaps worth telling here. One celebrates a yeoman whose fidelity to the past is such that he celebrated his golden wedding by a supper to his friends in a room lighted by rush lights kindled with a tinder-box. All was well with the old couple then, but many years earlier his wife had an obstinate spell which was cured only by the most drastic measures. One morning she refused to get up, and maintained her position until her husband threw a truss of straw under the bed and set fire to it. That was her Waterloo. She emerged defeated and tractable. Of the other " character " it is told that he erected in his orchard the notice, " God helps those who help themselves, but God help those that I catch helping themselves."

E. V. Lucas.

An Editorial Retrospect

THE forty-sixth volume of *Good Words*, which begins with this issue, marks an era in the history of the Magazine, for it is the first published by the new proprietors of the business of Isbister & Company—Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. This naturally suggests reminiscences.

It was in 1860 that the well-known publisher, Mr. Alexander Strahan, realized his idea of issuing a magazine with the aim of supplying in a cheap form literature and art of the highest class, and, without being religious in the technical sense in which one speaks of "a religious magazine," would yet be consistent in tone with what is most sacred in christian conviction. For this end he secured the services of the late Dr. Norman Macleod as editor. This connection between publisher and editor continued till the death of the latter in 1872, when the present editor was appointed.

The high purpose of the early promoters has been anxiously pursued from the first; for in addition to papers of a directly religious nature, the contents of *Good Words* has always embraced healthy fiction, as well as popular articles on science, art, travel and literature contributed by many of the foremost writers of the day. *Good Words* has tried to be broad and human in tone and to reflect the interests common to all intelligent and right-minded readers. However familiar the public has since become with writers of highest distinction contributing to cheap periodicals, we believe that it is in these pages that the first instances are found, and that this arose from the widespread sympathy with which the proposed aims of the new magazine were greeted. One has only to recall some of the names of its contributors to recognise the exceptional value of its contents. Among the writers of fiction we may mention Charles Kingsley, George Macdonald, Anthony Trollope, Mrs. Oliphant, and James Payne. Not a few standard works of fiction were first given to the world in these pages. Among many others it is perhaps enough to cite in this connection "Christowell," by the late R. D. Blackmore; "Macleod of Dare," by the late William Black; "The Trumpet Major," by Thomas Hardy, and "The Little Minister," by J. M. Barrie.

In science Sir David Brewster, Sir John Herschel, Lord Playfair, Sir Wyville Thomson and Lord Kelvin were among its early contributors. Of writers on religious and kindred subjects we may name Dean Stanley, Dr. Guthrie, Principal Tulloch, Archbishop Tait, Bishop Thirlwall, Dr. Magee, of Peterborough, Dr. Thorold, of Winchester, the present Bishops of Ripon, Durham and Stepney, Professor Flint, Dr. Marcus Dods, Dr. Alexander Maclaren, Dr. Clifford—a list sufficient to prove the breadth and catholicity of the teaching. Mr. Gladstone, the late Duke of Argyll, J. A. Froude, Sir Arthur Helps, John Skelton, Dr. Robertson Smith, Professor Henry Drummond, Professor Seeley and Dr. Max Muller were frequent writers on special subjects. In art we mark a change which affects all illustrated periodicals. The old art of wood-cutting has given place to the more rapid "process" system—which however beautiful lacks the artistic value of the older method. It is with regret one compares modern illustrations with the splendid reproductions in wood of such drawings as those of Sir John Millais, Fred Walker, Pettie and Orchardson, which adorned some of our early issues.

We may be permitted to touch also on the change in public taste which has occurred during recent years. In spite of the advance of education it must be confessed that there has been a marked tendency towards more sensationalism in much of our periodical literature and art. Literary "snap-shots" and what serves to pass the time without demanding attention are too frequently chiefly sought. Already however there are tokens of a return to the healthier habits of a former time, and all lovers of true literature will welcome its advent.

THE EDITOR.

THE LOVING CUP

From the painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

From a Photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow

The Christmas Guest

"For your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."—(ii Cor. viii. 9)

Rich through His poverty! In our poor clay
He clothed Omnipotence; renounced the clear
Horizon, and the sinless atmosphere
Of Heaven for our low clime and shrouded day.
A helpless babe in Bethlehem He lay—
Beggared of all but love—that we might hear
A Father's pardoning voice, nor henceforth fear
Through mists of earth to find our upward way.

Thou drawest near, O kingly Christmas-Guest!
Self-spoiled for us of outward royalty,
Seeking this Christmas-tide a place of rest
As when a lowly manger cradled Thee;
O Saviour, grant that by Thy presence blest,
Within our hearts Thy Bethlehem may be!

Profit and Loss

By John Oxenham

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS 1 AND 2.

John Burney, a London banker, discovers that his son has forged the signature of one of his customers. The lady whose name has been forged insists upon steps being taken for the arrest of the culprit. Being aware that his chief cashier, George Barty, is deeply in debt and being pressed by his creditors, John Burney promises that if he will declare that he committed the forgery, he will pay his debts, look after his wife and children, and, at the expiration of his sentence, give him £5,000 to start life afresh. Barty agrees, pleads guilty and is sentenced to ten years across the seas. At the end of four years he is permitted by the authorities to become servant to an explorer who is about to cross Australia from West to East. Barty dies on the journey, and the news of his death is taken to his wife who is supporting herself and children by keeping a boarding house.

CHAPTER III

BARTY'S

AND now, if you please, we take seventeen years at a jump, and begin our story.

Seventeen strenuous years for Margaret Barty, with happiness that widened and deepened with their passage as the full-flowing river widens to the sea.

I wonder in how many hearts the word "Barty's" will set sweet chords humming and conjure up pictures of delight?

For I doubt if there ever was such a home as Mrs. Barty made for the generations of raw colts to whom she devoted herself like many mothers rolled into one, during all these seventeen years.

She had not made much money at the business, but she had thriven on it exceedingly. Still the right side of fifty, her comely head was plentifully streaked with gray, but it was not with the burdens of those full, working years. That crushing blow of her early life had left her standing, if sorely stricken. The gray hairs began to come very early. But they became her wonderfully, and when at times she bemoaned them as an unnaturally early and visible sign of old age, and whimsically discussed the properties of hair restorers and such things, her children scolded her volubly for such unseemly conceit, and declared that there was no prettier hair in the whole of Great Britain, that it suited her style of beauty to a "T," and that she was the sweetest and dearest young old lady in the world. All of which was absolutely true.

She had not made much money, as I say, but she had made what all the money in the world cannot make, and what money—speaking broadly and generally—does not enter at all into the composition of. Tell me what bounds may be set to God's free air and sunshine, and I will tell you that Margaret Barty's quiet, unconscious influence was carried, by "the boys" who had passed under it, to places where sun and air found difficulty in penetrating, and everywhere it made for tenderness and sympathy, for purity and enlightenment. Raw-eyed Egyptians, and wild-eyed Arabs, and beady-eyed Hindoos, and slit-eyed Chinamen, were her debtors, and heavy-eyed dwellers in the caves and dens of great cities nearer home, and suffering children and sad-eyed women everywhere. She was, I think, one of the noblest and best women that ever trod earth. No, she had not made money, but she had made many a wild colt into a man, into a gentleman, into a Christian gentleman. And that, I take it, is the noblest position to which any man may ever hope to rise, and the noblest work to which any woman may set her heart. Would there were more like her! The world would be the better.

She never preached a word in her life. If the boys brought their troubles to her—as some of them would not have taken them to their own mothers—she would discuss them, gently and tenderly, and from her own high standpoint. She was a very wise woman, her sympathies were as wide as her wisdom, and no soul ever went away unhelped. But her influence was chiefly unconscious and distilled itself in golden silence.

In a very few words I can show her to you as I myself remember her at this time. She was tall, and straight, and very graceful and gracious in all her movements.

The thought of bustle or hurry in connection with Mrs. Barty was an absolute incongruity. The amount of work she got through and supervised was very great, yet she always seemed leisurely at ease. She was never idle because she was never happy unless she was doing something. When she sat down to rest she picked up her knitting. It soothed her, as the boys assured her their pipes soothed them. And assuredly I have known no more restful sight than the sight of Mrs. Barty's long shining needles slipping deftly in and out of the soft wool apparently at their own sweet will. She seemed simply to supervise them as she did her two busy houses, and the needles seemed to go on like the two houses, of their own accord.

Her face was calm, and sweet, and very beautiful, with the depth and serenity of the full flowing river settled in its courses after breaks and shallows and times of strife in narrow ways. One never tired of looking at it. And there was in it, at all times, so winning an invitation to equal confidence and frankness, that the shyest newcomer from northern wilds found himself opening his heart to her before he had known her twenty-four hours, and talking to her as he had probably never talked to anyone in his life before.

Her eyes were like stars. They were soft and brown, and the light that was within her shone through and set little soul-sparks in them. The latest confection of Joan's nimble fingers always topped the rippling gray hair which was brushed back from face and forehead like Marie Antoinette's. In the evenings she usually wore a dainty white shawl, draped loosely over her shoulders and generally on the point of falling off. At all times she looked, as Jack Fairfax used to say, like a duchess playing at housekeeping, only more so. A very sweet and noble lady, though she only kept a home for medical students, and worked for her living and the well-being of the fortunate ones who came under her care.

During these seventeen years, since the news came of George Barty's death in the Australian desert, she had fought with quiet determination for her place in the world, and for the children left in her charge. The work had been hard, but she had won many prizes. If, from a pecuniary point of view, she was not much better off than when she started—well, it was not from a pecuniary point of view that she regarded things.

She had made a great many young fellows very comfortable and very happy, and done more for their future welfare than some of them had yet found out. She had given her three children first-rate educations, and fitted them, as far as that was possible to fight their own fights with the world. She had paid her way and owed no man anything. And her name, and all that it represented, was a fragrance in many souls. It was also a strong tower of refuge for many anxious mothers, trusting their Benjamins to the doubtful companionship of their more sophisticated brethren for the first time, and with hearts full of doubt as to the possible results of the Egyptian climate on their health and morals. For the life of the medical student, beyond the walls of the hospital, is his own, and pitfalls abound.

"My dear," I overheard Lady Macgregor, step-mother of the original Jim, say to my mother, "get him into Mrs. Barty's and your mind may be at rest. She will take better care of him than you could yourself." And in reply to my mother's bristle of indignant surprise, "She knows infinitely more about these matters than you or I, or any of us, my dear. A woman in ten million, I assure you."

Meg, the eldest of the three children, was at this time a well-grown girl of twenty-three, blessed with the best of health and immense vitality. Good-looking too, with the good looks of perfect health and a wholesome and active mind, though an artist might have found classic regularity wanting in her features. She had her mother's steadfast brown eyes with the glint in them, as they all had. And her face was always alight with an eager, good-humoured outlook on the various activities of life, which she was tasting for herself with an enjoyment which no occasional bitternesses could damp.

She had been earning her own living for

five years past. She had entered as probationer at Bart's and won triumphantly through the earlier drudgeries with the smiling face of a stout heart. She had won the stripes, and passed her exams, and gained her blue belt within the three years, and her blue gown a year later, and she was at the present moment the youngest sister in Bart's, and the cheeriest, brightest, and best nurse Bart's ever had.

While they were young, Mrs. Barty had found time amid all her other duties to teach the children herself. Then, as they grew beyond her powers, Meg had gone to a girls' school in the Pentonville road, and when, in course of time, she became the biggest girl in the school, she stayed on for a while as pupil teacher. After a time she took a place as governess in a private family, and found it wearing even on a healthy constitution.

Then she had a spell of chaperoning an old lady possessed of a troublesome temper and chronic asthma, and found that still more wearing. And so she found her way at last to her appointed sphere at Bart's, and therewith much happiness, since she was exactly suited to the work and the work exactly suited her.

George was a strapping fellow, every inch of his five feet ten full of health and spirits. All his school life, since he grew beyond his mother's reach, had been spent at University College School in Gower street. He had matriculated somewhat late, owing to an extreme lack of appreciation of the beauties of mathematics and figures generally. He revelled in the classics, spoke and read French and German with facility, and had made heaps of friends. He had his mother's steady brown eyes, set deep under overhanging brows, which gave a look of rugged strength and fixity of purpose to his face. It was a very pleasant face, bright and eager, with a clean-cut pointed chin, and a trim little moustache to which he was not inattentive, and the brown eyes wrinkled at the sides and laughed very frequently before the firm mouth did. A youngster whom most men took to on sight. On the face of him a man to be trusted.

His training had combined public school with home life in a quite exceptional manner. For, after mixing all day with his fellows of the class-rooms and playing-grounds, he found himself at night in an atmosphere of home and the higher services, in which the keen, bright spirits of the men from Bart's let themselves loose, and discussed through their pipe-stems their work and their instructors—in a way which would have made those gentlemen's eyes open wide at times, if only they could have heard them—and all things else in the circumjacent heavens and earth and the waters below. They were always first-rate fellows at Mrs. Barty's—a matter of cause and effect. If they were not so when first they came they very speedily worked up to the level of the rest and became of the family. The atmosphere of Nos. 21 and 22 Wynyatt Square was rare and bracing, and it was good to dwell in it.

Through his many friends George Barty would have found no difficulty in getting a foot on many ladders, none of which he had the least desire to climb. Young Goldie wanted him in the paternal bank along with himself. Sir Joseph liked the lad and offered him a stool. Young Julius Carbonnet wanted him in the big chemical works down at Bow, and the tincture of science in that business held more temptation for him than the realistic rawness of the figures that crawled about the bank stool. John Sinclair, his mother's faithful counsellor at all times, offered him a place in his office and would have delighted to advance him therein. But none of these things attracted him in the least. And as to the medical profession he got all he wanted of it at home.

The one thing that drew him was the most precarious thing of all—the will o' the wisp, literature.

There was a vagueness about this, an indefiniteness of work and resultant remuneration, which sent Margaret Barty flying to John Sinclair for advice, when George definitely, and with good-humoured defiance of the fates, announced his intention of becoming a literary man.

Of course she had known his leanings for this long enough, but she had regarded them as a necessary phase in a young man's

development, a phase through which most gifted young men had to pass before they settled down to the serious work of earning a livelihood. She had seen most of her boys through it in their time, as she had seen her own children through mumps and measles, and no great harm done. On the contrary, in some cases the results had been distinctly good, and had even tended to the ultimate advancement of the temporarily afflicted one in his profession. Had not Jim Macgregor—the very first boy who came under her care—written in that very house those papers on Amnesia and Aphasia which brought him to the notice of Sir James Farquhar, the specialist on brain diseases in Harley street? And was not Jim Sir James's right hand man at the present moment, and well in the running for his shoes should they unfortunately become vacant? And was not Jack Fairfax making £200 a year as sub-editor of the *Scalpel*, with plenty of spare time on his hands for his own wider work with the pen which was to land him into fame and fortune?

Fleet street, in its larger significance, was an unknown country to Margaret Barty, and so she sought enlightenment and counsel where she never failed to find them. Sinclair reassured her to some extent, but could not wholly conceal his belief that the boy's future would have been more assured in his own office.

Of that she was fully aware, but she had the gift of wisdom. She saw that the boy's heart was set on this thing and that his whole bent was in that direction. So she put her own doubts and fears aside, saying to herself that, if it did not answer his expectations, there was always John Sinclair to fall back on, and bade him try the thing he could put his heart into. She held the strange belief that happiness in life depended less on pecuniary results than on congeniality of work. She herself had never made much money, but her chosen work had given her what money could not buy.

George's first year or two of literary life had not lacked disillusionments. He fared as most must fare who seek the Royal Road, which is yet no Primrose Path, but, on the contrary, is strewn with flints and briars and beset with pitfalls perhaps more plentifully than most other paths of life. He was, however, more fitly circumstanced than many who adventure it, inasmuch as he was not absolutely writing for his life, though as desirous as any of making a living.

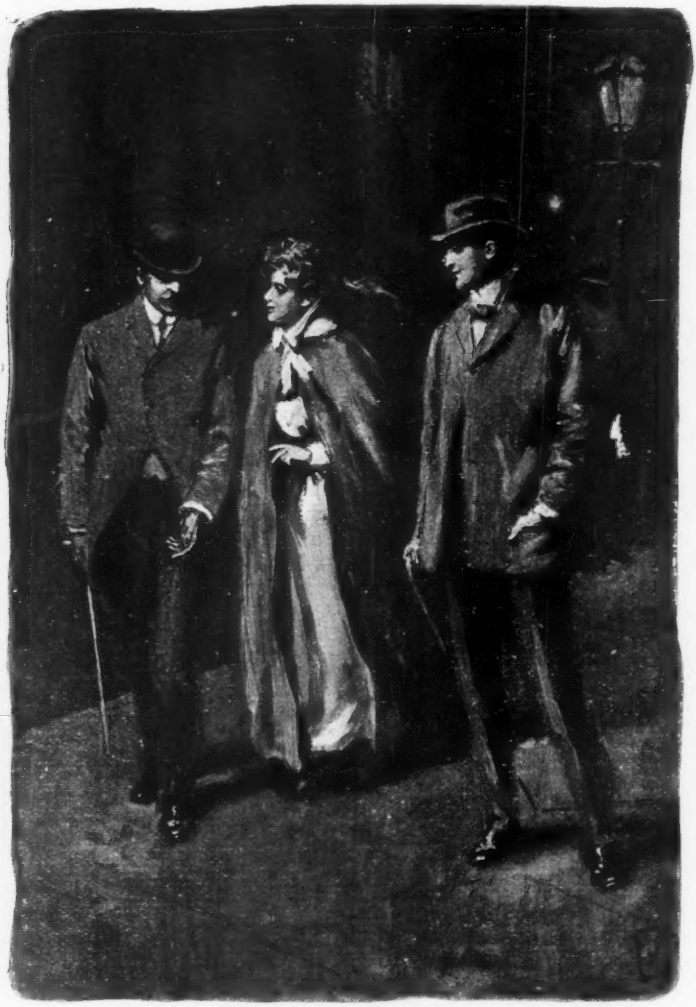
His little back bedroom at 21 Wynyatt Square saw much hard work. If walls had mouths as well as ears what tales they could tell! Perhaps it is just as well they are dumb. For every wall of every house in all the world would have its own tale to tell, and passing strange some of those tales would be. Birth, childhood, love, heartbreak, marriage, births, heartbreaks, deaths—one room in one house could give you all that and more. Multiply it all by all the houses in the world and think of it for a moment.

George's room was no fancifully arranged study. There was little to distract the attention inside and still less outside. The neighbouring chimney pots were indeed fearfully and wonderfully made, and against a darkening red spring or autumn sky assumed Doréesque poses which suggested nightmares and the infernal regions. He came to know them all by degrees and got on quite familiar terms with some of the most peculiar specimens, and even went the length of tracing them to their own front doors with a view to finding out, if he could, if the dwellers within bore, in their persons and faces, any signs of relationship to the fantasies up above. For half one's time in writing is spent in looking out of window or into the fire—perhaps the correct proportion would be somewhat more than half—and a thin veil of curling blue smoke, whether from chimney-cowl or pipe, in no way impedes the vision.

But once George had got on familiar terms with his chimney-pots they distracted his thoughts no more than did his almost patternless wallpaper or his plain deal table, and his fancy had free rein and wandered far and wide.

He wrote and wrote, and re-wrote and wrote yet again, and cut down and trimmed, with a severity of self-criticism born of the strictures of Master Jack Fairfax, and quite unusual in one so

young, and very becoming. But Jack, from the heights of his sub-editorship, played dictator with emphatic enjoyment, and, like many another unpleasant discipline, it was all to the good and in its season bore excellent fruit.



George and Jack always convoyed her

Fairfax was the most regular visitor Wynyatt Square knew. All the old boys dropped in at intervals, and at Christmas time, especially, the place was overrun with them. But it would have been a strange week that Jack Fairfax failed to put in an appearance there, and by the strangest coincidence it was generally on the night on which Meg flew in for an hour's chat. And when that happened the wheels spun merrily in Wynyatt Square. For her leisure was always

limited, and she always had four times as much to tell, and twice as much to ask, as could possibly be got through in the time.

George and Jack always convoyed her back to the hospital in a whirlwind of merry chatter, and then Jack returned with George to Wynyatt Square and enjoyed himself dictatorially in the trimming of George's youthful exuberances in the matter of ink and paper, while Joan lay and listened and laughed, and drank it all in for future use on her own account.

Ah, Joan! We have said nothing about Joan and I almost shrink from the attempt to describe her. Not from lack of love of the subject, but because my best must seem so exaggerated, and yet must fall so very far short of doing her justice.

Even honest Jack, with all his lofty sub-editorial discrimination against adjectives, and superlatives, and tautological hyper-descriptiveness, would hesitate to blue pencil anything I might say about Joan Barty, though it offended every canon of his art, and ran three adjectives to every noun and every one of them a double superlative.

Sweet Joan Barty! To some the simple words will be enough, and every man of them as he reads them, as may perchance happen, will stop and say in the core of his heart, "God bless her!"

For nobler, sweeter, truer, more beautiful girl than Joan never—Ah, me! I had almost said "trod earth," and Joan never set foot to earth from the day she was born.

In face and form, as she lay in that wonderful chair of hers, she was altogether lovely, with a loveliness to which words cannot approach, no matter how you chisel or coin them. Even Niel Felston's portrait of her in the Academy, the painting of which made his reputation and saved his soul, fails to do her justice. It is a wonderful piece of work, as how could it help being when the man who did it mixed his colours with his heart's blood, and used his soul as a mahl-stick, and lifted himself a little bit further out of hell with every stroke of his brush. Strong language, I know, and emblematic of course, but true every word of it.

There was always a crowd round Joan's portrait in the Academy, and everywhere you heard the questions—"Have you seen Aranea Felicissima? Do you believe she is real?" For it was one of those pictures that people talk about. And it was very curious to see them come hurrying through the turnstiles and make straight for Room No. III, with scarce a glance at anything else until they had seen the picture of the year. And I, knowing all—well, perhaps not all, but, say, some of that which lay behind it, used to delight to mingle with the crowd and listen to their remarks for the purpose of carrying them home to Joan herself. And the steady challenge of the brown eyes to see if I was embroidering my story with fancies of my own, and the sparkling merriment that filled them when, *parole d'honneur!* I repeated exactly what I had heard, and the shy blush and look of gratification with which she listened, were my reward.

I stood there and heard the good folks say their various says.

"Wonderful!"—"How very lovely!"—this even from the ladies.

"Splendid bit of work!—Those eyes, mind you, are good, really good!"—that from the artists.

"By Jove, I say, don't you know, that *is* fine, don't you know,"—that from frivolous youths who found themselves unable to shake off the sight of Joan's eyes for many a day to come and were none the worse for that.

And from the general public—"A great creation!—a magnificent effort of the imagination!—a spiritualisation! No living girl ever was so beautiful,"—and so on, and so on.

Whereas the actual fact was that, in his picture, Felston had caught only a very little bit of Joan, and yet, in the eyes of the crowd, that little bit was sufficient to put her above the possibilities of humanity. I think he caught more of her than any other would have done, and for good reason—but you will come to that. For that portrait was not painted yet, and Niel Felston was still wandering among the flesh-pots and swine-troughs.

I have only dragged in the picture, as

you have no doubt perceived, in an attempt to shirk the quite impossible task of trying to make you see Joan Barty as some of us remember her. You are doubtless saying I was in love with her. Of course I was, and so was every man who ever lived under the same roof with her, and many more besides. And the love we all bore her was different from any other loves we ever experienced and—well, I cannot explain it. It was elevating, inspiring. So might be our other loves. But with Joan Barty our hopes had no remotest tinge of earthly aspiration—except for her happiness—for Joan could never hope to marry. Pity? No, there was no pity in our love for her. The very thought makes one smile. We came nearer to worshipping her, and if she had expressed a wish for—say, a mammoth skin from Patagonia or a bear skin from the Arctic regions, not one of us but would have done his best to get it for her, and would have considered himself more than repaid for his time and trouble by her delighted, "Oh, Jack"—or Tom, or Dick, or Harry, as the case might be—"How good of you!" and the radiant delight in her eyes.

Her face was a sweet oval. I have been told, by those who know more about such things than I do, that it was perfect in feature and proportion. Usually it was a trifle pale—naturally so, for she could not often venture out; but not unnaturally so, and the quick blood mounted readily. She had a wide white forehead, and slightly arched brows, and a wealth of nut brown hair. Her eyes were like her mother's, soft and brown, with a star in each like a radiant jewel. They held you like a glimpse of heaven. Were they pensive? Did they question? Were they full of latent merriment? Did they look right into your heart and challenge all that was best in you to come out and be of service? All these and very much more than I can attempt to tell.

I happened to be standing near Joan's picture in the Academy when Paul Desvigneaux came along in company with the President. Felston, in his less frivolous moments, had studied under Desvigneaux in Paris, and I was curious to hear what the master would say of his pupil's work.

"That is the finest thing we have here this year," said the President.

Old Desvigneaux looked at Joan for a very long time, and I was expecting him to burst out with a panegyric which would redound to the credit of M. Desvigneaux and his school, and that I think was what the President looked for also, to judge by the twinkle in his eye.

Instead, the old man said a very remarkable thing, a thing which I did not repeat to Joan. He said, in that deep growl of his, which used to make his pupils shrink into their shoes and cast about with the sides of their eyes for avenues of escape—

"It is magnificent! . . . The eyes are the eyes of the Christ. . . . Where the devil did the little Felston learn that trick? Not from me, that is certain."

No, the little Felston—who, by the way, stood six feet one in his stockings, while his old master barely topped five feet four, and was nearly as broad as he was high—had learnt more than M. Desvigneaux could ever teach him, and in a different school. He had some very great offers for that picture, and the Chantrey people were very anxious to get it. But he would not sell. It meant too much to him. He painted a replica for himself, which is not quite equal to the original, and the original hangs in Joan's room to this day.

I have given you some slight glimpse of her by way of introduction. The rest you can learn for yourselves.

She was the soul of the house, as her mother was the heart and the head of it.

Joan's room was in No. 21. When Mrs. Barty took the adjoining house she made two of the upstairs rooms into a billiard-room, which was also used as a smoking-room, and the original cosy little smoking-room in No. 21 became Joan's sitting-room, and, since Mrs. Barty spent most of her spare time there also, it became the life-centre of the household.

It was the brightest room I ever saw. When it was decided to make it Joan's room, Mrs. Barty set her loving heart and brain to work to adapt it to her requirements. When all was done, the original

little smoking-room had become but the ante-chamber to a glass gallery as wide as the room itself, and running twenty-five feet out at the back over the yard, a very Palace of Delight to Joan and a treasure house for the gifts of her many friends.

The fish-pond and fountain were the gifts of Jim Macgregor, and he was always dropping in with some new and curious inhabitant for them. The aviary was fitted up and stocked by Lady Frances Fowler in gratitude to Mrs. Barty for her care of her son in a long and trying illness. It was Lady Frances also who had that wonderful chair made regardless of cost. And when Joan was gently laid in it for the first time, and shown how by a touch she could turn it into an easy chair with any desired elevation of the back, and with another touch could send it rolling noiselessly in any desired direction, the look on the girl's face brought tears into the dear old lady's eyes, and she was grateful to her boy who had planned it all out during his long convalescence up north.

Palms and creepers and choice plants found their way there from all quarters; and sketches and paintings to brighten the walls of the little room in front, so that, at the time I remember it, it was, as I have said, a perfect treasure-house and a bower of delight.

And to it came everybody in the house or who came to it, as surely as the blood to the heart, and went away refreshed and uplifted. For the brightest thing in that bright room was Joan herself. And for every comer, from the housemaid who looked in to bid her good morning in passing, to the boys who came racing in from the hospital, or to Lady Frances herself who came every day when she was in town, Joan had a cheery word and a sparkle of the eye that made the blood run redder.

Just now and again, however, but only very rarely, the shadow of her loss would come upon her, and the brightness of that sweet nature would be veiled. It was inevitable that it should be so. Half-goddess she might be to "the boys," but she was no angel, but simple flesh and blood and subject to the infirmities thereof, and with a greater right to lowness of spirits than most. That they were at all other times so radiantly high was a cause of perennial wonder, and to her mother cause for deepest gratitude.

But I have only mentioned this because it bears upon one of Joan's characteristic methods of expression which no sojourner at "Barty's" will ever forget. Her brimming feelings had many vehicles—her voice, her eyes, her hands, her whole expression. She was always very much alive all over except—ah, well! except—And she devised a plan by which at a glance you could tell when the rare dark mood was on her, and then you simply left her alone. She hated commiseration at all times, and at those times most of all.

The lower part of that wonderful chair of hers was always draped with an exquisitely worked coverlet which Mrs. Barty called a "tidy" and Joan called an "Afghan." She delighted in delicate colours, and whenever "the boys" came across a piece of silk that filled their ideas of suitability, they would bring her home enough for an "Afghan," and her nimble fingers would transform it into a work of art, wrought with strange and beautiful devices, which seemed to have a meaning but which none could ever decipher. "If they don't mean something they ought to," said Niel Felston, after careful study, when he saw them, and I think that to Joan they did.

When the donor of any such piece possessed sufficient of an eye for colour to recognise it again, he felt himself specially honoured when he saw it in use, and Joan knew every gift and every giver and gave them all a turn.

Her soul delighted in tender pinks and greens, so delicate that they looked no more than the first flushings of spring in an apple orchard; in sweet pale blues like babies' eyes; in soft yellow gleams like winter sunbeams.

But when her dark hours came and she could not shake them off, her chair bore simply a small black velvet pall with a narrow white cross of hope in the centre. And then you did not speak to her but just went on as if she were not there.

How well I remember young Sandy

MacTavish, the latest importation at the moment, infringing this rule. He had been there three months and had never seen or heard of the black "Afghan." At sight of it he began: "Why, Miss Joan, ye've gone into mourn——" and then he gasped from pressure on the air tubes, as Bob Macgregor's fingers twisted into his neck gear behind and dragged him away. And as they passed me Sandy was black in the face, and his eyes hung to his head like marbles, and I heard Bob's fierce whisper in his ear—"See, now, ye gowk, if ever ye speak to her when that black spread's on I'll choke ye dead and fling ye out into the Square."

One other full-coloured cover appeared at times, and that was a vivid crimson, and meant that she was in a rampantly hilarious mood and ready for the wildest excitement they could indulge in—ready, in fact, "to paint the room red," as Jack Fairfax said. It came out oftener than the black, but still not very often. Her spirits were generally high and bright, just now and again she found herself above or below them, and every one knew at a glance where she was in the scale.

Within two years of the starting of her new venture, Mrs. Barty had ten young fellows under her wing, and more were always wanting to come. When, under pressure, and at the suggestion of John Sinclair, she took the adjoining house, and joined them by doors on each landing, the number of her guests rose to fifteen, beyond which she would not go. They were all and always good fellows, or speedily became so in that congenial home atmosphere. If we do not see very much of them, it is because, in order to get to the end of one's journey, one must stick to the high road and not wander away into the surrounding meadows however tempting they may be.

CHAPTER IV

KEY TO A LOCKED DOOR

George Barty, as I have said, met with many disillusionments in his travels along the Royal Road. That was in the nature of things and all for his good. Humanity is quaintly garbed and wears as many coverings as an onion. It is only by stripping and peeling that one reaches the core and arrives at the truth of things, and the process is not without its drawbacks. It is difficult to avoid sniffing at times; and, pinch one's lips as one may, one's mouth will twist, and now and again the tears will come.

Whatever else he lacked, George had two good weapons in his armoury, offensive, and defensive—an enquiring disposition and a certain sense of humour. From his earliest years he had wanted to know.

We will not follow him that far back. The craving gave him many a bad quarter of an hour and many a fall, and shattered many a boyish idol. In one important matter it cut a gash into his life which was long of healing.

As a boy he had many times asked his mother about the father who was dead. Margaret had known that this must come sooner or later, and had had time to prepare for herself a series of defences behind which she might retreat in due order if unduly pushed.

For herself, do I say, the defences were prepared? For the children rather. For their sakes, the inner citadel which hid the terrible truth must be held at all hazards, since their penetrating it could only result in the bruising and blackening of their lives.

So all Master George's enquiries elicited nothing more than the practically self-evident fact that their father was dead. And, since none of them remembered him, it was also evident that he had died when they were all small children.

For a time, while they were still young, that sufficed. But with increasing years came increased questionings, and by slow degrees the mother was driven from defence to defence in her retreat towards the truth. It was no good telling them not to ask questions. What child ever stood before a forbidden door without an added craving for entrance?

So, by slow and perfectly natural degrees, with no offensive display of eagerness on the one side or of disinclination on the other, George arrived at the fact that his father had died in Australia,

that he had been travelling there when he died—travelling? Well, yes—exploring.

That fired his imagination and for the time satisfied it. But he was a growing lad, eager for knowledge, and time came when, since the fount of information at home had apparently run dry, he sought it abroad, as boys inevitably will.

First he tried John Sinclair, the family friend in all cases of emergency. Sinclair and Margaret Barty had discussed this contingency, and were of one mind on the matter—to keep the actual facts buried in the lonely grave in the Australian desert if it were possible to do so. Sinclair fully agreed with the advisability, but expressed considerable doubts as to the possibility.

His own position was a difficult and trying one. He felt pretty certain in his own mind that George would, sooner or later, discover all that was to be found out about his father. The information might come to him in some unusually trying fashion. In a ten minutes' conversation Sinclair himself could lighten the darkness of the discovery and flash a strange gleam of light through the cloud that had overhung Margaret Barty's life. But his tongue was tied by the promise exacted from him by Barty and John Burney that night long ago. If the Burneys had been dead, he would have considered himself free to make disclosure. But old Burney, now Sir John Burney, Bart., was still alive, though aged even beyond his years and worn with many troubles, and his son Frazer was still a comparatively young man.

George, then, went to Sinclair for information, and Sinclair, seeing his eagerness, sympathising with it, and knowing something of his determination, was strongly tempted to tell him the known facts, and so at once shut the door on his researches and protect him from possible unpleasant contingencies. But Margaret had thought better not, and so he held his peace and told him no more than his mother had done.

Thereupon George procured a ticket for the newspaper room at the BritishMuseum, and, having arrived by deduction at an approximation of the date he wanted, began a steady search of the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* from the year 1868 onward. For, since Joan was born in 1868, their father must naturally have died subsequently.

That search for a single item of news amid distracting oceans of print is a peculiarly trying one. The eye runs off on a thousand interesting side tracks. To keep to the main line requires an immense effort of concentration. Every portion of every page must be scanned, except the advertisements, and the wear and tear on eyes and brain is great. The weary searcher becomes aware at times of past perfunctoriness, and is tormented with fears lest his much-sought item may be lurking obscurely in some out-of-the-way corner which he has missed. And, if he be conscientiously keen on it, he will try back to make sure, and loathe those twice-read pages ten times more than all the rest.

It took George close on a month of very hard work before he found what he wanted, though his speed improved wonderfully with practice. And when his eyes had falteringly taken in the sense of what he found—a brief reference to the fate of the Charles Desmond Gray Expedition and the deaths of Gray, Bernardin, and the convict George Barty, as described by the survivor Lindsay, he sat for a long while with his head still in his hands, and those terrible words—"the convict George Barty"—burning into his brain as they had burnt through his tired eyes, and a feeling that the bottom had fallen out of his life.

"The convict George Barty"—yes, that explained everything—his mother's and Sinclair's reticence, the utter lack of definite knowledge that had always prevailed among them as children. "The convict George Barty."

It was a terrible blow. He could never feel himself the same again. They were tainted. His heart groaned within him. He must have passed the explanation during his search, but then he had been searching for the record of an honourable man and the police court news he had passed without a glance.

He had not the heart to search again. Besides, what good? One may delve for

treasure but not for bones, and a man is not a convict unless he has been proved guilty of offence.

He had entered the building with his head well up, the son of an explorer. He crept out of it with his chin on his chest, looking out cautiously from under his brows to see if any one recognised him as the son of "the convict, George Barty."

He went straight to John Sinclair's office, and Sinclair knew at a glance what was coming.

"I have come from the British Museum," said George doggedly. "I have been looking through the newspapers——"

"I understand, my boy," said Sinclair gently. "I knew it must come, but we thought best to keep it from you as long as possible."

"I have only seen about his death. What was it?"

"He confessed to a forgery——" and George went white. He would sooner have had it manslaughter—in hot blood—without premeditation. He had been thinking of it as he came along.

"Since you have learned the fact, George, I counsel you to keep it to yourself. Say nothing about it at home. If possible, don't let your mother know that you know. You can understand how terribly she suffered. The wound is healed. Don't re-open it."

"No," said George humbly.

"And remember, whatever had gone before, your father died bravely, doing his duty. There is comfort in that."

"Yes."

"Don't brood over it, lad. Your mother is one of the noblest women God ever made, and there is a good deal of her in you. You will make your own life."

But it was a long time before he got over the shock, and the fact he never forgot. Perhaps it was not without its effect on his character. Perhaps it made him somewhat humbler than he might have been, and helped to soften his judgment of others. These things are not as a rule born in a man, but come with stripes.

He had a great liking for, and admiration of, Jack Fairfax. They had been close friends while Jack was still an inmate of No. 21 Wynyatt Square, before he had definitely quitted the medical profession for the Elysian Fields, as typified by the sub-editorial chair of the *Scalpel*. And since then Jack had gently nurtured their friendship on his own account, and with a hopeful, and by no means disinterested, eye to future possibilities.

What a capital fellow her brother always is!—Unless of course he happens to be quite the reverse and doesn't desire you for a brother-in-law. In which case he is apt to be an unmitigated nuisance, and, but for fear of giving offence in other quarters, you would like to knock him on the head or hear of him being run over. If he is many years younger than his sister, he is almost inevitably a nuisance and possesses a faculty, out of all proportion to his size, of making you appear a fool. He sees through all your attempts at propitiation with half an eye, and accepts all your offerings as Danegelt, and with much the same consequences.

There was only a couple of years, however, between Jack Fairfax and George Barty, and they were the best of friends.

"It's just this way, dear Mrs. Barty," said Fairfax oracularly, when she consulted him, among others, as to George's desire for literature as his walk in life. "If it's in him he'll never be happy at anything else. And if it is really in him it's as good a profession as any other, and it will make him very happy. My advice is, let him try it."

So, when it was decided, he took the fledgling under his wing in an unofficial way, and became his guide and mentor in things literary, till such time as he should be able to stand alone and begin to walk.

"It's a tough business, my boy," he would say to George, "and you've got to hang on by your teeth and never mind if one or two of them break. But I believe you've got it in you and time will show. You've got a fairly pretty fancy, and with practise you'll be able to describe a thing without using more than one adjective—"

"Fairly pretty fancy," laughed Joan.

"This is purely informal and for home consumption and not to be gauged in the usual way, and besides, it is subject to revision, and, anyhow, fairly's an adverb. However, as I was saying when Joan

rudely interrupted me, you've got imagination, but you're very young yet, and of course, refreshingly green——"

"As 24 is to 22 so is the sub-editor of the *Scalpel* to X," broke in Joan once more.

"Two adjectives again! But do go on, Jack. Your remarks are so refreshingly ——"

"I was going to advise a course of travel——"

"Don't brood over it, lad," said Sinclair

"I think I will reserve the rest of my remarks for a more convenient season, when they will not be subject to ribald personal——"

"Ah!" from George, and a hungry gleam of the deep-set eyes.

He was still under the cloud of his recent discovery. His mother thought he

was ill, but bodily he was as fit as a prize-fighter. This suggestion of Fairfax's set silver bells chiming inside him, though he saw little hope of falling in with it.

"Nothing like travel for expanding the young idea and knocking spots off the home-bred youth. Your atmosphere has been if anything too mildly salubrious, my boy, too rare. If you could be chucked into the outer darkness for six months or a year, it would do you all the good in the world—from a literary point of view—and the rougher time you had of it the better. Your knowledge of men is limited; your acquaintance with women has been confined to angels——"

"Hear, hear! *Encore!*" from Joan.

"And all women are not angels and all men are not like——"

"*Me!*" sparkled the irrepressible one.

"—Not like those you have been accustomed to. You want to know all sorts before you can write about them, unless you are content to be a second-rater."

"It's a good idea," said George slowly, "but— "

"I'm advising George to spread his callow wings and knock about the world for six months or more, Mrs. Barty," said Jack, as the lady of the house came quietly in, with her white shawl on her shoulders and her knitting in her hands, and began to pick up stitches.

"Yes, Jack?" she said, looking at him luminously, but with a touch of vagueness in her tone.

"George has lived too long among angels, mother dear, like you and me and Jack," said Joan, "and Jack thinks a spell of outer darkness would do him good."

"It might," agreed Mrs. Barty, still doubtfully, "if it didn't do him harm. Where do you want him to go, Jack?"

"Anywhere — everywhere—wandering to and fro in the earth——"

"Like Satan," murmured Joan. "Poor old boy!"

"—On his own hook. It would do him a world of good, and fit him for his work."

She looked at George and saw his face brighter than she had seen it for many a day. "You would like it, George?"

"I would like it, of course, but——"

"I think we might manage it——" said Mrs. Barty thoughtfully.

"No," he said quickly, "if it can be done I'd like to do it myself. What I would like would be to tramp all over the continent with a knapsack and a stick. It wouldn't cost much. What do you say to a series of letters for the *Scalpel*, Jack?"

"Guaranteed not to contain any double-barrelled adjectives except in the case of Switzerland," said Joan.

"We're too technical," said Jack. "If you'd undertake to break a leg at every important hospital——"

"He's only got two!" indignantly from Joan.

"—Or undergo treatment of some kind, it might be interesting."

"Very," said George. "You're a ghoul, old man. You view life entirely from the point of view of the *Scalpel*."

"Just let me look round for a day or two," said Fairfax. "Perhaps we can hit on something. You're not very particular, I suppose."

"Not as long as it doesn't entail the sacrifice of my arms or legs, or a post-mortem at every hospital I come to."

Fairfax came bounding up the stairs to Joan's room the next afternoon, and burst in with—"Where's George? I've got just the very thing for him."

"Oh, Jack, how good of you! He's in his room. No, don't go, please. I want to hear. Ring that bell and he'll come."

"Here you are, my boy!" cried Jack, flattening out a sheet of paper, as George came in with his hair rumpled up from writing. "Just the very thing, if you can get it. Travel all you want and make money at the same time."

"Too good to be true," said George, rising to the bait like a trout to a Mayfly. "Let's see!" and read out the paragraph Jack had copied. "Wanted immediately, a gentleman of education and firm will"—"Ah, ha!" in a stentorian voice suggestive of will power to any required degree—"to travel with a youth mentally deficient but not violent, apply, by letter, X 22, Office of *Scalpel*."

"Their idea is to get a medical student,

"Let's see!" said George, and read out the paragraph.

you see. But you can do the job just as well if they'll give it you."

"There'll be heaps of fellows jumping at it."

"Possibly, but you've got first chance. That won't appear till Thursday. I got out of the cashier where the answers are to be sent. It's the Burney boy, Sir John Burney, the banker in Lombard street, you know. You've heard of them." George shook his head. "Well, his son married his cousin, for her money it was said. They have five children and they're all more or less wrong," and he tapped his forehead.

"How awful!" said Joan piteously.

"Horrible! Ghastly kind of home it must be. They live in the old gentleman's house in Kensington Palace Gardens, and he lives with them. Now, they're in a hurry for some reason or other. 'Wanted immediately,' you see. If you're game for the job, I suggest your going up at once and interviewing them."

"Will they like that, do you think? Maybe they would prefer to make their own selection from a number of applicants."

"'Wanted immediately'—it's a chance, my boy. If I were in your place I wouldn't miss it."

"I'll go."

"After dinner, my son. Get there about nine and you'll catch 'em in a fat, complacent mood. That is if you catch 'em at all. It's just a chance, of course. But if at first you don't succeed, try again. George, my boy, I'm coming up to smoke a pipe in your den. Then we'll have a cup of tea with Joan, and then—"

"You're too busy to stop for dinner, I suppose," said Joan.

"Well, I don't know. I'd rather like to wait till George comes back with his news. You see I'm anxious he should get this thing. It's just exactly——"

"Tea will be ready in half-an-hour and the boys will be coming home, and I shouldn't be surprised if Meg dropped in," said Joan, with a smile.

"I'm inclined to think, you know," said Jack, as he sat on George's bed and loaded his pipe, "that the young man is no lamb and the post may be none too easy. But you're strong enough to tackle anything of the kind and you've nerve enough."

"I'll tackle a dozen of him if they'll give me the chance."

"Better take him one at a time," said Jack philosophically. "I didn't care to hint at anything of the kind before Joan, and if I were you I wouldn't say anything to your mother or Meg. It may not be so, of course. But the chances are he is epileptic, and you never know quite what they'll be up to. He may have been kicking up shindies in the house and they want to get him out of it as quickly as they can."

"How do you treat epileptics?"

"Chief thing is firmness. Fortiter and suaviter in proportions of two to one. That's why they never can be treated properly at home. They reverse the proportions, and the results are just what they would be if you reversed the proportions of any other prescription."

When they descended to Joan's room, at the end of their half-hour, they found Meg and Mrs. Barty both there. The mother's face was placid again. Joan had told them of this wonderful chance for George, and her quick eye had noted signs of disturbance in her mother's face. She had hastened, out of her own limited knowledge, to reassure her and to cast a rosy hope over the matter.

But Margaret Barty had shrunk simply at thought of her boy coming in contact with the Burneys, lest he should learn more than she desired he should know. Her mind had discussed the possibilities, and she had come to the conclusion that it was hardly likely the banker would enter into the old matter, and, in any case, she had no plausible reason for objecting to George trying for the place. It was possible, she thought, that his name and connection with that other George Barty might bar him in their eyes. But Mr. Burney had been very kind at the time of the catastrophe, and possibly he might not let the father's fault stand in the son's way.

So her brow smoothed out, and Joan took credit to herself, and they all discussed the matter in apparently the best of spirits. Meg chattered away thirteen

to the dozen, as usual, on hospital and other matters; wrestled valiantly with Jack anent an article of his in the last number of the *Scalpel*; enquired after every member of the family, and greeted them all in motherly fashion as they came in in twos and threes from their work; and sugared their tea, and laughed and joked over happenings in which some of them had participated during the last few days. And Joan enjoyed her superabundant energy to the full, and Mrs. Barty beamed graciously upon them all, though at times their discussions ran somewhat beyond her range.

Presently James Macgregor came bounding up the stairs with a new kind of transparent fish for Joan's pond, in a small round glass bowl. After duly admiring it and watching the light shine through its internal organization, Joan wheeled herself to the pond and consigned the new pet to the company of the older inhabitants. Macgregor went with her, to see how the others were getting on and discuss them with her in detail. The younger men regarded him with a touch of brotherly awe, as the small boys look up to the old boy when he re-visits the scenes of his youth. The room was full of life and spirits, and eyes sparkled, and faces laughed and glowed, and the joy of youth and hope was over it all.

Some of the boys tackled Fairfax about that article of his in the *Scalpel*, and Meg promptly took his side, cast all her former arguments to the winds, and between them they formed a solid square and turned their laughing enemies inside out.

Then George got hold of James Macgregor, gave him an idea of the quest he was about to start on, and absorbed all the information that great authority could afford him on the subject of epilepsy.

And Mrs. Barty knitted and smiled, and dropped in a word now and again, and thought how strange it would be if George got this place with the Burneys.

CHAPTER V

NARROW DOOR TO A WIDER WAY

GEORGE rang the bell of the big house in Kensington Palace Gardens, and the door was promptly opened by a solemn-faced man-servant, with the manners and dignity of a bishop.

"Can I see Sir John——?" began George.

"Step inside, please," and he was shown into a small waiting-room off the great gloomy hall.

He was somewhat astonished at the promptitude of his admission. It was almost as though he had been expected. He did not know that messengers from the bank arrived at all hours, when, as had happened that day, Sir John had not gone down to the City, and they were always admitted instantly. He was supposed to be one of them.

"I will tell Sir John you are here," said the aged bishop, and left him to himself.

"Follow me, please," and they were mounting the stairs to Sir John's study. They passed through double doors which closed silently behind him, and, unknown to himself, he was standing in the room where his father had sold his soul twenty years before.

A grim-faced old gentleman lay in a chair by the fire. He had white hair and one foot was tucked up on a rest.

"Well, what have you got? You're very late," he said in a querulous voice, and stretched out a thin white hand without turning round. It had been dawning on George that he was mistaken for someone else.

"Pardon me, sir," he said. "I'm afraid I'm not the person you are expecting. I had no intention of——"

"What is it then? Who are you? What do you want? Come here where I can see you."

"I came in reply to an advertisement in this week's *Scalpel*."

"Oh, ah! I see. They thought you were from Lombard street, I suppose. Sit down!" and he fixed a pair of keen restless old eyes on George, who felt as if a pair of gimlets was boring at him.

"You seem young for the post. Not that he's violent, mind you"—and the keen eyes gave a wavering snap which George translated in his own way—"but he needs a firm hand and plenty of willpower——"

"Epilepsy?" asked George.

"Well — yes "— reluctantly — "something of that kind. Do you know anything about it?"

"Enough, I think, to manage a patient such as you name in the advertisement. Home control is almost impossible——"

"Exactly. I see you understand the matter. Have you ever had charge of a case before?"

"No, sir, but I happen to have lived all my life in a medical atmosphere where such matters are discussed, and one picks up a good deal."

"You are not in the medical profession yourself?"

"No, I'm preparing for a literary life. As part of the preparation I am desirous of travelling. That is why I am here."

"I see. Education?"

"Graduate of London University. Honours in Classics."

"French and German?"

"I speak both fluently and read them as easily as English."

The old man nodded and bored away with his gimlets.

"References?" he asked suddenly.

"Any of my professors at the College. Or you could ask Mr. John Sinclair of 33 Old Broad Street. He has known me all my life."

"I know Sinclair," he said with another nod, "a cautious man, a very cautious man. How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"You seem fairly strong."

"I'm very fit," said George, with an inward smile. He felt pretty sure that the young man to be taken charge of was a handful, and as Fairfax had said, "no lamb."

"By the way, what is your name? I should have asked before."

"George Barty!" and the old man jumped in his chair so that his leg fell off the rest and his pale face flushed with pain.

"Permit me, sir," said George, and gently placed the bandaged foot on the rest again.

"Thanks! Thanks!" said the old man. "Damnable thing gout. Bad twinge. George Bartle, did you say?"

"Barty, sir. George Barty."

But the old man seemed to have forgotten him for the moment. He was staring into the fire and thinking of that other George Barty whom he had tempted to destruction in that very room, and George Barty's son sat and looked at him wonderingly.

"Will you oblige me by touching that bell," said Sir John, coming out of his reverie at last. And to the bishop who answered it, "Is Mr. Frazer in, Buckle?"

"Just gone out, Sir John."

"Tell Master Frazer I want him. . . . And see that he comes."

"Yes, Sir John."

And, presently, the inner door of green baize swung open, and a youth of eighteen or so stood just inside and looked vacantly at them.

He was tall, quite as tall as George himself, but slight of build and loosely put together. His head hung slightly forward which bowed his narrow shoulders. His hands hung down in a helpless way. His under jaw hung slack, which left his mouth slightly open. There was no sign of curiosity in his eyes. George thought he would have stood and looked just so if he had been turned with his face to the wall. He was not an encouraging sight, not a companion to hanker after. But through him and behind him, thanks to a vivid imagination, George saw towering snow-clad mountains, and smiling green valleys, and blue lakes, and the ripples on summer seas.

"Come here, sir," said the old man harshly, and the youth shambled forward and rested against the table.

"What were you doing when I sent for you?"

"Eating . . . pineapple."

"You're always eating, and much good it seems to do you. Where is your mother?"

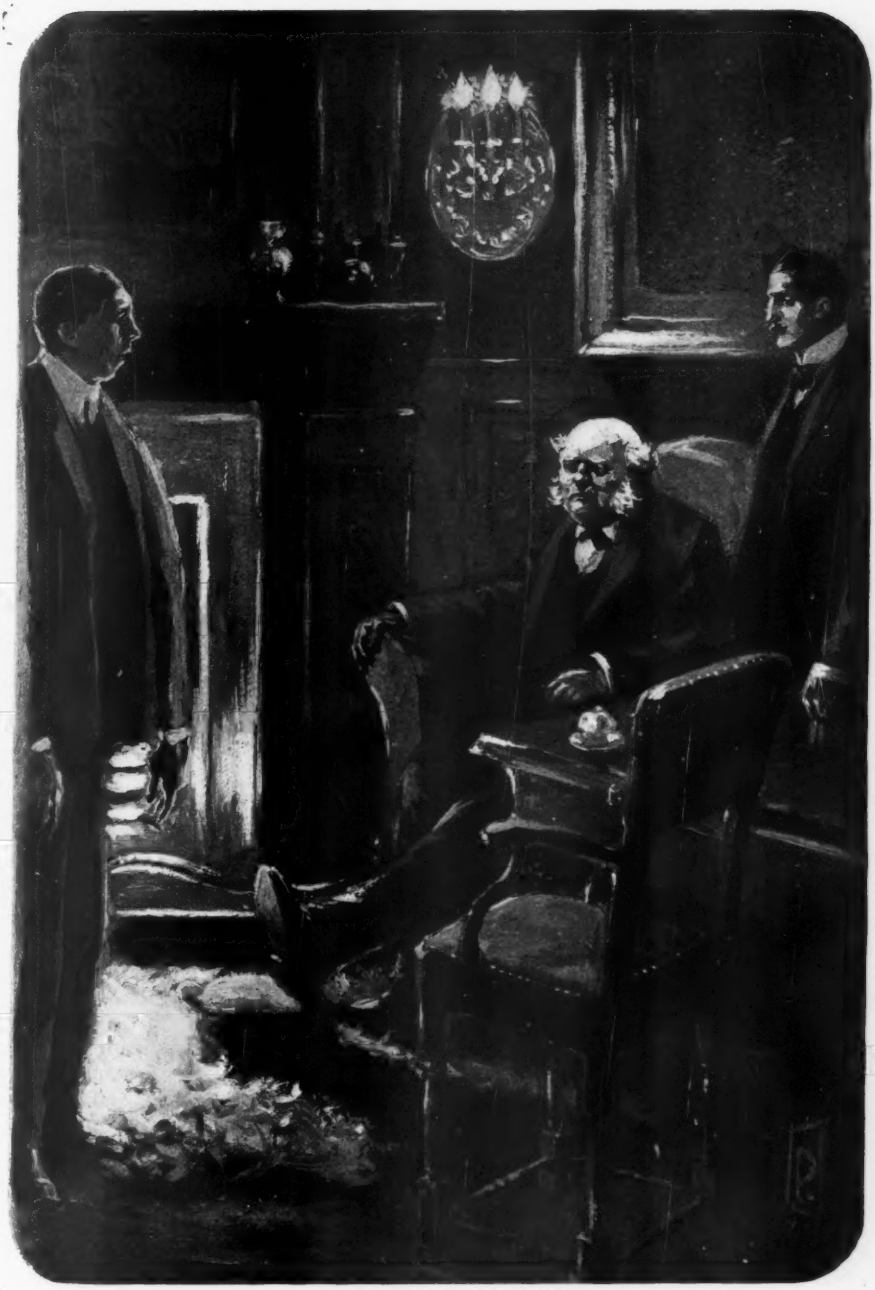
"Table."

"Do you think you could manage to take a message to her?"

"Try."

"Then tell her that if it is not disturbing her too much I would be glad of a moment's conversation with her."

The young man erected himself from



"Come here, sir," said the old man, harshly

the table and turned and slouched out of the room.

"That is the boy," said Sir John. "What do you think of him?"

This was too large a question to answer off-hand. George contented himself with, "He needs a firm hand, I presume."

"That's it, and he doesn't get it and can't get it here. His mother spoils him."

"Two parts fortiter to one part suaviter is about the correct treatment," said George, remembering his lessons.

"Exactly! Think you could manage him?"

"Certainly. I'm willing to try anyway. You could at all events count on me doing my best."

"I am prepared to pay £100 a year and all travelling expenses. Would that suit you?"

"Perfectly."

"When could you start?"

"This day week. Do you suggest any special route?"

"Anywhere you choose. Possibly, by observation, you might find out if any place seems to suit him better than another. If you can do him any permanent good I shall be under very great obligation to you. But I doubt it," and he ended with a sigh.

They sat waiting for Mrs. Burney, but she did not come. At last Sir John said again, "May I trouble you to touch the bell?"

"Buckle," to the bishop, "ask Mrs. Burney to favour me with a moment's conversation if she is at liberty now," and presently the green baize door swung back once more to admit Mrs. Burney.

George was startled at the size of her, not in height, but in breadth and general massiveness. Her bust was enormous and her costume displayed it so freely that he felt it an indecency even to look at her. Her face was fat and shining with good-living. Her eyes were somewhat prominent and not over-intelligent. She was chewing something when she came in, with the slow mechanical motion of a ruminant. Her jaws ceased working for a moment as she looked at George with about as much expression as a thoughtful cow might have had, and then they resumed their slow grind and never stopped it except when she was speaking.

"Julia, this gentleman is prepared to take charge of Frazer for a trip abroad. Can you have him got ready by this day week?"

"I suppose so. I suppose he must go," she said, after a pause during which she looked at George. Her voice was rather thick and there was a slight wheeze in it. "It's hard, but I suppose there's nothing else for it."

"With a firmer hand over him he may improve," said the old man, "and you know you spoil him to death."

"The poor boy," said the mother. "Have you got a very firm hand?" to George.

"I have, madam," he said, with his eyes glued to the fluffy hair on her forehead so as to escape the pitfall below.

"But you will be kind to him?" she said, with a gleam that might be affection in the strained eyes.

"I will be just as kind to him as he will allow me to be, madam, I assure you."

"He's a good boy and as quiet as a lamb, except just——"

"Did he give you my message, Julia?" broke in the old man.

"No, he gave me no message. He was in the middle of a pine when you sent for him. I suppose he forgot."

"You may consider it settled, Mr. Barty. Call here the evening before you start and we will have a little further talk, and I will have funds and so on all ready. You can be working out your route meanwhile. Put your references down on a sheet of paper there. I may ask after them. But I am satisfied in my own mind that you can do all we want. I judge men by their eyes. May I trouble you to touch that bell again. Thank you. Monday next then about this time," and George passed through the green baize door in charge of the solemn Buckle, and managed to descend the stairs and the steps with equable feet, and raced for a 'bus as soon as he reached the High street, as though it were the last 'bus for Mont Blanc.

They were anxiously awaiting his news at home, and shared fully in his delight

at the new wide prospect so suddenly opened before him.

"You think you can manage him?" asked Fairfax, who had just got back from seeing Meg to the hospital.

"I'll manage him all right. I could lift him with one hand and break him with two. I'm awfully obliged to you, Jack, for getting me this chance."

"I'm inclined to think you'll have a pretty good time, my boy. If you need an assistant don't forget me. You didn't see Mr. Burney then?"

"The boy's father? No, he had gone out."

"Yes, he finds his diversions outside, I believe. It must be a horrible house to live in. There are four more children, I believe, all more or less off."

"How very awful!" said Joan, with horrified eyes. "Why is it?"

"I don't know. Probably the mother is a bit soft."

"She certainly doesn't look over intelligent," said George, "but I'm indebted to her all the same."

(To be continued.)

Some Impressions of Tibet

PUBLIC attention and interest is specially directed at the present time to Tibet and its people. My own personal experience of the country was limited to the western portion —Ladak, or Kashmir Tibet—a very long way from the scene of the expedition which recently visited the Forbidden City. But it is all the same. Whether we read the experiences of Bower, who more than ten years ago adventurously led the way by crossing the country from extreme west to extreme east, of Wellby, or Littledale, or the intrepid Sven Hedin : all tell a similar tale. Of a vast lone land—some two thousand miles by fourteen hundred, with a mean elevation nearly as high as Mont Blanc—for the most part unspeakably bleak and barren, but in parts dotted over with bright blue lakes, generally salt and all gradually drying up, the undulating expanse broken by a succession of rugged mountain ranges rising to still higher altitudes, from which many icy streams pour their waters into the lakes. A land of boisterous winds and constantly recurring fierce, sudden storms of snow, hail and rain, alternating with fiery outbursts of burning sunshine. A desperately inhospitable land, and for the most part uninhabited and uninhabitable ; to the casual eye quite devoid of vegetation, but yet supporting large herds of shaggy yaks, antelope and wild donkeys, sleek and strong and fleet. No land in the world less inviting, and yet none more supremely fascinating in its own unique way. And the Kashmir portion of this country, although in its western parts, like the Lhassa region in the east, no doubt less generally barren and more under the influence of civilization, yet is also of quite absorbing interest, and possesses all the peculiar characteristics of the other parts. Monks and monasteries, prayer wheels, *manis* and *chortens* are all there. A few marches east of Leh, the capital, the habitations cease, the barrenness begins, and the general elevation is as high, if not higher, than the land further east. My own chief aim was sport, and I had in no way thought of making any study of either country or people, except in so far as this might further my particular ends. But no one in such a land, presenting such contrasts to anything else under the sun, could fail to have his attention arrested. And so I have a few (very few, I regret to say), remarks and records of impressions in my note-books, which may be of some little interest. It is ten years since my visit, but what is that in respect of a country which has not changed for a thousand ?

In the matter of configuration one prominent fact, besides the wonderful elevation, seems to stand out clear and marvellous. The whole immense tableland, stretching from Kashmir to China, is, so to speak, self-contained as to its drainage ; no connection with the sea, except from the southern and western fringes where the Brahmaputra, Indus, and Sutlej take their rise. Notwithstanding that there is throughout the year a very constant, though intermittent precipitation of moisture—snow and rain and hail—the whole is retained in the land itself, part absorbed in the loose soil and the remainder finding its way to the numerous lakes. Then another point to be noted in connection with this is that, generally speaking, the greater part of the surface of these vast barren stretches is soft—covered with a deep layer of gravelly sand, or where there is moisture from melting snow, etc., quagmires of loose mud. And this by no means in the valley bottoms only. The entire slopes and tops of undulations, and even steep hills, are often the same. This is, of course, merely an illustration of the results of general weathering, but on what a colossal scale ! For over great stretches this collection of loose material is no mere surface layer, but of depth not easy to estimate. And during my long tramps and rides over these wastes the reflection would often intrude of what a vast amount of *débris* was here collected, ready-made as it were, to be carried sea-ward when the time should come. No slow grinding down of rock required. But when in slow process

of the wearing ages, or accelerated, as might be possible, by some sudden earthquake convulsion, the barrier of the outer Himalayas should be removed and this land come under the influence of full monsoon conditions, what avalanches of stuff would then be transported, not in an age, but at once, to the nearest ocean! Enough, we might imagine, to fill it up in great part, at least enough to very materially extend the then existing shore lines. For the elevation at which all this accumulation lies ready must be borne in mind. The conditions are far different to those of a low-lying desert, such as the Sahara for instance. Do geologists, we wonder, take such possibilities into their calculations, to say nothing of the puzzles which would be added by the many fossils of shells and other remains, animal and vegetable, suddenly transported from a high land to the level of the sea? Has anything precisely similar happened in the past, or will it be admitted that it may in the future? I am no geologist, and put the questions with extreme diffidence and prepared for scathing ridicule.

The effects of elevation often puzzled me. We hear of bleeding at the nose, sickness and other dire effects during the ascent of Mont Blanc and other mountains of such respectable height, and I myself have experienced headache and nausea while climbing passes of even lower elevation in the outer Himalayas, and breathlessness when trying to sleep. Yet in Tibet I have been able to smoke my morning cheroot with complete comfort while climbing towards 18,000 feet, and have lived and hunted for a month at a height not far short of this. And I felt little inconvenience except when attempting to run or to climb too fast. Then indeed one would be brought up with a round turn, and constrained to confess the impossibility. I lost a pony undoubtedly from the effects of elevation, and my people sometimes complained of headache. But, strange to say, my servants from the plains of India seemed, if anything, less susceptible than the natives of the country. This was perhaps an unusual experience, and, of course, might be due to uncommon strength in the individuals. But to what was my own immunity due? It always seemed to me to point to some other influence besides mere elevation, which oppressed me in the more humid regions, and that it was perhaps the clearness and dryness of the air in Tibet which gave greater strength to the lungs. No doubt, however, in actual climbing it is the quickness of the change from low to high level which produces the unpleasant effects, and the system, I suppose, accommodates itself to the new conditions after being for some time at an increased height.

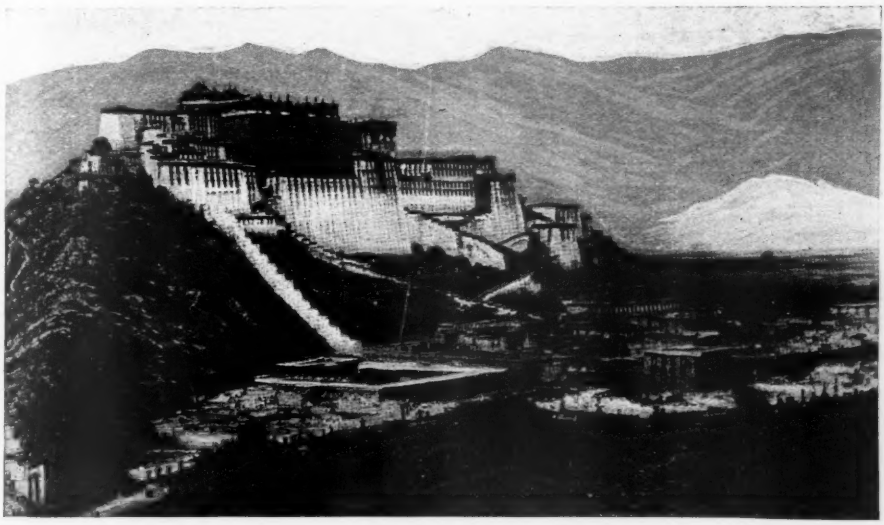
If then the whole country, and problems such as these, have their interest, the people and their ways and works have at least equal fascination. On entering Ladak by the usual route from Kashmir proper, over the Zoji La pass, what at once strikes the traveller is the complete contrast in everything—country and people. On the other side we leave behind a lovely green land, luxuriant in grass and undergrowth, and glorious forest clad slopes. On this we find a dreary waste of bare mountains, no grass or greenery, and not a tree, save where an occasional stream affords moisture for a few small willows or poplars, artificially planted. So effectual is the barrier of the outer Himalayas to the further progress of the monsoon rains. On the other side, again, we leave an Aryan people with oval faces and full beards. On this we are at once in the midst of the Tartar type, beardless, broad faces, and small beady eyes looking with a twinkling humour out of their narrow slits. And the language, too, is of course a complete transformation. Proceeding, we shall presently come to the first monastery and the first monks. The monastery will be perched high on some isolated hill, or built into a steep cliff, having an indescribable look of loneliness and aloofness from the world, the situation having been purposely selected for its difficulty of access from below. Security from attack has probably had something to do with the selection of site, but the *idea* most strongly apparent, and forced, as it were, on the imagination is that of aspiration towards immortal heights, and deliberate desire of detachment from and superiority to the world below. Travelling further, a

long, low wall will be encountered, running in the same direction as the road, and apparently occupying or blocking the centre of it. No dividing barrier evidently, nor part of any fortification. Useless, seemingly, and of no meaning. On approaching we find that the path divides on either side of this wall, each section being equally trodden. But there is no choice. The left hand path must be taken, the wall remaining on the right. This indeed, we afterwards learn, is one form of prayer. For every one of the countless small slabs of stone which cover the sloping roof of the wall are inscribed with the one universal and all sufficing prayer—the mysterious, and to us (even when translated) meaningless, *Om mane padme haun :* Oh ! the jewel in the lotus Amen. These walls vary in length from about one hundred yards to a quarter of a mile, and one I saw could not have been less than eight hundred yards ; from six to ten feet high, about twelve feet broad at base and sloping to an apex at the top. Think of the labour expended, not so much in the construction of the wall, but in the carving of all the prayer stones. This last is the work of the monks, and it is not a dead idea, for I found a carver at work on a prayer of more ambitious size on a rock face, a photograph of which is presented. Then we have the small prayer machines carried in the hand and constantly revolved, a prayer for each turn, the strings of beads for ever being told to the same tale, and where there is a convenient stream there will be a wheel turned by the water, the mystic words in bright painted letters on its flanges. So is it all made easy, and all the vainest mummery, we shall say. But surely there is something else. One cannot help seeing, or at least feeling, that there is an underlying idea, and that idea, however it may have since degenerated, must have been a deeply religious one—a strong desire, if nothing more, to keep the reality of the other world daily and hourly in mind.

I visited Himis Monastery, and was fortunate in being able to do so at the time of the great annual gathering. The grotesque marvels of the pageants there have been often described—the monastery itself, built, one might almost say plastered against a sheer cliff, which towers above it and sinks deep below, the labyrinth of dark passages, rooms and temples within, the vast store of holy books, the images and rows of chanting monks, the weird dances of the mummers in the several plays and shows, and the wonderful old-world instruments which accompany the performances. The principal play, as I remember it, was a representation of the torments of the unworthy dead in the Buddhist hell or purgatory. The wretched victims, cowering in the centre, are surrounded by a throng of awful demons, fearfully masked and attired, and brandishing spears and tridents and other terrible weapons. These circle around with measured step, lunging at and ever threatening the unlucky damned, while the instruments rattle and blare louder and more discordant, and the demons howl, as each successive climax is reached. So it goes on from phase to phase : dresses are changed for fresh acts, each more awesome than the last, till a *finale* is reached in a whirling circle of gibbering skeletons. The whole thing to be laughed at, and derided of course, but indeed one is under a spell at the time sufficient to restrain from levity, and no doubt it is fearfully realistic to the gaping crowd of onlookers.

What struck me most in this modern aspect of Buddhism was the extraordinary likeness of many of its practices and tendencies to Roman or Greek Catholicism. The monasteries, the images and the saints, rosaries and incense : the monks and priors with their shaven heads and coarse long cassocks caught in at the waist : the fastings and ceremonial and impressive chants, with accompaniment of appropriate, if barbaric, music, all startlingly similar. Then the Dalai Lama himself in his holy city, wielding temporal as well as absolute spiritual power. Does not this also correspond exactly to the Pope and Rome ? Latter day innovations on the original simple creeds are common to both, and in each no doubt from the same cause or reason—the old, old story—that irrepressible craving of weak human nature for the assistance of show and sham and

ceremonial, the demand for the shadow instead of the spiritual substance. A state of things and an opportunity inevitably to be recognized by the human nature of the priest, and utilized to his own aggrandizement. For it need not be said that all these practices of present-day Buddhism are at least as far removed from the teachings of the gentle master as are the existing usages of the higher Christian churches from the original



Lhassa Rock Palace

simplicity. Showing nothing more than that human creatures are much the same all the world over.

I had the privilege of seeing in the flesh the latest incarnation—*Kushok*—of the old monk who founded this monastery many centuries ago. He was a pleasant faced, though grave, lad of some ten years old. The priorship is not handed down from father to son, nor is given by election. The prior is believed to live for ever, and on the death of one, search is at once commenced for the new incarnation. This boy was discovered far away in the east of Tibet, and had been brought to Himis only a few days before I saw him. I have forgotten by what means he was first recognised, but it was firmly believed that he had subsequently proved beyond doubt the accuracy of the selection by pointing out the last parts of the road, and recognising all his own personal belongings on arrival. When I proposed to take his photograph he flatly refused with a look of some fear and entire disgust. Had I known that a gleam of sunshine was to come at the exact moment required, I could have snap-shotted him without asking, and without offence. I was much interested to see in Sven Hedin's last book a notice of this same boy, and of his subsequent hard lot, condemned to live in a small dark cell for six years, alone and quite apart from the monastery, and never allowed even to see a human face. This by way of preparation for his great charge. I am glad to think his period of probation should end next year.

P. R. BAIRNSFUTHER, LIEUT.-COL.

FIVE GREAT PAINTERS OF THE RENASCENCE

By Sir WYKE BAYLISS, F.S.A., P.R.B.A.

II. Michael Angelo Buonarroti.

Fra Domenicanino. *What do you want with me in the Sistine Chapel?*

Michael Angelo. *To paint you.*

Il 'Canino. *How much will you pay me?*

Angelo. *A scudo a day—or more.*

Il 'Canino. *Why have you chosen me from all the Frari to paint?*

Angelo. *Because I am painting a devil driving lost souls out of Paradise, and do not wish to trust entirely to my imagination.*

Il 'Canino. *I will come.*

IS it great men that make stirring events? or stirring events that make great men? When Michael Angelo began his life, towards the close of the fifteenth century, the times were stirring indeed. Divided Italy was like the witches' cauldron in Macbeth. "Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf" are as nothing compared to the "hell-broth" which was brewing there. With the "Domini canes" ravaging the flock in Rome; with Savonarola strangled and burnt in the streets of Florence; with Louis of France besieging Milan; with Cæsar Borgia drowning his brother in the Tiber; with Venice and Spain in league against Naples; with one Pope poisoned by drinking of the cup he had prepared for his friend; with another preaching a war of extermination in the East; with Torquemada practising extermination in the West; with the Printing Press flashing its lightnings from the North; with Luther thundering at the doors of the Vatican;—it seems an odd thing that Art should come upon the scene. And yet at this crisis, in the very midst of the hurly burly, three boys are born, who—together with Da Vinci to lead and Correggio to follow—shall complete the roll-call of the five greatest painters the world has known.

Perhaps it is the old story of the darkness of night making the brightness of the stars. But I think not. The day has come, and these stars are still shining in the heavens. They are like—

> The crowne which Ariadne wore
> Upon her yvory forehead—
> Being now placèd in the firmament.

Moreover, the light which falls from them has solved again the old riddle which we could never have solved for ourselves any more than did the Philistines—"Out of Strength came forth Sweetness." For what is stronger than the Sword of civil war, or the sleuth-hounds of the Inquisition?—and what is sweeter than the Madonna and Child of the Renascence?

Let us now ask ourselves a straight question. Are our own lives complete unless we take into them the spirit of the lives of the great painters? I plead for the study of Art through the study of the *mind* of the artist. The mind of the true artist is at the same time the simplest and the most complex. The simplest, because it deals with nothing except as a unity; the most complex, because this unity must contain everything. We cannot all attend Schools of Art, or draw from the antique, or paint from the life; but we can all learn to see the soul—and to see the soul

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI
The portrait by himself in the Gallery of the Uffizi
(From a photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl)

of Michael Angelo might be worth more to some of us than all the drawings from the antique, or studies from the life, that Schools of Art can produce. How shall the lover of Art know the full splendour of his mistress' eyes if he never ventures to lift her veil? How shall we understand the paintings in the Sistine Chapel, if we know nothing of Michael Angelo's thoughts about the *Dies Irae?* There is a quaint legend, narrated by Theodore Watts-Dunton as one which Rossetti, the painter-poet, loved to repeat. When our first parents were driven from Paradise, God—always tempering judgment with mercy—made dim within their minds the memory of that blissful place. And when sons and daughters were born to them, these were content with their heritage, not knowing what they had lost—and Eve was content with their contentment. But after many years of a mother's joys and sorrows, Eve gave birth to a child unlike the others—and her heart was troubled. For this child would be found listening with rapt face to strains of divine music uncaught by Eve's ear now, and in his eyes she saw waving branches that she remembered now to be the long-forgotten trees of Eden.

Now to read the life of Michael Angelo is to understand the legend. Do we not

forget? Are not poets and painters born amongst us that we may see and remember? If our sight is dim for these things, and our memory fails—is it not well for us to look into the eyes of such men?

Michael Angelo Buonarroti was born in 1475, of a good family, at Castel Caprèse, near Arezzo. He was put to nurse to the wife of a stone-carver; and long years afterwards he told Vasari, who was born in the same district, that if his mind was good for anything he owed it to the clear air of the country, and to the milk he sucked while learning the use of mallet and chisel. The boy was sent to school at Florence, but made little progress in book-learning; and at the age of thirteen was apprenticed to Ghirlandaio—who was then engaged upon the frescoes of the church of the Dominicans—Santa Maria Novella. Ghirlandaio, I say, though that was not really his name. How many of the painters of Italy ever did bear their real names? His name was Bigordi, and "Ghirlandaio" simply means "the maker of garlands." The finest garland Ghirlandaio ever made he now wears himself, in being accounted the Master of Buonarroti.

It is again the old story of Verrocchio and Da Vinci—master and pupil—"The youngster knows more than I." In the studio of Ghirlandaio the lad displayed such extraordinary virility that he is said to have had no infancy in Art He did not even complete his apprenticeship, but, while still a child passed to the care of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who educated him with his own sons. It was in the old studio in the Gardens of the Medici, which five and twenty years before had been allotted to Leonardo Da Vinci, that Michael Angelo, in his turn, studied the antique. The stress and strain of life came upon him more swiftly than upon most children, for in this companionship with the Medici he met the greatest spirits of the age, who graced the court of "the Father of Letters." But the young man proved worthy of the affection of Lorenzo, and returned it. These happy days laid the foundation of his life's work on the finest lines of truth and honour.

But I am not writing the life of Michael Angelo. My purpose is rather to consider the relation in which he stands to the Art of the Renascence, to his companions, to the age in which he lived. For this, something more is necessary than the recording of incidents and dates. If I were the idlest of idle fellows, or the busiest of busy men, or the hardest worked parson or lawyer or doctor in the land, I would not be content without I could claim *participamento* with a mind so fine as his. I would choose some little book—such, for instance, as one of the text-books edited by Sir Edward Poynter, or M. Charles Clements' "Buonarroti," and take it with me as I went to town in the morning. The train would seem to carry me through the little Tuscan village where he was born, to Florence where he was educated. I should pass Santa Maria Novella on the way, and look in at Ghirlandaio's studio. The campanile of Westminster, seen through the mist, would serve as Giotto's tower. The Old Kent Road would lie under the Surrey Hills as the narrow streets of Bologna lie under the shadow of the Apennines. Our beautiful Thames should remind me of Venice where the silent streets are—or were—as of crystal. And then, at some hour of the day, I would contrive to visit the National Gallery, and stand for a little while before his last great work—it is but a fragment, for the brush fell from his hand before it was finished. Finally, on my way home, I would take the book in my hand again, instead of the evening paper, and visit the marble quarries of Carrara, where Michael Angelo was engineer; inspect the fortifications of Florence, where he was soldier; follow his grave footsteps into the Sistine Chapel, where he was painter; linger with him over his books, for he was poet and scholar; observe his mastery of mallet and chisel, for he was sculptor; examine his model for the dome of St. Peter's, of which he was architect; and through all this I should learn to love and reverence the man for his integrity, his filial tenderness, his fraternal faithfulness, his kindness to dependants, his loyalty to duty. Perhaps I might even understand his meaning when he wrote: "Borne away

upon a fragile bark, amidst a stormy sea, I am reaching the common haven to which every man must come, to give account of the evil and good he has done. Now I see how my soul fell into the error of making Art her sovereign lord. Thoughts of love, and fond fancies, what will become of you when I approach a double death—one certain, the other threatening. Neither painting nor sculpture will then avail to calm my soul. I turn to Thee, O God."

By this time I should have reached home, and dinner would be upon the table. But I should have had a day with Michael Angelo; and should ask the friend who sat next to me: "Have you read M. Clement's book?"

Angelo, the Painter—Angelo, the Sculptor—Angelo, the Architect—which was the greatest? Happily it is not necessary for us to determine. Let us be content to see a little of his work in each of these three phases.

The Sculptor shall come first—for his life begins with it. He was scarcely out of his teens when he made the "Sleeping Cupid." It was so beautiful that he was advised to bury it, so as to give it the appearance of age, and then to dig it up and send it to Rome as a newly discovered antique. The thing was done, and Cardinal San Giorgio was deceived; but Michael Angelo was not a party to the fraud. The Cardinal, who had purchased the statue, received his money again in full; and satisfied as to the integrity of the young sculptor, invited him to Rome.

In Rome, under his chisel, marble began to live. While yet in the vigour of youth, he had become famous. The Pieta, now in St. Peter's, the figures in the Library of the Duomo at Siena, the Adonis of the Ufizzi, the Cupid at South Kensington, were all of this period. But it was at Florence that he achieved his greatest triumph in sculpture. There lay in the city, near the church of St. Maria Novella, a huge block of marble. It was suitable for one purpose only—the carving of a colossal statue. Sculptor after sculptor had tried their hands upon it, but without success. Indeed, after a time the attempt had been abandoned. Incompetent hands had hewed and hacked the enormous mass of stone, until it was worse than shapeless—it was misshapen. At last Michael Angelo was commissioned to take it in hand. What a task lay before him! Within the misshapen outline of that block of marble lay potentially the true, the divine beauty of form, if only he could conceive it.

Michael Angelo began by building a house over the stone; and in that house he shut himself up for eighteen months with his great task, permitting no one to see what he was doing. At length the statue was finished, the citizens were admitted, and lo! the figure of David—the sublime figure which is now one of the glories of Florence.

The story is so well known that I should not repeat it, were it not in itself, like one of the old miracle plays, a "mystery" with a revelation. It is a true story, but it is nevertheless a parable. Like the block of marble, Art had been lying dead—for a thousand years. The painters of the Awakening had sought to give it shape. Fra Angelico had perhaps seen something of the divine beauty into which it might be fashioned. But it was the Renascence that gave it life—the new life—the life by virtue of which it has, like David, slain the giants.

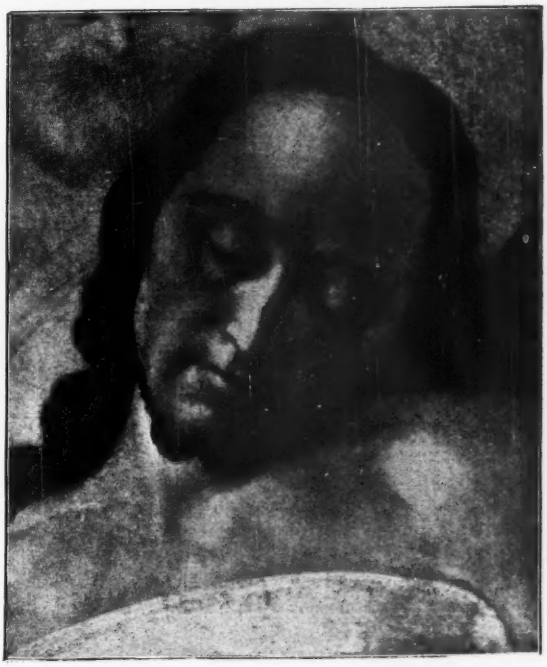
But Michael Angelo had still to reckon with the critics. The critics we have always with us, and this figure of David has proved a *boccata* to them. One assures us that "it surpasses all other statues, ancient or modern;" that it is "divine;" that "never before or since has there been produced so fine an attitude, so perfect a grace, such beauty of head, and feet and hands." Another declares that "the figure is an outrage on ordinary human proportions—that the parts belong neither to each other nor to the body, and that the head, the neck, the feet, the hands, are alike monstrous." A third critic, with a caution which contrasts finely with the confidence of his fellows, assures us that it is indeed "a grand statue," but that its grandness is the "grandeur of spirit."

Now Michael Angelo had a way of his own in dealing with the critics. When the David was finished there was a "private

THE CHRIST OF THE VERONICAS

view," and the chief of the Republic of Florence came to inspect the statue. The Gonfaloniere thought—he *thought*, mind—he merely threw out the suggestion—he *thought* that the nose was—well, perhaps the nose was a *leetle* (or its equivalent in the dialect of the time) a *leetle* too large for perfect beauty. Have we not heard it a thousand times? Do we not read it every day in the Press? Michael Angelo ascended the scaffold, and taking in his hand a chisel—which was very visible to the Gonfaloniere—and a little marble dust—which was invisible—rubbed the dust gently upon the offending nose. No doubt a sprinkling of it fell into the Gonfaloniere's eyes. But it was enough, the critic was satisfied. As David himself had been delivered out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, so the statue of David was delivered out of the hand of the Philistine.

Angelo returned from Florence to Rome, and was soon engaged in the great work of his life—the decoration of the Sistine Chapel. He hesitated at first to attempt so stupendous a task, declaring to the Pope that he was a sculptor, not a painter. But Julius insisted, and the frescoes were begun in 1508. That very summer the young Raphael was summoned to Rome, and began his frescoes in the Loggia and Stanze of the Vatican. They were not very far apart in age—Angelo was thirty-three, and Raphael twenty-five. But how different were the two men in temperament! The younger—joyous, frank, full of the delight of life; the elder—taciturn, introspective, and troubled with anxious thought. Vasari tells us that when the scaffolding was prepared for Angelo in the Sistine Chapel he shut himself up—as he did in Florence when engaged upon the statue of David—permitting no assistant to enter—even to grind his colours or to prepare the walls with plaster. From daybreak till the darkness of evening fell upon his work he never left the place—sometimes even sleeping there throughout the



THE CHRIST OF MICHAEL ANGELO

night—content with a little food brought to him once only, at the close of day.

The subject of this great series of frescoes is the Creation, and Fall, and Redemption of Man. We see the Separation of Day and Night—the Gathering of the Waters—the Expulsion from Paradise—the Deluge—the Brazen Serpent—David and Goliath—Judith and Holofernes. The lunettes are filled with groups of the ancestors of Christ. Between the windows are colossal figures of the Sibyls and Prophets, who foretold the coming of the Saviour. I will describe one only of these wonderful designs.

Adam lies prone upon the earth. God has made man, but has not yet breathed into him the breath of life. Now the Creator stretches out his hand, and with a touch the man lives. It is the old Promethean story. *Non vi; non dolo; sed dono.* Not by force, nor by fraud, but by free gift. Prometheus could make a man, of clay—but he could not make him live. He attempted to buy the divine flame—but Heaven cannot be bribed. He would have taken it by force—and was hurled down from Olympus. The Creator is The Word, and The Word was made man. But not the Man of Sorrows. Around him, under the shadow of the Almighty, are the young-eyed cherubim—the symbol, that is, of the eternal renewing of youth. If there is a touch of paganism in all this, it is the paganism of the Renascence. If it represents only the twilight of our Faith, it is not a twilight passing into darkness, but that which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

And as the work goes on, for five long years, the Pope begins to grow impatient, fearing that he will not live to see it finished; and Raphael, from time to time, lays down his palette in the Stanza where he is painting, to come and see the new creation which is springing from Angelo's pencil. In 1512 the vaulting is complete, but the Pope is dead, and the great east wall, which was to be the crown and glory

of the design, stands blank. It can wait. Leo, and Adrian, and Clement, follow Julius at the Vatican; and die, as Julius died. But the wall waits. Da Vinci dies. Raphael dies. Angelo and Titian alone of the five great painters remain, and they are both of them advanced in years. But the wall waits. At last, after waiting for more than twenty years, the scaffolding again creeps up from floor to ceiling; and Michael Angelo, an old man now, is once more at work in the Sistine Chapel. "The Day of Judgment" is begun.

The fresco of the *Dies Irae* fills the whole of the east end of the chapel, and contains myriads of figures. In the centre is our Lord, coming upon the clouds, which are rent asunder as he approaches—revealing Heaven beyond. On his right, clinging to his side, is the Mother. Around him are the countless host of the redeemed—the patriarchs, the prophets, the saints, the martyrs—each with his insignia of glory or of martyrdom. At his feet is the recording angel, and the angels whose trumpets shall wake the dead. The outcasts from heaven are hurled headlong from His presence. They fall into the river of Death, where Charon's boat awaits them, and Charon with his oar dashes them to pieces like a potter's vessel. But the one figure which arrests attention is that of Christ. How shall that be described?

In approaching such a subject as the *Dies Irae* one must move with careful steps. Almost every writer seems to come with some preconceived idea, that gives a false bias to his judgment. One popular author describes the figure of Christ as "a thundering athlete—a nude, wrathful, giant, without one touch of pity or mercy in him"—and condemns it as partly the cause, and partly the effect, of the cruel, dark views of Christianity which prevailed in the sixteenth century. "What a chasm," he says, "separates the Christ of the Sistine Chapel, from the Fair Shepherd of the Catacombs." Yes, but then what a chasm separates also Heaven from Hell.

It is the common failure of amateur criticism to look for qualities in a work of art which are incompatible with the artist's primary intention. I have noticed that while every great painter in Christendom has represented our Lord under the same likeness, the question is perpetually raised as to which of all the likenesses is most like. Of one picture it will be said that the eyes are too stern—forgetting that they are the eyes of Christ when he was rebuking the Pharisees. Of another, that the eyes are too tender—forgetting that they are the eyes of Christ comforting the women who wept to see him fall beneath the cross. Of still another, that the face is passionless—forgetting that in it the eyes are fast closed in death. When Michael Angelo paints the Infant Saviour, caressed by Mary and Joseph, he represents him as a happy child. When he paints "The Word" as Creator, he expresses strength and benignity. When the dead Christ lies once more upon His mother's knee, he shows the pity of it. When Christ rises to judge the world Michael Angelo represents him as the Avenger. Did the beloved disciple darken the imagination of Christendom? And yet he writes—"Behold He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him; and all the kindreds of the earth shall bewail because of Him. Even so. Amen." That is what Michael Angelo has painted.

I have placed here side by side for the purpose of comparison, two representations of the face of Christ. One is from the Veronica of S. Silvestro—the other is from the last work of Michael Angelo, now in our National Gallery. It will be seen that they are alike. Line for line a tracing of one is indistinguishable from a tracing of the other. Just as Da Vinci, in his fresco of the Last Supper, followed the earliest records of Christian Art, so Angelo takes as his model an old relic of the catacombs. Think of it! Michael Angelo searching for the Likeness of Christ, finds it, not in the splendid visions of his imagination, but in a rude drawing, by an unknown artist, on a face-cloth taken from the grave of one of the first martyrs.

How is it then that this great painter, knowing the Likeness, and following it in all his other paintings and sculptures, in this one picture of the *Dies Irae*, did not follow it? It is because the figure of

Christ in the *Dies Irae* is intended by him to be a symbol only. Looking back into the infinite past, or forward into the infinite future, the painter sees Christ—but sees no marks of the passion, no pain, no acrostic, or the figure of a lamb. It is true that the symbol chosen by Michael Angelo is greater than these, and more worthy of the Redeemer—that is only in accordance with the genius of the painter.

THE HOLY FAMILY

The painting by Michael Angelo in the Gallery of the Uffizi
(From a photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl)

sorrow, no suffering, no infirmity of the flesh—but Christ related to us only through the taking upon himself of our nature. Instead therefore of a likeness the figure becomes a symbol—as frankly a symbol as are the first two letters of his name, XP, or the word ΙΧΘΥΣ, the sacred Michael Angelo was not content to represent a letter of the Greek alphabet judging the world.

The glory of *imagination* came to Art, then, through Michael Angelo—as it had come to Poetry through Dante. Heaven

and earth and hell alike yielded tribute to his genius. Angels, and men, and devils, were marshalled before him in visionary procession. Let us turn for a moment from these wonderful pictures, to the man himself, as he stands, his palette in his hand, on the scaffold in the Sistine Chapel. Vasari, who knew him well, describes him to us. A man of spare form, broad shoulders, medium height. His forehead square and ample—with seven strong lines across it. His nose is finely formed—but bears the mark of a blow, accidentally inflicted by the mallet of a fellow student. His eyes are not large ; they are blue—no ! the blue is dashed with brown—and they are dominated by great eyebrows. His lips are thin—the lower lip large and projecting. His chin is well-proportioned. His hair is black—until it becomes snowed by age—and his beard, not very long, is divided. His complexion is ruddy. He is animated, amiable, resolute. His memory is very tenacious, his perseverance indomitable. He speaks little—but when he does open his lips his tongue can be as sharp as his chisel. He is full of wit and humour. He has no wife—but like Petrarch and Dante he has his ideal.

We thank you, dear old Vasari, for your description. It brings the man before us face to face. It enables us to understand better his relations with Vittoria Colonna —the beautiful Marchèse di Pescara. How the rude strength of his nature was refined, and therefore made the more strong, by her fine influence, is not difficult to imagine. They were both followers of Savonarola ; and she devoted the long years of her widowhood to all the lovely offices of charity a good woman can perform. The ladies of England who gather young girls around them to keep them from the evil, are only following in her steps. And to her the great painter confided his fears, and hopes, and aspirations. Is it a strange thing that a beautiful woman should be the consoler alike of the poor, ignorant, outcast, and of the greatest genius of the age ? Ah, no. That is only what we should expect from the highest of all God's gifts to man. In one letter he writes : " I am going in search of truth with uncertain step ; my heart wavering between good and evil faints like a weary traveller wandering in the dark." In another letter he tells her that the plan of St. Peter's must be cruciform because " it was thus that the Saviour stretched out his arms for us." In yet another he sends a little drawing he has made for her of Christ upon the cross.

Sculptor, Painter, and now Architect, for we turn to St. Peter's and find Michael Angelo there. In 1547 he was appointed architect of the Duomo, in succession to San Gallo, and in 1558 finished his model for the dome. But my subject is the five great Painters of the Renascence, and it would be out of place for me to enter upon a disquisition on the building of a cathedral. I will be content to let St. Peter's tell its own story—just as Angelo himself, as we shall see presently, made marble to speak.

Angelo built me in this city of Rome ;
Laid the cross low upon the earth, and hung
A dome above it—like that mightier dome
Where sang the angels when the world was young,
And the Creator loved it. Now it is old,
And the Redeemer loves it, and has thus,
Creator and Redeemer of the fold,
Stretched out His arms upon the cross for us.

So Angelo built me, with the golden rod
Of the " Seventh Angel," who, in Paradise,
Measured the walls of the new city of God.
Angel or Angelo—for in that blest place
Angels and men see God with equal eyes,
And all his servants serve Him face to face.

Angel or Angelo ? It is a curious question to be suggested by the sacred text. It is, however, suggested only—not answered. Perhaps the writer could not answer it. Perhaps it cannot be answered until we know what is the difference between a man, and an angel. The measurements given by St. John are like the measurements of an architect—by scale. They are, he says, " according to the measure of a man, that is of an angel." Is then the spirituality of its use a measure of the fineness of fine art ? It cannot be so—for pagan temples, foul with unholy rites, are not less lovely, considered as architecture, than the church which is the consecrated expression of Michael Angelo's

THE LIBYAN SIBYL

From the Fresco by Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel

passionate love of Christ. Or is the beauty of the service Art renders to Religion a measure of the spirituality of the worshipper, and of his acceptance by the Divine Being? Again, no. It is inconceivable that God should delight particularly in Gothic or Renascence, or be more gracious amidst Corinthian columns than amidst columns of the Doric or Ionic orders. There must be a difference

between the measure of a man and of an angel—between Art, that is, and Religion —if only, we can discover it. I think that Michael Angelo had discovered it.

Sculptor, Painter, Architect. Have I not left one word out ? Ah, yes. Michael Angelo was a Poet also. Among the sculptures which adorn Florence is the figure of " Night," in the mortuary chapel of the Medici. It made so powerful an impression at the time that many poets vied with each other in celebrating it in verse. A stanza attributed to Strozzi is thus translated in M. Clement's beautiful monograph. " This Night, whom thou seest slumbering in such sweet abandonment, was sculptured in this marble by an angel. She is alive, although asleep. If thou wilt not believe it, wake her, and she will speak."

To this Michael Angelo replied in verses equally polished, and with an exaltation of thought which lifts him as a poet to his own level as a sculptor. " Sweet to me is slumber, and still sweeter to be in marble. Not to see, not to feel, is happiness in these days of baseness and dishonour. Wake me not then, I pray thee, but speak low."

The end came in 1564. Michael Angelo had survived Vittoria Colonna sixteen years. Sixteen years of regret that when she lay dead he had ventured only to kiss her hand, when he might have kissed her lips. Years of unremitting labour—he was upwards of eighty years old when he began the dome of St. Peter's. Years of exile, for the battered old Republican refused to return to renegade Florence. Years of declining health, the springs of life decreasing day by day, the heaven-sent frenzy which makes everything easy to the young genius, flickering and going out. Years of silence and reserve. " I go my way alone." Body and soul were separated on the 18th of February, in his eighty-ninth year." The man with the broad square forehead, with seven lines straight across it," would be seen no more in the streets of Rome, or leaning on the Ponte Vecchio at Florence. The soul of Michael Angelo remains with us in his works ; but his body had still to be fought for, like the body of Moses. Rome and Florence disputed for its possession. Immediately after his death the great painter was carried, by command of the Pope, to the church of the Holy Apostles, to remain there until a mausoleum worthy of him should be raised in St. Peter's. But the Florentines contrived to steal his body from the church, and carried it by stealth to Florence. There it was received at midnight, the oldest and most distinguished of the Academicians—painters and sculptors, and architects—bearing torches, the younger men carrying the bier. The greatest secrecy had been observed, but the news passed quickly from mouth to mouth, and the citizens crowded in thousands to the church of Santa Croce. There Michael Angelo sleeps.

Parables of Jesus

II—The Parable of the Sower (*continued*)

LAST month we were trying to learn the lesson of the parable of the Sower. It is that the fructifying growth of the seed—the "word" spoken to the spirit of man by the Spirit of God—is conditioned by the soil of character on which it falls. To make and keep the soil appropriate to the life of the seed is what we called "the spade-work," to which we must all betake ourselves with diligence. We spoke of the wayside soil — the character hardened by the routine of daily life, or by the familiarity of religious language, which must be broken up by constant recollection of God and by effort continually renewed, to think out and make real the meaning of our faith. We spoke of the surface-soil—the character which is impressionable but shallow, in which the seed can take no deep-lasting root; and we saw the need of finding some root of deep personal conviction. Now we come, in the third place, to the *choked soil*—the soil in which the alien growths of the cares and pleasures of life choke and strangle the growth of God's seed.

"Other seed fell amidst the thorns: and the thorns grew with it and choked it." "There are they that have heard and as they go on their way are choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection." (St. Luke viii. 7, 14). Here, you will notice, the fault is not with the soil itself: it has great possibilities: it is rich and deep enough, but it wants weeding. It wastes its strength in nourishing the weeds. It is not enough that the seed should find a root: it must have *room to grow*.

1. It is very noteworthy that our Lord expressly puts "the care of this world," "the care of this life," among the thorns which strangle the growth of the true life. By "care" He means, not quiet and purposeful thought, but that division of the heart (such is the force of the Greek word), that over-pressing anxiety, that fretting which exhausts the energies of life. How hard it is for any "fruits of the Spirit" to grow up in the midst of this fretting care any knowledge of the lives of the masses of our labouring folk abundantly shows. I do not think I can do better than quote the following words from the recent striking charge of the Bishop of Rochester*: "The great French preacher, Lacordaire, discussing the salvation of the many or the few, declared that a great mass of mankind would find their salvation through toil. But there is another side to the matter; the sociologist will also tell you that compulsory exertion in the form of excessive and protracted labour blunts and stunts all the faculties,—and our appeal is to one of the most sensitive and delicate of these faculties—man's moral and spiritual sense . . . When we have made the most of the blessings of drudgery and of occupied hands, we must still feel that this heavy mechanical overstrain of task-work yields but little of that which should quicken and instruct the best interests of man and draw his heart to God." No one can doubt that the patience, the cheerfulness, the neighbourliness of the hard-working poor betoken a true and rich soil of human nature, but its capacities are strained and exhausted by this all-compelling "care." I was much struck by the remark made to me not long ago by a good working-man—"You wonder why the likes of me take so little thought for religion. Well, the fact is, we are mostly tired out." The

*The Church's Failure and the Work of Christ, p. 24.

good soil is "tired out": it becomes incapable of moral and spiritual effort. The energies of the soil cannot stand the double strain. Every effort, therefore, to lighten the pressure of toil, to make work more interesting in itself, shorter in its duration, more assured of its wage, makes for religion. And yet it remains true that the Gospel is very specially meant for tired folk, for the "weary and heavy laden." It is to them a gift of rest—the rest, the freedom from fret, which comes with a tranquil trust in the constant love of God. By that trust the spirit rises to the calm of the Divine Will; it is there refreshed and strengthened, and thence it returns to the toil and spreads its own tranquillity over it. Trust in God's care, takes the care which is anxious out of the heart of toil—"casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you." That patience which is always pathetic becomes in God's servants—have we not often seen it?—a certain heroic serenity: it speaks of triumph rather than endurance, of mastery rather than submission. The toil of a man whose spirit rises to God and keeps hold on Him becomes a discipline which helps, not a "care" which strangles the growth of the soul. I am sure that we all, whatever our life task may be, have need of renewing that primary faith in the reality of Providence. The simplicity which really trusts and acts upon the truth that life is ordered by the Will of God always brings with it calmness and strength. "Sit down," said Carlyle's father to his sons who rose from the family prayers, when a gust of wind shook the cottage, to protect the stacks of corn—"sit down: there cannot ae straw be touched but by the Will of God." A simple faith, no doubt, and perhaps crudely expressed, but the faith by which the "still, strong man" is made.

2. "The deceitfulness of riches," "the pleasures of this life"—these also choke the seeds of God. There is even more danger in the pursuit of wealth and pleasure than in the compulsion of toil. Not even the large-hearted Lacordaire could say that some men could be saved by their comforts or their amusements. The soul is more prone to be atrophied by comfort than to be worn out by toil. Any honest self-scrutiny shows most of us plainly enough the astonishing subtlety and closeness with which the little comforts of life entangle the spirit. They are innocent in themselves, so that we are put off our guard, but in the bulk they are very Delilah's cords, and when the spirit is called to make some effort or sacrifice it finds itself tied and bound. "Come follow me." "When he heard this he was very sorrowful for he was very rich." We know not when or how the summons may come to test the strength and freedom of the spirit: let us prepare for it by checking the hold of these comforts of life. Let us keep the upper hand over them by deliberate acts of self-denial; use them, as those who are ready at any moment to dispense with them. It is sadly true that "vocations are missed daily" through mere softness of living. The spirit cannot work its way through the net-work of comforts which have been allowed to become indispensable. You do not accuse a gardener of spoiling his garden because he does some weeding every day. Neither do we spoil or thwart life by deliberate rules of self-discipline. We only strengthen it and maintain its freedom, give room in it for the seeds of the spirit to grow.

I have not spoken of the more absorbing "pleasures of this life." It is enough simply to say that it is sternly impossible for that large class which exists to amuse itself and makes pleasure its all engrossing business to "save" its soul. Is it too much to say that the Thames on a Sunday afternoon would be to any eyes which knew the truth about human life and its destiny an infinitely more pitiful sight than a dingy street crowded with white and worn toilers?

3. But there is a phrase in St. Mark's version of the parable which perhaps comes nearer to the conscience of most of us. The seed is choked by "the lusts of other things entering in." "The lusts of other things"—the jostle of all sorts of desires and impulses. Is it not a phrase descriptive of a type of character very common in these days? They are days of perpetual movement, distraction, dissipation

of thought and energy. Modern character takes its hue from this environment. I saw the other day a bill on a music-hall door, "Lightning changes: programme constantly varied." It seemed a faithful caricature of our modern life—so hurried, so distracted by a thousand influences of newspapers, magazines, opinions, all of which find some response within us. There is, indeed, a very real craving for religion—the very restlessness of men brings a desire for faith, their very nervousness becomes a plea for rest. But these promptings of the true spirit, the reaching forth of the real needs of the soul, are choked by the medley of manifold influences and dissipated desires. The prophet's voice for our day and generation—for most of us who cannot wholly escape its tone—must be not only "Repent," but chiefly "*Simplify your life.*" Go thinning in the garden of your soul; select the plants which you mean to grow: there is no room for all. If we want to be Christians it must be, not by custom or even by mere desire and aspiration, but by the deliberate choice of the will. We must *choose* which of the contending claims of business, pleasure, society, ambition, Christ, we mean in the last resort to prevail. There is no other way of success. If we keep these overcrowded characters we shall "bring no fruit to perfection." If we try to keep both pleasure and Christ our main motives of living, we shall lose both. Those who are able to learn moral truth through striking paradox might read, on this stern law of life, Browning's "Statue and his Bust" or Kipling's "Tomlinson." The one quite certain way of spoiling life is the way of the divided will. It is really not worth while to have a half-hearted religion, for a half-hearted religion spoils not only the service of God but also the service of mammon. We cannot hope our religion to be either a joy to ourselves or a help to others unless and until we have settled once for all that the Master who has the right of the last word in all debates of duty or desire is not self, or the world, but Christ. So far as it rests with us to make our religion a happiness and a power the one thing needful is single-hearted and sincere choice of it as the supreme rule of life.

For this, says our Lord, is *the good soil.* "That on the good ground are they which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it and bring forth fruit with patience." "An honest and good heart." After all that we have said we are not surprised at the extreme simplicity of this description. To be really sincere towards God—that is the great need. Honesty and goodness of heart—given these conditions in the soil, the Spirit of God can rear His seeds. These were the conditions which Jesus sought in His first disciples. For the most part, they were simple, honest, open-air men—like the fishermen on our own coasts who look at us with straight eyes and speak to us with straight words. He knew that in their frankness and simplicity He had the capacity for response. So He could do in them and through them whatsoever He wished. How often we have known gifted but complicated characters, who interested us, perhaps fascinated us, but who disappointed us because we saw in them no progress; and on the other hand, simple men with honest hearts, touched by the grace of God, who moved straight on in tranquil strength. "*Honesty*": we are to be simply honest in the things of religion. It was Newman who said that the man who was wholly honest was already perfect. For if a man is really and truly surrendered to the Divine Will, so that his whole nature is expressed in the prayer, "Speak Lord for Thy servant heareth" "Here am I send me" then the Spirit of God has free course within him. "*Goodness*": we are to have a great ambition to be "good" to hate and despise as by a strong instinct all meannesses inconsistencies jealousies; to be as self-less and absorbed in the quest of goodness as the child is in his play. For what is this honesty and goodness of heart but the spirit of the child? We are always brought back to that great condition of entry into the Kingdom of God—"be converted and become as little child-

ren." In proportion as we are thus open to the Spirit of God we shall grow—grow gradually towards the likeness of Christ. It is for God to choose how full the growth shall be, how rich in the graces of character in the power of influence—"some an hundred fold some sixty fold, some thirty fold." It is enough that we oppose no obstacle to His spirit. He will bring forth the fruit in due season.

Lord, I am nothing in myself: my worth is only what Thou canst make me to be. Make me to love what Thou lovest, will what Thou willest, desire what Thou desirest, serve where Thou sendest, be ready when Thou callest.

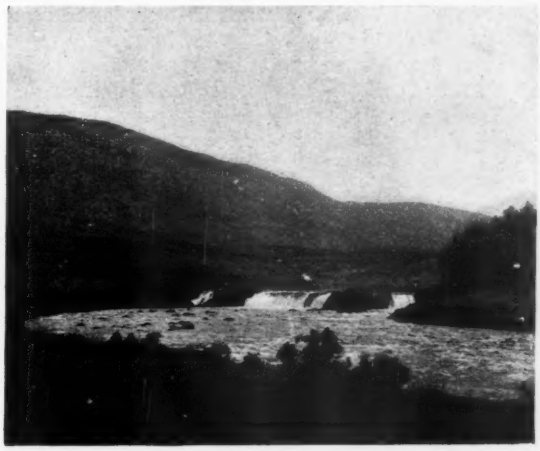
Photograph by] [*Kate Pragnell*

Must I really go, Mother?

The Killaries, Connemara

Described and Illustrated by J. Harris Stone, M.A., F.L.S., F.C.S.

THE Poet Laureate wrote a few years ago, when indulging in prose, "Let the picturesque-hunting artist go to Ireland and he will find endless variety of form and attitude in the lofty and irregular hills. If he be in search of colour he ought to make Ireland his home. It is as though all the rainbow hues of Nature, that fail to find in the uniform sea and sky of the wide Atlantic a fitting and sufficiently sensitive canvas, discharged their iridescent loveliness on the mountain brows of Connemara." After discounting the usual poetic exuberance of expression, there remains a solid substratum of truth in what Mr. Alfred Austin says. Perhaps the late Dean Hole — famous for roses and wit — crystallized the same thought in neater shape when he wrote that the beauties of Connemara are indescribable. Indeed, they are. No truer summing up of the scenery, colouring, capricious climate, and interesting inhabitants could be given. For instance, the weather is emotional—very. Tears and laughter, sadness and merriment in quick succession. We have known in one short day in the Killaries, hail storms, torrential rains, soft misty drizzle and dazzling sunshine alternating with each other with marvellous thoroughness and rapidity. To some people this very changeableness is the greatest charm. Certainly Connemara woos you as a coquettish maiden. The rain pours down and you feel despondent at its persistence and lo! in a moment, when things seem at their worst, all is changed and the warm sunshine tempts you out of your shelter, your damp clothes dry as if by magic, and the past is forgotten in the brilliant joyfulness of all nature around you. No wonder the love of Connemara grows upon you, and the visitor of one year becomes the guide for others another year. Associated with the fickleness of the weather is the marvellous variety in colouring on mountain and lake; peculiarly fascinating, if not absolutely unique, in the afternoons when the sun rays impinge on hill and water at an acute angle. Greens, yellows, the loveliest of orange, blues and purples in every possible and, one would almost have said, impossible gradation of shade and gorgeous or delicate intensity—and never two minutes the same. The air is mild and balmy, never really cold, and the winters are such only in name; indeed, the freshness of shrub, tree, grass and flower all the year round is so remarkable that spring may be said never to be entirely absent from this favoured region. The most obvious indication of what the climate is may be gathered from the fuchsias. These run



Photograph by] [*J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

Where sea and river meet, Eriff River, Great Killary

wild in lovely, unrestrained riot. Not solitary plants in pots, or carefully tended and kept free from weeds in cultivated gardens, taken in in the winter and coddled up in greenhouses. Grand, freely flowering masses of bloom—six, ten, and even more feet in height. Bushes of them, as large as fair-sized elder trees. Hedges of them—as in the Kylemore Pass—literally miles long in two converging lines of startling bright red, to drive between which is an experience alone worth a pilgrimage to Connemara. Common or garden boundaries marked out by trees laden with the four-petalled crimson crosses, enclosing the inner whorl of regal purple, which in turn keep guard over the foundations of the eight turkey-red stamens, and the long spur, shooting out pistil, in every crevice in the walls, in every ditch. In short fuchsias as only Connemara can grow them. But fuchsias not alone. Other wild flowers in abundance to keep them company, some most rare, almost bordering upon the exotic. The ferns along the wayside and in the ditches, most common being the King of all ferns—the *osmunda regalis*—with polypodies and several species of maiden-hair as associates to tone down the exuberance of imperial greatness. Heathers—the ordinary purple, the small bell heather, the large—grow in profusion, and lining the slopes of the mountains to the water's edge, both fresh and salt, mixed with tall bracken afford appropriate purple and green setting for the small white specks on the landscape representing the hardy Connemara sheep.

The western coast of Ireland is much fretted, as if bitten into by acid. These Norwegian-fiord examples of the intrusions of the Atlantic Ocean into the land are most confusing and the casual tourist may be excused occasionally calling fiords lakes, and lakes sea. For when the tide is full and close up to the green of the emerald shores in some apparently landlocked expanse of water it were impossible to tell the scene was a sea—and not a landscape. And when a drive of some twenty miles or more, entirely inland, amongst mountain passes and sheets of water suddenly reveals one of these puzzling phenomena the rule of tasting the water before venturing an opinion may be excused to the Cockney caring nothing for, or knowing nothing of, geography.

The longest and most characteristically Norwegian fiord is the Great Killary. This is unquestionably the feature of Connemara and there is nothing like it in the United Kingdom. Running eleven miles, more or less east, from the Atlantic, this sea attenuation irresistibly recalls the Sogne and Hardanger fiords for it combines, during its length, two extremes of scenery—grand, solitary savageness and minute verdant beauty. The width varies from half a mile to a mile or more, and the mountains on either side run nearly up to the finger-tip at Aasleagh, and are mostly precipitous to the water's edge, particularly on the northern side. Still here and there they fall off and disclose wild glens and torrent-scored, barranco-looking ravines. Such are the Pass of Salruck on the south and Bundorrha on the north, while in striking contrast at Dernasliggaun trees, grass, and ferns in semi-tropical magnificence, soothingly nestle right down to the water.

Mweelrea, a precipitous mountain near the entrance to the Killary on the north, opposite exquisitely situated Rosroe Cottage, rises straightway from the water's edge. It is 2,688 feet in height and from the summit a grand panoramic view is obtainable on a clear day of the west coast for many miles round, of the fiord's guardian islands and the almost innumerable inland lakes. In the picture of the Salruck road, mighty Mweelrea (pronounced Mool-ray) is seen in the background towering over the smaller mountains dividing the Little from the Great Killary.

A more deceptive, old, wrinkled and deeply seamed mountain it were difficult to find. Bald King is its name in English, and bald it certainly is in reality, for no trees grow over its wizened surface. Still the marvellous yellows, orange, green and purple shades of colour which everlastingly play with chameleon like character over its surface make Mweelrea at all times of the day and under all circumstances of weather, attractive.

Travellers of some globe-trotting experience, on a casual view from the southern shore of the Killary, we have heard estimate the height at a thousand feet, with say 250 feet to the shoulder; others have placed it at 1,500 feet. The truth is the air is so translucent that the summit when visible (which is not often, mist generally hanging in clinging masses or in horizontal layers over the upper part) seems much nearer than it really is. to summit. The average-legged person takes three hours.

A creeping, sinuous, silent tide is the Killary in fair weather. When the wind blows in with Atlantic violence from the west a choppy sea of dangerous, treacherous, unpleasantness. The Killary in fact is not safe for sailing boats eastward of Rosroe, the sides being too precipitous and consequently squalls of considerable violence are frequent and top heavy.

Photograph by] [*J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

A morning's catch, Rosroe

Rising, as the mountain does sheer and straight up from the water's edge there is nothing of a known height beside it from which to guage Mweelrea's stature. Similarly deceptive is the Peak of Tenerife, whose gigantic height when seen from the sea is absolutely impossible to be realised. The proof of the pudding is in the eating; the height of a mountain is in the climbing; and the quickest climber the writer has ever heard of who ascended Mweelrea took just one hour and three quarters from the nearest Killary shore, opposite Rosroe,

Sailing is only advisable westward of that point where sea-room begins to be obtainable. The safest boat for such a changeable weather spot is that now mostly used—the canoe or curragh. These are extremely light, constructed of thin deal planking with well tarred canvas outside. They float like corks riding on top of the waves over which they skim with wonderful speed and, if the paddles are kept out, are extremely stable. Of course they are not craft to stand up in, or play the fool in, but for these short, choppy, wind-swept

seas, coast work among the islands, and squalliable inland lakes, are unsurpassed. The ancient Irish had apparently evolved the most perfectly adapted boat for local

Photograph by] [*J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

A roadside study, Rosroe

requirements, the canoe now in use being obviously the direct descendant of the old skin-covered curragh.

The water of the Killary in keeping with its fiord character is deep—more than twenty-five fathoms at high water in its centre right up to the finger tip at Aasleagh. So it affords a splendid anchorage when the difficulty of entering the mouth through the guardian islands has been negotiated. To facilitate this a few years ago on two of the islands—the larger named Innishbarna—were placed marks, consisting of solid walls, twenty feet high, like the butts of rifle ranges but faced on the westward with white tiled bricks. These marks are on the summits of the islands and when got into line indicate the deep water-way into the Killary a little to their north. Before they were placed there the approach must have been a hazardous exploit as the sea is strewn all about with small rocky islets and half sunken rocks. At night the Killary is still of course most dangerous to enter.

The Lesser Killary, only about three miles long, runs inland at a sharp angle from the mouth of the Great up to Salruck. This name is said to come from a certain Saint Rock who once, at some uncertain date, had his abode there at the end of the Little Killary at the bottom of the valley. He was most attentive to his devotions, but once getting lax the devil took advantage of his temporary aberration and proceeded to bind him with a chain. As he was completing the investiture the wind blew the Saint's vestment apart and the unholy one saw there a cross which made him jump—he did not lose his hold on the end of the chain, but he jumped with it in his hand right over the mountain into the Great Killary on the other side, and the chain cutting deep into the mountain scored out the present Pass of Salruck. Since then the spot has naturally been sacred and the place where the saint dwelt was turned into the favourite burial ground of the district. A curious custom is associated with interments here. When the corpse has been interred clay pipes are served out to all the mourners—men and women—and these are smoked in solemn silence. The ashes are then knocked out over the mound and the pipes left behind as the smokers wend their way home. The corpse too is borne three times round the cemetery, and only close relations carry it—preferably those of the same surname.

A tiny Church of Ireland church, built by the Thomson family, occupies a magnificent position at the end of the Little Killary and this year the congregation, including the clergyman, who came on a bicycle some thirteen miles to officiate, used to average about seven. The tiny church is seen as a white speck in the view of the road by the side of the Little Killary, and the superbly grand view from the church door is feebly portrayed in another picture—unfortunately photography conveys not the exquisite colouring!

But the road from Salruck to Rosroe is

worthy of a chapter to itself. Physically it is an awful road—all ups and downs—a switchback of the roughest description, bad enough for horse vehicles—fatal for motors. Yet it is lovely. To see the moon rise over the hills at the back while the sun sinks in a blood-red, golden ball on the west before it plunges into the Atlantic is an experience. Nature, in her most sensitive, delicately-thrilling aspect can scarcely be realised till one has visited the Little Killary. I have seen the sun rise from Tenerife's Peak. I have seen the grand view from the Mountain House, in the Catskill Mountains. I have seen the view from the Stalheimscleft. I have gazed with awe over the eight-mile crater of the island of Palma, but I have seen no view like that in the Little Killary. Description fails one—comparisons then are only left, and they are feeble in the extreme.

Both Killaries abound in fish. A capital centre for both sea trout and pike fishing is at Leenane, where there is a really comfortable and moderate hotel whose proprietor does all that is possible—and with marked success—to afford his visitors sport. One young lady caught this year a pike at Leenane of twenty-eight pounds, weight. The writer has often caught in two hours' evening fishing on hand lines, with mussel bait, from 100 to 150 fine large whiting in the big bay of the Great Killary. "Gunners" up to eight pounds' weight and large pollack are easily caught round the shores of the islands, and dog fish are simply a nuisance. On a long line, laid early one morning this year, the writer caught twenty huge dog fish—like small sharks—most of them between four and five feet in length. To kill these monsters requires some manual exercise, and a tent-mallet, a bludgeon, and a huge gaff were frequently requisitioned for this sanguinary purpose as shown in the picture.

In the Lesser Killary are magnificent oyster beds. The molluscs are large, fat, and exceedingly well-flavoured. They are quite equal to, even if they do not excel, the best Whitstable natives, and yet they have never been commercially put upon the market. Ireland, in many directions, has yet to be exploited. The salmon fishing in the Killary has been a failure for some years though fair rod catches have been made in lakes Muck and Fee. The Erriff river which flows into the finger tip of the Killary over some most picturesque falls—"where sea and river meet"—here pictured, is probably the best salmon river in Ireland. The capricious herring is a frequenter of the coast and bays of this part of Ireland as elsewhere, but its advent in thousands can never be foretold.

For a holiday, for a thorough change of air and scene, a visit to Connemara is probably more beneficial than a visit to the northern parts of the Continent. The contrast certainly is greater. The dress of the peasants is just as different, the

Photograph by] [*J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

On the road to Rosroe, Salruck

manner of life and locomotion strangely foreign (panniers are still used for carrying fish and turf, and pillion on horseback for man and wife a common sight), and the language is much less understandable than is French or German. In many parts of Connemara and on the adjacent islands to this day Irish is more used than English by the peasants among themselves and we have met several who knew no English at all. Connemara is in short more reminiscent of Spain and Italy than of any other countries. And it is now not difficult to get to. The Irish mail leaves Euston at 8.45 p.m., arriving at Holyhead at 2.17 a.m., where trains from the north join. Dublin is reached at 6 a.m. and the Connemara express leaves Broadstone at 7 a.m., arriving at Recess at 12.15 a.m., whence a charming drive through almost unequalled wild scenery, along Lough Inagh, takes you to Leenane, the centre of the district. The time from Euston to Recess is only fifteen hours and a half, and of course there is a daylight route as well.

But though Connemara is a delightful country to travel in, yet it has its sad, depressing, side. Deserted homesteads are everywhere. Roofless cabins predominate. This last year, on some railway journeys at every station on the line farewell "wakes"—as they are termed—were being held, and the terribly pathetic picture seen of farewells—many obviously for ever in this world—taking place. This exodus is so draining the country that very soon, only the old, feeble, incapable and hopeless will be left. In 1841 the population of Ireland was over three times as great as that of Scotland, now it is thirteen thousand less. Already the Unions and workhouses are too big for the requirements of the remnant of the population.

It may be said of Connemara with much truth that God has done a great deal for the district, man little. It is time man woke up and did more.

Photograph by] [*J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

The Little Killary, from Salruck

John Mackintosh, LL.D.

SINCE the historic days when Sydney Smith proposed for the *Edinburgh Review* the motto, "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal," Scotland has been peculiarly prolific in the number of her sons who have not only adopted the motto in a personal sense, but have also in a very practical manner carried it out in their pursuit of knowledge. In the annals of literature perhaps no Scotsman of our time is deserving of more praise for what he has accomplished in the field of historical research than John Mackintosh, who is the author of the monumental work entitled, "The History of Civilization in Scotland." The present seems an opportune occasion for referring to the man and the writer in the pages of *Good Words*, which, in the past, has contained sketches of the lives of famous Scotsmen who have risen from the humblest ranks of life to positions of honour, in the domain of Literature, Science, and Art. The following facts were gleaned during a recent visit to the aged author, and are not without their lesson to all those who are alive to the highest aim in education—the forming of noble character.

John Mackintosh was born in the parish of Botriphine, Banffshire, in November, 1833. His father, William Mackintosh, was by trade a handloom weaver, and for the period of thirteen years had a remarkably chequered career as a soldier. As a Peninsular veteran he fought in many famous engagements, was wounded severely and suffered many extreme hardships. When his soldiering days were over he returned to the north country and occupied a small croft on the estate of Drummuir, in which he remained until his death in 1856. The mother of the historian was a native of Banffshire; her name was Annie Edward. Like the class to which she belonged, she was remarkably intelligent, and was characterized by her famous son to the present writer as a plain woman, of good commonsense and kindly disposition.

Of the family of William Mackintosh, eleven in all, only eight came to maturity, seven sons and one daughter. John was the third son and was at the village school for some three years. At the age of ten he was sent to farm work, but attended school, particularly in winter time, till he was older. One of his village schoolmasters he remembers more distinctly than any others although he was only some six months under his tuition. He was, it appears, not much of a scholar, but he always made sure that what the scholars were taught was learned well and remembered. The memory of this village schoolmaster is one that is kindly cherished by the aged scholar, and while confessing that his most remarkable characteristic was his biting sarcasm, yet, he added, on occasions that he was not slow to use it with a sense of humour. He is inclined to think that, so great was the influence of his early environment, he inherited a share of the schoolmaster's love of sarcasm. Speaking of his school days, Dr. Mackintosh says that if the educational advantages of his youth were of the most meagre character, as was the case in all outlying villages in the North of Scotland at that time, he has reason to remember with gratitude his poor schoolmaster. Always anxious to learn and seeking after information in books and elsewhere, and gifted with a remarkable memory, he absorbed and retained whatever he acquired. If he heard either lecture or sermon he could repeat it easily, for, as he says, it came natural to him. So retentive is his memory still that events of his boyhood are remembered and rehearsed with as much interest as if they were occurrences of the present day.

At the age of ten, as already stated, he was sent to farm work and continued at it until he was in his seventeenth year. He spent two years or so with a grazing farmer at Glass, and remembers his employer particularly for his superstitious beliefs. It was his custom, for instance, on a certain noted anniversary about the middle of May to burn bushes and cut rowan trees in the belief that this action

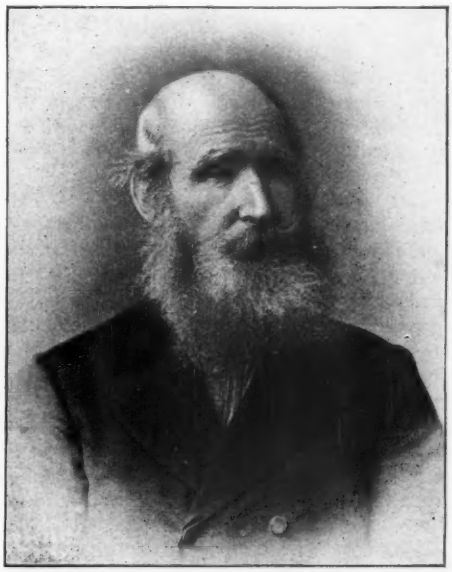
was a sure and certain cure for keeping away witches from his household! Yet this farmer was referred to as a fine-looking, intelligent man, whose worldly wisdom otherwise did not prevent him amassing the sum of eleven thousand pounds. After leaving farm work John was apprenticed to the shoemaking trade, at which he worked for fourteen years in various parts of the north country. But as it is true that each man in his time plays many parts we find that, not content with being a shoemaker for all time, he entered the Aberdeen Constabulary and remained in it for five years. He was on duty as a night-policeman, and while in the service learned a good deal. Next we find him as a soldier in Aberdeen, but after an experience of six months, he purchased his discharge as barrack life was extremely distasteful; the rude manners of his fellow-soldiers he detested heartily, and in recounting his varied experiences in barrack quarters he confesses that. while he did not like it, he was the better for what he learned there.

While he worked at his trade as a shoemaker he read extensively, and was in the habit of discussing all manner of literary and political questions with his fellow-workmen. He became a member of a local society for Mutual Improvement. When he resided far from the city he had books forwarded in which he was interested, chiefly historical works, for after his thirty-first year he had begun to consider the question of becoming an historian, and already the subject of the Scottish Civilization had begun to engage his attention. For this purpose he read extensively, in the hope that, if time and patience were necessary factors for such a task, he would not be found lacking in the dogged pertinacity that is often said to be one of the chief characteristics of Scotsmen in whatever tasks they undertake. It was thus he equipped himself for the extremely difficult task of writing his *magnum opus*, the "History of Civilization in Scotland."

In 1864 we find Mackintosh settled in Aberdeen, and shortly afterwards he gave up the trade of shoemaking. He first of all started as a newsagent in Gallowgate, where he was for sixteen years, and later on he removed to Broad Street. Here he undertook a task that might well have caused abler writers to wonder how he accomplished his work. Amid all manner of interruptions and noise he pursued the work of collecting materials, writing, revising, correcting proof sheets, in a manner worthy of all praise. It is difficult indeed, to understand how any one could carry on the writing of such a work in such untoward circumstances. In one small shop with bookshelves for use, not ornament, and many volumes for reference lying about, and the daily newspapers for sale on the counter, the work went steadily on day by day. He himself has given his own explanation of how he came to his method of working and we cannot do better than give it here.

"It may not be quite out of character to state my own experience on the subject of attention, or the acquired power of concentration. I admit that Sir William Hamilton's statement of the difficulties of commencing real intellectual efforts is quite true, so far as it goes, yet it appears that in many circumstances, the numerous difficulties which have to be overcome at the initial stages are greater than what he represents them to be. In my own case the initial stage was extremely difficult, the circumstances were unpropitious to the acquisition of the power of concentrating attention, as I was almost constantly in the midst of bustle, and seldom alone. By a prolonged course of persistent efforts I gradually acquired a complete power of concentrating my mind, by an act of will, upon whatever subject I wished to investigate. This will be understood when I state that the whole of this history was written and the proof sheets revised upon the counter of my own small shop, in the midst of the clattering of a stirring street, and at the same time attending to customers coming in and out. Thus, though often interrupted, I mentally work on, unconscious of noise. The power of attention, of concentration, and of continuous thinking, essentially depends on the strength of the acquired

command of the will." It will, of course, be understood that no one could undertake the writing of such a large historical monumental work as the "History of Civilization in Scotland" without being in the position of consulting standard historical works. While always in circumstances of pecuniary difficulty, Mackintosh found his chief sources of information in the excellent Library of the University of Aberdeen, where he confesses, "I was enabled to prosecute my special historical inquiries with ease and advantage."



Photograph by [*W. Anderson, Aberdeen*

John Mackintosh, LL.D.

It is not the writer's intention to give a detailed examination of the work with which Dr. Mackintosh's name will be always associated, but it may be permissible to state its nature and the purpose steadily kept in view by the historian. For this purpose we cannot do better than quote part of the first preface Dr. Mackintosh prefixed to the third volume of his history under date October, 1883. He there informs the reader "that the subject has occupied my mind for the period of twenty-three years. It has, however, to be noted that during all this time I was also employed at other kinds of work, by which I earned a livelihood. The form which the work at last assumed did not at once present itself to my mind; it rather arose out of other inquiries in which I was deeply interested. I worked for some time before I became fully aware of the original sources of information; while for long after I had become aware of the most valuable and original materials of history relating to my subject, I had often extreme difficulty in finding access to them for the purpose of my researches. The libraries of mutual improvement societies and mechanics' institutions were utterly insufficient. But it was then chiefly that I prepared myself by a course of philosophic study, embracing metaphysics, psychology, logic, ethics, and politics, carefully reading hundreds of works on these matters, both ancient and modern."

The four volumes of the "History of Civilization in Scotland" were issued at intervals between the years 1878-88, and the responsibility of the work rested chiefly with the author, as it was issued to subscribers in the first instance, by whose encouragement and support it was ultimately carried to a successful issue. As a history it contains very little of what De Quincey calls the "scenical" element—the purple patches of a Macaulay or Froude are not to be found in the volumes. The volumes are narrative and philosophical, and in these modes of treatment it can certainly lay claim to a considerable measure of success. The diction is clear, never prolix, the relative importance of facts is observed in an admirable manner, while vexed questions and complicated historical situations are handled with a freedom and impartiality that is refreshing compared with the perusal of the books of other historians. In the chapters dealing with the social state of the people, their literature, education, and art at various periods of their history,

acts of Parliament, burgh records, local histories, pamphlets, and other sources upon all sorts of subjects, he has dealt with them in a spirit of fairness and with a sense of their historical importance befitting the importance of the task.

In the admirable summary of the work in which the chief characteristics are placed in chronological sequence, Dr. Mackintosh brings his historical investigations to a conclusion in the spirit of one who has been long accustomed to deal with events of the past with insight and with toleration: "I see no necessity for taking a gloomy view of the future. The resources of the human mind are not exhausted. The incidental suffering associated with the existing industrial system may be gradually remedied, as the moral and intellectual state of the people becomes more perfect. Let us all endeavour to eradicate injustice, and embrace every opportunity of ameliorating the conditions of life and human happiness."

His historical writings have been varied, and besides his larger history, Dr. Mackintosh wrote the volume on "Scotland" in the Story of the Nation Series, also "The Revolution of 1688 and Viscount Dundee," "The Valley of the Deveron," and "The Earldoms of Mar," books which well repay careful reading. "The Highland Land Question historically considered" is one of his many contributions to the discussion of a very intricate problem. But perhaps the book that appeals most to the sympathy of his readers is his well-known and popular volume, "History of the Valley of Dee." This book gives in an interesting manner a careful account of the Valley of the Dee from earliest times, not the least important part of the volume being the numerous extracts dealing with the connection the Royal Family have had with the district.

It was but natural that the city in which he had spent the greater part of his life should recognize in some suitable manner his work, and therefore we are not surprised that the University of Aberdeen conferred the degree of LL.D. on John Mackintosh. The late Professor Minto was a good friend of the historian, and interested himself largely in academic circles in seeing that the University conferred this honour on its humble recipient; on one who never was fortunate enough to be a student within its walls in his younger days, but who was one of its most hard-working students in his manhood. It was an honour well bestowed. Mr. Gladstone, when Prime Minister, recognized Dr. Mackintosh's literary labours by granting him the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds from the Civil List, while the present Premier, Mr. Balfour, was also good enough to confer a pension of fifty pounds per annum in recognition of Dr. Mackintosh's work as historian. At the present time it is interesting to record that the citizens of Aberdeen have conferred an additional honour by presenting Dr. Mackintosh with his portrait, painted by the well-known artist, Mr. Alex. C. Fraser. The interesting function in connection with the presentation took place on 24th June, 1904, in the Town Hall, before a representative gathering of citizens.

To-day Dr. Mackintosh is spending the evening of his laborious and well-spent life in going out and in among the citizens who have been foremost in recognising his worth. He is still hale and hearty, and is ever happy to welcome friends in his humble home at 31 Queen Street, Aberdeen. Strange as it may sound, it is nevertheless true that Dr. Mackintosh has never travelled further south than Edinburgh, and that London is to him an undiscovered country! Yet it is true he has travelled widely in the fields of literature where he has derived most of his pleasures. In conclusion, it may be appropriate to quote his own words, which sum up his life story; words, eloquent, touching and sincere, worthy of the man and his work: "In my time I have executed much hard work, and I have often had to sacrifice many of the pleasures which most men hold dear. But my heart and spirit have been sustained by faith in God, and by the inner sense of duty and trust, and thus I have pursued my humble career."

W. SINCLAIR.

Mrs. Procter

THE wife of one poet and the mother of another, Mrs. Procter held for a long term of years a unique position in the world of letters. It is more than sixteen years since she died at the age of eighty-eight, and the people who knew her at her home in Kensington have somehow allowed her memory to pass almost entirely unrecorded. It is a pity that so brilliant and quick-witted a woman never wrote her reminiscences. I believe, from something she once said to me, that she intended doing so, but time slipped on and the vivacious lady was so keenly interested in the questions of the hour and in the society of her friends that the task was never accomplished. A book of recollections by Mrs. Procter would have been fascinating, far-reaching, and piquant, for she had an extraordinary knowledge of literary society, an exact and most retentive memory, a witty, if decidedly caustic, gift of speech, and a courage that at some times was disconcerting in the expression of startling and wholly unborrowed opinions. It was almost impossible to believe even in 1888 that she was as old as the century; she looked at least twenty years younger, and carried herself to the last with a jaunty air of independence. Her slim figure, erect carriage, wealth of snowy hair, fresh complexion, flashing eyes and lively speech rendered it extremely difficult to associate old age with so vigorous and graceful a personality. Yet, Mrs. Procter not merely knew Wordsworth, but Byron, and from Keats and Shelley to Tennyson and Browning, there was scarcely an English poet of any distinction who was not proud to rank himself in the somewhat exclusive circle of her friends.

One of the most amusing letters extant of Sydney Smith was addressed to her as far back as 1841. In it the witty and then Venerable Canon of St. Paul's thanks her with inimitable drollery for sending him a copy of Cobbett's "Advice to a Young Man," and proceeds to congratulate the fair donor on her tact in selecting counsels of perfection so peculiarly appropriate to his own stage in life. The opening line of a poem addressed to Mrs. Procter by a distinguished American—"I know a girl—her age is eighty"—admirably hits off the impression of perpetual youth which she left with all who listened to her diverting recollections of the celebrities of the century. Carlyle knew Mrs. Procter even before her marriage, and summed her up as "a brisk, witty, prettyish, sufficiently clear-eyed, sharp-tongued young lady," and when she was no longer young and sixty years had passed the rest of the description still held good. Her husband, Bryan Waller Procter, better known by his literary pseudonym of Barry Cornwall, was Charles Lamb's "dear lad" of more than eighty years ago. His fame as a poet has suffered eclipse, but in his day he was a notable man. Tom Moore was one of his greatest admirers; Byron referred to him in "Don Juan" as "a sort of moral me," whilst Walter Savage Landor declared that Barry Cornwall united in his poems the best qualities of the "richest moderns and the purest ancients." It was high praise, and we may smile at it, though probably some of our own literary judgments about our contemporaries will prove in the end equally wide of the mark. The other genius of the family was Mrs. Procter's daughter Adelaide, who died ten years before her father, or in other words, in 1864. Charles Dickens has told in his own picturesque way of the manner in which this gentle and sensitive girl under the assumed name of "Mary Berwick" stole into the ranks of the contributors to *Household Words*, and awoke one day to find herself famous—half to her own consternation. Every man whose blood has been stirred by the breezy sea songs of Barry Cornwall, every woman whose tears have fallen over the impassioned "Legends and Lyrics" of Adelaide Anne Procter, can scarcely fail to think with tender reverence of the accomplished lady who as wife and mother in far-off years made the sunshine of the home which two such poetic souls shared in common.

STUART J. REID.

A Canadienne

MORE than two hundred years ago, for it was in the autumn of 1692 that the incident I am going to tell you occurred, there lived on the wild, and, at the time, almost unknown banks of the great St. Lawrence River in Canada, a gentleman of aristocratic family, called the Sieur de Verchères. He was the Seigneur or feudal lord of the manor, a title which still exists with its privileges in Canada, and had been an officer in the army of the magnificent, but not over-Christian King, Louis XIV. His residence was a fortified and palisaded mansion, round which, after the manner of the time, had crept the dwellings of all sorts of labourers and dependents, for the country was still over-run by its ancient owners, the Indians, whose cruelty and ferocity had become a theme of terror to the new-comers. The dwellings being clustered together gave a feeling of security to all, for, should a descent at any time be made upon them, the people naturally found speedy refuge in the little fort, and did their best to assist the garrison.

At the time of which I am speaking, there had been no outbreak on the part of the savages for some months, and these exiles of *la belle France*, for all the people in Canada were then Frenchmen, had fallen into a state of false security, from which, however, they were to be rudely awakened. The Seigneur, a few days previously, had been summoned to Quebec on business of importance. Madame de Verchères was also unaccountably absent, and the head of the family for the time being was their eldest child and only daughter, a girl of fourteen or so, named Madelaine. Every day the wild duck was flying south in wedge-shaped flocks, after nesting and bringing up their young in the far north; and because wild duck is always irresistible, and very likely because they thought the opportunity might not occur again, several of the garrison, in the hope of making a famous bag, had absented themselves without leave, taking all the powder and shot they could lay their hands on. The house, ammunition, and cattle were thus left to the protection of a garrison as small as it well could be—a couple of soldiers, a servant-man, two boys of ten and twelve years, sons of the Seigneur, an old man of eighty, and several women and children.

It was autumn, as I have said, and the settlers were busy in the surrounding little fields getting in their scanty crops. Formerly, such had been the terror inspired by the savages, that during harvest, all the reapers had gone in company from field to field, protected by a handful of fully armed soldiers, who kept a watchful eye on the forests on all sides, in case of sudden onslaught. But now not an Indian had been seen for many weeks, and the harvesters were almost light-hearted at their work. We can imagine the red and yellow glories of the maple woods on both sides of the river, and climbing the hills in the distance, the lazy caw of the crows settling on the newly-cut grain, the dreamy calm of the shortening days, for these things, at least, are not changed. One day the young *châtelaine*, probably on household cares intent, for she was very practical as you shall hear, had gone down to the rude little pier, followed by Pierre, the man-servant. About her all was peace, and the lengthening rays of the sun made a shining track across the water.

But what was that? The sharp report of a musket, followed by distant but blood-curdling whoops and yells! Another—another—and another!

"Run, run, mam'zelle," gasped Pierre, his face grey with terror, "it is—ah—it is—the Iroquois!"

The young girl gave a hasty glance round. It was no mistake—the savages were indeed in sight—and fear gave wings to the feet of the man and his little mistress, as hand in hand they fled towards the fort calling, "To arms, to arms," scarce conscious of the hope that someone would come to their assistance. Their pursuers, in the meantime, finding it

impossible to overtake them, had stopped, but fired again and again, with unpleasantly true aim, until they disappeared. The distance, fortunately, was short, but when the little heroine afterwards said that the bullets whistling about her ears made the time seem very long, no one will wonder what she meant.

Inside all was confusion. The two gallant defenders were nowhere to be seen, and the women were found huddled together in helpless terror. But Madelaine was undaunted by the aspect of affairs. With the hasty conclusion that the harvesters must be left to defend themselves as best they could, she ordered the gates to be at once secured, and ran about from one building to another, making a necessary inspection. It was too evident that all was not as it should have been, for here and there the palisades,

Hand in hand they fled towards the fort

logs planted upright to form a fence or barricade, had fallen down, leaving dangerous openings. There was not a moment to be lost—the palisades must be replaced—everyone must work, and example as well as precept became the order of the moment. Fortunately the enemy had not followed up its first advantage, or all would have been over in a very short time. The gain was immense, and taken advantage of. Under such energetic treatment, all was soon outwardly secure. Now for the ammunition! But here a surprise met the girl. Suddenly entering the apartment where the powder was stored, she encountered the missing soldiers, where they had certainly no right to be, one endeavouring to strike a spark from the flint and steel in his hands. Her look of astonishment was followed by quick resentment as she took in the scene. A moment before she had been saying to her young brothers: "Let us fight to the death—remember that gentlemen are born to shed their blood in the service of God and the King"—and now this!

"What are you doing?" she asked imperiously.

The man hesitated, then replied sullenly, "I was going to light the powder, mam'zelle—it is better than——"

"You are a miserable coward," said Madelaine fiercely, pointing to the door, "go!" The reproof struck home. The man slunk away to the court-yard, where, stung by the contempt of his little mistress, he and the others were soon able to repulse a well-organized attack from without. And now began an exciting and memorable siege, for the savages, tired of slaughtering the defenceless harvesters, circled about under cover, keeping a watchful eye on the enclosure, though hesitating to approach too near.

None disputed the authority of Mademoiselle, and nothing seems to have escaped the notice of the brave girl. By her orders a small cannon was fired, with the double purpose, as she said, of intimidating the foe, and proving a danger signal to the absent garrison. The women and children were induced to cease their shrill wails, lest their craven fear should encourage the enemy—everything that could be seen from without was arranged to the best advantage, and even her own high-crowned cap was removed and replaced by a man's head covering, that the assailants, seeing her, should not guess the condition to which the garrison was reduced.

In the midst of this terrible commotion, a canoe containing a *habitant* and his family from up the river, appeared hurriedly paddling to the shore. They were evidently making for the fort—no doubt for shelter. What was to be done? A hasty consultation was held—the unfortunate canoers must be taken in, or at least warned—but how? To most minds the danger of opening the gate would have seemed too great. Not so to Madelaine. The soldiers were appealed to—she called for volunteers, but none responded—and so, incredible as it may seem, but true, for this is history—this girl, little more than a child, aware of savage scrutiny from every covert, left the fort and went alone to the landing place to meet the travellers. As it deserved to be, the movement was a success. The very frankness of the action entirely baffled the wily savages. In their eyes one who could so calmly face certain death must indeed bear a charmed life. The new party was unmolested, and having gained the fort, the heavy gates were once more secured.

But a still more anxious time was to come. As the short autumn day drew to a close, a fierce wind blew up from the west, giving warning of a stormy night. No doubt an attack would be made under cover of darkness. The troops (!) were addressed with spirit by Mademoiselle, who told them that even if she were cut to pieces and burned before their eyes—such atrocities were not then unknown—they were not to surrender. They were then disposed of to the best advantage—the newcomer, Pierre and the two soldiers were sent to the block-house to protect the women, children and ammunition, while the four bastions or towers, one at each corner, were manned respectively by the octogenarian, the two boys and herself. From these points a constant "All's

well" was kept up through the night, while the storm turned to sleet and snow, and beat upon their defenceless heads. What a night it must have been! Fancy the anxious eyes straining through the darkness, the sough of the wind like stealthy footsteps, and the thought of the hideous fate in store for them if help came not, while out in the fields lay those who had so gaily departed to their work in the morning, their cold, dead faces upturned to the sky.

Long, however, as was the night, day at length dawned, and some, at least, of the anxiety vanished. Courage was restored, and having held out so far, hope of relief came back. No vigilance, however, was relaxed, nor did Mademoiselle quit her post on the bastion, except to make the round of the block house, always assuming as she did so a cheery, hopeful manner that kept up all hearts. As she said herself—for this story was told in detail long afterwards by her own lips, "I may say with truth that I did not eat or sleep for twice twenty-four hours."

This state of things went on for seven long days, the strain constant, the enemy always on the alert, and none can thoroughly understand what alertness is who have not taken part in savage warfare. Fortunately, food and ammunition seem to have been sufficient, and, after the first, there was no thought of surrender. How their condition was at length discovered we are not told,—the duck-shooters, warned by the cannon, must, with incredible exertions, have secured aid—but the state of our heroine when help came is very real, and brings the story home to us. Worn out with watching and anxiety the poor child had gone to sleep, her head upon the table, her loaded musket across her outstretched arms.

Was it all a dream—this sudden tramp of men approaching—the challenge of the sentry? "Qui va là?"—the rattle of arms? Were they friends or foes? She sprang up, and running to her tower called out, "Who are you?" Think of the relief when the welcome answer came back:

"We are Frenchmen! It is La Monnerie, who comes to bring you help!" This was the end of one of the most gallant of defences, and it is not likely the young officer was unwilling to resign her command. Well might her successor say that it had been in good hands.

There is no portrait extant of this brave girl upon which we can rely. The rich dress of the time may possibly have been hers—the brocaded silk skirt and pointed bodice, the high-heeled shoes and powdered hair—but I am afraid our heroine was as unfamiliar with such grandeur as we are ourselves. Indeed, it is quite likely that Seigneur's daughter as she was, her gown was made of coarse *stoff du pays* and wooden *sabots* covered her little feet. But it matters not what she wore. Young as she was, upon her rested the duties of the Seigneur her father. Life and property were under her charge, and she would have died rather than prove unfaithful to the trust. Her story would be difficult to match in any other country.

KATHARINE L. MACPHERSON.

The Religion of Little Children

THIS was the subject of an address at the Liverpool Conference in October. Who really understands the subject? Few, though "grown up" in years, are so much in sympathy with little children as to comprehend the extraordinary ideas which possess their minds. Whoever remembers his own early ideas of religion clearly, must acknowledge they were theories evolved partly from his own inner consciousness, so unlike were they to anything which could ever have been actually taught. Crude, ignorant, humorous, entirely just, and very pathetic are some of these thoughts of little children, often beautiful, holy, far exceeding the theories and dogmas of their elders, in spirituality, in true inwardness and perception of the meaning of the parables of nature.

Generally these ideas are not spoken of to their elders, they remain among the hidden things of childhood, which help to mould the character, and rule the life. In later years, however, they become memories to be smiled over, still, they are also memories which have more influence than is generally realized, for they soften the impulse to sneer, and prevent the materialistic spirit from sweeping away everything beyond its comprehension, they hallow the common things of grown-up life, and keep alight the spark of spirituality, which grows so dim with the passing of the years.

"The religion of little children!" What a confused jumble it is—of grown-up teaching and of childish experience, and experiment, but when tested according to the childish standard, how firm and steadfast! So much of a little child's religion is, apparently, no less than a God-given inspiration that it surely behoves those who would teach the little ones, to approach them very reverently, putting off the shoes of conventional dogmas, which weigh down their grown-up feet, for the spiritual ground whereon these children stand is indeed "holy."

A firm belief of one little child was, that at sunrise and sunset, Heaven's gates of pearl were opened to admit the souls of those who had died on Earth during the day or night, just past. The brilliant sunrise colours and tender evening lights were but the gleams of glory shining through the open gates. Moreover, if you watched carefully, it *perhaps* would happen that you would see the Angels, and it might be, even Mother herself, who went to heaven long ago, would come to the threshold to look upon her little child on Earth. And the Child watched patiently through the sunset hour, having a dim and hazy idea that, as only one person at a time in all the world, like the cripple at the Pool of Bethesda, could have this Vision of the Unseen, so it was possible she might have to wait and watch through many sunsets until her turn came.

A thunderstorm in those days to the child was but the opening and shutting of the Everlasting Gates, as the King of Glory passed through. The Child dreamt this, and, therefore, thought it *must* be true, for had she not been taught that God always whispered the truth in dreams to people in the olden days! It was so easy to believe, for there was the actual clanging of the great gates to be heard, and the bright gleams of light to be seen, so loud and so brilliant, that grown-up people, who knew everything, used to say, "the thunder is close to-day, only ten, perhaps only five miles distant."

A marriage having taken place in the family, to which this child belonged, the consequence, was that "weddings" became a favourite game with the children. On one occasion, Sissie, aged seven, decked with flowers, was to be the bride, Charlie, a year younger, with a white night-shirt over his sailor suit, was the surpliced clergyman, and various cousins took the parts of bridegroom, bridesmaid, best man and guests.

The ring was the difficulty, for, since these weddings had become so frequent, the brass curtain rings had disappeared

so often out of nurse's work basket that she had issued strict orders no more were to be taken.

However, the children discovered a ring. It is true it had a chain attached to it from which a crochet-hook was suspended. This was awkward as they could not be separated. But, ignoring these impediments, the children carried on the Service in the garden under the Olive Tree, using the very small ring, which had to be firmly pushed down on to the little bride's finger. The Service was over, and the Wedding Feast, served in plates of green leaves with the flowers of the white madonna lily for champagne glasses, was in full swing. Suddenly the Bride, trying with a broken penknife to cut a sugar biscuit which did duty as a wedding cake, discovered to her dismay that her wedding ring with the brass chain, and pendant crochet-hook could not be taken off her finger. As this had been taken without leave from a Russian leather case, which was one of Nurse's cherished possessions, the culprits were loth to go to her in their trouble. Many attempts to remove the wedding ring only resulted in reducing the poor Bride to tears, convincing her that she was doomed to wear the ring, chain, and hook, dangling from her little finger, all the long life that stretched before her. At last the would-be clergyman proposed they should ask God to help them, suggesting he, himself, had better say the prayer as he wore the Surplice.

So the little company knelt down under the old Olive Tree, this time in earnest—the remains of the interrupted feast spread out on a garden seat on one side—while Charlie in his Surplice knelt in the wide fork of the old tree which had been his pulpit and explained to "Dear Our Father God," the difficulty. Sissie cried bitterly and knew she deserved the punishment, for she was the eldest, seven years old, and had led the others to disobey nurse—but she sobbed—"if only God would forgive her, and take away the ring and not let her wear it all her life, she would always try to be good." And God heard the children's prayer, and when they stood up, believing implicitly in His Power and Will to help them, lo, and behold! the ring came off quite easily—the day of miracles was not yet past, and the faith of the children in "Our Father God" was established beyond yea or nay.

Then, standing quite reverently, the Wedding Party sang with thankful hearts the chorus of the children's hymn—"All glory, laud and honour!"

Nurse scolded them afterwards for "playing at church" and singing "real hymns," but the children kept their secret and knew God "would understand and not be angry." For, as the bridegroom said, singing a hymn was the only way in which they could say "thank you" together to God.

Sissie and Charlie were motherless, but were taught by a careful, orthodox father, a stern, upright nurse, and a loving, white-haired grandmother, and yet the working practical religion of their two small minds would have shocked and horrified their elders.

The girl, delicate and nervous, suffered from sleeplessness. The "terror by night" simply overwhelmed her, and she prayed nightly with pitiful earnestness that God would let her sleep "while it was dark." "She would not mind how early she waked," she pleaded. But in spite of prayers, the long hours of darkness dragged by sleeplessly.

Then one night the small brother gave his opinion—"I know Sissie, why God does not listen to you. You must be naughty and God does not love you; He only gives "His beloved" sleep. It says so on mother's grave. *You* can't be one of "His beloved." Sissie accepted the explanation, it was very likely, for there were many things whereof her small conscience made her afraid! So the next day, in nursery parlance, she "turned over a new leaf," and desperately tried to be "good." And yet—and yet, that "horror of a Great Darkness" possessed her; she could not sleep, evidently, she thought she was not one of "God's beloved." Another consultation was held as to the reason; it never entered either little mind that God did not hear, or could not send sleep—it was that He *would* not for some special reason, which they must find out.

At last Sissie confessed to her stern uncompromising little judge that she had said this prayer in bed, being far too shy to speak of this terror aloud, in her evening prayers said at nurse's knee. Charlie swiftly denounced "saying prayers in bed" as "mean and cowardly," so Sissie tried to do without praying at all, for the fear of rats, snakes and scorpions in that hot Eastern Country was too real for her to dare to kneel on the floor in the dark. And then, as she lay in bed sobbing, her weary frightened little heart beating wildly, the moon rose quietly, and shone in through the window and a Great Thought came to the child. "Grown-ups" called It the moon, but this beautiful light which had come to her was really the Christ! He who had once been a little child, Who understood all about the darkness of the earth, and the rats, snakes, and scorpions; and He had come now to take care of her, and would explain it all to God. So she crept out into the brilliant moonlight, not afraid any more, and prayed for sleep, and her request was answered, and she was one of "God's beloved" that night—and slept till morning. But the moon grew smaller and smaller, and again she was afraid of kneeling in the dark until Charlie heroically came to the rescue, offering to watch her toes, if she put them into the remaining gleam of moonlight, while she prayed, for, he surmised, "Christ has other children besides you, and He is turning away to take care of them." At last the time came when there was not sufficient moonlight even for the little feet, and the children were in consternation until they remembered that Father had taught them there were Three Persons, and yet but One God. Also Father had taught them that Christ had said "He would not leave His people comfortless," but when He went away He would "send a Comforter to them." Out of this orthodox teaching these two little children in their need, evolved the following astounding theory. The Three Persons must be the sun, moon and stars, for were they not all of one Light, and surely that was why when the moon went away the stars shone out instead; this also seemed quite easy to understand. Of course the stars must be the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, Christ promised to send in His stead, so that even at night, when there was no moon, His children should not be alone, or quite in darkness. And the child was comforted by this belief; truly the "religion of a little child," crude and ignorant, but perhaps touching a great truth with its baby hands of faith.

In after years, when the child had become a woman, faith almost gone, the problems of life pressing heavily, bewildered with temptations; "in the dark," mentally, morally and spiritually, this memory came back; only the memory of "the religion of a little child." But yet it soothed the time of despair, it held a promise that those dark hours also would pass, perhaps the Christ *had* "hidden His Face" for a time, but surely there was a Comforter left in His stead. And as, night after night, she watched the stately procession of the stars across the tropical sky, and learned to tell the constellations and recognise even some of the stars that had comforted her in the nursery in the old home, her heart was touched with the "sweet influence of the Pleiades" and drawn into the "bands of Orion." And the Comforter, the Spirit of God made Himself known to her once again through the stars, as she realized the Master-Mind which ruled their every movement. And once again this "child of a larger growth" acknowledged it was true that—

> "Feeble hands and helpless
> Groping blindly in the darkness
> Touch God's right hand in that darkness."

E. M. T.

The City of Monastir, Macedonia

Macedonia as I saw it

THERE is a glamour about Macedonia—its fertile valleys, the fair temperate climate of its uplands, its splendid harbours—that has fascinated nations since history began. It has changed hands so many times since Alexander the Great was born at Vodena, that the race of Philip of Macedon is lost amid Asiatics from Turkestan and Northerners from Finland; it is the home of tyranny and outrage and insurrection, but its glamour yet exists. Russia and Austria, not to mention the Balkan Principalities, are craving that opportunity may come—are furthering every hint of such opportunity—when they may step in as legitimate sovereigns of that precious land.

Though Constantinople has its thousands of tourists every year, and even Salonica has a fair sprinkling, the interior of Turkey is shut and barred by rigid and polite officials. But as a consequence of the Macedonian insurrection last year, and the relief sent out from England, a small party of under half a dozen, of which I was one, were allowed ingress and facilities of travel to superintend the distribution among the destitute and homeless Bulgarians.

When I say Bulgarians I speak of the people who in this Babylon are in preponderance. There is no Macedonian nation. There are three millions of people made up of eight separate races, Bulgarians, Albanians, Turks, Servians, Greeks, Wallachs, Jews and Gypsies, and each more or less hates the other. All that can be said is that the Bulgarians are in vast preponderance, and as the Turks and Albanians who come next in order of magnitude are Moslems, they are also the representative Christian population of Macedonia.

In the course of my stay in Macedonia, I travelled on horseback over seven hundred miles through country which for the most part has never seen a European, as the nations call those who enjoy western civilization, far less an Englishman. I stayed two months in the city of Kichevo, which only one such European

had visited in the memory of its inhabitants—the unfortunate Russian Consul Ruscovsky who was assassinated by a Turkish soldier. And in these wanderings I was brought face to face with the evil which drives these peaceful industrious people into wild insurrection. It is not a religious evil nor a political one, though both these play their part, it is the grinding merciless absorption year after year of all the profits of their ceaseless labour. The Taxation, which is not Taxation but brutal organized extortion, and so senseless in its methods that peasants will cut down the fruit trees in their fields to avoid paying the duty on them ; and the Brigandage carried on by the Mahomedan Albanians, from which only the Christians are the sufferers, because they are unarmed and quite defenceless.

Things almost incredible in the telling are of such common occurrence as to cause merely a shrug of the peasant's shoulders. In the city of Kichevo there are a hundred Bulgarian families living in trepidation beside a thousand Mahomedan. The Bulgarians through their industry and enterprise have the trade pretty well in their hands. It has therefore become no uncommon incident for a party of Moslems to visit the Bazaar, throw a kerchief into the shop of a leading merchant with the demand that he should fill it with so many pounds gold; non-compliance of course means death. Did this need confirmation a visit to the Christian burial ground satisfied me, where on many slabs were the significant words—" Shot at the door of his shop."

No Christian is permitted to enter the Turkish army and for exemption from military service a tax has to be paid of 8s. per annum. This tax has to be paid alike for babies and aged men and is a terrible burden on a peasant with a large family of boys, who is making perhaps under £8 a year. But it is in the taxes on live stock and more especially on grain crops that the peasant suffers worst. These taxes are farmed. At a great price a Jew or a Moslem buys a district and then sets to work to pay himself back and at the same time make a substantial profit. In the district I am best acquainted with the tax-gatherer leaves the Mahomedan landowners alone. If they pay anything it is a lump sum by way of bribe, that is all. So that the price the tax-gatherer has given the Government and his own profit must be wrung from the luckless Christians who form the poorest class.

Indeed if the Bulgarian peasantry of Macedonia are sordid and mean there is good excuse ; deceit and duplicity are their sole protection. In one village I found that for fifteen years they had been unable to pay their taxes and that they were in debt to the amount of £2,000 to various tax-gatherers, and they were hard put to it to pay the interest of 40 per cent. Men are forced to leave their homes and work for years in foreign lands that they may get their fields free from debt.

I once spoke with a bright, intelligent young Bulgarian, who had come back from two years' work abroad. He had been, the previous autumn, with the revolutionary bands. Indeed there are few intelligent young Bulgarians who have not. This man was tall, handsome, of splendid physique. He was married. I could see his little son playing at insurgent on the burnt wall of the cottage, a shepherd's crook for rifle. " Why," said I, " do you leave this valley, where corn grows for the mere sowing, leave your home and family and work for years in Servia where the land is poor and the people strangers ? "

His expressive face became bitter and sad. " Gospodine," he said, " it is not that I do not love my people and this valley. I fought for them last year—I would fight again to-morrow if it were needful. But live in it I cannot. Three years ago I left here to work in Belgrade as baker, for I was in debt to the tax-gatherer for £T2½. I came back a year ago and went to the tax-gatherer with the money I had brought back from Servia—seven pounds. But the man demanded seven and a half pounds in discharge of his debt. So behold ! with all my two years' labour I am still in debt ; " and he gave a despairing shrug of his shoulders.

" But why not emigrate ? " I asked, " You and your wife and your little son. Why not go to free Bulgaria ? "

" Even if I wished to leave my valley

for good I could not; when I go to Servia to work I must first give securities that the taxes will be paid in my absence."

No, of course the government does not want to lose the chief source of its income. Such industrious creatures are too valuable to part with. And think of the loss to the tax-gatherer!

It is about the time when the corn ripens and is ready to be cut that the tax-gatherer makes his appearance. He will give a cursory glance at the fields from the saddle and jot down in his note book what is due. "I must have five loads from here;" he will say. His due is a tenth of the crop. Yet in all likelihood the peasants will not manage to gather more than eight or nine loads altogether. Or the tax-gatherer sees the corn in stooks and will pronounce the stook to contain 30 okes of grain each (an oke = $2\frac{3}{4}$ lb.) and demand his ten per cent. at that valuation, whereas they really contain perhaps ten or fifteen okes. If the villagers resent the exorbitant tax, the tax-gatherer has the power to forbid them to gather the harvest. And sometimes the sheaves are to be seen lying moulding in the fields far into autumn; then hunger steps in and the peasants have to submit.

A Girl from Struga

But there is a worse evil still. To the west of Macedonia there rise chains of great mountains impassable during six months of the year. At the back of those mountains dwelling in solitary strongholds here and there, in wild forbidding valleys, are the Albanians—"the people of the Eagle." They do not take kindly to an agricultural life: their valleys are too desolate and besides they have a sort of pride which forbids them undertaking such a lowly occupation. And so the great part of them live by brigandage. Throughout the summer these Arnauts raid the villages of Western Macedonia. Bands consisting usually of between fifty and a hundred men patrol the mountains, pouncing down every now and then on some wretched village. On these occasions the peasants must drive in their flocks on pain of death, and the leaders of the band make their selection. They are good judges of stock; the horses an Arnaut band rejects will not fetch much price in the bazaar. Corn, of course, does not appeal to them. So, if they are in a good humour they will compromise matters by making a collection of the valuables and ready money of the peasants; if on the other hand luck has been against them they will probably make bonfires of the barns and granaries. And, when the crags are echoing the bloodthirsty songs of the days of Skander Beg, as the marauders drive off their booty, the villagers forming sullen, despairing groups discuss the gloomy future of starving winter days.

Often for no cause whatsoever, but in mere savage wantonness, the Albanians burn the villages they have pillaged. One village near Kichevo in four years lost six hundred head of cattle and was twice

burned to the ground. And last November a band of Arnauts passed through the Kopach Valley on their way home into Albania. There had been fighting in that district during the insurrection; and, what between forced gifts of provisions to the revolutionaries and a thorough loot by the Bashi-Bazouks, very little of value remained. In chagrin at the lack of plunder the Albanians set fire to the four chief villages in the valley, and the peasants, who had been hiding in the mountains, came back to find themselves without food, shelter or clothing in the first snows of winter. To my certain knowledge twelve hundred persons were rendered destitute.

I visited the Kopach Valley a month after the devastation. Sleeping in the best house in Lahtchani I never in my life spent such a miserable night; I could scarcely sleep for cold. The inhabitants were living in huts of mud and straw, and the snow fell on them as they lay huddled together blanketless seeking to keep each other warm. The children were in many cases naked; the rags of the older people scarcely covered them. "And why," I said to the Koja Bashi or chief man, "don't you all leave this valley and go further east where the Arnauts do not penetrate?" Some years ago, was the answer, after exceptionally bad treatment at the hands of the brigands, a scheme of emigration had been decided upon. A delegation was sent to the Valli Pasha at Monastir, petitioning him to allow the inhabitants to remove to a safer locality. A week passed and the envoys returned under an escort of gendarmes and in chains.

On villages far from the boundaries of Albania, which are for that reason seldom visited by brigands, blackmail is levied. An agent from the Arnauts is sent every year to collect the blackmail from each household. The sum demanded is proportionate to what the family pays in taxes.

If a man makes, say, £T10 a year, he will pay away £T4 in taxes and £T2 to the Albanian brigands. The Bulgarians near Samakov, the great iron centre, lately plucked up courage enough to refuse blackmail to the agent. The Arnauts took very summary measures to bring them back to their senses. Islam Onbashi, an ex-corporal of gendarmes, a brigand with whose name mothers frighten their children, sacked the village, burned it, and carried off a number of women, whom he held to ransom.

There is nothing so savage as these Albanians anywhere in Europe. Subjects of the Sultan merely in name; passing as Mahommedans, but often entirely without a creed; upholding the vendetta or blood feud; without any written language; possessing no organized government, their lives are spent in ceaseless fighting. Year in year out they are engaged in party wars—clan with clan, family with family. To travel in Albania is to return to the middle ages.

There is an edict of the Sultan which forbids private persons to bear arms in his dominions. The law is only enforced upon Christians. Every Moslem carries a rifle when he travels. A Turkish bey will not go to market, will not even visit his farms unless he bears a rifle slung across his shoulder and a couple of revolvers stuck in his sash. The Arnauts know better than to molest one of these; and so the defenceless Christians are their prey. The wealthy landowners in Macedonia, the beys and pashas who, owning the best of the soil, reap large incomes from the industry of their Christian serfs, are never annoyed by the incursions of the Albanians. The losses of the poor, the Christians, whose voice is unheard in high places, do not afford excuse for the Government to take action; and besides the gendarmerie is full of Albanians, in sympathy—often in league—with the brigands.

It is not surprising then that the Bulgarians have been roused into rebellion. Indeed, I have marvelled that humanity could endure so much. And yet it has often been said that the 'Unrest in the Balkans' cannot be calmed, that there is something volcanic and rebellious in the nature of the people. But to say this is to utterly misjudge the Bulgarian temperament.

The Bulgarian peasant is unemotional; he seldom laughs heartily and as seldom

makes much fuss at his misfortunes. If he meet a friend after long absence he will not gesticulate or palaver; he gives a fierce handshake—that is all; and then he will sit down with him and exchange the news with a mild joke here and there. If his house is burned and his property scattered to the winds he does not tear his hair in anguish or even curse very bitterly. He sets seriously to work to rebuild his home, with that fervent trust in God which is the comfort of the suffering. And if he was 'out with the bands' last year, he will tell you frankly that he grudged the loss of time the fighting entailed.

And here let me bear witness to the virtues of the 'Unspeakable Turk'; he is not half as black a villain as he is painted—indeed, he is no villain at all. His Government is corrupt and fails to govern him. But in the Congo things are just as bad, and we shower no epithets on the Belgian nation. The Turkish soldier is ignorant, rather stupid, but as kindly, pleasant, good-natured a fellow as one can meet with anywhere. His government feeds him badly, clothes him worse, and in winter he does sentry duty in rags and bare feet. One can condone his pilferings of stockings and beans. During the insurrection his officers kept him in very fair

A Bulgarian Woman from Smilevo

control. Very little violence was done by the soldier, and, with the exception of Krushevo, very little burning. It was the Mohammedan peasantry, whom the Government allows to bear arms, the Bashi-Bazouks, who are not Turks but Mohammedans of mixed descent, who did the mischief. Following in the rear of the armies they did little fighting, but much

A Mahommedan Bey from Kitchevo

outrage and massacre. They made the insurrection an excuse for attacking and plundering their Christian neighbours. And it is they who are responsible for the tale of last year's misery, amounting to a hundred villages utterly destroyed, and over 80,000 Bulgarians made destitute.

But there is another popular error which ascribes the Macedonian insurrection to the intrigues of Bulgarian statesman scheming for a 'greater Bulgaria.' The Macedonian insurrection was planned and effected by the Revolutionary Committee which consists entirely of Macedonians, and its President, Dr. Tatartcheff, is a member of the most influential family in Macedonia. In every village, however small, there is a branch of this organization in touch with the heads at Sophia. I have travelled in the most out of the way districts, but everywhere the peasants were hoping for a renewal of the insurrection, and I have no reason to believe that the aim of the movement was other than to obtain a mitigation from the crushing taxation, some protection from their savage Mohammedan neighbours, and from the depredations of the Albanians. For the Bulgarian peasant of Macedonia has no lofty national aspirations. He wishes to live in peace, enjoy the fruits of his toil, and die a natural death.

NIGEL CARLYLE GRAHAM

Before Chloroform

IN passing through the crowded slums of any large town it sometimes happens that the eye is arrested by a building that bears, in contrast to its squalid surroundings, an unmistakable stamp of nobility.

This superior air may possibly be observed in the low breadth of handsome though discoloured masonry, with deep set windows, which support coroneted arms as well as the family washing, or, on a nearer view, in massive pillars framing the wide doorway, from which the door itself has long since departed.

In an unfashionable quarter of Edinburgh, lying between the Meadow Walk and Arthur's Seat, there stands an old house answering to the above description. It is a two storied block, rearing quaint chimneys from unexpected corners, and bears a date above the lintel which shows that the building was a year old when Darnley's dead body was found, not a hundred yards from its door, lying among the trees in the Dominican's garden.

To-day, however, the old mansion is fairly choked to suffocation amid interminable houses that seem, as it were, squeezed to unnatural height by the pressure of congested masses of masonry. In one of these rows which run their melancholy length to the Pleasance, the house is with difficulty to be found, a little withdrawn from the main street as if in scorn of its unsavory surroundings, and facing a back lane rather than overlook the vulgar irregularities of its neighbours.

Although the old house has stood here so long, and has sheltered so many, yet not one descendant of its former owners can be traced to revive its history, and a name and date here and there above a grave, is all that whispers of an ancient family that has passed as a breath into unknown silence. It sometimes happens, however, that fragmentary incidents, relating to by-gone events come to light. Such at least is the case in this instance, for, on the removal of a lawyer's office of old standing from inconvenient to central quarters, some papers, and a docketed bundle of trifles were dislodged from a box which had remained undisturbed for many generations. The papers give in minute detail the history of one day in the old house. The packet contains a child's half-knitted sock, cast upon needles rusted so heavily as to suggest the idea that time alone cannot be blamed for such corroding stains. It is very evident that the documents have survived to tell their tale, where happier times remain unrecorded, only owing to the circumstances of peculiar pain that surround the incidents about to be related.

In the year 1727 the house, whose present position has been indicated, stood in the centre of a large garden, and, facing west, commanded in that direction an extensive view of richly wooded park melting in blue distance to the grassy slopes of the Pentlands. To the east, on the low lying ground, the houses, crouched for protection under the lion crowned hill, seem to have sunk into a drowsy noon-tide sleep, for the time is mid-day, the season mid-summer, and not a breath of air stirs leaf or branch.

Within the old house the same silence reigns, broken, only as one approaches the staircase, by the whisperings of two people, a man and a woman, seated hand in hand on the top step, who move so little and speak so low that it is evident something unusual is in progress.

"They both told us it would be the saving of her life," Sir Robert Cunningham is saying with dry-throated repetition. "Drummond assured me again in Graham's presence that everything is in her favour. The open air life she has led, her calm placid temperament, her age, only eight—" "Not eight till the tenth," put in Lady Cunningham.

"Not even eight. And just think of the wonderful advance science has made, they say difficulties like this have never been overcome before. This last year, even in the instruments—"

Lady Cunningham pressed his hand convulsively.

"Yes, yes, I know," said her husband tenderly. "But it will comfort you to hear all they told me. The very severity of the operation does away with the pain at the moment. They say it is wonderful how the flesh on a young child heals. Think if it had been her sight she was to lose, darkness always, but—"

"I wish, oh how I wish I had told her about it myself," interrupted his wife. "She did eat the egg after all when I said the black hen laid it. Then I was ready to tell her, when three of the doctors came, and Dr. Drummond was just behind them. I should have had enough courage for Anne as well as myself if they had only let me stay with her, but this waiting on and on—to hear she is dead would be better than the knowledge of such pain, I—" Lady Cunningham rose to her feet and went downstairs after vainly trying to force her trembling lips to say that she must leave the house if she was not to be allowed to go into the child's room.

She went out at the back door, crossed the green to the wash-house, and seating herself there upon a tub-rest pressed her head against the rough brick wall.

This insupportable pain in her heart, what was it? She seemed suffocating, and thoughts ran through her mind in frightful and alarming confusion. A horrible thing was happening. Somebody—somewhere was cutting off a child's leg, it couldn't possibly be her child's? The day of Anne's birth rose to her mind. She recalled the first touch on her face of that soft breath, a beating heart by her side, moving—and with her life, Oh Eternal Miracle! and at that very moment the child might be dead. She heard a voice moaning, and in extremity of distress did not know it was her own, for one piteous prayer possessed her soul, which only alternated with the dire dread that she was losing her reason. In such horror-stricken times hours pass and they seem years. She arose at length, late in the day, and, with trembling knees as one who has made a long journey, returned to the house. The afternoon light was glowing on golden corn, and tender shadows lay across her path. Life everywhere rejoiced and gloried in the abundant sufficiency of some internal force, and the peace of nature's giant strength soothed her aching heart like the touch of some loved hand. Why this tormenting pain when God is everywhere? The operation must be over—Anne would live.

She entered the hall and meeting a servant there, they spoke together in the lowest whispers, so nearly did death overshadow the house.

Lady Cunningham heard that the operation was over, that her husband, unable to find her, had left with five of the doctors to try and get the new bed, advised for the patient. A medical student, one of Dr. Drummond's own class, was to remain all night with the child, who was so weak that they feared the very worst unless sleep soon came to her; the orders also were absolutely positive, that not even her mother was to be allowed into the room.

This unlooked for exclusion came upon Lady Cunningham as an unbearable calamity, and suddenly the world around faded as an unsubstantial dream, and power to deal with the accustomed demands of the moment deserted her. The most familiar objects turned to things of dread. This hateful old dwelling, where Time itself had stood still, that through it centuries of tortured life might flow—how haunted were its walls with ghostly phantoms of the past! She roamed from room to room and from one occupation to another, but turn where she would the silence of the old house was alive and throbbing with the agony of her child. At length, in despair, she found her work box, and, resolving to concentrate every thought on her knitting, mounted, with cautious step, the creaky stair, and sat down upon the landing with her back against the nursery door. She worked one whole round, forcing her mind to count each stitch (so feeble are our means of distraction in hours of need) and then took in at the seam. It was indeed time this pair was done, she had been long enough over it, the first sock was already finished and this one—Lady Cunningham dropped

her hands on her knees—yes, one sock was indeed finished, Good God! she might knit her fingers to the bone and to all eternity, but never again in her child's life would she need more than just the one. Lady Cunningham buried her face in her hands and wept with such passion of pain that the tears, bursting through her slender fingers, poured in torrents on to her lap. She raised the little sock to her lips as if it had been some living thing, pressed her face against it and covered it with kisses, while slowly daylight faded into dusk, and round her fell the solemn shades of night.

It was nine o'clock by the horn-cased watch in the medical student's pocket, when its owner, who sat watching the sick child, became aware of a stifled noise quite near him. He looked at the child, who was lying wide awake as she had done the whole long day. Her eyes were fixed upon him, they always met his when he looked up from his book, and for the fortieth time he said "Go to sleep, Anne," his conversational powers not carrying him further than the urgent need of the moment. He moved softly to the door, opened it, and in dim outline saw a tremulous shade crouched against the lintel.

"Lady Cunningham," thought the young man, "and I mayn't let her in. There's no sense in the profession to keep a mother and child apart."

He stepped on to the landing and touched the figure.

"Get up," he said gently, passing his arm through hers and raising her to her feet.

"What is your name?" inquired Lady Cunningham.

"Willie Cullen.*"

At that moment a door opened somewhere downstairs, and a fierce frizzling noise, accompanied by a strong smell of cooking, penetrated the house.

"Mr. Cullen, you will find supper in the dining room. Has Anne had what she is to get?"

"Yes. Her milk ten minutes ago, and the bandages need not be touched till morning. But if she does not sleep soon she must—she can't—her strength will never hold out. I was strictly forbidden to let you in—" the young man hesitated, and the thought occurred to him that he would probably be dismissed for disobedience. "But it is her one chance."

He put his hand on the balustrade and asked as he took a step downwards.

"Is she your only child?"

"Yes," replied Lady Cunningham, bitterly, "and I, who have been kept from her when she needed me most, am unfortunately her only mother." And she passed through the open doorway.

On a small bed in the corner of a large room lay a child, and, as Lady Cunningham entered, two pairs of dark eyes, so like each other, met together in glowing silence. The child expressed no surprise either at her mother's absence or at her presence, she had passed unconsciously through the greatest crisis of her life.

Lady Cunningham knelt down on the floor on the left side of the bed.

"Has that man gone away for ever?" asked the child in the husky voice of one who has been long silent.

"No, he's gone away for supper," replied Lady Cunningham in the same stage whisper. The child smiled.

"He kept telling me I must go to sleep. Need I, mother?"

"Certainly not. It would be very rude if you went to sleep the moment I came in."

"There were six of them round the bed," whispered the child, "and they tied a handkerchief over my face. It was very hot."

"It is very hot," said Lady Cunningham, turning the child's pillow. She then walked to the window and threw it open. A multitude of sparrows, startled from the old pear tree where they were roosting flew around in twittering disorder.

"What a lot of birds," said Anne.

Lady Cunningham returned to her kneeling position and passed her arm under the child's head.

*William Cullen, a physician, gifted with such abnormal common sense that he rose to the very highest rank in the medical profession. Born in Lanark 1712, died 1790.

"Yes, indeed, and I'll tell you something about them. Ever so long ago, before this house was built, all the birds in the whole world met together to try a race and see who could fly nearest the sun."

"Who started them?" asked the child.

"The Owl, because he's a silly fellow and only cares to race to the moon.

"Everybody thought the eagle would win, and sure enough the instant they were off he, with his great wings, had soared in a moment far above the others. Up, up he went, till the town was a speck, and the sea just a mark below him. He was above the hills, above the clouds, above the very stars, and so near the sun that he thought he would die of heat. He poised a moment with outspread wings, too tired to fly higher, but certain of the prize, when the most extraordinary thing happened. He felt a rustling at his side and out from delicious down under his wing sprang a tiny wren, hardly bigger than a bee, and, in a moment, shot above him a thousand feet into the air. The wren struck the sun. The heat was fearful, and it drew up the feathers on his little head into the strangest shape, like an open fan, he was afraid they would never be tidy again. Bright burning drops of molten gems tipped each tuft with glowing sparks of fire, the little fan on his head has never shut itself, for the prize was his and he, and all his children after him, have been called the Golden Crested Wrens ever since."

"It was very disappointing for the eagle," said Anne.

"Yes, at first it was, but wait till you hear about him. He thought, being kind, that he would hover as high up as he could in case the wren and his grand gold crown were blown away going home. Well, while he waited a shower of dazzling drops fell on the eagle's back. He thought it was raining and shook himself. Again his feathers seemed on fire and again he flapped himself, and he has been shaking and flapping ever since, but he has never been able to get rid of the brilliant bars that score his noble head and stately wings with glittering stripes, and he and his descendants are called the Golden Eagle to this day.

"How nice," said the child. "I feel ever so happy since you've come in. But I'm very hot. Do you think the window would go more open."

Lady Cunningham crossed the room and looked out. The summer night had shrouded nature's wide expanse, and neither in blue depths nor shadowy earth was there voice or sound. The vast dome above was filled with a thousand silent suns, and in all this mighty universe there seemed nothing so great as Hope.

"Oh God grant me her life," she prayed, and aloud said,

"I'm very hot, too, that comes of racing with wrens in this weather, but wait a minute and you'll be as cold as a key, for I'm going to tell you of the greatest storm that ever raged in Scotland." She returned to her position with her arms round the child.

"Just here, on this very spot where we now are, stood the Black Friar's monastery where a lot of monks lived together, and it was one of their rules to go every night to the chapel at the end of their garden to pray. Well, one night, it was Christmas Eve, a terrible storm swept the whole country. The wind howled round Arthur's Seat and burst with the thud of waves upon the house." The child instinctively drew nearer to her mother. "The Holy Fathers were afraid that if they ventured out they would be blown away, so when midnight came they just went to bed instead of going to church. Next morning it was calm and sunny, and the whole country lay under deep snow. The monks went into the garden and found that all round the chapel were hundreds and hundreds of little footprints marking the snow. The beasts in the neighbourhood had heard that the monks were too cowardly to go out, so the whole four-footed creation had gone to church in their place. There were marks of big beasts and little beasts, and beasts with sharp toes and beasts with hoofs and beasts with soft puds. There were beasts that ran, and beasts that jumped, and beasts that hopped—"

"Is she your only child?"

Anne's eyes closed and her breath came and went with gentle regularity.

"Oh God may she sleep," prayed Lady Cunningham.

"And beasts that hopped," prompted the child drowsily.

"And good beasts and bad beasts," pursued her mother hardly daring to breathe, "and hairy beasts and woolly beasts and furry beasts and—" At that moment Lady Cunningham was startled almost into exclamation by a sudden glow that dispelled the darkness. She turned to see what it was and found that a harvest moon was pouring through the open window its flood of silent splendour. The old house was wreathed in rays of dreamy delight, which also illuminated the time-stained sick room with bright beams that had sped a million miles to work this transformation. But the glowing depths of the whole starry Heaven was as chill darkness compared to the radiance of Divine love, powerless to die, that transfigured with living light this anxious mother's heart, as turning from the moon-lit window to the dark shadows where she knelt, she saw that her child slept.

* * * * * * *

There is, in Edinburgh, a piece of historical ground known as Grey Friar's churchyard—where Scotland signed her Solemn League and Covenant. It is a gloomy place, and aggressive houses, with morbid curiosity, press so closely round it, that, for want of room to dissipate in peace, graves of the dead are forced to infect and corrode the very homes of the living. Summer and winter alike, a dank mist broods low, as if no wind that ever blew could lift the breath left on this spot by countless mourning hearts (themselves long dead) that linger yet about each loved one's grave.

In this spot, then, and in its darkest corner, called the Covenanter's ally, at the extreme end of the long walk and facing it, stands a handsome time worn tomb which bears the following inscription:

Sacred
to the memory of
Sir Robert Cunningham, Baronet, of Craig.
Born Dec. 11th, 1692. Died January 4th, 1749
and of
Dame Anne Gilmour of Blyth, widow of the above.
Born October 23rd, 1701. Died March 4th, 1758.
Also of their only child
Anne Cunningham, who underwent the cruel amputation of one of her limbs at the tender age of seven, surviving it, in the full possession of all her faculties to the great age of ninety-eight years.
Born August 10th, 1720. Died September 3rd, 1818.
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Joseph Priestley, F.R.S.

EXACTLY a century ago died Joseph Priestley, Fellow of many English and Foreign philosophical and literary societies. This remarkable and gifted man was born in 1773, at Fieldhead, in the parish of Birstall, about seven miles from Leeds. His grandfather and father were "makers or dressers of woollen cloth"; but although Joseph was the eldest of four sons, he does not appear to have been brought up to the business. Of his mother, who died when he was a little child, he recollected next to nothing, but he states in his Memoirs that his aunt, Mrs. Keighley, "was truly a parent to me." Mrs. Keighley was his father's eldest sister, and adopted him on her brother marrying a second time.

Joseph Priestley received his early education at a free Grammar School in the neighbourhood and devoted his vacations to the study of Hebrew and other Eastern languages. He had no taste for light reading, but was particularly fond of scientific subjects and experiments. His brother tells us that at the age of eleven he bottled up spiders to see how long they would live without fresh air. It was his aunt's desire that he should become a minister, but as he was delicate it was not considered advisable that he should lead a life of close study. He taught himself French, German, and Italian,

Joseph Priestley, F.R.S.
After the portrait by Gilbert Stewart

in order to qualify himself for an appointment in a counting-house at Lisbon. But shortly before the date fixed for his departure his health improved sufficiently to enable him to remain in England and prepare himself for the ministry. Priestley was brought up as a strict Calvinist and Nonconformist, and the weak state of his health conduced to give his mind a serious turn. He seems to have had an enormous power of imbibing knowledge, for we read of his becoming a good classical and mathematical scholar, and of his studying philosophy, logic, and other branches of learning.

To show how forward he was at nineteen, he says of himself: "When I was admitted to the Academy at Daventry, I was excused all the studies for the first year, and a great part of those of the second."

On leaving Daventry he became minister of a small chapel at Needham Market in Suffolk. The salary, however, was very inadequate, especially as the supplies which he had received from his aunt ceased. Yet, having an impediment in his speech, which made preaching painful to him, he felt that he had no chance of getting other work. Therefore, he settled down to the quiet life at Needham, and applied himself with great assiduity to his classical, mathematical and theological studies. After three years, Priestley received a call to Nantwich, in Cheshire, and there he established a school in which he was employed from seven in the morning until four in the afternoon, with only an interval of an hour for dinner. At the end of another three years he was offered the appointment of Tutor in "the languages and Belles Lettres" at a new Academy which had been opened at Warrington. He removed there in 1761.

In 1763, being then thirty years of age, he married Mary, only daughter of Isaac Wilkinson, an iron-master, of Bersham, near Wrexham. Her age was eighteen, and it would seem that she, at that time, was a member of the Church of England.

This marriage proved a great blessing to Priestley, his wife being a woman of "excellent understanding, of great fortitude and strength of mind and of a temper affectionate and generous, feeling strongly for others, and little for herself." It was at Warrington that he began his voluminous writings, and there, too, he followed up his studies in experimental philosophy and discoveries in electricity. The latter led him into a large field of original experiments, which employed most of his leisure time. After the publication of his "Chart of Biography," through the influence of Dr. Percival of Manchester, Edinburgh University bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Not long after, his new experiments in electricity were the means of introducing him to the Royal Society, and his "History of Electricity" caused him in June, 1766, to be elected a Fellow. After 1770, he seems to have abandoned the study of electricity for that of chemistry, and it is chiefly as a chemist—being the discoverer of oxygen—that Priestley is generally remembered. He made the first public announcement of this discovery in a letter to Sir J. Pringle, dated March 15th, 1775, which was read to the Royal Society on the 25th of May in that year. In 1767 Priestley removed to Leeds, where he was invited to take the charge of the chapel of Mill Hill in that town. Here he remained for six years. He then received from the Earl of Shelburne, to whom he had been introduced by his friend, Dr. Price, the offer of a position as Librarian and "Literary Companion." The Earl stipulated that he should receive £250 per annum, a house to live in, and a certainty for life in case of his (Earl Shelburne's) death, or by his separation from him. This offer Priestley felt bound to accept, as the stipend at Leeds was so small that it left no margin for making any provision for his growing family. The house was in Calne, in Wiltshire, near Lord Shelburne's seat at Bowood. Priestley spent the summer there with his family, and passed a great part of the winter at the Earl's town house in Berkeley Square.

Whilst with Lord Shelburne Priestley had every facility given him for making scientific experiments, and it was then that he published many of his books relating to these, as well as others on

Natural and Revealed Religion and Philosophy.

He pays the highest tribute to Lord Shelburne's character, and his treatment of him, but, eventually, there came a "little rift within the lute"—what it was is not very clear—which ended in the connection being dissolved. According to the agreement, Lord Shelburne allowed Priestley an annuity of £150. The separation was amicable, and they always remained friends; so much so, that some years later, when Dr. Priestley was settled at Birmingham, Lord Shelburne sent a special messenger to ask him to take up his post again, as by loss of friends and being almost blind, he needed some able and faithful companion such as he had experienced in Priestley. But Priestley did not see his way to accept the offer.

The statue of Joseph Priestley in Aston Hall, Birmingham

After leaving the Earl of Shelburne, Priestley's influential friends subscribed liberally to defray the expenses of his scientific experiments and his theological inquiries and publications. He took a house at Fairfield, a mile from Birmingham, and there passed some of the happiest years of his life, the place being highly favourable to the prosecution of his theological, scientific and philosophical studies. A few months after settling at Fairfield he again entered on ministerial work. Though he was far from having conquered his tendency to stammer, he had improved his pronunciation by making a practice of reading very slowly every day.

It would not be suitable in this article to enter into Dr. Priestley's views on religious subjects. Suffice it to say that he had a conservatism of his own which he identified with primitive Christianity. His influence among Unitarians was only second to Channing's, and he conducted a crusade against Arians. But it was as a pioneer of religious reform that he wished to be judged, and as a controversalist he naturally drew down upon himself the animosity of the Calvinistic party, both in and out of the Church of England. Had he lived in these days he would, perhaps, have had more sympathizers, for the tenets he advocated were broad and rational, the outcome of much thought and research.

His publicly-expressed approval of the excesses of the French Revolution made him for a time exceedingly unpopular. "In July, 1791," to quote a contemporary, "a flame which had for a long time been gaining strength, under suppression, broke out with dreadful fury on Priestley's head. A most infamous libel had been circulated in Birmingham, which was of itself sufficient to inflame the minds of the populace; and the fabrication of this paper was attributed to Dr. Priestley." The lower classes, resolved to inflict the heaviest vengeance upon the man who, they thought, had thus dared to insult them, proceeded to extreme measures. The mob burned the meeting house in which he preached, and after committing other excesses, set light to his dwelling. His library, containing numerous unpub-

lished manuscripts, and his laboratory, with its valuable apparatus, were completely destroyed.

So violently ran the party feeling that Priestley, being in personal danger, left Birmingham and went to London. But finding that most of the members of the Royal Society shunned him on account of his religious and political opinions, he withdrew himself from them and devoted his time to writing and lecturing.

Priestley's speculations on the subject of British politics did not go further than a reform in Parliament and in no way tended, in his opinion, to affect the form of government as vested in Kings, Lords and Commons. By many persons, both in England and abroad, he was regarded as a sufferer in the cause of liberty, civil and religious, and the riots at Birmingham called forth such abundant testimonies in favour of his moral conduct and eminent usefulness, that his quitting England was regarded as a national loss, and the circumstances which induced it a national disgrace. At the beginning of the year 1793, he received compensation on account of damages caused by the riot; but the sum fell short of the loss by £2,000.

His son, William, in conjunction with other emigrants, had a scheme to organize a large settlement for the friends of liberty, near the head of the Susquehanna river in Pennsylvania. Priestley went directly to Philadelphia, and thence to Northumberland, a town near the proposed settlement. There in the sixty-third year of his age he and his wife settled.

The death of his youngest son in 1795, and that of his wife in 1796, affected him greatly. After the latter bereavement he went to live with his son Joseph. In his latter years Priestley adopted the doctrine of universal restitution, and looked for *progression* in the future life. When Dr. Priestley had been some short time in America, a subscription was set on foot by his friends in England to enable him to publish his Church History, and his notes on all the Books of Scripture. This gave him great pleasure, as the movement was started without his knowledge.

In the spring of 1801 Priestley had a violent attack of fever, from the effects of which he never completely recovered. At the beginning of November, 1803, his illness grew more serious, and on the 31st January, 1804, the first symptoms of death appeared. He was bright and cheerful, and expressed his gratitude at being permitted to die quietly, without pain and with every possible comfort. On his death bed he expressed his confidence in a happy immortality and in a future state, "which would afford us an ample field for the exertion of our faculties." The end came painlessly and calmly on February 6th, 1804.

The Birmingham people have long ere this regretted the part their ancestors took in driving Dr. Priestley out of England. In 1874 they erected a statue to him, the model of which is preserved in Aston Hall, Birmingham, and is here reproduced. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, just after his death, gives this appreciation of Joseph Priestley: "As a controversialist, no man on record has been more distinguished than Dr. Priestley. . . . Of his abilities none can hesitate to pronounce that they are of first rate excellence. His philosophical enquiries and publications claim the greatest distinction and have materially contributed to the advancement of science. As an experimental philosopher he was, perhaps, the very first of his age."

EMILY BAKER.

Devil's Arrows

HOW long have they stood thus? For what purpose were they erected? These questions must rise in the minds of all who gaze on the gigantic stones. They have been for several centuries a source of interest and perplexity to antiquarians, but no correct solution to the mystery has been found. There is no date nor inscription of any kind upon them whereby a clue to their origin might be gained.

Photograph by [*Frith & Co., Reigate*

The Devil's Arrows, Boroughbridge

According to the local legend they were used by his satanic majesty, when in a fit of rage he determined to destroy the little village of Aldborough—which in those far-off days must have been the famous and prosperous Isurium, the capital of the Brigantes. The mighty weapons were thrown from a hill, some eight or nine miles distant, and, fortunately for Aldborough, they fell about a mile short of the mark, at Boroughbridge, where they have since remained as mementoes of the devil's great physical strength. The arrows, or bolts, as they are sometimes called, stand on slightly rising ground, and may be seen from the main roads leading to Wetherby and Knaresboro'. They stand in a line, and incline slightly to the south-east. The northern stone measures 22 feet in circumference and is 18 feet high. The central and southern stones are almost alike in size and measure 18 feet in circumference, and are about 22½ feet high. The distance between the northern and central stones is 198 feet, and from the central to the southern stone 320 feet.

Formerly a fourth stone stood quite close to the centre one, on the south side, but this was moved in the vain hope of finding buried treasure, and was afterwards used in building the bridge over the River Tut. In 1709 an excavation was made close to the central stone. After digging through a foot of soil, the excavators found several courses of rough stones, chiefly cobbles, laid in clay and grit, and below these, at a distance of six feet from the surface, they found a bed of hard clay on which the stone rested. The stone beneath the soil bears the marks of a first-dressing, and is a little thicker than the upper part. The arrows taper upwards and are slightly fluted, the flutings probably being channels worn by rain and time. They are composed of rag or millstone grit, which is found in the North of England, though none nearer to Borough-

bridge than Plumpton, a distance of about ten miles. In the early days when these stones were erected, the labour and trouble of moving them must have been very great.

By some antiquarians they have been regarded as deities, others consider them Druidical remains. Dr. Stukeley says of them: "Here was in the British times the great panegyre of the Druids, the midsummer meeting of all the country round, to celebrate the great quarterly sacrifice, accompanied by sports, games, races, and all kinds of exercises, with universal festivity. This was like the Pathanæa, Olympian, and Isthmian meetings and games among the Grecians. These obelisks were as the metæ of the races, the remains of which may be traced in the present great fair held at Boroughbridge on St. Barnabas's Day.

In an old book, "The Remains of the Roman Isurium," the writer says: "The especial purpose for which these stones were originally erected, whether for landmarks, metæ of games, monuments of victorious war, passive instruments of sanguinary sacrifice, or as actual deities—history and tradition being silent—still remains to be determined; and the question is commended to the best judgment of the enlightened modern antiquary."

E. WALLACE.

Photograph by [*A. Wallace, Sidmouth*

Father Christmas

The Shelf and the World

"Two Little Savages"—Translations from the American—A Boy's Paradise—Theobald's List—A Young Wizard—A Street Conjuror—Robert Robinson Again—A Good Man's Day—Romance in London—The Fog Detector—Nelson's Prospect—The Cab Driver as Knight Errant—The Art of Slaying—The Hen—Gigi's Shoes—The Friend of Children.

I HAVE been reading a very interesting American book, entitled *Two Little Savages*, by Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton—the nearest thing to Richard Jefferies' *Bevis* that has yet been done, I think—and it has given rise to the reflection that there ought to be some means of translating American books into English, and perhaps *vice versâ*. Because, as it stands, although written in the same language, much of Mr. Seton's story is unintelligible here. His animals are American animals, his birds are American birds, his vernacular is one of the American vernaculars. Now, without very much labour it should have been possible to find an English naturalist with enough imagination to transfer the boys and their adventures to this country without in the least impairing the spirit of the original narrative, and with the certainty of adding a fine open air book to our too slender store. Perhaps Mr. Seton will think about it.

With an ordinary American novel such treatment would of course be absurd. A great part of the interest lies in the strangeness of the life described. But when a boy reads a book about a boy like himself, who becomes for the time being a savage, he wants to do likewise. No boy, for example, could read *Bevis* without wishing at once to build a hut on an island, and make a gun, and shoot and cook his own dinner. But unless the conditions are recognisable he is lost. All that one can do at present when reading Mr. Seton's *Two Little Savages* is to feel a sense of injury that the good things that happened to Yan are at once so near and so far. An English translation would be a wonderful stimulus.

Speaking of boys' books, the most interesting boys' book that I have read for some time is the fat and copious catalogue projected from a huge emporium of games and their accessories in Holborn. Good boys when they die must surely haunt this spot. In my time, in the impressionable sporting years—the best we have in some ways, between ten and fifteen—the great name was Theobald's: this new firm had yet to be. We never knew, any of us, where Theobald's was; no one ever went there with money in his hand; commerce was effected by letters containing postal orders or stamps. Theobald spread his nets on the back pages of the *Boy's Own Paper* and such publications, with little smudgy blocks to illustrate the stupefying effect of his conjuring tricks and puzzles on the home circle.

Magic scarf pins emitting a jet of water upon the too curious observer invited to inspect the new ornament; magic whistles which when blown by the uninitiated covered them with flour; magic lanterns; burning glasses; the egg trick; folding pennies; coins for palming; bottle imps:—a dozen stamps or so procured any of these treasures in the course of two or three posts. I have had many packages since, but none so wonderful and exciting as these little cardboard boxes from Theobald's. How like life that is!—when one is young one's parcels contain magic, when one is old they consist of books for review.

I set up as a wizard very early, long before Theobald began to cast a spell over me. The outlay was a penny, for which the shopkeeper surrendered a match box containing a piece of wax alleged to resemble a human finger. At the end, where the finger seemed to have been severed from the hand, was a pin. The trick was to affect to thrust one's finger through the crown of a hat without making a hole. People are really very kind: for days everyone in the house continued to be horrified and amazed in the presence of this mysterious performance.

A time comes, I suppose, when even a good conjuror ceases to exert a spell; but I am still in the power of quite mediocre wizards, and still a constant visitor to the window of that little emporium of magic opposite Mudie's. Indeed the mediocre wizard is perhaps the more interesting; for performing, as he does, in the open air, with an audience all round him, and no confederates and little apparatus, it is a far more stimulating experience to be deceived by him than to be deceived by a real Professor aided by all the trickery of the platform, lights, tables, apparatus and accomplices.

I remember a pock-marked round-shouldered street conjuror at Brighton many years ago, who but for this gift one could conceive of only as a tramp. His sole accomplishment and right to live—his sleight of hand—was so marvellous that nothing but his coarse speech and unsightliness can have kept him from the platform and success. It was beautiful too—his hands were like birds. He would set up his little tripod here and there on the King's Road, place his red circular table-top upon it, and in a moment be the centre of a crowd. His tricks began with the tin cups and the little cork balls, and I am certain that the world contains no exponent more skilful. It is more than probable indeed that the great conjurors have never learnt this prettiest of tricks. His last and greatest feat involved a hat, a cabbage, and a guinea-pig. I have watched him hundreds of times, but could never detect the exact moment at which the exchange of the cabbage and the guinea-pig was effected.

I quoted a little last month from the Life of Robert Robinson. In some ways the best thing in the book, and certainly the shortest cut to knowledge of the man's own mind, is the following account in one of his letters of an ordinary day:—

Rose at three o'clock—crawled into the library—and met one who said, "Yet a little while is the light with you: walk while ye have the light—the night cometh, when no man can work—my father worketh hitherto, and I work." —Rang the great bell, and roused the girls to milking—went up to the farm, roused the horse-keeper—fed the horses while he was getting up—called the boy to suckle the calves, and clean out the cow-house—lighted the pipe, walked round the gardens to see what was wanting there—went up the paddock to see if the weanling calves were well—went down to the ferry, to see whether the boy had scooped and cleaned the boats—returned to the farm—examined the shoulders, traces, chaff, and corn of eight horses going to plough—mended the acre staff—cut some thongs, whip-corded the boys' plough whips—pumped the troughs full—saw the hogs fed—examined the swill tubs, and then the cellar—ordered a quarter of malt, for the hogs want grains, and the men want beer—filled the pipe again, returned to the river, and bought a lighter of turf for dairy-fires, and another of sedge for ovens—hunted up the wheelbarrows and set them a trundling—returned to the farm, called the men to breakfast, and cut the boys' bread and cheese, and saw the wooden bottles filled—sent one plough to the three-roods, another to the three-half-acres, and so on—shut the gates, and the clock struck five—breakfasted—set two men to ditch the five roods—two more to chop sods, and spread about the land—two more to throw up muck in the yard—and three men and six women to weed wheat—set on the carpenter to repair cow-cribs, and set them up till winter—the wheeler to mend up the old carts, cart-ladders, rakes, etc., preparatory to hay-time and harvest—walked to the six-acres, found hogs in the grass—went back, and sent a man to hedge and thorn—sold the butcher a fat calf, and the suckler a lean one—the clock strikes nine—walked into the barley field—barleys fine, picked off a few tiles and stones, and cut a few thistles—the peas fine, but foul; the charlock must be topped—the tares doubtful; the fly seems to have taken them—prayed for rain, but could not see a cloud—came round to the wheat-field—wheats rather thin, but the finest colour in the world—sent four women on to the shortest wheats—ordered one man to weed the ridge of the long wheats—and two women to keep rank and file with him in the furrows—thistles many—blue-bottles no end—traversed all the wheat-field—came to the fallow-field—the ditchers have run crooked—set them straight—the flag-sads cut too much, rush-sads too little, strength wasted, show the men how to three-corner them—laid out more work for the ditchers—went to the ploughs—set the foot a little higher, cut a wedge, set the coulter deeper, must go and get a new mould-board against to-morrow—went to the other plough—picked up some wool, and tyed over the traces—mended a horse-tree, tyed a thong to the plough hammer—went to see which lands wanted ploughing first—sat down under a bush—wondered how any man could be so silly as to call me *reverend*.

And so forth. Is it not a good honest letter and a good mind?

The other day, as our train tarried—

as trains so often do—on the bridge outside Cannon Street, I was shown a huge chimney on the south side of the Thames, and was told that it belonged to the furnaces that supply London offices with electric light, and that whenever the weather seems to suggest a fog, a man is sent to the top of this chimney to look down the river and give notice of the first signs of the enemy rolling up; and then, as his news is communicated, the furnaces are re-stoked and extra pressure is obtained, that the fog may be defied and the work of counting-houses not interrupted. All sentinels, all men on the look-out, belong to romance; and from his great height this man peering over the river shipping and the myriad roofs for a thickening of the horizon, has touched even a London fog with romance for me. I think of his straining eyes, his call of warning, those roaring fires. . . . .

This chimney sentinel reminds me how three or four Octobers ago I came upon a crowd of upturned faces in Trafalgar Square engaged in watching a little black spot travelling up the pillar. It reached the top, disappeared, and appeared again waving something. It was a Steeple-Jack preparing the Trafalgar Day decorations (only the base of the column was decorated this year)—an intrepid gentleman from the North of England, if I recollect aright, with whom, on his descent, it was the privilege of several newspaper men to have interviews.

I was tempted, after reading one of these, to seek him myself and hand him a commission to describe the extent of Nelson's view from that altitude, which, under the title "What Nelson Sees," would I thought make a seasonable and novel Trafalgar Day article. But I dared neither to converse with the living hero nor climb to the dead one, and that article is still unwritten. On a clear day, however, Nelson must have a fine prospect to the south—not quite to his old element, of course, but away to the Surrey hills, and east and west to the winding river.

The real London romantic, however, is not the man who climbs the electric light chimney, but the cab-driver. He is the true Wandering Knight of this city. He does not, in the old way, exactly hang the reins over his horse's neck, but he is as vacant of personal impulse as if he did. His promptings come all from without—not from the horse but from the fare. There he sits, careless, motionless (save for quick eyes), apathetic. He may sit thus for an hour, for two, for three hours, unnoticed. He may be hailed the next moment. A distant whistle, an umbrella raised a hundred yards away, transform him into life. He may be wanted to drive only to a near station—or to a distant suburb. One minute he has no purpose in his brain; the next he is informed by one and one only—to get to St. Pancras or Notting Hill, the theatre or the Bank, the Houses of Parliament or Scotland Yard. And this romantic is the servant of everyone who has a shilling—bishop or coiner, actress or M.P.

To kill things is, I suppose, a habit that can be acquired without much difficulty; but I have not acquired it yet. Farmers' wives kill things with extraordinary composure; one sees them in the country, and shudders. Gamekeepers break rabbits' necks on their boots with awful calm and precision. I can crush wasps with a spoon; to tread on earwigs seems natural enough; and there is no torture to which I could not put a mosquito. But that is the end. A mouse would live for ever if the manner of its death were left entirely in my hands; and I would almost as soon think of slaying a man as a hen. Yet if one does not stop to think there seems to be no obstacle. I saw a hen killed in a French market the other day.

I came upon the market with that unexpectedness which is one of the joys of wandering in a strange town. It was Saturday morning, and business worth the name was being carried on—business involving every gesture in the gamut. Young women with string baskets and old women with straw baskets were the principal buyers: hundreds of them; but there were men also, and children, and dogs. Peasants came in from the country every minute. The stalls were arranged

in sections; here the butchers, there the fishmongers, there the dealers in cheese and butter and eggs, and in the middle—the largest section of all—the stalls of vegetables and fruit, a bizarre mass of colour and gaiety, in which the mellow yellow of the pumpkins was the dominant note.

Just as I passed a poultry stall I noticed the woman behind it dive down and struggle with something. When she came up she had a black hen in her left hand. There was nothing remarkable in that, but when I saw her take, with her right hand a pair of ensanguined scissors from a shelf, I stood still, fascinated, with mouth, I doubt not, wide open. At this moment, however, a customer came up and made a request, and the woman laid down the scissors and attended to it. She had some difficulty in doing so with only her right hand at liberty, but she succeeded, and the customer went away. She reached for the scissors again and was again interrupted. The hen meanwhile began to squawk, and now and then pecked at her wrist. She served the new customer affably in spite of this accompaniment: they talked a little; and I went away. Hens should be killed at once.

I walked round the market slowly, and again, drawn as by a loadstone, I returned to the poultry stall. The hen still lived; quite a number of customers were assembled there; the pecks were more furious, but the woman heeded nothing. Again I walked away. I bought some grapes and ate them. I went outside among the stalls of cheap jewellery and ribbons, toys and boots, and again I wandered in. I had forgotten the hen this time, but suddenly raising my eyes, I found I was by the poultry stall. The woman had just begun in earnest. I saw the hen grow rigid. . . . . I wonder how soon one could learn to take the death of a hen so composedly as that.

A few Christmases ago, Gigi, the little daughter of the concierge, at the house in Paris where we were staying, came in after dinner to tell us all about her presents—a typical French child of her class, merry, coquettish, bewitchingly pretty. Le p'tit Jesus, she said, had been very kind; he had sent her a little pair of shoes. Red shoes, just what she wanted. But, oh dear! when she came to try them on they were too small. Gigi's mother, however, put the matter right. She took the shoes, and went to le p'tit Jesus with them, and asked him to change them. And le p'tit Jesus did it at once, made no trouble about it at all. Look!—and Gigi drew back her frock that we might see this wonderful present.

I thought of this little scene as I came out of a French cathedral the other day. Just inside the door I had been looking at a statue of the Magdalen, with the beautiful inscription beneath: "Douce avocate des pécheurs penitents;" and as I came out I was confronted by a lofty and very impressive Calvary. Under freakish law of association which governs minds my thoughts flew to Gigi, and I asked myself, since it is le p'tit Jesus who sends the presents, and the Magdalen who makes sweet intercession for sinners, what place in the Latin countries does the crucified Christ hold? The infant Jesus on His mother's breast is familiar to everyone: He gives red shoes to Gigi, and there is not a child but has a tenderness for Him; but how do the children bridge the gulf between the baby in Mary's arms and this wan figure on the Cross? Or do they bridge it at all?

Christ, indeed, I imagine, though Calvarys abound, has never been the real friend of the Latin races. It is to a woman that they carry their troubles, to Mary the Mother, or to that other Mary. This is a very human exchange, very natural to nations in whom the child persists longer than with us.

E. V. Lucas.

Photograph by *Annan, Glasgow.*

WILLIAM FERGUSON OF KILRIE

From the original painting by Sir Henry Raeburn

Profit and Loss

By John Oxenham

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

John Burney, a London banker, discovers that his son has forged the signature of one of his customers. The lady whose name has been forged insists upon steps being taken for the arrest of the culprit. Being aware that his chief cashier, George Barty, is deeply in debt and being pressed by his creditors, John Burney promises that if he will declare that he committed the forgery, he will pay his debts, look after his wife and children, and, at the expiration of his sentence, give him £5,000 to start life afresh. Barty agrees, pleads guilty and is sentenced to ten years across the seas. At the end of four years he is permitted by the authorities to become servant to an explorer who is about to cross Australia from West to East. Barty dies on the journey, and the news of his death is taken to his wife who is supporting herself and children by keeping a boarding house. Many years later, John Burney engages a young man to act as travelling companion to his grandson, who is mentally deficient. The companion is George Barty's son.

CHAPTER VI

THE APPOINTED WAY

As George lay back in his corner seat in the early afternoon train for Folkestone on the Tuesday following, it seemed to him that life had suddenly wakened up from a long sleep, and was stretching vigorously.

Frazer Burney sat in the seat opposite. His eyes were closed. He was apparently asleep. He had positively refused to leave the house till he had had his lunch. He had left the table for the carriage, and was now dozing happily in his corner. Frazer's happiest moments were when he was asleep. They were also the happiest times for those who had charge of him.

George had had his talk with Sir John the previous night. The old gentleman had made his own enquiries and satisfied himself of the young man's trustworthiness. He had behaved liberally in the matter of funds. He was generally looked upon as close-fisted, but he had not shown himself so on this occasion. Possibly he considered money of small account compared with the personal benefits to be derived from his grandson's deportation. George had never had a tenth of such an amount in his possession before.

His instructions were of the briefest. "Write once a week telling me where and how you are. Don't let him eat too much if you can help it. Two glasses of wine are as much as he can stand. More than that is apt to excite him. Go where you please, stop where you please. Keep him to a simple level life with as few excitements as possible. If you can start his brain working you will have done a good job. He may have a bit of one somewhere about him. God knows, he's never shown much sign of it."

"I'll be hanged if I think he has any," said the boy's father, who had been detained against his will by his father for this interview, and was sitting on a chair with his hands in his pockets and his legs stuck out towards the fire. "Or any of them," he added savagely. "They do you credit, sir."

The old man made no reply. His face was very grim and set as he turned again to George. "I think you know all my wishes now, Mr. Barty. You will go to the "Continental" at Paris. When you need more money let me know. I trust all will go well with you both. Be here with your baggage at ten in the morning."

George had been there at ten, still somewhat subdued by this first parting from his mother and Joan. Meg and Fairfax he had said good-bye to the previous night.

But Master Frazer Burney, having just risen from breakfast, had flatly refused to budge till he had had his lunch, and short of tying him hand and foot and carrying him into the carriage, there was nothing for it but to wait. George wondered vaguely what would happen if, after lunch, he refused to go till he had had his dinner. The young man's action seemed to open up an endless vista of possibilities. The mountains and lakes began to recede somewhat from his view.

It was a dreary time of waiting in Sir John's study. The old gentleman's gout was worse, and this silly delay did not tend

to the improvement of his temper. When his secretary came up from the bank, with some letters which needed his immediate attention, he sent George to the drawing-room in charge of Buckle. George sat down and took a book out of a cabinet, the first that came to his hand. Before he had more than glanced at the title, he was surprised by Buckle's tiptoeing heavily to his side, after the manner of the mysterious villain on the darkened stage, and whispering behind his hand with his eyes turned on the door, "Take my advice, sir, and keep a tight hand on him. A tight hand, that's what he needs," and he gave a significant twist of the wrist to show how he would put on the screw if it were left to him.

"Thank you!" said George, and turned to his book.

Presently the door opened softly again, and a little girl came in two steps and stood looking at him, with the slackened mouth and vacant eyes of her brother. His heart gave a throb of pain. That which in the young man excited in him a feeling of combativeness, in the child excited only his tenderest pity.

"Won't you come and speak to me?" he asked, and held out his hand.

But the child made no response. She continued to gaze at him vacantly for a moment, then turned and went out of the room with dragging feet.

"My God!" he said to himself. "It is awful."

When Master Frazer had had his lunch—George having partaken of his own in the study—he got up and intimated his readiness to depart. Buckle got him into his travelling-coat and he marched out of the house without a word of farewell to his mother or grandfather.

"Good-bye, my dear boy," his mother called after him from the top of the steps.

"Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye," he murmured to himself, as he stepped into the carriage, and without looking round.

He dropped into a corner, pulled up the window nearest him, and the carriage started. George's last view was of some children's faces gazing down with lack-lustre eyes from a top window which had iron bars across it, and of Mrs. Burney's massive figure on the top step, waving a pudgy white hand after them with a handkerchief in it.

Frazer slept all the way to Folkestone, to George's very great content. He had made up his mind to get the upper hand from the very start, and was on the look out for the first sign of opposition. With an Englishman's hatred of publicity he hoped that the struggle would come when they two were alone together. It would be unpleasant to have to lay down the law of their companionship with a crowd looking on. At Folkestone he woke Burney up, linked his arm in his own, and led him on board the steamer.

"We'll have dinner at Boulogne," he said. "Suppose we walk about a bit. You had a good sleep in the train. A walk will give you an appetite."

"Ah, dinner!" said Burney, and turned and set off as though by much walking he could reach it the quicker. George whirled him round at the end of the deck, and the other seemed conscious, through the pressure of the strong arm within his own, of the stronger will that had made up its mind to guide him. He offered no objections and walked with the utmost docility wherever George chose to guide him.

They had an excellent dinner in the buffet at Boulogne, and the novelties in the way of dishes and surroundings seemed to occupy young Burney's mind to the full. Afterwards he suffered himself to be led to a carriage, and fell asleep at once, and did not wake till they were running in among the lights of Paris. George obtained a double-bedded room at the "Continental" and turned in early, tired with the journey and devoutly thankful that nothing untoward had happened so far.

He started up in the middle of the night to find his room-mate prowling uneasily about the room.

"Now then, Burney, what's the matter?" he cried. "Get into bed, man. You'll catch cold."

"Yes, yes. Cold, cold."

"Get into bed at once now," said George, jumping out, "and don't move

again till I tell you," and he led him to his bed and tucked him up in it.

He suffered no further disturbance, and after breakfast they set off for a first glimpse of Paris, strolling first across the gardens to the river, with an appreciative glance, on George's part, up the Champs Elysées, and a preliminary look at the Tuileries.

It was an early spring morning and Paris was at its best. The gardens were full of children and white-capped bonnes; the sky was blue; the air crisp and clear, with a quaint flavour of wood smoke in it. The busy little steamers on the river skiffed merrily to and fro; the blue-bloused loungers on the quays were full of interest; the trim damsels hurrying along with parcels and boxes were merry of eye and voluble of lip. Everything was new and charming, and George decided that he was in for a very good time, and that foreign travel was the spice of life.

They rambled along and crossed a bridge, and came on Notre Dame. A garrulous old heathen took them round and pattered off his well-worn story, interspersed with comic asides which he had found provocative of laughter and additional tips from other Englishmen, and was rather hurt at the reception of his efforts by these two. For Burney chewed the back of his cap the whole time, and gazed vacantly from the old man to the things he pointed out, and then back at the speaker, in such a way as stopped the flow of his talk more than once in sheer surprise; and George was absorbing the feeling of the place in such deep draughts that even the old chatterbox failed to come between him and it. So that when the old man looked at their departing backs, even the ample coin in his grimy hand could not prevent his saying—

"Well, mon Dieu, they are all more or less mad, these Englishmen, but those two are the maddest I have seen yet. But yes, mon Dieu!"

They strolled back across the bridge, and so at last, about mid-day, to the Palais Royal, where George had promised himself second breakfast in one of the many cafés of which he had heard the boys at home speak.

Their progress up the Colonnade was slow, however, for the little shops with their magnificent displays of imitation jewelry exercised an absolute fascination on Burney, and he had to be dragged onwards from one to another by main force.

To pacify him, George took him into one of them and bought him one or two trifles on which his strange affections had centred, and so by degrees got him the length of what seemed the best of the cafés at the top of the quadrangle. They breakfasted there to their mutual satisfaction, novelty covering all deficiencies, and then strolled along to a café on the Rue Rivoli for coffee and a smoke. Burney seemed less vacuous when smoking than at any other time. George decided that it was the closing of his lips on the cigar that tended to the improvement in his appearance, and supposed the tobacco had probably a soothing effect on him.

When their smoke was finished, one of the great mixed emporiums opposite caught the wavering eye, and nothing would satisfy him but going through it. George was doubtful if they could do so without buying, but found that no objection was raised to their joining the in-going stream and wandering where they would. It was all new to him and he was greatly interested. He was mentally pigeonholing all he saw for future use and for recapitulation to Joan, when he suffered sudden and rude awakening.

A tap on the arm brought him face to face with a frock-coated gentleman who courteously invited them to follow him. George believed they had been found out as unprofitable pilgrims and were to be quietly shown the door. He smiled and followed with his arm through Burney's.

Their conductor, however, led them, not to the front door, but to an apartment at the back, and their progress was followed by knowing looks and winks from the employées behind the counters. When they entered, the door was immediately locked behind them. Another grave-faced man in a frock coat stood there waiting for them.

"Why, what's all this?" said George, in English first, in his astonishment, and then in French.

"I regret, monsieur, but I am unfortunately compelled to request that messieurs will have the kindness to empty their pockets——"

"Empty our pockets——? What do you mean? What the——?"

"Gently, monsieur, gently. If there is no occasion for it, so much the better. But—you see!"

The other had run his hand deftly into young Burney's pockets and was emptying the contents on to the table.

George caught his breath and sat down suddenly, deprived utterly of speech.

A little roll of pink ribbon, a dainty lace handkerchief, the trifles of jewelry he had bought that morning, and half-a-dozen more which he had not bought, a salt spoon stamped with the name of the café where they had breakfasted, two salt spoons marked Hotel Continental, a coffee spoon from the café opposite, two napoleons.

"Well—I'll be hanged!" gasped George at last, and Burney giggled idiotically at sight of his plunder.

"Oblige me by emptying mine now," said George, after a moment's thought, and forthwith emptied them himself on to the table. There was nothing there but what was his own, and among them their passports.

"Kindly look at those," said George.

The officials shrugged, but consented to look. Their manner was a libel on passports in general, and cast a doubt on the veracity of these in particular.

"Eh bien?" said the principal, when he had glanced at the essential points of the documents.

"This young man is the grandson of Sir John Burney, banker, of London," said George. "He is, as you can see for yourselves, mentally deficient. I was engaged by his grandfather, a week ago, to take him abroad for a tour. We started yesterday and arrived at the Hotel Continental last night. I have had no experience yet of his peculiarities. This is evidently one of them. Had I been informed of it, as I think I ought to have been, I should have been on my guard, as I shall be in future. Look at that collection. That ribbon and the handkerchief are probably yours——"

"Yes, he was seen to take them," said one of the frock coats.

"That salt spoon is from the café in the Palais Royal where we breakfasted, the coffee spoon is from the café opposite where we had coffee, the other spoons are from our hotel, the two gold pieces he must have taken from my money in the night. I'm pretty sure he had none of his own. He's an absolute magpie, and I'm evidently going to have my hands full."

They were pretty good judges of human nature in that big shop, and they had had plenty of experience. It was a good thing for Frazer Burney that he was in George Barty's company, and that George Barty's looks and words carried with them the conviction of honesty.

The two officials conferred a moment and then the principal said quietly.

"Bien, monsieur. We believe what you say and the matter can end here. You will have a troublesome journey, I fear. It is obvious the young gentleman is not responsible for his actions."

"I must keep him out of temptation as far as I can. But if he's going to steal the spoons at every hotel we go to we're going to have a lively time, I'm afraid."

"If I might suggest," said the other courteously, "if I were in your place I would at each hotel inform the proprietor of your friend's proclivities. Otherwise, you understand——" and he condensed all the possibilities into a meaning shrug.

"Yes, I thank you. That is very good advice, I think, and I will act on it. How am I to return those wretched spoons to the cafés, and those things from the Palais Royal? It was the last shop on the left at the top. The Continentals I will take back myself, of course."

"We will see to that for you with pleasure."

"That is very good of you. Please give that to the messenger, and I am very sorry to have given you so much trouble."

They were shown out of the shop with the utmost courtesy, but George kept tight hold of one of Master Frazer's arms, and their original captor kept very close to the other, and the knowing looks of shop girls, as they passed the long counters,

set George's cheeks flaming with outraged honest red.

He said nothing as they walked along the street towards the Louvre and their hotel. But he was thinking deeply, and when they came to a shop filled with sticks, he went in and bought a tough flexible whangee cane. He almost laughed out at Burney's apprehensive side glances at it. It seemed as though he had had intimate personal relations with such an instrument before.

He took Burney up to their room and locked him in, and then went down to the office, handed over the spoons and explained the matter.

"It will probably happen again," he said to the sympathetic young lady with the very black eyes in the bureau. "But I will undertake to return to you everything he takes and I can't do more."

When he returned to the bedroom, he found that his charge had undressed and gone to bed and was apparently sound asleep. But he was in no humour for nonsense. He hauled down the bedclothes and planted a couple of stinging stripes on the recumbent figure. The young man should learn at once who was his master and what he thought of his late proceedings.

Burney gave a howl and bounded at him, with mowing jaw and something akin to animation in his eye. George caught him by the shoulders, and held him at arm's length, while he shook him and lectured him.

"Now, see here," he said. "I'm your master, and if you don't behave yourself I shall whip you. I don't want to do it, but I shall carry that cane always, and if you steal things, or misbehave, you'll feel it. Understand?"

Burney understood. The sting of a cane carries a certain amount of conviction to the meanest intelligence. The grip of George's strong hands, and his powerlessness against them, confirmed the lesson.

When he was released he dropped limply on to the bed.

"Dress yourself at once," said George. "We'll go for a drive."

Burney dressed, and they had a very enjoyable drive round the Bois and along the Boulevards before returning to dinner.

George kept an alert eye on the spoons, and manœuvred the salt cellar beyond his companion's reach whenever it drifted his way, and plumed himself on getting through the meal without the misappropriation of any of the hotel plate. Nevertheless, he found a coffee spoon in Frazer's pocket that night, and paid Frazer for it with a cut of the whangee.

"The poor young man!" said the black-eyed young lady of the bureau, when he returned the spoon next morning, and thereafter it seemed to George that the waiter at their special table kept a watchful eye on the young man also.

He decided to postpone his own more intimate researches into Parisian life and customs to a more convenient season, and after a stay of only two days, they took train again for the south and in due course arrived at Nice.

Everywhere, and at all times, Frazer Burney carried with him the peculiarities of his nature, and they were always cropping up in all kinds of ways. George Barty's first trip abroad was not one of unalloyed delight. He had expected unpleasantnesses, and he had them in plenty. He found, however, considerable compensation in the novelty of his circumstances and in the scenes in which they were cast, and he would have put up with twice as much sooner than have missed these things.

That little whangee cane from Paris was the best purchase he ever made. It exercised a laughably deterrent influence on Master Burney, but could not eradicate his inborn propensities.

Having impressed him with his powers, physical, mental, and moral, George did his very best to influence him in gentler ways. He tried his hardest to grapple with the freakish spirit that did duty in him for intelligence, and generally had to confess himself beaten. He talked to him soberly and earnestly. Frazer rewarded him with a moist grin. He watched over his bodily welfare, his eating and drinking and sleeping, as carefully as any physician or mother. And Frazer accepted his self-sacrifice with the equanimity of an altar

stone. He led him through the lovely scenery of the Riviera and did his best to awaken him to some sense of its beauty. Frazer ate and drank and smoked at hotel after hotel, but none of those other things appealed to him in the slightest. He passed among them with no more appreciation than he would have traversed a Whitechapel slum.

George wrote regularly once a week to Sir John, and many times a week to Joan and his mother and Meg. And in none of these letters did he detail the petty worries of his life. The home letters on the contrary overflowed with the joy of travel, and Joan especially rejoiced in them. She read and re-read them, and read up the guide books bearing on their route, till she knew all they had seen as well almost as George knew it himself, and much more besides.

Friendliness with any of their many travelling companions was next to impossible. At times some elderly and lonely voyager would attempt to break the ice, and George was always ready to meet such half way. For in truth he found the constant companionship of a vacant mind a very considerable trial. It was only the fact that without the companionship all the redeeming circumstances must have vanished that reconciled him to it.

For he had come to learn men and women, and what one learns from the outside is at best misleading, and frequently tantalising. That voluminous travelling cloak and tempting veil may hide charms that would dazzle a Sultan. The flaps of that travelling cap may shield from stray draughts the wit and wisdom of a philosopher. It is impossible not to own that as a rule they do not. The veil is raised at last, and after one swift glance your disappointment turns its eyes elsewhere. The owner of the fore and aft cap opens his mouth, and you regret that he did not leave you your illusions.

But even those venturesome voyagers whose own loneliness led them to address the bright, eager-faced youth with the deep-set eyes which seemed to miss nothing that passed outside, relapsed gradually into silence, when the fact was thrust upon them that the vacuous individual opposite was part of his impedimenta.

George never condescended to explain. Burney and he were facts to be left severely alone, since no amount of explanation could palliate so painful a fact as his companion.

So, amid the thronging crowds of the gay southern coast, they two passed alone. All that was known of them was that the one was the son of a man of wealth, and the other was in charge of him. They became known, I believe, as Beauty and the Beast—not that George had any claims to the one, except such as strength, intelligence, and straight-eyed honesty give to any man, but the appositeness of the other's title was patent to all.

By the old banker's suggestion, the name of Burney never appeared on any hotel register. George registered always as "George Barty and friend." There was no need to exhibit one's skeleton to the world with a label round its neck.

He had gradually organized their proceedings on his own lines. He had their meals served at a specially reserved table, and at times in their own room. Burney could, when he chose, behave with perfect propriety at table. The trouble was that George never could be sure of his doing so, and was kept on perpetual tenterhooks as to his next proceedings.

At the table d'hôte at Marseilles he had clawed at a pyramid of fruit surmounted by a pine-apple, the moment he had finished his soup, and brought the whole erection down in ruins in front of him. He regarded it with much amusement and an idiotic giggle, and reached a hasty hand for the pine. Black with disgust George marched him up to his room and ordered him dinnerless to bed, emphasizing in whangee—a language Burney never failed to appreciate—the reasons for this mortification and incarceration. Burney's stomach was the one thing he had personal regard for. He strongly resented this attack upon it. For the second time he showed his teeth at his master and flung himself upon him. But Barty overpowered him as easily as before. He was administering the usual authoritative shake and lecture, when Burney suddenly

Burney received a neatly-placed fist in his face

collapsed in his hands and fell to the floor like a crumpled piece of paper. He lay there rigid, with his eyes turned up so that nothing showed but the whites, and a slight froth on his lips.

George was startled, but still found himself in two minds concerning him. He half suspected malingering. On the other hand it might be a genuine fit of epilepsy. He treated him on both counts—unloosed his collar and dashed the big bath sponge filled with water in his face. The suddenness with which his patient came to himself, and snarled up at him from the wet floor, tended to confirm his suspicions. He curtly ordered him to bed, locked him in the room and went out to a café, where he got dinner and had a pleasant chat and smoke with a young German who was awaiting the boat for Port Said.

He had no fears in leaving his charge alone in his room. If there was one thing Frazer Burney was not likely to do in cold blood, it was the doing of any smallest thing that would inflict pain or discomfort upon himself. George had very soon found out that the strongest feeling in him was an overpowering regard for his own bodily comfort. He was selfishness incarnate.

At Monaco, an untoward occurrence happened, for which George took blame to himself. He had a very great desire to see all that was to be seen. It was not in human nature—not in the nature, at all events, of one who had come abroad for the sole purpose of studying places and people at first hand—to be so close to Hades without penetrating within.

They ran over one day from Nice and ascended with the throng to the Casino.

It was all intensely interesting to Barty. Curiously, perhaps, he had no slightest desire to join in the play. He had common sense enough to know that the very best thing that could happen, if he did so, was that he should lose heavily enough to sicken him of it, and he had no money to lose. He watched the various tables, and finally settled where the throng was greatest, and, to judge by the faces of the players, the play keenest—one of the roulette tables. Burney followed him docilely, gazed vacantly about, and showed little interest. He did not understand what was going on, and George was glad of it. He had felt some compunctions about bringing him.

By degrees George grew so fascinated with that unique exhibition of human nature at its worst, that he forgot his companion altogether.

The eager faces and straining eyes, the sparkle of triumph, the gray shadows of despair, the jostling, self-forgetful concentration of every faculty on the lined board; these burnt themselves indelibly on his memory. That withered little old lady, with so many rings on her claws that she could hardly crook them, had come in the railway carriage with them that morning. She was busily pricking a card with a pin, and occasionally pushed a five-franc piece about along the lines. The sparkling American girl who had just backed out of the throng, with the laughingly expressed, but none the less emphatically delivered, opinion that the whole thing was a fraud because she had lost ten five-franc pieces one after another, was from their hotel at Nice. So was the black-haired, dark-faced young fellow opposite. George had noticed him at table, and had been struck by his face and his keen black eyes. From the neatly-stacked piles of gold in front of him, and the calmly intent way in which he made his stakes, now scattering his pieces apparently broadcast over the lines and squares, and again watching quietly without risking so much as a napoleon, he judged him to be an habitué. He could not himself understand his evolutions, but they seemed to be fairly successful. The young man's pile grew larger and larger. Some of the players nearest him began to watch him and follow his moves. The old lady with the pin and card shoved her five-franc piece about wherever he placed a napoleon within easy reach. But he paid no attention to anyone and never raised his eyes from the table. When the croupier deftly swept away his pieces he quietly replaced them from his neat piles. His mouth never moved by so much as a smile or a quiver, whichever happened. George studied him as a type and found him interesting.

He was photographing the whole scene in his brain for future use, when, in a moment, his mental camera and all its appurtenances were sent flying, by the sight of Master Frazer Burney's body and outstretched hand launching themselves across the table at the piles of gold in front of the dark-faced young man.

But the dark-faced young man did not patronise the tables for the benefit of unlicensed thieves. His body was over his gold in a second, and Burney received a neatly-placed fist in his face, while those at his back laid rude hands on him and dragged him out like a sack, with kicks and blows and curses. Two tall lackeys in imposing uniforms took possession of him and hauled him away to the office. The crowd closed in round the tables, and the voice and shovel of the croupier poured oil on the troubled waters.

George followed the procession of three and reached the office simultaneously with them. He followed them inside, explained the situation, took the blame to himself for allowing his charge so much freedom, and undertook to carry him away at once and not permit his return. His explanation was accepted. Burney was sponged into decency. The thin-faced young man's knuckles were of the boniest, and the would-be gold-grabber's nose and one eye had suffered. Then they were escorted to the station and told not to return.

George said nothing to his charge, beyond a remonstrance on the silliness of his behaviour. He felt that the greater blame attached to himself.

But this affair decided him to take his patient at once to a less exciting atmosphere, and they started that night for Genoa, and went on next day by Milan to Como.

In the quietude of the lovely lake he strove his hardest to grapple again with the problem of Frazer Burney's brain. At times he had hopes that some glimmer of sense was beginning to penetrate the thick darkness. Burney would listen to his homilies, and, if he happened to be smoking, would look almost reasonable. Then, at dinner time, he would quietly pocket all the spoons he could annex unobserved by George, and take the inevitable whangeeing with such black equanimity as comes of frequent chastisement.

George wondered sometimes that it never occurred to the clouded brain to set on him in the night and take toll for past discipline. He closed his eyes each night with this contingency confronting them, but he accepted it as inevitable, and felt no fears of coming out on top in any struggle that might be forced upon him.

His patient had felt the strength of his muscles, and had some dim idea of the will that for the present directed his life and carried him whithersoever it would. He probably stood in some awe of both, for, except in extremity, the beast in him had never tried to rend its keeper. And, even at such times, the effort was spasmodic and momentary, and passed away as rapidly as it came. His memory and his will were alike feeble and embryonic.

From Como they passed by leisurely stages up the St. Gothard road to Andermatt. Thence George sent on the heavier baggage by Altdorf to Lucerne, packed a couple of knapsacks, purchased in Milan for this purpose, strapped one on to Burney's rounded, and much astonished, shoulders, which had never before suffered any burden greater than their necessary clothing, and the heavier on to his own. Then he watched, with interest and amusement, the effects of a spell of mild roughing on one whose way through life had been made smooth from the day on which he took his first belated step alone.

The result was surprising. As the lax muscles of the body began to toughen and knit up, under the strong air and plain faring and constant usage, the flaccid brain seemed to stiffen in sympathy. The vacant eye began to take notice. The lagging step assumed something not unremotely related to a spring. The large appetite satisfied itself to great advantage on mountain fare. He was too tired at night even to steal spoons, and besides they were coarse and unattractive. For Barty chose that there should be no make-believe in their roughing it, and their usual resting place at night was some village chalet, or at best some country hospice where their wants were attended

to by rough-frocked priests whose provisioning was as simple as their habits.

George began to take credit to himself for having hit upon a great discovery in the treatment of mental diseases, overlooking, in his interest in his own patient, the fact that sound mind and sound body have been correllated from the times of the ancients. He laboured hard to nourish what he believed to be the sprouting of a higher intelligence in the darkened brain. He holds to this day that he succeeded, and that even in spite of what followed.

They climbed the Furka, and descended the Rhone Valley as far as Visp. Then they retraced their steps and crossed the Grimsel, and so down the valley of the Aare to Meiringen. Then through the upland pine forests to Rosenlaui and over the Scheideck to Grindelwald, and over the Wengernalp to Lauterbrunnen, and thence to Saas-Mürrn, where that happened which changed the currents of more lives than one. And it was a very different Frazer Burney who arrived at Saas-Mürrn from the Frazer Burney who mumbled his good-byes to the carriage-cushions outside the house in Kensington Palace Gardens.

CHAPTER VII

FROM OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE EARTH

Do you know Saas-Mürrn? Not under that name, at any rate.

It is a tiny place perched aloft on a bleak shelf, a veritable eagle's nest. It has next to nothing, and yet, like a philosopher, possesses everything. It stands far above the world in general, and for many months in the year is cut off therefrom by snow and ice. It is a toil to get there, and when you have got there you wonder why you came. But live there for a week and you have no desire to go away again.

The few inhabitants of this unworldly spot are simple, open-faced, clear-eyed souls, absolutely in keeping with their environment. They could hardly be anything else. They live so very near heaven. The predatory ones, who get on in the world and make money, live in the valley below—necessarily. If they lived in Saas-Mürrn they could only get up in the world, and the things are quite different.

The principal assets of Saas-Mürrn—to talk the language of the plains—are an atmosphere of heavenly purity, and a view so sublime that it might strike sparks off the soul of an atheist, unless he were as blind outside as inside.

You can live there in exceeding comfort for five francs a day; something less *en pension*, and I believe a keen bargainer might compass a reduction even on that slender tariff.

George Barty and Frazer Burney found their way up the steep foot-path among the pines and firs one August evening, and the very first person they saw there was Mary Lindsay. One of them never forgot that first sight of her.

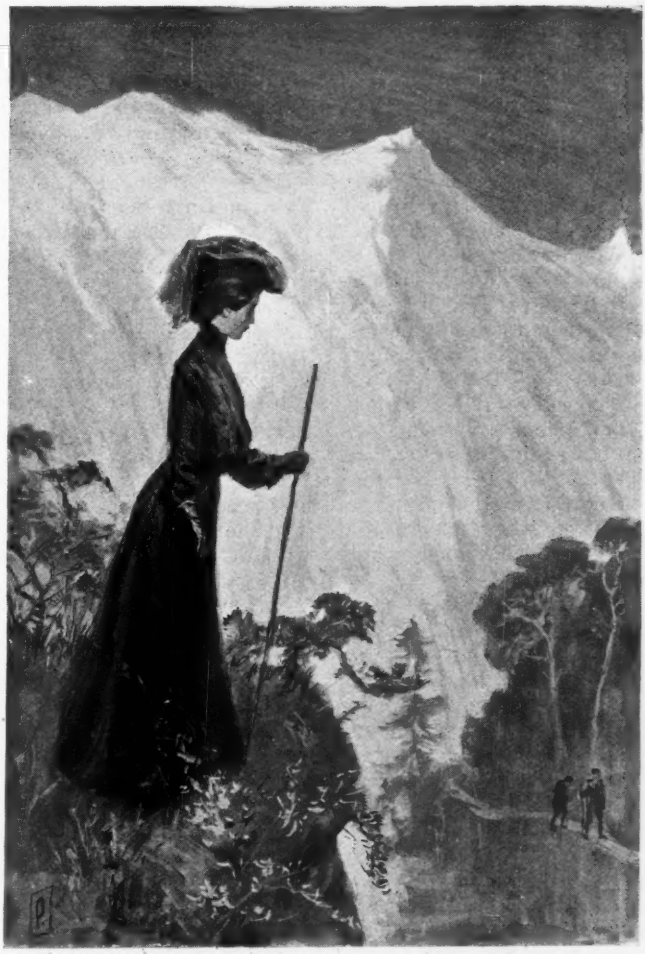
She was standing on the extreme edge of the shelf which overlooks the valley—a slim dark figure silhouetted against the rose-white higher slopes of the great mountain on the opposite side of the valley.

The valley itself was full of shadows. Saas-Mürrn by rights should have been so too, for the sun had sunk behind its own mountain top a good half-hour before. But the huge white-breasted pile in front still glowed golden rose, and, contrary to Nature, but greatly to the enjoyment of its inhabitants who rejoiced in a good hour's more daylight than their kinsfolk below, Saas-Mürrn's evening shadows pointed to the west. The Saas-Mürrners have two sunsets every night, the natural one in the west, though not much of that is visible because of intervening giants, and a supplementary one from the white mountain opposite.

The path from the valley winds for the last two miles through pine woods, still dense enough to ensure ample fires in Saas-Mürrn for many a year to come. The woods above are "Bann-wald," whose every twig is sacred to the protection of the village from stone slide and avalanche.

The girl stood looking out over the valley. It seemed as if a breath would blow her into it. The moment they issued from the wood path she came running towards them.

"Oh, Herr Doctor," she cried, in



She was standing on the extreme edge

stumbling German, " I am so glad you are come," and then, seeing the surprise on George's face—" You are the doctor, are you not ? " and her interlaced fingers twisted themselves more tightly still.

" No," said George in English, " I'm sorry I'm not the doctor. Can I go after him for you ? "

" And you have not seen him on the road ? I sent for him hours ago, and—and—I'm afraid——"

" It's a long pull up. Perhaps he's on the road. He might be out, you know, when your messenger got there. Can I be of any service to you till he comes ? Is it an accident ? "

" No, no. It's an old lady at the inn there. I'm afraid she's dying and I'm all alone with her," and the slim fingers whitened again in their anxiety.

Her face, even in its distress, was very charming—fresh, healthy complexion ; cheek-bones just a trifle high ; eyes beseechingly large at the moment and of a very deep blue, almost violet ; hair brown, but hidden by a light shawl, for

the second sunset at Saas-Mürrn has no warmth in it; mouth quivering apprehensively, probably somewhat large, but not any too large, decided our student of men and women; costume plain but beautifully fitted. A sweet, wholesome, graceful girl, Scotch he thought, but could not be sure.

"I will go back and see if I can meet him and hurry him up," said George, with a meditative glance at Burney, who had slipped his buckle and sat himself down on his knapsack. "I will just take my friend to the inn and tell them to give him something to eat." And at the word Fraser scrambled to his feet.

"It is very good of you," she began, withdrawing her anxious eyes for a moment from the darkening woods below, through which the doctor must come. "But I really don't see what you could do. Oh, I do wish he would come. It would be awful if she died. They might think ——"

And just then two more figures came toiling up the wood path and the girl sped away towards them. This was evidently the doctor, for after a word they all hurried on to the largest of the eight or ten wooden houses which compose the village, and went inside. The glow faded from the topmost pinnacle of the white mountain and left it grim and stark, and the air felt suddenly cold.

"We will go there, too," said George, and they followed slowly after the others.

The young lady and the doctor had disappeared by the time they reached the door. A pleasant-faced Swiss woman met them in the passage, and shook her head in reply to George's request for accommodation.

"There is an English lady upstairs," she said doubtfully. "She is ill, very ill——"

"I know. We met the young lady. Perhaps we can be of some service."

"Ach, so! If you know the lady. A room with two beds? Yes, we will manage it. Dinner will be in half-an-hour. One must eat all the same, and the mountain air gives one an appetite, nicht wahr?"

The room they were shown into, after a short interval of preparation, was the one immediately adjoining that occupied by the invalid. The house itself was solidly built, with wide projecting eaves and stone-weighted roof, but the partitions were immodestly thin. They could hear the murmur of subdued voices and the soft passage to and fro of footsteps. Once George caught the gentle swish of a gown against their wall. He wondered how the sick woman was faring, and what relation she was to the pleasant-faced girl.

When they went down to dinner, the doctor joined them almost immediately. He was an elderly man, sturdy of build and rugged of face. George asked him how the lady was.

He answered in German with a shake of the head, "I shall stop the night, but I doubt if she will see the morning."

"What is the matter?"

"She has been an invalid for many years, from what the young lady says. It is the final break-up."

"You have not been attending her then?"

"I never saw her till to-night. What is the matter with your friend?" said the old man, who had been regarding Burney with an observant eye.

"He is mentally deficient. He is in my charge."

"I understand. A troublesome charge at times, I should say."

"We have been tramping the mountains for three weeks. It has done him a world of good."

"The body has strengthened and the brain with it, to some extent, I suppose. But you will never cure him."

"I have been hoping the improvement might continue."

"You can't supply wits even by an operation. It is hopeless. I made the brain my special study for many years. It is a difficult object. We really know very little about it. Have you studied medicine?"

They fell into interesting talk, Burney meanwhile eating with his usual appetite, the doctor watching him with a practised and interested eye.

"Is he sometimes violent?" he asked one time.

"No, I could not say that," George replied. "At first I had to correct him sharply for some unpleasant ways he had, and he tried to retaliate. But when he found it useless he gave up trying, and I have had no trouble with him lately."

"You will need to keep a sharp eye on him all the same."

"That is part of my business, of course."

When Burney had had his cigar, George saw him to bed, and then returned to the little salon for another pipe and some more talk with the doctor whom he found very entertaining. The old gentleman had lived in the valley for many years, and, while his regular practice lay among the *châlets* scattered far and wide along the mountain sides, in the season he found plenty to do among the visitors from all ends of the earth. He talked well and found an appreciative listener.

Several times he went quietly upstairs, but had no better word to give of his patient.

"The light is flickering," he said, when he came down one time. "I will go up again presently and then I will stop there. The young lady seems much distressed. She is a countrywoman of yours. Perhaps you can be of service to her——"

"That is what I am here for," said George.

"I am glad. It is trying for the young, and all alone too."

And presently he went upstairs again and did not come down. George sat smoking for a time and then went quietly up to his room. There was no sound from the adjoining chamber, and he turned in and slept soundly.

He was up betimes, chiefly to see if the doctor's fears had been confirmed, partly in hopes of seeing the sun rise. Burney was still sleeping, so he locked the door and passed out of the house.

He was too late, however, for either the doctor or the sun. The sky and all the white peaks around were ablaze with the splendour of the new day, and on the edge of the cliff, where they first set eyes on her the previous night, the young lady was standing with her back towards him looking out over the wonderful scene.

He approached her quietly. She heard him coming, but did not move.

"Good morning," he said quietly. "May I ask how things have gone?"

"She died about an hour ago," said the girl. "The doctor has just gone home." She seemed less upset than he would have expected, though her face looked tired and she had been weeping.

"I hope you will let me do anything I can," he said. "I am entirely at your service. My name is George Barty. I am travelling in charge of the young fellow you saw with me last night. He is an invalid also."

She had looked round at him when she spoke, and had then turned again to the flashing peaks in front.

"It is very good of you," she said simply, and he thought she was younger than he had supposed the night before. "I am so glad you happened to come. I am quite alone, and—I have never had anything of this kind to do before."

"Will you be taking her home?"

"I don't know what they will want done. I must telegraph, I suppose."

"Was she—what relation was she to you, may I ask?"

"To me? None at all. I was her companion, that was all. She was rather trying at times, but it was sad for her to die so far away from everyone. . . . It is the first time I have seen any one die. But I don't think she suffered at all. She just sighed and went to sleep."

"That is as it should be, and as I believe it generally is, as a matter of fact. I have had no experience myself, but I was brought up in an atmosphere of doctors and I have heard them talk about it. You are Scotch, are you not?"

"My people are Scotch. I was born in Australia. My name is Mary Lindsay."

"You are a very long way from home, Miss Lindsay."

"What made you think I was Scotch?"

"I judged by your face," he said, and enjoyed the opportunity of looking very straight at it again, under guise of justifying his opinion. "You see I'm by way of preparing for a literary life, and I'm cultivating my powers of observation. I wasn't very far wrong after all."

"What is the matter with your friend?"

"He is a rich man's son, but unfortunately he is poorly equipped mentally. I would sooner be a poor man with brains than have all the money in the world without them."

"Surely," she said.

"Now, how can I help you? Do you know to whom to telegraph?"

"I know her lawyer's address."

"What will you say?" and he pulled out pencil and paper. "What was the old lady's name?"

"Mrs. Cornwall Crest."

He wrote, and scored out, and re-wrote, while she watched him. Finally he said—

"How will this do?—'Mrs. Crest died to-day. Wire full instructions. Mary Lindsay. Poste Restante, Brunnenthal.'—That will be the nearest telegraph station."

"That will do, I think, thank you."

"I will go down with it after breakfast. What is the name and address of the lawyer?"

"Crowes, 199 Lincoln's Inn Fields."

"They may not answer at once," he said, as he inserted the address. "It is probable they will have to consult the old lady's relatives, you know. Would it not be as well for me to send up a—an undertaker?"

"The doctor said he would attend to that," she said, with a little shiver. The necessary after proceedings are a terrible prolongation of the trying time to those who are left.

"You need rest," he said. "Try and take some breakfast, and then lie down and have a sleep. You'll feel twice as good after it."

She turned with him towards the house, and they found the table laid for early breakfast.

"I will run up and see to my charge," he said, and when he returned with Burney she was nibbling bread and sipping her coffee, with no appearance of appetite.

"Would you—mind my coming with you to Brunnenthal?" asked Miss Lindsay. "I shouldn't sleep if I stopped here. I think the walk would do me more good, and perhaps I would be able to sleep to-night."

"I shall be delighted, if you think it won't be too much for you. It's a good four miles there and equal to about eight back, you know."

"I can do it all right. I used to be a good walker—before I came to England."

So, after breakfast, they all three set off down the path among the pines, and George Barty and Mary Lindsay found themselves as much alone, to all intents and purposes, as if Burney had not been there. He trudged along in the rear and never ventured a remark. Lunch lay at the bottom of the mountain, Barty had told him, and that was sufficient to keep him steadily on the down-grade. Dinner would get him up again. When at times the others halted for a rest, or to admire some specially fine view of the opposite snow fields or the winding valley, he drew up with them and sat down at once on the nearest rock or fallen tree, as was his way. But if George pointed out to him the things they were looking at, a nod and a grunt were his only reply.

"He must be rather a trial to you," said Miss Lindsay, one such time, when they had set out again.

"He's not a lively companion, but he's perfectly harmless. He's the debit item in the account. On the other side is—all this," with a great sweep of the arm, which comprehended the whole of Switzerland and Miss Mary Lindsay. "And it leaves a big balance on the right side. I was casting about how to see something of the world when this chance offered, and I jumped at it. What can you tell me about Australia?"

She could tell him plenty about Australia, and that led inevitably to telling about herself, and before they reached Brunnenthal they felt almost like old friends.

She told him how her father, a big squatter in the back country, had been ruined by a terrible drought—"not a single drop of rain for eighteen months, and the poor sheep died like flies. Then the banks came down on him, as they always do, and he had to begin life again. I was at school in Sydney. My mother died when I was four. I scarcely remember her. There were two younger ones at home and

it seemed to me that I ought to strike out for myself, and not be a burden on my father when he was down. It had always been the dream of my life to come home, and when I heard that Mrs. Colonel Crest was wanting a companion for the voyage and afterwards, I jumped at my chance just as you did at yours. But she was a rather trying old lady. Colonel Crest was in the Government Service in Sydney till he died, and she had heaps of relatives in England, but they very rarely came to see her, and it was horribly dull. We spent the winter at St. Leonard's, and she only went out twice the whole time, and then in a closed carriage."

"What was the matter with her?"

"Oh, she had chronic asthma and chronic bronchitis, and a chronically gloomy temperament. And now, poor old thing, she's gone, and I can't help feeling sorry for her, though she nearly worried my life out at times. Someone told her Saas-Mürrn was good for the lungs, and we came here three weeks ago. I felt sure she was worse than I had ever seen her, but she would not let me send for the doctor. She said she had been spending money all her life on doctors, and they'd never done her any good, and she knew more about herself than all of them put together. She had medicines of her own for each complaint, and I had to give them to her when the different attacks came on."

"Have you money, in case they send word to bury her here?"

"She always seemed to have plenty. I suppose I must look. What do you suppose it will cost?"

"I've no idea, but we can find out at Brunnenthal. You could add a word or two to the telegram if you wished."

"But I don't know what she has. I wish I'd thought of it before we started—" and she stopped, as though considering the idea of returning.

"I have heaps. We've been travelling for nothing lately. If you'll allow me I shall be glad to advance anything you may need. I'm sure there could be no objections from my people."

"It's very good of you. But I hope there'll be no need. I never thought of it," and she went on in silence for a time, evidently pondering this new aspect of affairs and its possible effect upon herself.

"What will you do afterwards?"

"I don't know. I must try to get another place. Go to England, I suppose."

"Do you know anyone there?"

"Not a soul. But I've got nearly the whole of my year's salary in hand, and I can wait till something turns up. I think I would like a little holiday all by myself. When you're shut up, night and day, with a gloomy old lady for a year or so, it gets on your nerves."

"I should imagine it would."

In return for her frankness he told her much about himself, and so came round by degrees to telling her of his mother, and Joan, and Meg.

"What a delightful home you must have," she said, with a little sigh, and fell again to silence.

They arrived at Brunnenthal and went straight to the telegraph office and then on to the hotel, where a capital breakfast was laid for them, greatly to Burney's contentment.

They waited till the last moment they could allow for the homeward scramble through the pine woods, but no reply came to the telegram. So they arranged for a messenger to bring it on when it arrived, and set off along the mountain road. Before they reached Saas-Mürrn their friendship was compacted firm and true, and, to Mary Lindsay especially, it was a somewhat novel sensation, while to George Barty it was equally delightful. He made friends readily enough and had many, but he had not met very many girls, and he did not think he had ever met one so beautiful, so frank, and so altogether charming as this one.

"Have you ever seen anything so beautiful as that?" she asked, as they stood in an opening of the woods to watch the alpine glow burning on the snowy peaks opposite.

"I have never even imagined anything so wonderful," he said. "It passes words. . . . It is transcendent." And while they still stood watching it in silence, he said quietly, "It makes me think of the Holy City . . . with the light that was like unto a stone most precious . . .

and all around and below us are the voices of many waters."

"Yes," she said, with a quick glance at him.

"I would like to see it just once in a storm," he said presently. "Thunders, and lightnings, rain, hail, snow, and fiery vapours. It must pass thought."

"I like it best as it is," she said, and they turned and went up the path together.

CHAPTER VIII

BONDS OF CIRCUMSTANCE

THE next day passed without bringing any reply from London to Miss Lindsay's telegram. She began to grow anxious. Her mind, however, was at ease concerning funds. She had found a considerable sum of money in Mrs. Crest's trunks, and now her only wish was to make an end of the matter and feel herself free to go where she chose.

She sought George's advice and relied upon him in everything, and they were so much thrown together, and enjoyed the contact so greatly, that the sweet flower of their friendship blossomed into a plant of size whose roots struck deeper every hour.

When the next day came and still no answer, George said to her—

"We can't wait much longer. If there is no word to-day you must act on your own responsibility and have her buried in the graveyard at Brunnenthal."

She nodded soberly, and said, "We have done all we could."

"I think I will go down after breakfast. It is just possible there has been some failure in our arrangements for having the message sent up here. It may be waiting down below."

"I would enjoy the walk," said Mary.

It was during this second journey to Brunnenthal that George suggested that she should stay at No. 21 Wynyatt Square while seeking a new place.

"Oh, I would so like to," she said eagerly. "I was afraid to suggest it, but I would dearly like to know your mother and sisters. I am so grateful to you, Mr. Barty. London must be a hideous place to live in alone. Are you quite sure they will not mind my coming to them?"

"Mind? They'll be simply delighted. Wait till you know them."

"That makes me happier than I can tell you," she said, and George, looking into her fair flushed face, saw that the violet eyes were abrim, and thought he had never seen so sweet a sight in his life. For sisterly beauty is ever somewhat discounted in brotherly eyes. And so they drew closer and closer together, although their acquaintanceship might be counted by hours.

There was no telegram at Brunnenthal, and George went at once to the old doctor and got his advice as to the interment. That settled, they had lunch at the hotel, and waited again, and then went back home.

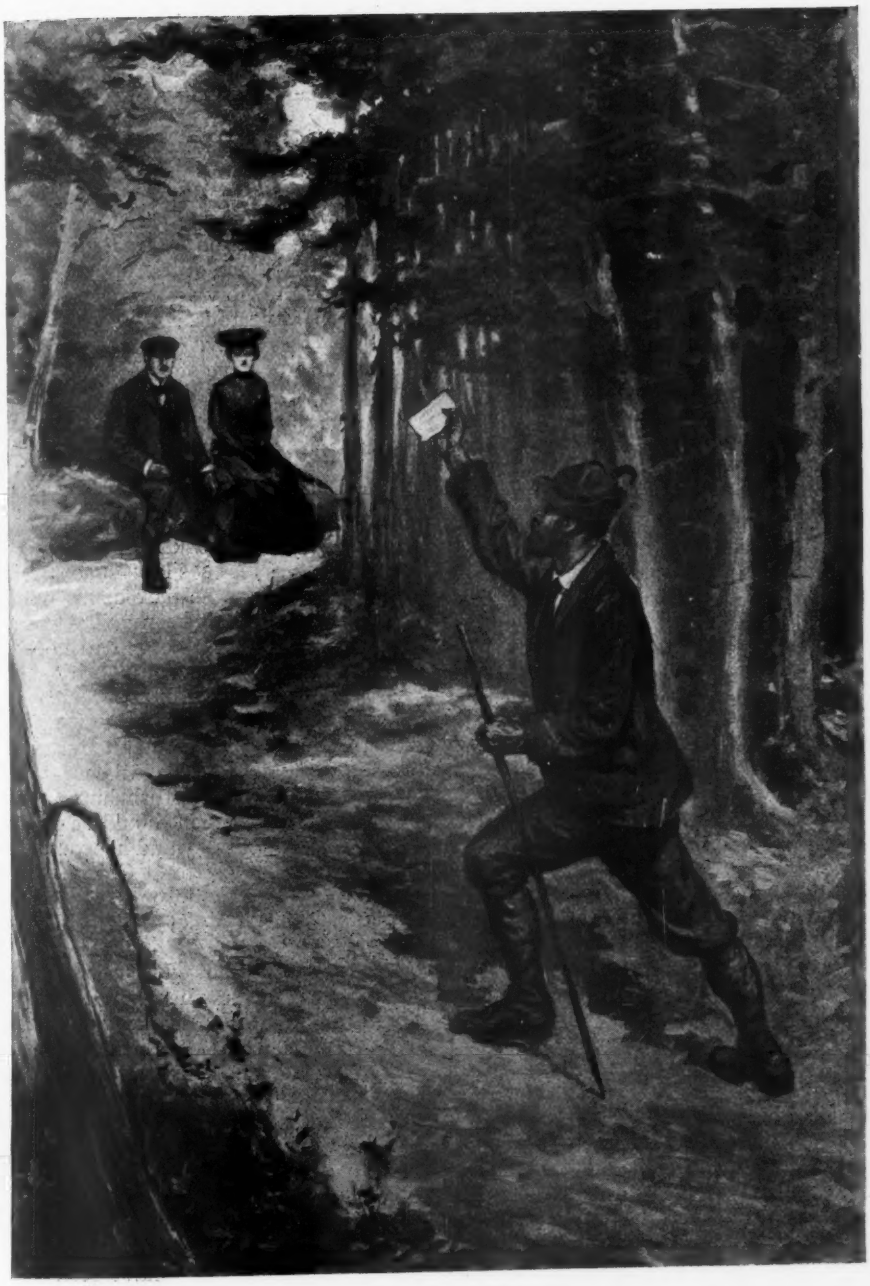
More than once as they toiled upwards, with the sound of the many waters in their ears, they thought they heard other voices mingling with the mellifluous ones of Nature. It was only when they sat resting among the pines, watching the sunset glory, which never palled and only faded all too soon, that a man came striding up the path behind them waving the telegram in his hand.

"Thousand thunders," he cried, mopping his head with great show of weariness. "I have been shouting after you for an hour. It came just after you left."

George handed the telegram to Miss Lindsay and she tore it open. It was brief and business-like. "Please inter suitably. Forward or bring effects and death certificate, etc. Crowes."

"That is all right then, and the arrangements we have made are all in order." He gave the man the promised gratuity, and they went on their way.

It was a strange little funeral procession that travelled the well-known path next day. The coffin, bound securely on to a rude sledge with iron runners, bumped roughly over the uneven path and slid smoothly over the intermittent carpet of pine-needles; Mary with a wreath of late Alpine flowers in her hand; George, sober with the reflected soberness of his new friend; and Burney, whose appreciation of the better faring at the Brunnenthal



A man came striding up the path

hotel induced him to the frequent journey without a sign of objection.

The old doctor met them at the foot of the mountain path and went with them to the little cemetery. The Protestant pastor was in attendance and the last rites were duly administered. Mary deposited her wreath on the grave, and George arranged with the undertaker for a suitable stone.

Then the old doctor insisted on them going home with him, at which Frazer Burney looked somewhat blanker than usual. But his fears were groundless, as the old gentleman's housekeeper had provided an excellent repast to which they all did full justice.

"He is giving you no trouble yet?" the doctor asked George in German.

"None at all. I really think he's improving, you know."

"I should keep a close eye on him. Don't relax at all. If his brain is really strengthening you cannot tell in what curious way it might develop itself."

"I'll see to him," said George, and reckoned the old man's fears groundless.

It was when they were strolling through the village, later on, that they heard the sound of twanging music and found a band of strolling Italians entertaining the company on the verandah of the hotel.

"They are very clever, some of these fellows," said the doctor. "Watch them for a minute or two. You don't get such entertainment up at Saas-Mürrn."

So they stood and watched, and had no thought of what was to come of it.

To the scraping of a peculiarly metallic mandoline—Mary Lindsay has hated the sound of a mandoline ever since—one of the party was doing some deft tricks with balls. He had half-a-dozen flying in the air at once. They seemed to dance and whirl at his volition. Then he dropped three of the balls and glittering knives took their place. Then the balls all disappeared and knives flashed about him like a halo.

Then at a sign the music stopped. One of the men produced a board about twice the width of a man's body and held it up with one end on the ground. Another of the party placed himself with his back to it and his face to the verandah. The board projected a foot above his head. The chief performer took his knives, and after a preliminary toss in the air, launched them one after the other, as quick as lightning and with scarce a pause between, and planted them quivering in the board, one just above the human target's head, apparently in his hair, one just outside each ear, and one on each side of his neck and within an inch of it.

It was horribly clever and seemed extremely dangerous.

"Oh, come away," cried Miss Lindsay. "I would not have stopped if I'd known what he was going to do. It is hateful."

"William Tell reduced to francs," laughed the doctor, and they went on their way.

That night when Burney turned in, and George searched his pockets as usual for treasure-trove, he was disappointed to find one of the doctor's silver spoons. This was a relapse on the part of his patient, of which he had not been guilty for some considerable time. George had hoped he had cured him of the propensity, but it was evident that lack of inducement only had prevented him. At sight of it he half turned for the whangee. But Burney had apparently fallen asleep at once, and it seemed too bad to disturb him after his long walk. The spoon should be returned to the doctor next day and he would quite understand the matter. George slipped it into his pocket, and went down tairs for a smoke and a quiet talk with Mary Lindsay.

He laughingly showed her the spoon and told her how it came there, and they talked for an hour, and then Mary went up to bed. She had preferred not occupying the room in which Mrs. Crest died, and had one across the passage.

The moon was almost at the full. The snow fields across the valley gleamed and glittered like sheets of silver strewn with diamonds. If the moon could have glanced through the linen blind of the room in which George Barty and Frazer Burney lay, she would have seen a very strange sight.

Shortly after midnight Burney raised himself softly on his elbow and peered

across at George's bed. He appeared to be listening to see if he was asleep, and at length seemed satisfied that it was so.

Then from under the bedclothes, where he had been lying on it, he drew out a knife, an ordinary metal-handled table knife such as they used at meals downstairs.

He wagged his jaw over this merrily. It was the very best joke he had ever had in his life.

He looked over at George again. The room was very light. He could see him quite plainly. He was sleeping soundly with his arms thrown wide.

Burney slipped noiselessly out of his bed and went across to the other bed on tip toe. His face was no longer vacant. It worked with excitement. What thoughts were whirling in the poor muddled brain, God only knows. If George had opened his eyes the other would have been back in his bed in a trice, cuddling his plaything and chuckling at his cleverness.

But George slept soundly. A smile flickered over his lips. Perhaps he was dreaming of Mary Lindsay.

Then in a moment the temptation overcame the madman. The opportunity was too grand to be lost. He bent noiselessly over the sleeper and drove the knife at his throat.

Jab—jab—jab—three wild blows before Barty could struggle up and dash at his assailant. He knocked him to the floor in a tumbled heap and fell over him before he knew who he was. Burney scrambled to his feet and leaped at the door, tore it open, and went down the stairs in two great bounds, fumbled at the front door, and away out into the moonlight clad only in his sleeping suit.

Mary Lindsay heard the scuffle. She was a light sleeper and was used to being roused at all hours of the night.

She sprang out of bed, slipped into her dressing-gown, and opened her door, and peeped cautiously out.

The door opposite was wide open. The room was bright with the moonlight. She saw something lying on the floor.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked, and receiving no answer, stepped quickly across the passage into the room.

Then her shrieks awoke the household. The landlord and his wife came running up in scant costume, and found her bending over Barty who lay there covered with blood.

They got him on to the bed and the man examined his wounds. He sent his wife for bandages, and proceeded to bind them up and so to stop the waste. He had been a guide in his time and had his wits about him. And a fortunate thing it was for George Barty that it was so.

Providentially, the knife, being a table knife, had no particular point, only a fairly keen edge. The stabs had resulted in cuts, the most serious in the side of the neck, the others on top of the shoulder. As wounds they were not deadly, but the drainage had been considerable and blood is life.

When George opened his eyes they lighted waveringly on a lovely vision. He said, long afterwards, that he thought for the moment that he had died and that some new kind of tearful angel was hovering about him. An angel in a pink dressing-gown, hastily assumed and loose at the top, whence a slender white neck rose up among white ruffled frillery. An angel with touzled brown hair, and great violet eyes still distent with fear. A gracious, beautiful, terrified girl, shaken for the moment from her pedestal of maiden modesty and reserve, and careless even of the fact that her white feet were red with blood, since it was the blood of a friend and her only thought had been for him. Then the searing pain in neck and shoulder reminded him vaguely that some untoward thing had happened and assured him that he was alive. A feeling of delightful lassitude crept over him, stitched momentarily with sharp throbs in his wounds. He felt inclined to sleep in spite even of that hovering angel and the raw severances in his neck and shoulder But there was something on his mind, something troubling him, something he should do. He suddenly remembered.

"Where is he?" he jerked out. "Is he all right?"

"Thousand fiends fly away with him," growled the landlord, hitching a bandage tighter still. "We are well quit of him."

"Find him, Groser, find him . . . my charge . . . I am responsible." Then he drifted out again into the outer darkness for a space, and either slept or fainted.

"You must find him, Herr Groser," said Mary, feeling what George's anxiety would be. "I will tend Mr. Barty. Have you stopped the bleeding?"

"I think it is stopped for the time, Fraulein. But he has lost a great deal. We must have the doctor."

"Find a messenger. I will send a note. Then go quick and look for the other. You must find him."

"Ah ja!—must!"—and the landlord went away grumbling anathemas on the fugitive, and stating that he for one had no liking for the mountains by night. There were things about, see you, that were not natural, and so on. But he went, and she found a sheet of paper in a leather case on the dressing table and a pencil, and scrawled a hasty note—"Come quickly, Herr Doctor. The madman has stabbed Mr. Barty. You will know what to bring. Come quickly."

The landlord came back more suitably dressed for the night air, took her note, and presently she heard him outside rousing the neighbours. She heard him send off the first with her message and exhortations to speed, and a few minutes later the rest started in two bands, one up the mountain, the other down, in search of the runaway, and she sat watching and listening by George Barty's bedside.

Presently the motherly old landlady came in with a basin of warm water, and insisted on washing the cold little crimsoned feet, and then proceeded to mop up the blood from the floor.

"I never did like that other one," she said softly, "but he seemed quiet enough."

"Do you . . . think he will get better?" asked the girl, looking at the quiet figure on the bed. "Sometimes I can hardly hear him breathe."

The old woman came and looked down at him. "He is all right, my dear," she said soothingly. "It is that he has lost much blood. But now that it is stopped he will soon make it up. Do you go and dress yourself, the air is cold still. I will sit by him, and when you come back I will light a fire here. It will be more cheerful. And I will make some coffee for the Herr Doctor. He will come quick when he hears. He liked the young Herr. And he will be cold with the walk."

The merry crackling of the sticks in the fireplace opened George's eyes again. They jumped from the cause of the noise to Mary Lindsay and hung there restfully.

"Have they found him?" he asked.

"They have not got back yet. They are all out after him."

That seemed to satisfy him. His eyes hung to her, till they slowly closed again and he lay quiet.

The new day was breaking through a strange dull transparent glare when the doctor arrived. He swallowed a cup of hot coffee and mounted at once to George's room.

"Ah, Fraulein," he said softly at sight of her. "I did not expect to be sent for on any such errand as this when we parted yesterday. But I am not greatly surprised. I told our friend to be on the alert. You never can be sure what a disturbed brain will be at."

He was carefully unwinding Herr Groser's rough bandages as he spoke. George's eyes opened at the handling.

"So!" said the doctor cheerfully. "How is it now, my friend? Didn't I tell you to keep your eyes open?" His long white fingers were tenderly at work, his eyes noting everything critically and clearly.

"I was sleeping," murmured George in self-justification.

"Yes, yes, one must sleep, of course. All the same. . . . Will you be so good as to ask Mother Groser for some warm water, my dear?"—to Mary—"and we will have him comfortable in next to no time. And tell her"—he whispered after her—"we want some breakfast as soon as she can get it ready."

When the patient was strapped and bound up to the doctor's satisfaction, and greatly to his own increased comfort, the old man insisted on Mary coming down with him to get something to eat, while the landlady took her place upstairs.

"Yes," he said, as the girl stood for a moment looking out of the window of the little salon. "We are in for a storm. Hark!" and she heard a strange, wild moaning and roaring in the snowy hollows of the mountain opposite, like a menagerie of monsters suffering torture. "That is the 'Wilde Föhn.' We are comparatively sheltered here, but they will catch it down below. It's a bad look-out for the other if they haven't found him yet."

"Is Mr. Barty in any danger, doctor?"

The other was of little account with her.

"If the knife had had a point he would probably be dead,"—at which she shivered—"as it is, they are only nasty cuts, and a few days' rest will see him on the road to recovery. He's in splendid condition and the cuts will heal well. But he must not move and he will need very careful nursing. He will probably be feverish and restless, but it will pass. Can you look after him?"

Mary Lindsay stepped quickly into the room

"Certainly, I will look after him. I must." She would not have been far wrong if she had said that she would rejoice in the service.

She had no appetite, but the old man forced her to eat. "You can't nurse unless you eat," he said, and, "Whew! hear the fiends howling outside!" as a whirling skirt of the storm bellowed round the house till it shuddered, and the roof rattled and creaked. "The men will take to cover till it is past. It is not good to be out on the mountains when this wind is blowing. They will never find him. He is done."

On the opposite slopes they could see the snow whirling under the lash of the gale. The valley between was filled with a thunderous roaring as of many waterfalls.

"They are mountain men,' he said again, thinking of the searchers, "or I wouldn't give a groschen for the lot of them. And my patients down below will have a chance of getting well on their own accounts for one day. Anyway it would be impossible to get about if I was down there."

They went upstairs again and found George sleeping quietly in spite of the tumult outside. Then the doctor insisted on Mary's going to her own room and lying down. She persisted that she could not sleep, but the old man knew better and had his way.

"I'm not so mercenary as to want another patient on my hands, my dear, and you can have all the watching you want when I am gone," he said, and in spite of her anxiety, and the howling of the storm, and the tremors of the house, sleep came to her as soon as she lay down.

About mid day George woke up again and asked at once if they had got Burney.

"Listen!" said the doctor. "There is a wild storm on. The men will not return till it abates. But the chances are they will not find him. If he went up the mountain, as is most likely, it is certain. What do you want done?"

George pondered the matter for a time in great depression of spirits. Then——

"If they come back without him I must let his people know at once——"

"We will prepare a telegram, if you like. Then I can send it off as soon as I know how they've gone on."

"Are these cuts serious?"

"No. You lost a good deal of blood, and you may go light-headed for a time. There is nothing to fear, but you must keep still or you'll start them bleeding again, and we can't afford that."

"I see. Then please write out the telegram—'Frazer Burney, 175 Lombard street, London. Frazer disappeared. Can you come over? Barty. Saas-Mürrn via Brunnenthal.'—They will want this part of the matter kept quiet, you understand, doctor."

'Of course. Their sorrow will be great enough as it is."

George was not so sure of that, but talking hurt his throat and he kept silence.

The storm raged till nightfall, and it was long after dark when the searchers came straggling in, tired out and starving with their long day's crouching in nooks and crannies, but with no news of the missing man.

"It is all up with him then," said the doctor to Mary, "and I will send off Herr Barty's telegram as soon as I get down in the morning."

He insisted on sitting up the second half of the night, and after giving her careful directions as to diet and treatment, and telling her to expect, and not to be frightened at, a certain amount of feverishness and possibly light-headedness, started for home at the first glimmer of daylight.

Thus strangely—how very strangely, you will see—were these two young people thrown together, by circumstance or Providence into the closest intimacy. And, if one should seek to trace to their primal causes the events which drew their lives to one common point from opposite ends of the world, it would be a fascinating study, but it would take a very large book to contain it all.

(To be continued)

Parables of Jesus

III—The Parables of the Mustard Seed and the Leaven

"THE Kingdom of Heaven"—"The Kingdom of God"—what is it? The parables describe its characteristics, its modes of operation and fulfilment. We must try to form some clear conception as to what it meant in the mind of Jesus. The subject demands a column—not a paragraph. For its fuller treatment by English writers I can only refer to such books as those of F. D. Maurice, of Dr. A. B. Bruce, of Dr. Stanton, or of the Bishop of Exeter. For "the Kingdom" the whole experience of the Old Testament was a preparation; in "the Kingdom" was summarised the whole teaching of Jesus; from "the Kingdom" have come all the best and truest energies of human life; towards "the Kingdom" in its full realization, moves the course of the world. Our Lord Himself never gave a definition of His Kingdom; and we cannot presume to speak where He was silent. To define a conception so wide and deep would be to isolate some aspect of it and thus give to that single aspect an undue importance. The history of the Christian religion is full of instances of this danger. Some, for example, have identified the Kingdom with the visible, organized Church; others have declared that it is exclusively an inward principle. Our Lord was content to select a phrase striking and easily remembered, a phrase which gathered up the spiritual history of His people; to repeat it, after His manner, over and over again in different contexts, and thus to leave it in the minds of His hearers as the centre of many thoughts and associations. But though it is impossible to define "the Kingdom of Heaven," we may perhaps, without injustice to any of its aspects, describe it as simply the true life—the life which is in free and full accord with the will of God. Our Lord speaks of it in relation sometimes to its inherent qualities of growth and expansion; sometimes to its moral and spiritual characteristics; sometimes to its sources and means of sustenance; sometimes to its outward forms. But in whatever context the phrase occurs it always denotes something vital, energetic, progressive. It is the life which He Himself as "Son of Man" embodied and manifested; the life which, by His words, His example, His spirit, He communicated to His brethren; the life which came from Him by a new birth to the spirit of man, and springing up there flowed out into all the energies of his body and soul; the life with which His Spirit endowed the "body," the community of His Church, and with which that Church should in its turn inspire and transform all humanity. This is the Kingdom of Heaven—an inward vital energy moving out from the King's Spirit, uniting His subjects to the King's self, and to each other in the fellowship of a community, inspiring and enabling them to do on earth the King's will.

Is there not need of reviving this conception of the vital, the dynamic character of the Kingdom of God? Has not our "churchmanship," *i.e.*, our membership in the visible "organ" of the Kingdom, become something stiff, immobile; a means of satisfying the conscience, rather than of stirring the will? We profess the faith which the Church keeps. We attend dutifully the services which it provides. We even receive obediently the Sacraments which it dispenses. We commend and possibly subscribe to the work which it undertakes. But are we conscious of the thrill of its life, as we are of the spring on an April morning? Are we kindled by the warmth of its spiritual energy to the flame of sacrifice and service? Yet this is the real test of our citizenship in the Kingdom of Heaven.

In the parables of the mustard seed and of the leaven, our Lord describes the way in which the Kingdom influences men. They are closely related, but yet distinct. The former describes the outward signs of the vital energies of the Kingdom, the latter the mode of their inward working.

Both are unlike in this that they seem primarily to refer to the Church as the visible "organ," through which the Kingdom affects the history and life of the world. The definiteness of the seed and of the leaven, containing yet concealing the inward properties of life and growth, suggest a definite body. Just as physical life, of which we can tell neither the origin nor the destiny, has its organ in the body; just as within the body the faculty of thought which we cannot really explain, finds its organ in the brain; so the Kingdom of Heaven, which is nevertheless wide as the scope of the Spirit of God, finds its special organ in the Church. In these two parables we see the outward sign and the inward process of the life of the Church in the world.

I. The Parable of the Mustard Seed.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field; which indeed is less than all seeds: but when it is grown it is greater than the herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the heaven come and lodge in the branches thereof" (St. Matt. xiii. 31, 32). "Small as a mustard seed" was a proverbial expression, common in popular speech. But with its smallness, men also noted its qualities of heat, of strength, and of healing. It may be that as Jesus spoke He could point to some mustard tree among whose branches the birds were sitting. It was an illustration of the contrast between first beginnings and final endings, of the powers of growth which lie hid in first beginnings if only they are inherently sound and strong.

(1) Surely this parable must have come back to the minds of the friends of Jesus with encouragement when, as a small body of obscure and despised men, they were bidden to go into all the world and make disciples of all nations. And to us too who look back upon the long and chequered history of the Church, the fulfilment of its prophetic truth is always encouraging. Dr. Lightfoot used to say that the study of history was the best cordial for drooping spirits. But the study which cheers is that which takes a wide view over long periods. When we look round at the position of the Christian Church in our country to-day, and note its divisions, its failures, the vast masses who stand outside it, depression comes over us. But when we look back at the position of the Christian Church, say a hundred years ago, courage returns. We see in the main real advance; we see signs everywhere of that astonishing power of revival of which the Church alone among human institutions seems to possess the secret; we are convinced that a power more than human is necessary to account for this persistent capacity to survive abuses so glaring, failures so overwhelming, sloth so inveterate. The encouragement grows the further back we cast our glance. It reaches the point of buoyant faith when, down the long and confused vista of the centuries, across the bewildering picture of the rise and fall of powerful nations, and great ideas, our eyes reach the first century of the Christian era. Then we realise that the institution which seems then to be the very feeblest, the company of fanatical believers in a crucified Jew, ridiculed and persecuted, is the only one which has survived the shocks and convulsions of these nineteen hundred years. The mere survival of the Church proves that there is that within it against which "the gates of hell" cannot prevail—an inherent, indestructible vitality which comes from the indwelling Spirit of Him "Who is the Resurrection and the Life." Thus when the Church is taunted by its critics to-day with its divisions, its loss of members or worldly influence, or intellectual strength. its patent inconsistencies, it will note, and if it can will remedy, its defects, but it will also quietly say, "Graviora passi"—"I have survived greater calamities than these"—and will fare forth upon its way in faith.

(2) The parable interprets to the Church not only its general course in history, but the mode of its successive revivals. They have always, like the mustard tree, grown from small beginnings. The history of the first group in the upper-chamber at Jerusalem has been repeated over and over again; a few devoted men, inspired

by the Holy Spirit, have been the seed of great and surprising developments. Think of the little band of monks who landed with Augustine on the shores of Thanet; of S. Columba and his handful of followers who rested their weary oars at Iona; of S. Francis and his first few "poor brothers"; of Charles and John Wesley, with their fellow-students following their "method" of life at Lincoln College, Oxford; and remember what great developments grew from such small beginnings. They were open to the Providence of God, but scarcely imagined or imaginable when the seed was sown. It is this thought which invests the first faint and apparently fruitless efforts of the missionaries of the kingdom in distant lands and among strange nations with something more than pathos—with the light of great hopes and clear faith. It may almost be said that no great revival or extension of the Christian Church has arisen except from small and even obscure beginnings. The conspicuous and dramatic conversion of Constantine, the baptism, intensely moving as it must have been at the time, of whole nations—these were the seeds not of progress, but of degeneration. Movements which have in them the promise of a great future seldom spring into immediate success. A church discloses the possibility of great things to come, when it is, so to say, in a state of germinating rather than when it is in a state of mere outward success and influence. There is a promise of the future in a church where there are bands of men, however small, who are framing great ideals and making ventures for them, where the old men still dream dreams and the young men are not ashamed to see visions; where new enthusiasms are met not by suspicion but by sympathy, by the wisdom which waits to see whether they be of God. On the other hand, a church is surely forfeiting its claim upon the future, however impressive its display of mere power or mechanical unity may be for the moment, when it arrests new movements and stamps them out with iron feet. There is therefore warning as well as encouragement in the parable of the mustard seed. Let us take both to heart.

II. The Parable of the Leaven.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till it was all leavened." (S. Matt. xiii. 33). The parable of the mustard seed illustrates the outward signs of the life of the Kingdom; that of the leaven, the method of its inward working. Its influence passes always from within, outward. The leaven contains within itself hidden qualities of expansion and penetration; as soon as it is lodged within the foreign substance. these qualities at once operate, till the whole is leavened. Thus the life of the Kingdom, in the soul or in the world, possesses an inward vitality and energy which at once and with increasing force diffuse their influence.

(1) Consider the truth first in its relation to the individual soul. When "the grace of God"—which is nothing else than the infused life of the Christ—is fully and honestly taken into the soul, it quietly and inevitably penetrates and transforms all the capacities and energies of the character. But its law of growth is from within, outward. How often we attempt to reverse the process! In our desires to live rightly, as we say, "to be good," we begin at the circumference of life—business, daily habits, intercourse with others. We make resolutions and frame rules to control this outward life of conduct; and we think that this dutiful, regulated outward life will somehow pass its virtue into the inner soul. Now it is of course right that we should thus bring all our outward life into order; but the rules and resolutions must be the result, the expression, of the inward life. It is the old lesson which S. Paul learned in the bitterness of his own experience and taught once for all in his Epistle to the Romans. The law cannot give life; life must issue in law. To forget this is to entangle ourselves in the struggle and the bondage from which S. Paul was set free. We may go on making rules and breaking them; making them again and striving to keep them better; and yet find that even earnest moral struggle results in little moral progress and brings us no nearer to the sense of freedom. We

forget that the *first* thing is by whole-hearted faith and self-surrender to welcome and respond to the grace of God in the inward soul. With all our self-discipline, we must begin, continue and end with "conversion." Thus, if at the centre of our life we are really surrendered to God, His grace will work its way out to the farthest circumference of our conduct, permeating as it passes all our desires and thoughts and interests. Learn from the parable of the leaven that first and last lesson of the life of the Kingdom—that it works from within, outward.

(2) It is with the influence of this Kingdom upon the world rather than with its influence upon the soul that this parable is more directly concerned. But the law of that influence is the same—it moves from within outwards. It is well for us in these days to remember how wonderfully this law was illustrated in the action of the Church upon the world in the first ages of the Christian era. The leaven was indeed hidden, yet surely and steadily its presence told. Dean Church, in a passage of singular insight and eloquence, has described the process. It is a passage which I at least can never read without deep emotion, and you will forgive me if I quote it at some length. The beginnings of the new morality "were scarcely felt, scarcely known of, in the vast movement of affairs in the greatest of empires. By and bye its presence, strangely austere, strangely gentle, strangely tender, strangely inflexible began to be noticed. But its work was long only a work of indirect preparation. Those whom it charmed, those whom it opposed, those whom it tamed, knew not what was being done for the generations which were to follow them. . . . They little thought of what was in store for civil and secular society as they beheld a number of humble men, many of them foreigners, plying their unusual trade of preachers and missionaries, announcing an eternal Kingdom of righteousness, welcoming the slave and the outcast as a brother, a brother of the Highest, offering hope and change to the degraded sinner, stammering of Christ and redemption to the wild barbarian, worshipping in the catacombs, and meekly burying their dead, often their outraged and murdered dead, in the sure hope of everlasting peace. Slowly, obscurely, imperfectly, most imperfectly, these seeds of blessing for society began to ripen, to take shape, to gain power. The time was still dark and wintry and tempestuous, and the night was long in going. It is hard even now to discern there the promises of what our eyes have seen. I suppose it was impossible then. It rather seemed as if the world was driving rapidly to its end, not that it was on the eve of its most amazing and hopeful transformation." These words are the best commentary on the parable. But do they not rebuke many of our modern methods—impatient of deep and hidden influence, eager for momentary success? Does not the Church to-day stand in danger of reversing the true law of influence—of seeking to work from without inwards, of busying itself with the circumference instead of perfecting the centre? Consider the feverish strain of organization, the eagerness to adopt methods which ensure popularity or attract numbers, the idolatry of indiscriminate energy which marks all the efforts of the Church. Consider the want of proportion between the demand for sanitary, industrial, and social reform, and the demand for the deepening and strengthening of the spiritual life. The extension of the true influence of the Church depends upon the intensity of its spirit. Even when most conscious of its call to affect the whole range of national life, to bring within its fold the masses who are straying without, the Church must, by repeated acts of recollection, return to the great saying of its Lord, "For their sakes I sanctify myself." It is by the depth of inward life rather than by the width of outward energy that the Church and its members really and lastingly influence the world.

COSMO GORDON LANG, D.D.

Stephen de Bourbon

ONE of the most curious collections of gossip of the Middle Ages, that has come down to us is the Book of Anecdotes of Stephen de Bourbon, who died in 1261. He was a shrewd observer, a man of a kindly disposition, very conscientious, and one who having travelled much, and associated with a good many persons of mark in his day, had a memory richly stored with reminiscences and tales, which, in his old age and with failing health, he amused himself with writing down in very bad Latin. His collection has been used by the author of the "Speculum Morale," attributed to Vincent of Beauvais, which had an enormous circulation. But in pillaging the collection of Stephen, the compiler of the "Moral Mirror" spoiled some of his best stories, and robbed nearly all of value by suppressing the names of the actors, and the scenes where the events took place.

Stephen was born at Belleville-sur-Saône, about the year 1192. As a boy he studied in a school at Mâçon, and thence passed to Paris where he entered the University. He has recorded a number of interesting notices of life in the Paris schools, of the manners, and morals of the Masters and the students. He tells how that one Christmas Eve when he and the others were at church, a thief stole the books of one of his fellow pupils. When the holidays were over and the young man went to get his books, he found that he had been robbed. In great distress, he had recourse to a magician who bade him look into a spoon, with water in it, and the youth therein saw the face of one of his fellow-pupils, who had always borne a good character; and who was his own cousin. The young fellow at once charged him with the theft, and denounced him to his fellows as a rogue; so that he was scouted by all. However, sometime afterwards, a common thief having been detected, fled for refuge to a church, ran up the steeple and concealed himself in one of the bells, but was brought down, and, among his other rascalities, was fain to admit that he had stolen the books and disposed of them to some Jews. And that is the way, remarks Stephen, in which some good, decent fellows get bad characters attributed to them.

He was at Paris when St. Dominic's first disciples came there, and he and other of the students were deeply impressed by their fervour and manifest sincerity. This was in 1217, and in the following year, the Friars Preachers were installed in their house of the Jacobins.

Stephen quitted Paris in 1223, and attended the coronation of Louis IX. at Rheims. Thence he went to Lyons, where he entered the Order of the Friars Preachers. At this time, the sect of the Waldenses, which had been formed in 1180, was beginning to spread. He entered into relation with the first adepts, and he was acquainted with the scribe who had made the translation of the Bible into the vulgar tongue, at the dictation of Stephen de Ansa, for which Peter Waldo who was wealthy, paid liberally. Stephen de Ansa eventually came by his death by tumbling out of his window into the street and breaking his neck.

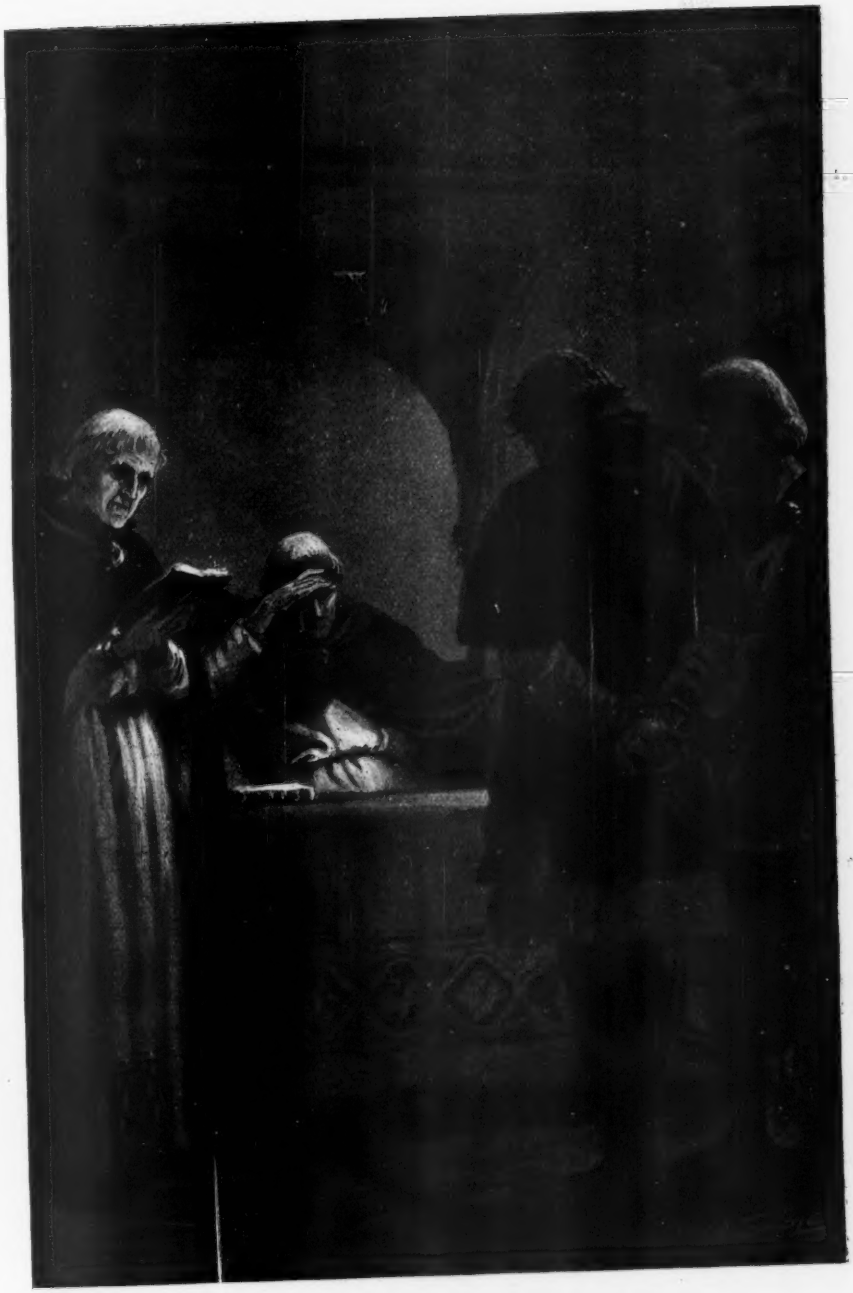
The gossiping author's account of the origin and spread of "The Poor Men of Lyons," is curious. He says that the preachers carried about with them various disguises, and passed as barbers and shoemakers, and as pilgrims, from one place to another. He gives, on the whole, a very fair account of the doctrines of the Waldenses, but he adds that they did not all agree in their tenets. "I have heard a daughter disagreeing with her mother, and yet both were infected with the same error, and had both been well instructed in the doctrines of their sect."

He also gives a full account of the Albigenses, who were wholly distinct from the Waldenses, and were, in fact, Manichœans.

Stephen was soon dispatched as an itinerant preacher, through the country, and this occupied him during forty years

of his life. He was now called on to address in the fields, as well as in the churches, the poor and ignorant. And the great object for which the Order to which he belonged was called into existence, was to combat the heretics on their own ground, and by the same means. This led to an immense revolution in the style of preaching. The first who had seen that this was necessary if the ear of the people was to be caught, was Cardinal Jacques de Vitry, who had gone with the Crusaders, as a simple curé, and had been made successively, Bishop of Acre, and Cardinal Bishop of Frascate; he died in 1244. He had seen that what the common people needed was not theological disquisitions, but plain, simple discourses, brightened up by the introduction of anecdotes and illustrations. Stephen of Bourbon threw himself into this new movement with enthusiasm. He improvised, instructed, told stories, and the people crowded to hear him If we see what the situation was, we cannot be so severe in our judgment of the popular preachers of the Dominican and Franciscan Orders, as was M. Renan, in his "Histoire Littéraire." No doubt there was abuse, and the Dominicans were the first to point this out. Vincent of Beauvais gives us a very just idea of the extent to which illustrations should be introduced into a sermon. He says that anecdotes are admissible, with the double purpose of keeping the congregation interested, and of driving home the moral teaching insisted on; but that they must be used with caution and judgment, lest laughter should be provoked in place of the feeling that the preacher proposes to arouse. In his rambles about the country, Stephen came across some very odd things. He was preaching in the diocese of Lyons, when he heard that a Saint Guinefortis was buried and culted at Villeneuve, near Villars-en-Dombes; that mothers went to the tomb, and invoked the saint for the cure of their sick children. On inquiry, he learned that this Saint Guinefortis was a *dog*, and he was told relative to the creature precisely the tale of Llewelwyn and Gelert. Greatly scandalized, he went to the spot and found that it was a frequented pilgrims' resort. Mothers took their children to the dog's grave, laid them on it, passed them through a split tree, offered salt and candles, and hung up rags on the thorn bushes around. Stephen dug up the skeleton of the dog, burnt the bones, and cut down the bushes, hoping thereby to completely eradicate the superstition. But he was disappointed in his hope, for the cult continues in the Lyonnais, and has spread to Normandy, Picardy, and into Brittany, and survives to this day.

Stephen was next appointed Inquisitor by the Pope; and he now redoubled his activity in preaching, at the same time that he exercised his inquisitorial powers. This latter was a delicate and a painful task for so conscientious a man as Stephen de Bourbon. In 1239 he was at a conclave at Mont-Aime in Marne, where the King of Navarre was present, "and almost all the bishops of France," when over eighty—in another place he says a hundred and eighty—Manichœans were convicted and burnt. In connection with this he relates a curious circumstance, that shortly before all the dogs of the country round met at Mont-Aime and engaged in a furious conflict, tearing one another to pieces, till scarce one was left alive. But when he was able to act independently, his leaning was towards mercy. He refused to listen to light and vague denunciation, he rejected the exaggerations of witnesses. A lady who had denounced herself, he dismissed unpunished. He sought gentle means before having recourse to severity. Stephen arrived at Sury-le-Comtal on the day following a great disaster, in 1339. Guy V., Count of Forez, was about to go on crusade, and he gave a great entertainment on Christmas Day. The young people, his son, and the squires, went into an upstair hall or gallery, and danced and sang, when all at once the floor gave way; the count's son and many of the squires were killed, and many more were injured. Stephen on his arrival viewed the wreckage. To this day, *la danse de Forez* is an expression employed in the neighbourhood to describe excessive joy followed by a revulsion of luck.



Stephen as Inquisitor rejects the exaggeration of witnesses

Stephen crossed the Alps into Savoy, and was interested in the ways of the mountaineers, and picked up some of their local traditions. Stephen impresses the reader as a conscientious writer. He gives his authorities for his stories, tells those which he knows to be true because he witnessed them himself, and which he had on hearsay, and which he considers should be taken with a grain of salt. When he has to relate any scandalous acts, then, and then only, does he suppress names, and he gives his reasons for so doing, so as not to cause pain, or to provoke trouble.

Some of his anecdotes are good. A certain bishop, whom he refrains from naming, gave an archdeaconry to his nephew, still a boy. Just then, a servant brought in a basket of pears presented to the prelate. "Here," said the boy, "I will take charge of them." "No, no," retorted the bishop, "I can't trust an urchin like you with pears." "And yet," murmured a clerk, standing by, "he confides to him without scruple the charge of hundreds of souls."

An old woman had heard the cuckoo call five times on the first of May. "Ha," said she, "that means that I have still five years of life before me." Shortly after, she fell grievously ill, and her daughter urged her to send for the parish curé. "No, no," replied the old woman, "I am not going to die, I have five more years of life in me." After a while, she could no longer speak, and then she muttered "Cuckoo!" five times. When her powers to do even this failed her, she held up her five fingers, and died looking intently on them.

The origin of the Dominican Order came about in this way Diego, Bishop of Osma, went through the country occupied by the Albigenses with sumpter horses and a splendid equipage, and preached against the heritics. But they retorted: "Not in this fashion do our preachers go about; they go in humility and poverty and abstinence." The Bishop, in confusion, dismissed his horses and all his equipage, and pursued his journey on foot. "And this occasioned the institution of our Order, as I have heard from the early friars who were with the blessed Dominic."

A man who had committed a great crime, had imposed on him as penance by the Pope that he should wear a leaden tunic. When Peter II., Bishop of the Tarantaise, saw the poor wretch, bowed down by the weight, he ripped the leaden tunic off him. He was indignantly reproached for having done this, and asked his authority for defying the authority of the Holy See. "I act by higher authority," said the Bishop, "even His who said, 'Blessed are the merciful.'"

A rather pretty story is told of William Count of Poitiers, who became a monk and died in 963. When he entered religion, he was set to attend to the poultry, and found great delight in watching the hens, and their solicitude for their eggs, and then the manner in which they clucked to call the chickens to any grain that lay in their way. Afterwards he was made shepherd of the flocks, and found pleasure in the playfulness of the lambs, and the way in which each lamb seemed to know the bleat of its mother. Then he was made pig driver to the monastic herd of swine, and this also gave him vast amusement. "Well," said he, "I have more pleasure in watching these dumb animals than I ever had in the joustings and banquetings as Count of Poitiers."

The fertile theme of the scolding wife supplies Stephen with several stories. One of his has gone far and wide, that of the captain of a vessel who had his wife on board, when a storm came on, and the sailors told him that the only chance for life was for them to throw overboard all the heaviest articles in the vessel.

"That is my wife," said the Captain:—

"Heavy indeed are the bales of silk,
And heavier is the gold,
But heavier yet is the lead, I bet,
Lumbering in the hold.
But there is a weight outweighs them all,
The heaviest I can find;
More ponderous than lead, it crushes my head,
And oppresses my soul and mind.
Upon my spirit it ever lies,
In company or alone,
Come, boatswain, with me, and into the sea,
We'll topple old Madame Malone."

A young wife found that her husband was getting cold and absenting himself from home. She went to a witch. "Go and learn what the rabbits say," was the advice given her. She returned after a few days. "The rabbits say nothing. When they are out browsing they are silent, when chased they are silent."

"So——you have learned the lesson."

It is curious to find in this 13th century writer the story of Johnny Sands. The story passed on to Marie de France, and into the Facetiæ of Poggio. A really good story never dies.

Another of his tales also found in Marie de France, is that of the husband who had a perverse wife. He gave an entertainment in his garden on the brink of the river, and said to his wife, "Yes—I want you to sit on the inner side of the table." "I won't," said she. "I'll sit where I choose, on this side, near the river." During the banquet, her husband said, "Wife, you are too far from the table, draw up to it," "I'll sit as I like," said she, and thrust back her chair, and fell into the river. A great commotion ensued, and the husband ran seeking her up stream. "Why do you do that?" he was asked. "Because she was ever perverse."

On a certain Palm Sunday, there was a procession, and in the procession which traversed the streets, was a lady, advanced in years, who wore a very profuse and costly wig. Now, a clerk who lived in the street had a pet monkey, and the creature looking out of the window at the procession, suddenly let itself down by its chain and caught the wig off the lady's head, and ran up its chain again. The solemn procession was convulsed with laughter. "And," says Stephen, "I was walking in it at the time."

Stephen has much to say about the toilettes of ladies of his time. The ladies, says he, have any number of heads, that is to say, head-dresses: a head for the day, another for the night, a head for ordinary days, a head for festivals, a head for indoors, a head for out of doors. But the shabbiest head of all, is that they show to their husbands at home. Anything will do for them, but when they go out—where other men are—it is different.

In speaking of family pride, the gossiping friar tells a repartee of a noble. One, a bumptious fellow, full of ostentation and pride of birth, said to another, "Ha, sir! you are the head of your family, I believe." "As surely, sir, as you are the tail of yours."

But he has also a good deal to say of the luxury of prelates and the avarice of priests. One instance he knew of occurred near Lyons. A man with a large family and little means lost one of his children. The parish priest refused to perform the burial service over it, unless he were assured of his fees. But the poor fellow could not pay, so he put the body in a sack and carried it to Lyons, where he was allowed admission to the palace of the Archbishop, because the porter thought he was bringing a present of game. The poor man exposed the body before the prelate and told him the whole story. The Archbishop at once said: "I will myself perform the obsequies of your child," He did so, then sent for the Curé and said: "I have performed what was your duty, as your substitute, so now pay me the fees."

Stephen de Bourbon died in 1261.

His book, the work of his old age, remained in manuscript till 1877, when it was printed and edited by M. Lecoy de la Marche for the "Société de l'Histoire de France."

S. Baring-Gould.

Egypt To-Day

THE extraordinary progress that has been made in Egypt during recent years, its magnificent climate, the possibility of fertilizing large areas of the land. by more or less controlling that most wonderful of all rivers, the Nile, seems to suggest that the country might enjoy for a second time under suitable conditions all the advantages of the highest civilization.

Under the able guidance of Lord Cromer the country has been developed in a manner never previously thought possible. Confidence in a firm and just Government is everywhere apparent, security is insured, and progress encouraged. The French influence in Egypt being very considerable, the present "rapproachement" between France and England, and the general desire that the "Entente Cordiale" may be founded upon a solid basis both assist very materially in promoting the welfare of the country. The recent Agreement between the French and English Governments with respect to Egypt practically ensures the development of that country, and amongst many excellent provisions which it contains, the one releasing large sums of money amassed by the "Caisse de la Dette," and permitting such under certain conditions to be expended upon irrigation and other works, will be the means of making Egypt the most prosperous country of modern times.

This is a matter of the greatest importance for no other country requires such a large capital expenditure to fully develop its resources. The barrage that has lately been completed by the Egyptian Government at Assuân has cost over £2,000,000, but it is expected that the gain to the country through the irrigation of lands hitherto beyond reach of cultivation will exceed this sum every year, and the only source of regret is that the temple on the Island of Philœ was the means of preventing the dam being built to the necessary height to insure its maximum utility.

No one who has recently visited Cairo can fail to be impressed by the signs of prosperity everywhere apparent. Magnificent new buildings are to be seen in all stages of progress, the carriages of the wealthy are as numerous as in Rotten Row during the London season, and the population is so great that entirely new districts are in course of construction for their accommodation. A very important undertaking has just been commenced by the Minister of Public Works, which, when completed, will quite transform the district of old Cairo, and the banks of the Nile near Gizeh and Roda Island. It was decided some time ago to build a large bridge across the Nile some two miles higher up than the present one at Kasr-en-Nil, and make a new thoroughfare from old Cairo, along the centre of Roda Island to the bank of the river.

The present bridge at Kasr-en-Nil affords the only means of crossing the river, and, being very narrow, it is quite inadequate for the immense traffic which passes over it. In addition to this, a portion of it is opened every day for an hour or so at a time to accommodate the shipping, so that, during these intervals, all communication between the two banks of the Nile is entirely suspended. The bridge about to be built will provide an alternative route, and there will be direct communication between the centre of Cairo and the Pyramids by means of electric tramways.

The whole undertaking is one of considerable magnitude, and is expected to cost between £300,000 and £400,000 before it is entirely completed. The new bridge will be one-third of a mile in length and 22 yards wide, and will have an opening portion, near the Roda Island. The piers upon which the structure is carried have all to be founded at a depth of 80 feet below the level of high Nile, and as the nature of the bed of the river necessitates their being sunk by means of air pressure that the engineers may examine the ground upon which they rest, it will readily be understood that the whole work is one of considerable difficulty, and will require great care in its execution.

The Egyptian Government, therefore, decided to invite competitive designs and tenders for the construction of the bridge, as well as for two smaller ones required to complete the entire scheme, and in the autumn of 1903 the Minister of Public Works issued a specification setting forth the general requirements which had to be observed, and stating very clearly that the artistic effect of the bridges was of the greatest importance, and must therefore receive careful attention by those who propose to send in designs.

The competition being universal, great efforts were made by the chief bridge engineers and contractors, in France, Germany, England, and in fact nearly all countries, to secure the work, as it was recognised that the honour of gaining such a prize was of greater importance than the pecuniary profit which might result in carrying out the work.

Additional reasons spurred the British bridge engineers. They had not forgotten that, when Lord Kitchener required a bridge to be rapidly constructed over the Atbara, a branch of the Nile not far north of Khartoum, it was the Americans who secured the contract. They were told at the time that Great Britain could not hold her own against foreign competition without exerting much greater efforts; that they were not up to date in the manner they carried out their works; and many other things which were all the more unpalatable because they were in a great measure true.

Several months were occupied in preparing the designs, and it was not until February 1st of last year that they were delivered to the Minister of Public Works at Cairo. As many as 34 complete sets of designs were received and naturally their examination provided work for a large staff for many weeks. Ultimately it was seen that the final choice would have to be made between three French and one British firm, and these were invited to send a representative to Cairo for the purpose of giving detailed explanations of their designs, all of which were of great merit. After the most careful consideration the Egyptian Government decided to entrust the work to the British firm.

The whole scheme will require some three years for its completion, and a large number of workmen will be employed, both in this country, where the bridges will be constructed, and in Egypt. There is no difficulty in obtaining a plentiful supply of labour at Cairo. The skilled workman is generally an Italian, and is of course much more highly paid than the native, who received but five piastres (1s. 0½d.) for a day's work. Women and children are also very generally employed, even for engineering works, but their wage only amounts to one-quarter that given to the men.

It will not be long before we see other large works commenced, for not only the prosperity but even the very existence of the people of the country depends upon the cultivation of the land to the utmost extent. Such can only be effected by still further controlling and utilizing the Nile; by the construction of many new railways; the building of mills, and carrying out of such other works that the greatest advantage may be obtained from climatic and other conditions which are unequalled in any other part of the world.

A country which enjoys three harvests every year is not likely to be neglected. Lord Cromer, speaking at Khartoum early last year, drew attention to the large amount of work which had still to be done, especially in upper Egypt and the Soudan. He considered it would be necessary to have more barrages across the Nile, and erect markets for local produce. He said that the railway now being constructed between Suakim and Berber, at a cost of about £2,000,000, was an absolute necessity for the development of the country, especially as it would very considerably facilitate communication between upper Egypt and Great Britain. It is evident, therefore, that the local requirements are fully appreciated by the Egyptian Government, and that in the near future Egypt will again be one of the most prosperous countries the world has ever seen.

A. FRANCE

A Land of Flowers and Saints

PROBABLY few even know where Donegal is, or if they know that it is in the extreme north-west of Ireland, imagine that to spend a holiday there, means roughing it to the last degree and seeing little but bare bleak mountains or gloomy bogs. What a contrast the reality is. There is hardly a more fascinating place on the face of the earth—nor one so full of variety, colour, and beauty, so rich in sacred memories of the past and in the beauties of nature. Donegal is also a great place for fishing—much of it free—while the hotels in many of the most attractive resorts are excellent.

My last visit to the north of Ireland was in 1904, in one of the loveliest springs I ever remember; day after day of brilliant sunshine rewarding the early travellers, and never have I seen such lovely colouring on sea and land, nor such wealth of wild and garden flowers. Lough Swilly more than justified its name as the "lake of shadows"; it was an ever-varying colour scheme, of bright blues, greens, and clear depths, with a background of hazy violet mountains. In a garden near the delightful hotel at Port Salon (recently much enlarged) I met a further surprise. A botanist lives here who has gathered rare plants from many parts of the world, and at the time of my visit, several gorgeous varieties of rare Indian rhododendrons were in full bloom: their large flowers of richest colours—pink, primrose, mauve, white, deep red, against a background of tree, Madeira and other rare ferns, made it hard to believe one was really at the "back of beyont," at almost the most northerly point of Ireland. In striking contrast to the lovely garden, great jagged cliffs—the white-capped waves breaking at their feet—were seen through the young green of larches and beeches in the surrounding wood, and to complete the charm a peaceful little sandy bay nestled in a hollow just below.

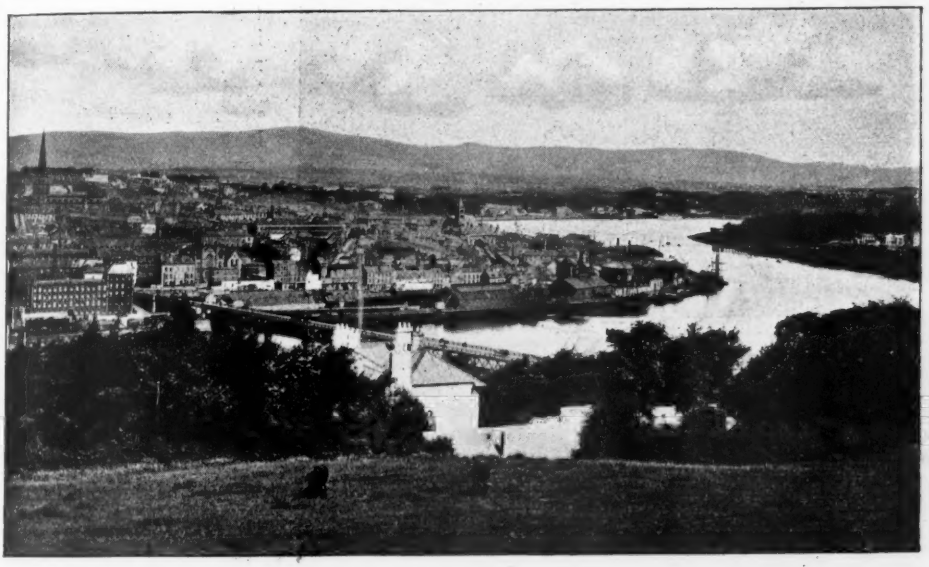
Part of my visit was devoted to visiting places connected with St. Columba, one of the chief of Ireland's saints, and as these are in some of the loveliest parts of the county, they are doubly worth seeing, so that a suggestion for a short tour, combining antiquarian and historic interest with beautiful scenery, comfortable quarters, besides the additional attractions of golf and fishing, may be useful. There are first class golf links on the sand dunes around the Rosapenna and Port Salon hotels—both these hotels are excellent.

Arrived in Londonderry, an hour may be spent visiting the spots connected with the historic siege, and walking on the old walls. The well known cathedral is outshone by the more modern and remarkably fine Roman Catholic one, standing on an eminence; but of more interest is a spot at some little distance, where mass used to be offered in the open air when the penal laws were in force. Here stands now St. Columb's Chapel, and just outside it is a Calvary group having at the base a great block of granite, known as St. Columb's stone. The dents or hollows in the stone are said to have been made by the saints' knees in praying. St. Columba founded his first monastery here in Derry—the town was long called Derry-Columbkille on this account (kill meaning a church, Derry, an oak grove)—and always dearly loved the spot. A verse of a hymn written by him after he had been exiled to Scotland, runs:—

My Derry! my Derry! my little oak grove,
My dwelling, my home, and my own little cell,
May God the Eternal in Heaven above
Send death to thy foes and defend thee well.
How dear to my heart in yon western land,
Is the thought of Lough Foyle where the cool waves pour—
Oh bear me my blessing afar to the west,
For the heart in my bosom is broken, I fail!

St. Columba, who was born in 521 A.D., was banished to Iona owing to a dispute about a copy of the Psalms, which he had secretly made (aided, tradition says, by a supernatural light which flowed from his fingers at night): this copy, the owner of the original psalter claimed as his; but St. Columba, who was at this time impetuous and hot-tempered,

refused to part with it; soon blows followed among the followers of the two sides, until as a punishment he was banished out of sight of his beloved country by his ecclesiastical superiors.* He sailed in one of those frail canvas boats, the curraghs, still in use in this part of Ireland. From the monastery he subsequently established in Iona, many missionaries went out to evangelize Scotland, England, and the continent. The copy of the Psalms, which made so momentous a change in his history, was long known as the "Cathach" or Battler, as it was always carried into battle, by his family or tribe; it and the case containing it may still be seen in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin.



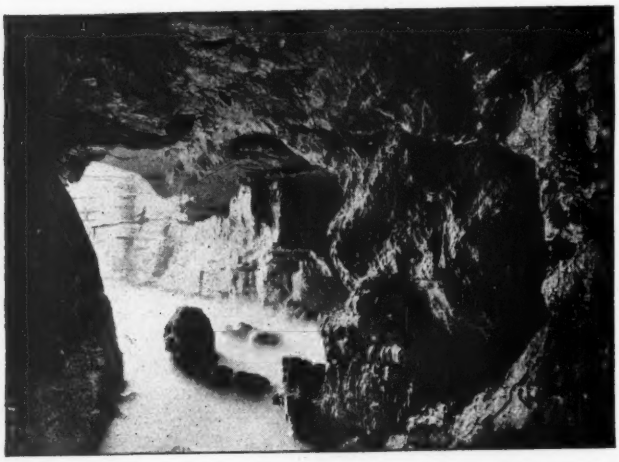
Photograph by **Londonderry** *A. Ayton, Londonderry*

A few miles out of Derry a curious old ruin known as the Grianan of Aileach, or more generally as Greenan Hill, is worth visiting. It is not beautiful, but it is believed that this was one of the earliest stone buildings made by man; it is certainly pre-historic, while in later days both St. Patrick and St. Columba preached here. It was a stronghold in very ancient times and probably a place of refuge in time of war and a storehouse. All that remains now (and even this has been largely reconstructed in recent times by an enthusiastic antiquarian, Dr. Bernard), is a great circular wall, 10 or 12 feet thick, and nearly 100 feet round, with terraces at the top, along which one can walk; in the thickness of the wall two low, unlighted passages run. The name Grianan probably means the house of the sun—either from the sacrifices made here of old to Baal, the Sun God, or because it was the king's pleasure house, or house of the Sun. A few curious articles and stone weapons were found here, and perhaps it was partly the neighbourhood of this stronghold and settlement that made St. Columba settle near by.

A short run from Derry by the new Donegal line lately opened takes one in leisurely manner through Letterkenny, with its fine new Roman Catholic Cathedral, to the wayside station of Churchill,

* Monastic communities in these early days often indulged in fighting: they were not indeed exempted from military service till the ninth century.

from which spot another pilgrimage may be made. But it is necessary, if alighting here, to order a car beforehand, as the station is miles from everywhere. It is a special peculiarity of this new line (thanks to the proverbial perversity of Dublin Castle and H.M. Board of Works) that it not only runs through the least inhabited parts of sparsely peopled Donegal, but that most of its stations are miles away from any village or even house, so that though they may be called Churchill, Kilmacrenan, etc., they are nowhere in sight of the villages or towns of these names. Still, whatever its shortcomings, one cannot but be grateful to a line that has brought much beautiful scenery within comparatively easy reach. A drive of some three or four miles from Churchill station brings one into the very heart of these Donegal mountains, and it seems as if all civilisation must be left far behind, so hilly and rugged are the surroundings, but a dip in the road suddenly reveals an oasis of sylvan beauty, the more striking for its unexpectedness. Driving under over-hanging trees, lovely Lough Gartan is reached, wooded to its water's edge, and here a former rectory has been converted into a small, homelike and most comfortable hotel—St. Columb's. It is hardly kind to give it so much publicity, for it is a quiet resort beloved of fishermen: the fishing is free both in this lake, in Lake Akibbon, close by, and in other smaller lakes. Brown and white trout are caught here—two rods caught 245 trout in ten days, one rod 597 in eleven days in May last year, but still more wonderful is the fact that the salmon fishing is also free in Lough Fern not far off (though Milford makes a more convenient centre for this lake and has a very comfortable hotel too): four salmon had just been landed by a fisherman the last time I was there.



Photograph by *R. Welch, Belfast*
In the Great Arch, Seven Arches, Port Salon, Donegal

But Gartan has many attractions, the lake itself is beautiful, there is a lovely walk or drive around its north side by a wood through whose trees the bright water of the lake gleams in the sunshine, while beneath the trees a carpet of bluebells, primroses, wood anemones and other wild flowers is seen in the spring; masses of bluebells spreading away into space, looking like entangled bits of blue sky.

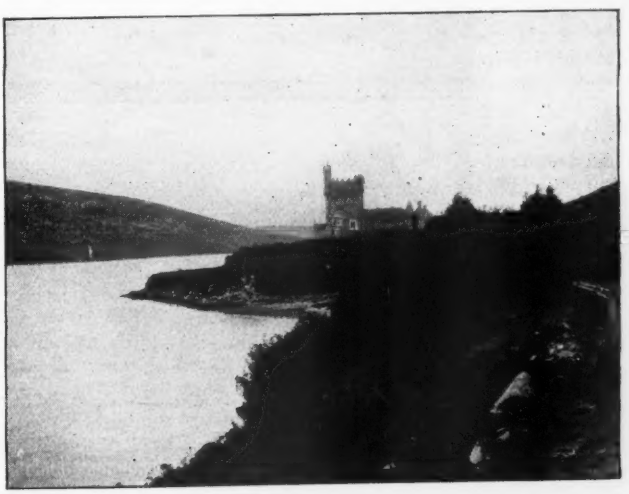
A short walk from the lake is St. Columba's birthplace, "station," holy well and a ruined monastery or church. The birthplace is marked only by a great block of granite half hidden in the ground, with curious dents or hollows in it, said to have been made at his birth, and some way further is the tiny ruined Church still known by his name. In the chinks of the stones a medley of articles may be seen, for all who come on pilgrimage leave some offering—a rosary perhaps, pipes are there too, even rags, if nothing better may be had. Just outside are two old weather-worn crosses, inside is an old tombstone with carvings on it—a hand and lamb may be distinctly seen. For fifteen hundred years these spots have been venerated, and one can hardly visit them

without a feeling of reverence and thankfulness that these people, however poor and ignorant they may be, yet have so firm a belief in the realities of the Unseen and in the consolations of religion as to make the hardships of this life seem of trifling importance.

But these hard-working farmers, if they are owners of bits of land, are as a rule a contented and independent lot. An English gentleman staying in one of the hotels said in a kindly, but somewhat condescending way, "Well, Pat, if you ever want work, be sure you let me know. I am always glad to help the poor Irish." "Thank you, sir," was Pat's instant answer, "but I have always heard that charity begins at home, and I've seen more poverty and misery in an hour in Whitechapel than you will find in a month in Donegal!"

Some few miles away from Gartan is another place of pilgrimage, the Well and Rock of Doon. This is in an almost inconceivably desolate region, peopled only by brilliant masses of gorse, and the Well is quite hidden until one actually reaches it, but it is never without its barefooted pilgrims, for it has a great reputation for healing and the green sward round is almost hidden by the crutches, sticks, rags, etc., left behind by the pilgrims. The steep rock rising precipitously just behind the well was the crowning place of the chiefs of old.

Glenveagh, a lovely spot, may also be visited from Gartan. Some eight miles away, along an utterly lonely and wild road, a wonderfully beautiful lake some four miles long, right in the heart of the mountains, may be reached. On one side, the hills rise precipitously from the shores—on the other the slope is gradual and wooded to the water's edge and here, almost overhanging the lake, stands a fine house—Glenveagh Castle, built by the late Mr. Adair. The deer fearlessly stay to look at visitors, and the drive to the farther end of the lake through the wood, is charmingly pretty. At the far end a steep foot path on the right leads into the "poisoned Glen" (in this unlikely spot the Killarney fern has been found growing wild), and on to Gweedore, while a rough mountain track on the left (quite driveable, however, by the accommodating Irish car), leads out of the Glenveagh estate. From the top of the hill a fine, well-kept road runs downhill nearly all the way to Gartan, past a deserted granite quarry. The stone is a fine-grained grey granite of excellent quality, but probably the distance from a railway hinders the development of this quarry. Wholesale evictions took place in the old days from the Glenveagh estate, and scarcely a house was left in the valley; but these sad days have passed away though, alas, they are not forgotten yet.



Photograph by *A. Ayton, Londonderry*

Glenveigh Castle, Donegal

Another most magnificent glen, Columbkille, on the western coast, is still more closely associated with St. Columba, and apart from this, is well worth a visit for

its magnificent scenery. The best way to reach it is by taking the Donegal line from the town of Donegal (to which place there is a railway from Derry), to Killybegs, the terminus of this branch. Killybegs is a charming spot with a magnificent harbour (*completely* land-locked, one enthusiastic writer exclaims!) with wild flowers and ferns in abundance, the royal fern or osmunda among others: the geological formation being limestone, broken and quaint fantastic cliffs may be seen along the coast. One feature of interest is a carpet factory, lately started by an enterprising Scotch firm, and so successful that now over 100 workers are employed, and a second has been started at Kilcar, near by. To my surprise, in this out of the way spot, almost at the extremity of the old world, I found a large, airy building, with electric light installed and filled with looms, some of them the largest I have ever seen. Before each of these looms a row of girls was seated—girls who till lately had no means of earning money except occasional rough field work, now transformed into skilful, eager artists. In front of the loom are small compartments holding wool of various beautiful shades, cut into short lengths; these are threaded through the stretched warp, and so the design in front—many specially made from Celtic sources—is gradually and faithfully copied, and carpets of any size, of the softest texture and almost everlasting wear are created. Both colouring and designs are most artistic. Knitting, sprigging, embroidery and the weaving of homespuns are other Donegal industries. Many of the girls and the women as they walk about are all the time knitting a bit of dainty work, perhaps a baby's socks or hood. They are extraordinarily quick in learning designs and new patterns, but the majority still look upon service in America as their foregone destiny. America is far nearer and more homelike in their eyes than England, or even Dublin.

Photograph by *R. Welch, Belfast*
Kells St. Columbkill's Holy Well

But we must push on to Carrick, a few miles further along the coast, so as to visit some of the grandest cliff scenery in Great Britain—Slieve League, rising almost 2,000 feet precipitously from the sea, with its perilous "one man's path," a narrow ridge near the summit sloping steeply away both sea and landwards. Before this point is reached, however, there is a lovely and easily accessible view point—Bunglas, from which the gigantic cliffs with their beautiful veined colourings are well seen. From Carrick a day's expedition should also be made to Glen-columbkille (where unfortunately there is no hotel). On the way a lovely little bay, Malinbeg, may be visited. This is not the most direct way, but is worth the extra journey. The road is bordered with great fuchsia hedges and passes fields rich in wild flowers. Before Malinmore another village on the way is reached, an oval stone enclosure known as Cloghanmore may be seen in a field on the left, with two high standing stones; in the neighbourhood are some six or seven large cromlechs, all lying east and west, many surrounded by stone circles. These cromlechs or giants' graves, are locally known — from an old tradition — as Grania's beds. A little further on, the

precipitous cliffs of Glen Head, crowned by an old watch tower, are seen. At the foot is Glen Bay running far inland and on the farther side of the bay is Glencolumbkille—surely a spot as remote from the world as it is possible to conceive. These saints of old doubtless thought this very inaccessibility to the world and its temptations would remove hindrances to devotion, so here, on this barren, rocky hill-side St. Columba spent many years and founded a monastery. The devout come bare-foot to pray at the thirteen stations on the stony hill-side, each marked by cairns or heaps of stones. The most sacred spots are St. Columba's Bed, Well and Cross. The little stone house or cell is high up on the hill side, and the bed is nothing but an uneven flagstone on the ground, with a little beaten path round trodden by the feet of the many pilgrims who visit it. In the wall above is a smooth round stone, greatly venerated, as it is supposed to possess healing virtue. Near by is a rock, known as St. Columba's Chair. The Well, also high up on the hill, is surrounded by a great barricade of stones, for the devout who visit it, all add to the pile. There are some forty sacred places in all around here, counting shrines, crosses and wells.

Photograph by *R. Welch, Be'fast*

Flowering or Sprigging, Co. Down

Of the crosses there are twelve scattered about—one may be seen at the rectory gate. Many are sculptured with Celtic designs, but now much weathered, and one is believed to have been erected by St. Columba himself.* Another curious place accidentally discovered some little time ago, is the subterranean passage or cave (souterrain) with carefully hidden breathing holes. The opening to it is in the graveyard at the Protestant Church; a ladder is kept there, but a candle is necessary before descending into the three long, narrow chambers or passages, roofed with great stone slabs.

Such are some of the antiquities of the place, but these must not prevent the ascent of Glen Head—about an hour's rather stiff climb above the Well, already mentioned. From near the Tower at the top of the Head a grand view of these magnificent cliffs with the sea dashing at their feet may be seen—the Sturral, another steep cliff, faces us, northward Tormore (or Great Tower) may be seen and hills behind hills rise all round. It is possible here and there to descend the cliffs and so get a better idea of their huge size, but many sheep are lost every year by getting into inaccessible spots on the cliff. In storms, the spray dashes right over the tops of even these gigantic cliffs, and a westerly storm is a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Wild as is the sea and sternly precipitous these gigantic cliffs, yet there is a marvellous wealth of wild flowers in Donegal—although a great part of this country is now unfortunately

* St. Columba is reputed to have founded no less than 300 Churches in different parts of Ireland.

denuded of trees. There are great hedges of fuchsia, many varieties of ferns, such as the flowering fern of Osmunda, many marsh loving plants are also common, the marsh marigold, bog myrtle, bog pimpernel, the pretty bog or buck bean (which also yields a dye and is valued medicinally), besides the field gentian, the autumn gentian, many varieties of hawkweed, some peculiar to Ireland, the large purple saxifrage, many orchids, the purple loosestrife, some Alpine plants, the pretty little mountain dryas, meadow rue, etc. The heather, wild rose, lichen, etc., also yield dyes, used in the dyeing of the homespuns and tweeds, the weaving of which may be seen in many of the cottages.

Of course it rains in Donegal, but there are seldom whole days of rain, and thunderstorms are as rare as frost; as a matter of fact the rainfall is not so heavy as in the English lake district or the West of Scotland, while the climate is very equable, and the temperature of the sea never falls below 41°, thanks to the Gulf Stream. May and June are perhaps the most delightful months in the year, but the least used by tourists. Irish is still spoken in the west of Donegal, a county now and always remarkably free from crime.

One distinctive feature of early times worth remembering is the fact that not only did Ireland become Christianised at a very early date, but it became also a centre of learning and of missionary work. From the sixth to the eighth century it was indeed a university for all Europe, thousands flocked to the Christian School established by St. Patrick at Armagh, "the metropolis of civilisation," as it was called. From this and from many of the colleges subsequently founded, Irish missionaries went all over Europe to teach and preach, founding monasteries in France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and elsewhere, and writing many books. Some of their beautifully illuminated manuscripts may still be found in these foreign monasteries—it was an art in which they had no equals, but beautifully worked gold and bronze articles, chalices, brooches, bell and book shrines, etc., were also made in these early days. Many of these may be seen in the National Museum in Dublin, while some of the most famous and beautiful of the illuminated manuscripts are in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

Possibly, under the happier auspices that are now dawning, arts and industries may once more revive, the terrible emigration of the best of its people cease, and Ireland, now, as always, a deeply religious country, may become again a centre of learning and of wisdom.

ROSA M. BARRETT.

Unfinished Chapters

I

IF a journey (a railway journey) with its unprinted pages of landscape, mountain, moor, river, or cottage garden may be compared to a book, then it must be to a book of unfinished chapters, a story without an end; for the stretches of flying scenery which we so eagerly scan and through which we are often compelled to pass with such regrettable swiftness are so many unfinished chapters, so many stories without an end. Who that has travelled in a train, if only for half-an-hour, and looked out of the window all the time, is not able to tell of some incident, some trifling event which is not without a charm of its own; perhaps a homely scene whose first causes we note with eager interest, leaning forward or looking back to see all we can. And if our interest is beyond all proportion to the occurrence, is it not probably stimulated by the knowledge that the curtain will go down—in more literal language, that our engine will rush us through—before we have seen the end?

Yonder on the outskirts of a park-like

"pleasaunce," under beautiful trees, a herd of little Scotch cattle are standing with their black legs knee-deep among shining yellow buttercups. "What enormous horns those little fellows have," some one in the railway carriage remarks casually, and at that moment I discover that two of the "little fellows" are about to settle some private difference by testing the strength of their "enormous horns." The challenger has joined his opponent on a small piece of elevated ground, and in an instant the thick short necks are bent, the curly square foreheads and magnificent horns have met with a force and a crash only to be perceived by the imagination, certainly not by the ear as I fly past the cool green "pleasaunce" in the rattling railway carriage. In vain do I crane my neck and lean out of the window to "see what happens." The well-matched squarely built little combatants are still at it. They have just retreated for another onset, and as they rush together, the mound of malice is hid from my sight, and I settle down again in my corner, conscious that those of my fellow-travellers who are engrossed in books or papers glance at me rather disapprovingly, wishing that I too had something to read. So I have! Plenty! And it is all very engrossing, but the unfinished chapters in my delightful story-book make one a little restless at times, though on the whole I consider myself a more peaceful occupant of the carriage than the consumers of various morning daily papers, especially when my opposite neighbour in turning his *Times* inside out gets into difficulties and engulfs himself and his *vis-a-vis* for the space of a minute and a half. Of course I do not complain, but I grudge the time spent thus enwrapped, because the pages I wish to peruse are limned in letters of green and gold, and illuminated in wonderful colours as were the missals and manuscripts of old.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaims the old gentleman, as we meet in the bye-ways of the middle sheets, and after sundry evolutions I once more breathe the free air of heaven as it rushes in through the wide-open window. "May I offer you my paper"? the owner of the *Times* adds by way of compensation.

Not to hurt his feelings I accept the newspaper, which is an excellent pennyworth if you happen to like that particular kind. I happen rather to dislike it, and as I am about to feign an intelligent interest in the opening sheet I notice a blue-jacket swinging along a narrow lane, kit-bag under one arm, and in his free hand a great bunch of honeysuckle. Before there is time to do more than mark a general look of enjoyment and happiness as he passes between the flowering hedgerows, he is out of sight—and the newspaper has slipped to the floor of the carriage as I sit looking out of the window, following in imagination the strong well set-up sailor who, it may be, is approaching his home after several years of separation from those he loves. And as this thought comes into my mind I startle the old gentleman by leaning suddenly forward to get a glimpse—as the train rushes by—of a stile at the bottom of a little meadow, the figure of a woman shading her eyes with one hand and with the other holding tight to a red-frocked child who sits astride the topmost bar, waving a green bough.

"She will see him in another ten minutes," I tell myself, "he was walking fast. Will he kiss her first and then give her the honeysuckle, or will she put the child into his arms and take the flowers and the kit-bag from him?"

From the thatched cottage, standing in its garden at the top of the meadow, a slender thread of blue smoke goes up into the summer air, and I catch sight of white jessamine, tall hollihocks and beehives. Who cannot picture the spotless kitchen from whence that "fair blue reek," the homely incense of a thankful heart, mounts heavenwards. As we fly through darkening woods I think with satisfaction of the singing kettle, the tea-table spread. "Home-made bread and honey," I murmur, and the old gentleman glances at me uneasily and reclaims his discarded paper from the floor without a word.

Great indeed are the joys of travel, and few and far between are the pages to which we can point and say: "There is

nothing writ there worth reading." Whether abroad we pass at no great speed close to a little French village, or whether—further a-field—we follow in our gorgeously upholstered Pulman the windings of the mighty Fraser river with its smooth sandy bays and busy Indians spearing salmon, there is something to see at every turn of the axle. And the grander and wilder nature grows, the fuller and more finished are the chapters of her book; for it is, I think, only when human life crosses our vision that we look for a story and are sorry when it remains half told. But let us remember this. Although a railway carriage may not always seem a very comprehensive or sympathetic explainer, it is at times the means of giving to the sight and to the mind such prospects as would require God Himself to interpret.

Before passing on to consider other kinds and conditions of "unfinished chapters," I should just like to describe a little scene I beheld from the railway corridor which runs the length of the somewhat restricted "wagon-lit" accomodation one gets abroad, and which is certainly the redeeming feature of those small cramped cubicles.

We were homeward-bound at the close of a Swiss holiday, and after the night journey I was sitting in the corridor by the open window in the early morning, trying not to be too sorry that the white mountains were already hundreds of miles behind us. All the cubicle doors were closed, but in the fields and villages we passed the day seemed already well advanced. Men, women, and children alike had embarked on their toilsome round of labour and limited gain; some were driving little low country carts at a paralyzed pace along the flat, tedious roads, others were working in the fields, ploughing plots of land or harvesting crops of maize. Even among the more prosperous dwellings the green shutters were thrown back, and the inflated "Plumeaux" of the whole household were airing from window or wooden balcony.

It was in the garden of one of these humble but better-class cottages that I suddenly espied a joyous, independent, and perfectly naked baby of about three years old, toddling as fast as its little feet could go down a narrow gently sloping path which began at the very green door of the very white house and finished at a low paling separating the garden from the railway. The garden path was flanked by tall sunflowers, and between these golden sentinels the small deserter passed unchallenged, continuing his untrammelled flight in my direction, with every sign of satisfaction, waving his arms and—if I could but have heard him—shouting and laughing at his own cleverness.

With all the windows of the corridor at my disposal you would have thought I might have taken part in the final scene: for I saw the anxious mother start from her green door in hot pursuit just as my little Moses was within sight of his promised land, to wit—the shining metals of the Bâsle-Calais railway, and was making determined and plucky attempts to climb the low fence, and take possession.

There is little doubt, I fear, as to the nature of that final scene for which the culprit was so suitably prepared! So perhaps I should have been grateful to the cluster of red roofs that shut out the meeting 'twixt mother and son. And yet, on reflection, I felt that the result of his frolic need not necessarily end in tears. Surely no mother's heart could withstand such a picture of a babe, enhancing the brightness of that sunny dewy garden by his pretty baby nakedness.

Such a knight-errant found wandering among sunflowers was born to be kissed. And did his mother kiss him or slap him? I shall never know, but if she was a wise woman she slapped him!

Although I have made use of the term "unfinished" to describe the incompleteness of the so-called chapters we may dip into while travelling, I am conscious—when I come to consider other forms of unfinished chapters—that the definition should only be applied to things which may never be completed in this life.

If we could have pulled up the train

when the little black cattle began to fight, we should in all probability have seen the end of the fray just as we should have witnessed the meeting by the shady stile, and the capture of the runaway babe under like circumstances. A wayside scene is not necessarily unfinished because we cannot stay to behold the end of it, but there are chapters in our lives which must remain unfinished no matter how long and how patiently we wait for the Great Author to take up His pen and finish them. There is no need to dwell at any length on such chapters. Life is full of them. Life itself—some of us like to believe—is one big unfinished chapter. Do we cling to this belief in the hope that the thread of the story will be carried on in another world, and that we shall then be able to read right to the end of the book whose pages we puzzle over and sometimes weep over in this world?

"Ships that pass in the night" is only another (and a much more beautiful) unfolding of the meaning of what I venture to call unfinished chapters. The brow of a hill may hide for ever the form which has become familiar to us. We remain perched on our closely-shorn green Alp among the everlasting snows, the shining Mischabel group, the infinitely pure Weiss Horn, and the friend of a few weeks descends into the valley, and we never meet him again. Yet what a pleasant fellowship it was. What has become of him? How is life treating him? Is he still alive? We shall probably never know.

The sight of a broken toy may nearly break your heart. The much worn patient-looking wooden horse you cherish, belongs to a chapter whose actual completion you never dreamed of seeing though you were confident of sharing many of the healthful vigorous days stretching far into the future which you foresaw for the little life that was as your own.

Sometimes we have to gather up the fragments when everything seems lost, and the losses are often brought about—so it appears to our limited vision—by such trivial causes. The crowing of a cock destroyed Heine's dream of his "Marmorblasse Maid."

. . . . "Sie war wie Marmelstein so bleich,
Und heimlich wunderbar;
Im Auge schwamm es perlengleich,
Gar seltsam wallt' ihr Haar.
. . . . .

Und leise, leise sich bewegt
Die marmorblasse Maid,
Und an mein Herz sich niederlegt
Die marmorblasse Maid" . . . .

Before we are wholly awake, the shattering of a dream may seem to us an irreparable loss. In the full clear light of day our desire to finish the dream, and the bitter regret we felt when it escaped us appear exaggerated though we look back with a smile of love and understanding on the vision that held us entranced. What are any of us but dreaming children waiting to be called? Can we ever be fully awake in this world since we may not read everything and understand everything that is written in the book of life? Will a final dawn, when it brightens the everlasting hills and sheds a radiance into our darkened rooms, cause us to open eyes wide with wonder that we ever thought any incident here below an 'unfinished chapter?'

These are questions many ask but few answer. And although encouragement and comfort may come with such questioning and surmising, they cannot efface from our consciousness the truth that as long as life lasts there must be unfinished chapters in every life. Not necessarily unhappy because unfinished. To some the handling of the cup of happiness is granted, and the drinking therefrom, till life becomes one long communion of thanksgiving.

Do you wonder what it can be that is "not finished" in such a life of happiness? Something you will find, for such is the law of inheritance that leads to progress.

"Yes, I wonder, but I do not find; tell me what it is."

It is thanksgiving. Thanksgiving is the unfinished chapter, the story which can never be brought to an end in the lives of the overflowingly thankful.

"RACHEL."

FIVE GREAT PAINTERS OF THE RENASCENCE.

By Sir WYKE BAYLISS, F.S.A., P.R.B.A.

III. Titian.

Titian. *In that light—in that light! The Lady Flora cannot return to England until Titian has painted her.*

The Lady Flora. *Why in that light? And why not in England? The light is the same.*

Titian. *Sometimes. But it is the colour! It is ivory—it is gold—it is the light which flashed on Danæ of Argos in her brazen tower!*

I DO not know how many are the sons of Italy; but, writing as an artist, I know that she is the mother of many daughters. Are there not first, the twin sisters Florence and Siena—to say nothing of Rome, and Padua, and Bologna, and Naples—each in itself an alma mater of a school of Art? And last—the youngest of them all, and loveliest—Venice, with garments woven of the sea and sky, cinctured with hills blue as the lapis-lazuli of her shrines—where the sun rises and sets crowning her twice daily with rubies and gold, and the stars every night string a necklace of pearls as the gondolas rock idly on the silent highway that winds amidst her sleeping palaces.

But it is not for the sake of the jewels—the sun, and moon, and stars—which are her adornment, that I turn to the Queen of the Adriatic now; nor is it even for the sake of the memory of happy days when I watched every changing light that fell on her golden architecture, as a lover watches the varying expression of his mistress' face. It is for the sake of Titian. It is because Venice is the Venice of Titian—the third of the Five Great Painters of the Renascence. His name stands third, not as being of third rank—for the five were equal—but as the third to be inscribed on the roll-call by the hand of Time.

Time has dealt gently with Venice. I think that few cities have suffered so little in the way of alteration, or lost landmarks. Its seat upon the waters does not lend itself to suburban extension; its main thoroughfares are as enduring as the salt sea of which they are made. And yet Venice to-day is not quite the same as it was four hundred years ago—when Tiziano, the little lad from Cadore, entered the studio of the Bellini, and with Georgione talked over the new discoveries in the other world by Columbus. In one respect, indeed, it is more like than we could wish it to be—for it has lost its campanile. Titian saw the slow building of its walls, and may have taken part in its design—but he did not live to see its beautiful battlements towering over San Marco and the Hall of the Great Council. Nor in Titian's time was there the dome of Santa Maria della Salute at the other side of the Grand Canal, nor the Dogana, nor the Rialto. The chief splendours of architecture with which his eyes were familiar were the Duomo, with its antient mosaics; the Doges' Palace, with its Bridge of Sighs; the monastery of the Frari, one of the largest and most beautiful of the churches of Italy; and the old Fondaco, where the merchants of Venice used to meet on change, long before Antonio—the Merchant of Venice—lost his ship of rich lading on the Goodwin Sands. All these buildings were enriched with the work of Titian and his companions.

The only thing that never changes seems to be the law that everything must change. If since Titian lived Venice has altered a little, Art has been revolutionised. And the revolution began in Titian's studio. It came about in this way. The practice of painting in oil—invented by the Van Eycks early in the fifteenth century, had reached the Italian schools. In the hands of the Flemish painters it had already proved to be successful as a means of imparting the most exquisite finish of detail and surface, together with a depth and richness of colour far beyond anything that could be attained by the old methods of fresco and tempera. In the hands of Titian it became a new language for the artist, just as with Dante the old dialect of Italy had become a new language for the poet. The limitations with which the German painters had practiced the art were disregarded by Titian. The white grounds—the traced outlines—the separate palettes of colour—disappeared with the sweep of his brush. Moreover, the new method affected vitally the conditions of the painter's life.

Hitherto painters had worked in groups, or companies—many men being engaged upon the same design, under a chief, who was known as the "Master." The great mural decorations which covered the walls of churches and municipal buildings could scarcely otherwise have been carried to completion. The design would of course be the master's; and perhaps the principal figures would be by his own hand; but the subordinate parts of the picture would be painted by his pupils and assistants. The two angels by Leonardo Da Vinci were thus painted in Verrocchio's picture of the Baptism of our Lord. The master was in effect the architect of the design—for the word architect simply means chief artist. And just as the architect of a cathedral, though he may make drawings for every lovely capital or traceried window, does not build the cathedral with his own hands, so the master designed but did not necessarily paint the pictures attributed to him. There are a few instances in which the designer is also the painter, suffering no other hand to touch his work. Michael Angelo, as we have seen, was alone in painting the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. But that was a rare exception, and the work cost twelve years of his life. Moreover the exigencies of time and material made it necessary for men to work together. In mosaic there was the endless counting, and fitting, and embedding, of the tesserae; in fresco, the swift execution of the design on the wet plaster—so that in Titian's time the word "master" did not mean quite the same thing as it does now. The Bellini were Titian's masters—and so was Giorgione—for Titian worked under them, following their designs; and yet as a painter Titian was the Master of them all.

This companionship in labour, however, affected the whole status of the artist's life. Men were brought together, not so much to see each other's work when it was done—as to see the doing of it. If the design was wrought in mosaic it might well be that the most unimaginative, but exact workman, would be the best workman, and there would be little opportunity for a touch of genius in him to bring him closer to his master. But when the material was fresco, or tempera, the assistant had his chance. The success of the whole design might be made or marred by the technique—which the assistant shared with his chief. From technique the young genius would pass to design, as we have seen in the lives of Da Vinci and Michael Angelo.

Now the practice of oil painting, brought to the perfection it attained under Titian, tended to strengthen the hand of the individual as against the community. It created the art of painting pictures. The old limatiitons of tempera, and fresco, and mosaic, became of little account. If a man would show his skill and prowess as a painter it was no longer necessary for him to dream—as Andrea del Sarto dreamed——of

> Four great walls in the New Jerusalem
> Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
> For Leonard, Rafael, Agnolo, and me
> To cover——

—nor even to wait for a commission, by the canons of some neighbouring monastery, to decorate their refectory. The

Photograph by *Franz Hanfstaengl*

TIZIANO VECELLIO

From the Royal Gallery, Berlin

artist could just buy a canvas, and paint his picture in his own home. It seems at first sight a little like exchanging the game of "Whist" with four merry partners, for the solitary game of "Patience" —with oneself. But it meant much more than that.

It meant to Art that the venue was changed. It meant that the artist, no longer tied to the service of the Church or the State, should turn for inspiration to the things which concern the common passions of our lives. It meant that Dutch painters should paint Dutchmen drinking beer, and Dutch women cleaning cabbages. It meant that Titian should paint a lovely English girl as "Flora"—and the beautiful Laura Dianti as "Venus blindfolding Master Cupid," while her sisters—as Nymphs—arm him with the arrows of the bow. It meant that Art had passed from the control of ecclesiastics to the self-control of the artist in his own studio.

Let us in imagination pass straight into the studio of Titian, and see him as he is —in the meridian of his glory. He holds a position that has never before been attained by any artist. He is the centre of a circle which comprises the rank, and beauty, and genius of Italy. He lives in a beautiful suburb of Venice, and from his garden, which overlooks the sea, one sees the pretty little island of Murano, and—far away—the mountains of Cadore, dear

to him for the sake of his childhood. When the sun goes down the sea is gay with gondolas, filled with lovely women, and resounding with music. But now the sunshine of a Spring morning flashes over everything, and Titian is in his studio. He is standing before his easel—a man of grave mien. I have never seen the dear painter we have so recently lost—George Frederick Watts—at work in his studio, without being struck with the resemblance of the two men. The proportions of their faces were perfect—the forehead high, the brow noble and projecting, the features finely chiselled. But Titian was more strongly built than my friend. He stands with a letter in his hand, and as he reads his brow knits, and he is angry. The letter is from Alphonso, the great Duke of Ferarra, upbraiding him wrathfully, and threatening the direst displeasure if the painter does not make haste to finish a picture he has promised. Presently Titian turns to some canvases and unfinished sketches, and bringing them to the light examines them carefully. There is the portrait of Lucretia Borgia, and of Laura Dianti, and of the Duke himself, "with black curly locks, pointed moustache and well trimmed beard, broad forehead, and clear eye—altogether noble in proportion." As Titian looks at the face his anger cools, and he resolves to propitiate his friend. But there are other portraits—of senators, doges, fair women, handsome youths—and chief amongst them that of Ariosto the poet—dignified, serene, yet full of the brilliancy of intellectual life. Suddenly is heard a sound of church bells, clashing through the bright air, and Titian prepares to leave his studio. Passing through the busy crowds, near where the Rialto now crosses the canal, he enters a gondola, which, threading its way amongst the pleasure boats, turns into one of the narrow water-ways on the right, and soon reaches the steps of a church. It is the church of the Frari, and a great company are assembled to witness the unveiling of a new altar-piece. There, in the rich gloom of the great chancel arches, is the figure of the Virgin—borne on a cloud of angels, her face uplifted to the Eternal, who bends over her from the Empyrean. Beneath are the Apostles lost in wonder at her assumption. It is a master-piece of Art, and the people are stirred to enthusiasm. The music thunders through the aisles of the Frari, and creeps along the vaulted roof, where the incense climbs to meet it. And as Titian stands amidst the crowd, looking at his own painting, and listening to their murmurs of delight, he knows that he has achieved the first great triumph of his life.

With Titian came the glory of colour. "The old masters," says a quaint writer, "had already divested themselves of the stiffness of the Greek artists, but had not attained to the perfection of art—the representation of the tenderness of flesh." By the "old masters" in the time of Titian is meant Cimabue, and Giotto, Margaritone and Orcagna—perhaps even Fra Angelico. But these men had, for the most part, designed saints and angels. Whether Fra Angelico's ethereal saints and rosy-winged angels, or Titian's vividly painted flesh and blood, comes nearest to the Celestial Choir, I, never having been myself in Heaven, am not in a position to determine. But I have a profound conviction that in Art men sometimes speak to each other in unknown tongues; and if I fail to understand the work of a great painter I do not hastily regard it as foolishness—I prefer to suspend judgment until I have learned his language. In the painting of living men and women the Renascence was an immeasurable advance upon the Art of the Awakening—and Titian, in his mastery of the brush, the richness of his palette, the vividness of his realism, was the leader. Look at his picture of the "Tribute Money." If Angelico's visions of Christ are more like what we imagine Christ to be now, the face that Titian painted is certainly more like what the Redeemer was when He lived on earth—a man amongst men.

What do we look for in Art? Do we all look for the same thing? Why, even in the commonest things of life, our everyday language betrays that we are hopelessly

Photograph by *Franz Hanfstaengl*

THE TRIBUTE MONEY

From the painting by Titian in the Royal Gallery, Dresden

divided. Look at Titian's ' Flora " in the gallery of the Ufizzi at Florence. Is not her neck ivory ? is not her hair gold ? do not her garments flash with light ? It is simply the portrait of a girl—that beautiful creation which makes the whole world only a suburb of Paradise. Titian paints her with flowers in her hand. Of course. God made the flowers specially for women. But what do we call her ? If we are Germans we call her " Fraulein " little woman—and think how well she will

manage her household some day when she becomes a "Frau." If we are French we call her "M'selle," and think how stately a queen she will be when she is entitled to be named "Madame." If we are Italian we call her "Signorina" as though we worshipped at a little shrine. If we are English we are content to call her "Miss," a word which, meaning nothing, has become in Paris a favourite name for a pet dog. But things are beautiful because they are beautiful—not because we force upon them names that have false meanings. It is Sir Joshua Reynolds who says: "There are many writers who, not being of the profession, and consequently not knowing what can or cannot be done in Art, always find in their favourite artists what they have resolved to find. They praise excellences which cannot exist together. In a word the critics describe only their own imaginations." Let us see to it that in Titian's works we see Titian; in Angelo's, Angelo; in Da Vinci's, Da Vinci. The minds of these great painters move in different planes of thought. Michael Angelo sees the event—Da Vinci sees the form—Titian sees the colour. Is not her neck ivory? Is not her hair gold? Yes, and yet no. The colours Titian used are the same as those of Da Vinci. The ivory is as brown as the keys of an old piano. A bronze penny is smarter than her hair. A farthing candle at the shrine of "Our Lady" is brighter than the flashing of her garments. Other men have painted with more brilliant pigments and their pictures have seemed dull. What is it that turns raw umber into ivory—yellow ochre into gold—and white lead into the lightnings of Jupiter? Is it alchemy? Yes, it is the alchemy of Art. It is Art that makes the magic change. It is the Art that came with the Renascence. It is the Art of Titian.

But it is of no use if you are in Florence to look for the dome of St. Peter's, nor if you are in Venice to look for Giotto's tower. It is Sir Joshua Reynolds, again, who observes how this difference of vision affects the painter, and is discernible even more in his studies than in his finished work. Da Vinci insists upon being right to a line's breadth. He will draw the thing over and over again till the outline is purified as silver five times in the fire. It matters nothing to him whether it be in red chalk or black. Titian insists on the colour being right—let the edges take care of themselves. He is looking for gold—or for ivory—or for lightning! But neither can obtain what he desires without sacrifice. We shall see presently, in studying the works of Raphael, what can be obtained by compromise. But Titian never compromised. He flew at the thing and did it—right or wrong. There are two things the painter is always striving to do—and never can accomplish. The one thing is to paint light, the other to paint darkness. Both are alike impossible. If the painting were really luminous it would blind our eyes to look upon it. If it were really dark we could not see it. The Kingdom of Art lies in the twilight of Nature, as it lies in the twilight of our lives. Titian has in this respect made the nearest approach to seeing the invisible.

It is only by the realization of this individuality of the masters that lovers of Art can pass from London to Milan, from Milan to Florence, from Florence to Rome, from Rome to Venice, seeing in each change some new splendour—a splendour related to what they have seen before, but not competing with it, nor dimming its lustre by a greater light. No one genius exhausts the resources of Art, any more than the people of one nation are the sole exemplary of all the virtues. There are women of Italy, like Vittoria Colonna, who might be great queens in society. There are women of France, like Joan of Arc, who might be worshipped at a shrine; and we shall see presently that Correggio was a colourist as well as Titian, and that Raphael was a master of form as well as Da Vinci. But if we would see these men at their highest, we must learn to look at their work with clean eyes, and adapt the focus of our vision to theirs.

Who were the companions of Titian, during his long and strenuous life in Venice? He had come there from the mountainous district of Cadore, where he was born in the year 1477. There, at Pieve, the first years of his life were passed,

Photograph by *Ed Brogi*

FLORA

From the painting by Titian, in the Gallery of the Uffizi, Florence

face to face with Nature in perhaps the grandest form she can assume. The castellated rocks of porphyry, the weird dragons' teeth of the dolomites, the snow mingled with fire as the sun rose and set beyond the hills, the rushing waters of the Piave, the dark forests from which the trees came crashing down to be floated away in rafts for the ship-builders of the lagoons, the low murmur of the wind creeping up the valleys, or the thunder of it when tempests brake upon the mountains—these were among the sights and sounds familiar to his boyhood. We may well believe that the impressions he received during the first nine years of his life were of a nature that the ninety-and-nine served rather to deepen than to efface.

At the time of his apprenticeship there were many masters in Venice of great eminence. The two Bellini, Cima, Antonello, Sebastian Zuccato—engaged in the restoration which was even then going on of the mosaics of St. Mark's—Carpaccio, and Vivarini. These were among the chief painters not of Venice only, but of the age. Titian must have known them all; many of them worked with him in the same studio. We know that he entered into partnership with Giorgione, who, a little his senior, was a fellow pupil with him in the school of the Bellini. At the age of thirty Titian was assisting Giorgione in the decoration of the Fondaco. They painted in fresco; but Venice, with its burning summers and keen winters, its humid and salt atmosphere, can be as cruel as our London of yellow fog and black smoke. There is little left at the Fondaco to tell us whether, while working together as friends, they were pursuing the same path as painters, or were differentiating their styles. It is said that Giorgione drew his inspiration from the antique while Titian relied less on classic inspiration than on fidelity to Nature. We know what Titian accomplished—the splendours his companion might have achieved we shall never know.

But if the beginning of the century is touched with melancholy by the death of one great painter, it rings with the laughter of another. Albert Durer is a visitor at Venice, and must be counted as one of the companions of Titian. As in the days of Homer, the "Great Bear" of the North is visible above the horizon, and is learning to dance to an Italian tune. How Albert Durer quarrelled, how carefully he counted his ducats, how bright a place Venice seemed to him, how keenly he felt the splendour of Venetian colour, how sensitive he was to criticism, how intractable was his temper—all this comes out so naïvely in his letters that one almost forgets the greatness of the artist in the humours of the man. Nevertheless his "golden eye" is still upon the North. Writing to a friend at home, Durer says: "How shall I live again in Nuremberg after the bright sunshine of Venice? The painters here have had me three times before the Courts, and compelled me to pay four good florins to their Guild. But you would give a ducat to see my picture; it is so good and rich in colour."

Let us picture to ourselves a meeting of this Guild of Painters, to which Albert Durer refused to pay his florins—though, to his dancing master, he paid his ducats meekly enough. Perhaps the difference was this—that to the "School of Venice" Durer *gave* something as well as received—while in the dancing academy he gave nothing *except* his ducats—for he adds—"as to dancing—nobody could get me into the way of it."

See now—the "School of Venice" have met in their new hall—built for them through the munificent bequest of Catena, a painter who has recently died. In this hall are assembled not painters only, but designers, gilders, embroiderers, and men of every craft in which the leading idea is Art. Among the first to enter is the young Moroni, and perhaps Bassano; they are of the same age, about twenty-two years, and they have caught so much of the spirit of Titian that the time will come when some of their work may be mistaken for his. As they enter they are speaking of the recent death of Palma Vecchio, in whose workshops they were perhaps students. They are presently joined by Paris Bordone, their senior by five years, but still a young man—one who has studied under Giorgione, and can tell them much about the splendid young genius who, had he lived, might have made the greatest tremble for their laurels. As to himself, he is expecting shortly to be invited to the French Court. And if he asks them whether Pordenone is coming to-night they will perhaps tell him No—for he is at Piacenza, painting frescoes for the church of Santa Maria; and one may suggest that possibly he, Pordenone, may get himself into trouble with the pious monks there if he persists in mixing up his Virgins and Nymphs, Satyrs and, Saints all on the same canvas. And now other painters crowd into the Assembly—Bonifazio, who is late, for he has been working long hours at his painting of "The Cleansing of the Temple," in the Ducal

Palace—and, it may be, Carpaccio, and Tintoretto—but if so the one will be a venerable senior, the other a stripling in Art, as David was in war. There are many more of the Guild, but we take note only of the painters. Of all the company however, painters or craftsmen of whatever sort, there are two men standing in their midst to whom all eyes are turned. They are nearly the same age, between fifty and sixty, and both of them are of a grave countenance. The one is Michael Angelo, the glory of Florence, the other is Titian, the glory of Venice. Round Titian's neck is the chain which indicates his knightly rank. He is dressed in a closely-buttoned doublet, over which is cast an ample cloak, showing beneath it a broad white collar, and sleeves of silver damask. There is a marked likeness between the two men, in the fire of their eyes, the boldness of their brows, even in the lines of their beards, worn a little short and pointed, and in the fineness of the hands which grasp each other in friendship. Angelo is visiting Venice, and is greeted by Titian. And when the last gracious words have been spoken, and the Assembly is dissolved, these two return to Titian's house. They stand for a moment looking into each other's eyes before they separate for the night, and Angelo says some words which we cannot hear. If we could hear them we should know why Titian turns so sadly away to his solitary chamber, for they would tell us that another face had faded out of his life, that the years which had brought him riches and honour have taken from him his wife—the beautiful Cecilia—whom he had painted as the Madonna, with her first-born as the Holy Child, amidst the scenery of his own childhood in the moutains, far away.

Photograph by *Franz Hanfstaengl*

CUPID EQUIPPED BY VENUS AND THE GRACES

From the painting by Titian in the Borghese Gallery

And still the world is growing more and more beautiful under the magician's wand. In Venice, "Justitia" with the waving sword has for a long while been a familiar sight at the Fondaco. The "Assumption of the Virgin" over the altar at the Frari, lighted by a thousand tapers, glows with

a splendour indescribable. But how many splendours have been added to these! The "Christ bearing the Cross" at the Monastery of St. Andrea; the organ-frontal of the Gesuati; the "Jerome" of St. Fantino; the "Annunciation" and the "St. Peter Martyr" at SS. Giovanni e Paolo; the "Angel and Tobit" at St. Caterina; the "Descent of the Holy Ghost" in San Spirito; to say nothing of the new mosaics of St. Mark's, for which he made the cartoons, and the great canvasses of the Ducal Palace. But Titian is like a star in a constellation, still shining after its fellows have set.

Raphael has died, Correggio has died, Da Vinci has died, Michael Angelo has died—and the end is coming quickly. Madrid, and Paris, and Augsburg, are clamouring for the work of Titian—now threatening, now persuading, because his pencil cannot satisfy all their demands. The grave ecclesisatics of the Council of Trent turn from their anathemas to scan the last canvas from his hand; while in London, a foreign prince, mated to an English Queen—whom he loves not—amuses himself with the pretty Magdalens and Antiopes, who do not fret him with their complainings.

And now the magician is growing old, and evil days have fallen upon Venice. The Great Council have indeed ordered that a new picture shall be painted of the Battle of Lepanto; but that victory has cost Venice her life blood. And now Pestilence, following the footsteps of War, is wielding its bloody scourge, and nearly a third of the citizens have been swept into the charnel-house. An old man, bent with the weight of ninety and nine years is in the Sacristy of the Frari, talking with the monks. He is pleading with them. "Dear to me," he says, "dear to me are the mountains of Cadore, and the rushing waters of the Piave, and the murmur of the wind in the pine-trees, where my home lies far away. But not there! In the city where I have laboured; in the church where I achieved my first triumph—bury me there! Promise to bury me there, and I will live to paint for you another Christ, a Christ of pity, that shall be more near to what he is than any that has yet been painted, even as I am by so many years nearer to seeing him myself."

The plague struck him down before the Pieta was finished. But the promise was redeemed. Titian lies beneath the crucifix in the church of the Frari at Venice.

With Titian died the glory of the Renascence. But as the setting sun is sometimes followed by an after glow—a lingering that is of light, not really brighter than the horizon has been during the day, but seeming brighter because the rest of the firmament is darkening into night—so after Titian a few painters, reflecting his genius, seemed to arrest for a little while the extinction of the great Venetian school. Titian had died in 1576. Twelve years later Paolo Veronese died, and in another six years Tintoretto. Then even the brief after-glow faded, and the night set in. In 1645 Venice was again at war. The old enemy, the Turk, descended upon Candia, and for twenty-four years Venice, which had been so distinguished in Art, became the cynosure of Europe for the valour of her citizens in arms. The siege cost the lives of two hundred thousand Moslems, but in the end Venice capitulated. A few years of respite followed, and then another war, in which, though the republic was victorious, her resources were exhausted. Finally, while the dawn was still far distant, at the close of the eighteenth century, Venice which had paid for her wars by selling her patents of nobility to rich men as merchandise, was herself sold as merchandise to the Austrians.

But the dawn came at last. Venice has been redeemed. She is indeed no more the Venice of Titian, or of Dante, or of Byron. She is the Venice of the new world, not of the old. She is the Venice of Italy. All that is beautiful in the eyes of the painter is still there; all that is dear to the poet is to be remembered of her. But the glory which streams along the heights of blue Fruili's mountains is no longer a dying glory, but a living. For the sons of Italy are once more united and strong. How then can it be otherwise with her daughters than that they should be happy and safe.

" Inasmuch as . . . "

IT was in the Australian winter, when the nights are as black as the inside of a wolf's mouth, and when the deep dust with which a drought-stricken summer covers the roads turns into bogs and quagmires, or becomes a grease-slide, not to be surpassed as a means of breaking the legs of horses and of men.

I had been married and out from home for little over a year, and colonial things still wore a hard face to me.

The influenza was abroad, and the attack of it which J. got rapidly developed into acute pneumonia. At first I nursed him single-handed, but I had to give in and get a nurse from Melbourne—one of the thoroughly trained, unselfish, plucky women whose ministrations one values even more at the Back of Beyond than in one's own land.

J. was very, very ill. The doctor and nurse made no attempt to disguise from me how ill he was, and with pneumonia there can be no disguise. There is always that terribly visible, terribly audible struggle for life, with death. He had been for many days and nights delirious, and almost without sleep, and his pulse was failing. Champagne and brandy were constantly administered, and, every now and again, the nurse injected strychnine. The doctor came late one Saturday afternoon—a dull, unwholesome afternoon with an intermittent, drizzling rain—and said that a sleeping draught must be tried that night, and strychnine injected while he slept, whenever the heart seemed failing. He said the draught should be in readiness at 7 p.m. if a messenger could call then at his house, and at nine it was to be administered. The supply of champagne had run low, as the capricious railway system of Victoria had detained a case for eight days at an obscure country station on its way north, but the doctor also kindly undertook that he would have awaiting the messenger some champagne, from the only " hotel " (politely so-called) in the township, that owned a passable brand.

The men of our establishment knocked off work at six o'clock and went home, all but our faithful general factotum, Ah Ho, who lived in a hut near our bungalow, and than whom no more faithful or more maddening Chinese Handy-Andy ever wore a pigtail.

About six o'clock I wrote a note for the doctor, and gave it to the cook to give to Ah Ho when she gave him his orders as to fetching the medicine, and then went back to the patient, who seemed less well. Two hours later I went to the kitchen to see why the "general"—cook, housemaid, parlourmaid, laundrymaid, and distractor-in-chief—had not brought the things to the bedroom door. I found the kitchen in darkness, and the woman gone, and remembered that it was Saturday, and that nothing on earth can come between the Australian maid-servant and her Saturday night promenade " down the street." I went on to the nursery, and the nurse confirmed my suspicions. Maude had gone " down the street " for the rest of the evening. Then the champagne and the draught, where were they ? Had Ah Ho not fetched them ? The nurse's eyes grew wide with horror. She knew nothing of them, but the cook had given her a note to give to Ah Ho to leave at the doctor's. Nurse had given it, but the cook had said nothing about waiting for an answer, and Ah Ho had gone to the Chinese settlement, three miles distant, for a happy evening of fan-tan or opium, and would not be back till morning.

" Then it lies between you and me," I said, " either you or I must go to the doctor's at once. It is a question of life or death."

The nurse almost wept. She couldn't go. She did not know the way. It was pitch dark ; it was wet ; the roads were deep in mud ; she was nervous, and would only get murdered, or bushed, or fall and break her leg. I left her and went to the professional nurse, who rose most gallantly to the situation. She had arrived at the house at midnight and never been over the door since she came, and yet she

volunteered to go in my stead. That was out of the question, however.

I dared not go into the room where J. lay to fetch a hat or thick shoes, because he had intervals of such acuteness between his fits of delirium that I knew he might see me and realise the position and be desperately anxious until my return, so I put on a Harris tweed cape, pulled its hood over my head, took a thick stick and a stable lantern, and started. The lantern shed a feeble light for a yard or so in front of me. The mud was of that peculiar, slippery quality that made one slide a step back for every two taken forward, and again and again I stepped in a hole that took me over the ankles and nearly pulled my shoes off my feet. I took the short cut to the doctor's house, across paddocks where trees which had been cut down had left behind them jagged stumps, as bunkers for the unwary, and the night was inky black. More than once I had to pause and stare at the dark sky line till my eyes ached, and try to make out some landmark against it. Again and again I got thoroughly befogged, and once realised that I had gone steadily tramping away from my goal for a good half-mile, and had to retrace my steps. It was the sort of walk one takes in a nightmare. It was my first outing for a fortnight and I was done out with nursing, anxiety, and want of sleep, and was very muddy, very damp, and very bruised as to my shins when I reached the doctor's house that stood at the end of the township. It had taken me nearly an hour to walk what usually took ten minutes. The door was opened by the doctor's wife, who was amazed at

He was very, very ill

the apparition that greeted her—a bedraggled female Diogenes with a lantern. The doctor was in bed, tired out and unwell.

" The draught ? " I eagerly asked. The draught was all right. Here it was.

" And the champagne ? " Alas, the champagne had been forgotten. If the Chinaman had come back it was intended that he should be sent for the champagne. My heart sank and the doctor's wife, than whom no more generous-hearted person ever breathed, went off to try and find a servant to go for it. But it was ten o'clock. The maids were going to bed and were apparently disinclined to turn out on such a night. The groom had gone out for the evening. Once more there was no one but myself to fill the breach. The doctor's wife volunteered to come with me, but she too was ill, and not fit to go out, and I would not allow her to come. I did not even know the special bush pub that supplied the champagne we wanted—I was a new chum then—but the doctor gave me some directions, and off I started.

Saturday night is the weekly Festa night in those townships in the bush. It is the evening when, in nearly every part of our Empire, the British subject claims a special right to get drunk. Station hands and miners from places miles away from the township come and hold orgie with the men of the town, and the publicans reap a rich harvest. In spite of the drizzling rain there were the usual knots of loafers at the street corners and in front of the inns, and when to them entered a white-faced woman, wearing a cowl, and carrying a stable-lantern, they could not possibly allow her to pass without remark and jest and rough laugh. Down the wet and muddy cobblestones, called by courtesy a pavement, I walked unheeding. A clock struck a quarter past ten. Already the sleeping draught was an hour and a quarter late, and the champagne at home must be finished. I had come to the place where the " Royal Arms " ought to have been, but I looked for its lights in vain. I must ask one of the loafers. But, just then, one of the noisier of them took an unsteady step in my direction, and, gripping my stick the tighter, I hurried on. At the door of a tobacconist's shop a tired-faced, elderly woman was leaning, and to her I thankfully applied for information. Her face lit up.

" Why ! it's not Mrs. Howard ! " she said. " Don't you remember me at the hospital ? You used to read to me last summer."

I had thrown a very tiny crumb on the waters, but, after many days, here it was again.

She would not allow me to hunt out the " Royal Arms " alone, but escorted me down the street, and to the backdoor of the hostel. It was a dark backdoor in a dark backyard, and there she left me and ran home. I knew enough of her private history to realise that if she did not run her husband's welcome would not be a gentle one.

The door was presently opened by a red-haired young man with one eye, who was as much surprised at the sight of me as he had every right to be. But he quickly grasped the situation, invited me in, and called for " mother."

" Mother " came—a large and broad and powerful old lady, who carried a guttering candle, and by its light showed me into a dark parlour occupied by a long-legged man who lay on a sofa a size too small for him and snored off his potations. The one-eyed young man explained matters to his mother, and she, holding up the candle to my face and seeing it very white and tired, was melted with pity.

" And they say your husband's dyin', woman dear ! " she said, " and you're not fit to be out, that you're not, at this hour o' night, an' a Saturday night, too ! I don't believe she's ever been out on her own before, the crature ! "

I assured her I had often been out before " on my own," but she was not satisfied. Sam must drive me home, that he must. Not a wink of sleep would she have that night if she thought I was still on my own!

" You'll get bushed ! my poor child ! " she said, with the deepest sympathy ; " you'll be found lyin' dead in the mornin'. I never heard of such a thing ! "

When " Sam " bustled back with two bottles of champagne, she forcibly expressed her views to him.

He was sufficiently sympathetic, but looked very blank.

"But I can't leave the bar!" he said, and then he murmured some emphatic explanations that seemed to convince her. I gathered (I may have been mistaken) that there was some "chucking-out" required that evening that was rather beyond the capacity of one old woman.

"Then you'll get somebody to drive her home in one of the buggies!" said the old lady.

But all the horses were out in the paddock a mile away, and that, too, was impossible. The old lady almost choked with impatience.

"Go and ask Bill Higgins for *his* trap!" she angrily said. But her son, by this time most apologetic, had again to make excuse.

"Then I'll take her home myself, that I will!" she said determinedly. "I'll not see you beat, woman dear. Mind you, Sam, I don't believe the child's ever been out on her own before!" It was useless to try to make her believe me old and hardened in the ways of the world. She had elected herself my chaperone, and would not be said Nay; so off we started.

We avoided the main street on the return journey, and groped our way out of the backyard into a back street—road, rather, for it was dark and rough and full of deep ruts. And there a disaster befell us. My lantern went out. The old lady grabbed my arm and bewailed the calamity. We could not see where we were. I was completely at sea, and when we both slid in the mud, and my companion, who was no light weight, groaned as I, with an effort, saved her and my champagne bottles from breakage—"Oh dear, oh dear! this is the very spot I bruk my leg at just one year ago!" I felt that the nightmare was closing in upon me most cruelly. For some minutes it seemed as though I had got into its wallow with a lively hippopotamus that was very unsteady on its feet, and I dreaded the worst. But, presently, she took her bearings and told me, joyfully, that a light, a little distance off, came from Fitzgerald's stable, and that thither we must go.

The light was that of a stable lantern, and Fitzgerald was shutting up his horses for the night. I was left standing in the road while she waddled up his garden and interviewed him. Her voice was one that carried, and so I could not help overhearing fragments of her remarks, which were received with muttered responses.

"The poor woman—the crature's never been out on her own before . . . husband's dyin' . . . you'll find her body stiff in the mornin' . . . bushed . . . Well, go and put them on again then, that'll not take ye two minits . . . as quick as ye can, now!"

And in two minutes back she came, in company with the stable lantern and an invisible man who bore it. She performed an introduction.

"Mr. Fitzgerald, this is Mrs. Howard—and mind you take care of her, for she's never been out on her own before."

"You're all right now, woman dear!" she said, with a friendly clap, and in spite of my protests she rolled off homewards alone, in the darkness and the mud. I wondered if *she* would be found "stiff" in the morning at the spot where she "bruk" her leg just one year before. But I had to follow my leader.

To this day I do not know anything of the appearance of that Good Samaritan, for a black figure was all that was visible in the gloom. But I fancy he was young, or youngish, from his voice, and from the strength of his grip when we came to places where he thought it safer for him to hold my arm, and when I shook hands with him on parting.

We talked very little, but no English gentleman could have proved a more perfect knight-errant than did my Australian friend whom I have never seen, and when I parted from him at our avenue gate—I would not allow him to come further—and tried to thank him, he received my thanks with a simple, kindly sympathy and courtesy that made his good deed shine the more brightly.

It was nearly midnight when I reached home, and the two nurses were filled with dire anxiety. But although I was late, I was not too late. Some champagne was administered and, then the sleeping

draught, and when morning broke it was on a sick man who had left the rougher breakers behind him and was getting into the smooth waters of convalescence.

Some days later, as I sat with J.—a very feeble, weak-voiced J., mere skin and bones, with the unshavedness of a swagman, and with eyes twice too large for the size of his face—I asked him what he knew of Mrs. Flynn of the Royal Arms Hotel.

"Ballarat Sal?" he said—"that's what they call her. She came out to the Gold Diggings at Ballarat fifty years ago, and was the first white woman who arrived at the township here. She's a rough old body. I haven't actually heard her, but they say that when Ballarat Sal begins to swear, the most hardened swearer in those parts shrinks away, and the sky grows blue for miles. But why do you want to know?"

I did not want to answer his question, but asked another. "Do you know anything of a man called Fitzgerald who lives down near the Royal Arms?"

"Fitzgerald!" said J. "I should think I did. There isn't a worse lot in Burrajong, nor a much shadier one in any other part of the Riverina. He is a horse thief, and an all round bad lot. Why do you ask?"

"Because I went for a walk with him the other night at nearly midnight," said I.

"That fellow! When?" shouted J., and almost bounced from his bed in horror.

"Well, *I* found him a real gentleman," I said, "and Ballarat Sal, as you call her, is a real lady, and so motherly and kind she nearly made me cry."

And when J. had heard my tale he could only emphatically agree with my sentiments.

J. L. L.

Hope

One sorry morning, early, cold and dark,
His song high singing in the azure sky
Up out of sight I heard a lonely lark—
I heard and wondered why.

But soon the sun came peeping o'er the sea,
And then I knew the lark in highest height
Had seen the golden glory, which for me
Had then been out of sight.

So when earth's gloom with sadness blinds our eyes,
Some tender voice perchance the tidings brings,
"The Sun of Righteousness will soon arise
With healing in His wings."

G. S. LAYARD.

The Romance of a Time Table

THE popular notion is that Bradshaw's Railway Guide, with its endless list of stations, maze of figures, and whimsical array of dots, asterisks, daggers, and double daggers, has nothing romantic about it; that it is a bewildering publication beyond the ordinary understanding, and calculated to exasperate the average passenger to the verge of lunacy.

Yet with a little study and the aid of the key, the apparently intricate time tables are easily comprehended and you not only gather all you wish to know about the arrivals and the departures of trains, but a vast amount of useful information relative to additional lines, new stations, special signalling for taking up passengers, and services that run on particular days. The mathematical problems that crowd the thousand pages of this railway guide to Great Britain are quickly solved, if seriously tackled; but the man on business or pleasure who puts the question, "Have you a Bradshaw?" to waiter in English or Scotch hotel has seldom enough patience to engineer through it, and possibly flings the careful compilation away in disgust, angry, perplexed, unsatisfied, and with a mean idea of his own mental capacity.

After developing in the course of sixty-five years a complex railway guide considered by the uninitiated to be the quintessence of puzzledom, the publishers have come to the traveller's help, and issued a newly-arranged Bradshaw, in which the special tables are simplified, and an idea of the vast railway system of the kingdom, is given so lucidly that the guide may now be consulted without generating a headache, or an outbreak of defamatory adjectives.

The process by which this blessing has gradually come to mankind has in it all the elements of romance, for the beginnings of the "Time Table," "Companion," and "Guide." as it was successively styled, were humble and interesting, and happened at a time when this country was in a very different condition of travel from that which now obtains.

The railways already laid were crudely built, engines were whimsical in shape, and erratic in motion, the trains were few and slow, and the journeying done in open waggons, or in heavy carriages designed on the pattern of stage coaches, and carrying the luggage on the roof. Passengers were so scarce at the Manchester terminus that one morning when only two booked for Liverpool, the station-master entertained them by consent to luncheon and sent them on by a later train. Money and social position were powerful then as now, and railway servants were obsequious to first-class

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10th Mo. 19th, 1839.

Facsimile of title page of the Original Guide
(*Actual size*)

travellers; but the third-class passengers were brusquely treated, and once at Darlington, when they ventured to protest because they had been shunted to let the mail go by, the porter said: "Yo mun bide your time. Yours is only the nigger train." So grievous was their state that they excited the sympathy of Mr. Punch, who wrote:

Pity the sorrows of a third-class man,
Whose trembling limbs with snow are whiten'd o'er,
Who for his fare has paid you all he can;
Cover him in and let him freeze no more.

It was at this time in the infancy of railway working, that George Bradshaw saw his opportunity and seized it. A Salford lad, he entered, on reaching manhood, into business in Manchester, as an engraver of maps; and on Oct. 19, 1839, he issued the first copy of his "Bradshaw Time Tables."

George Bradshaw
(*From an engraving by permission of Mr. William Bradshaw*)

There were time tables, or time sheets, already in use, notably one for the Stockton and Darlington railway coaches; but Bradshaw's little book measuring 4¼ inches by 2½ inches, in green cloth cover, and bearing a device in gold, was undoubtedly the first bound guide, and if anybody possesses a copy, he owns a bibliographical curiosity.

It was sent out very modestly, though its originator, who was a Quaker, with a shrewd eye to business, advertised his maps on the title page. Dedications and addresses were the fashion then, in new publications, and Bradshaw's Time Tables appealed to the public in these words:

Address.

This book is published by the assistance of the several railway companies on which account the information it contains may be depended upon as being correct and authentic. The necessity of such a work is so obvious as to need no apology; and the merits of it can be best ascertained both as regards the style and correctness of the maps and plans with which it is illustrated

The Bodleian Library, the Manchester Reference Library, and Messrs. H. Blacklock & Co., the publishers of the new guide, are in possession of highly-prized copies of the issues of 1839, and a page of the first edition gave the appended particulars of the distance, stations, fares for inside and outside passengers, the train times between Liverpool and Manchester, and also the charges for two-wheeled and four-wheeled carriages, which were secured on trucks, the owners travelling in their own equipages.

The maps in the first issue of "Bradshaw's Time-Tables," skilfully engraved, included those of Lancashire, Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds, and are in strange contrast to the maps of to-day that show the amazing growth of railway Lancashire and the great extension of these cities.

The original guide also contained very useful information for passengers, especially the tables and fares to Preston, Bolton, York, Leeds and Selby, together with certain hackney-coach fares. The publication caused a flutter among the directors, who were averse from supplying George Bradshaw with the information he sought, holding that if the times were given in this manner, they would be bound to run the trains punctually; but the sturdy Quaker tolerated no rebuff. He made personal application to the various Boards, and if they refused the information he desired, he took up shares in the

undertakings and practically demanded the facts.

Some companies, evidently to bother him, issued the changes in their train running in a most erratic way; but he finally induced them to fix on the first day of the month as the date on which all alterations should take place, and on Dec. 1, 1841, the first monthly issue appeared, and in February in the following year, after much fluctuation of title, it settled down into that of "Bradshaw's Monthly Railway Guide," the "Continental Guide, and Travellers' Manual to the whole Continent of Europe," coming in June, 1847.

George Bradshaw, dealing first with the Liverpool and Manchester, and the London and Birmingham railways, in his guide, gradually extended it to cover every railway track in the kingdom, and in addition to the thick black line which denoted a train stop, introduced many signs to make his tables clear. The guide, which was advertised as particularly adapted for counting houses, and places of business, contained at one time the current prices of railway shares, and a remarkable production known as "Thompson's Table," showing the rate of travelling per hour, this reckoner setting forth that a train running a quarter of a mile in fifteen minutes would traverse a mile in an hour, and a train doing a quarter of a mile in 4½ seconds would run two hundred miles an hour!

But the trains made sad havoc of his mathematics, and on one line, where bits of paper were used as tickets, the station master was wont to say to tardy passengers: "Now then, hurry up a bit. The train has not long started, and if you look sharp you will catch her up!" Travel was free and easy, notwithstanding the inexorable figures in the guide, on the branch tracks; but Spartan rules were observed on the main lines. The station doors were closed five minutes before the time set down for the train's arrival, and passengers fortunate enough to get on the platform were not booked unless there was room for them in the train, long distance passengers having the preference. "Children in arms, unable to walk," were permitted to travel free of charge; and adult travellers could claim the seats corresponding to the numbers of their tickets, just as if they were engaging seats in the dress circle in a theatre. Passengers were further advised to retain their tickets till they were called for by the companies' servants, and were warned to get in and out of the train on the left-hand side as they faced the engine, and on no account to lean on the carriage doors. But perhaps the most exquisite notice was that issued in connection with Cook's first excursion to Liverpool. The train was timed to leave Leicester at five o'clock in the morning, and the intending excursionists were gravely informed that "parties must be

From LONDON To	Departure Station and Quickest Train	ROUTE	Page	FARES 1st Cl.	FARES 2nd Cl.	FARES 3rd Cl.	Time on Journey	Miles
Glasgow.. (Pop, 775,601)	Euston ..... (*L. & N.W.*) 11 50 aft.	Via Preston and Carlisle	360	£ s. d. 2 18 0	£ s. d.	£ s. d. 1 13 0	H. M. 8 0	401¼
		On to Glasgow (Central, *Cal.*)	740					
		Return fare...		5 10 3	.....	3 2 11		
		Fri. or Sat. to Tues....		3 0 0	.....	1 14 0		
	St. Pancras.. (*Midland*) 1 30 aft.	Via Leeds.....	480	As above			8 50	426
		Cn to Skipton.....	544					
		„ Carlisle	536					
		„ Glasgow (St. Enoch, *Glasgow and South Western*)	722					
	King's Cross. (*Gt. Northern*) 8 15 aft. 11 30 aft.	Via York	308	As above			9 20	444
		On to Berwick (*North Eastern*)	552					
		„ Edinburgh (*North British*).....	688					
		„ Glasgow (Queen Street, *N. B.*)	704					
	Marylebone.. (*Gt. Central*) 10 0 aft.	Via Sheffield or Rotherham	608	As above			10 50	463½
		On to York (*Mid. and N. E. Joint*).....	508					
		„ Berwick (*North Eastern*).....	552					
		„ Edinburgh (*North British*).....	688					
		„ Glasgow (Queen St., *N. B.*	704					

awake at that early hour or they will be disappointed ! "

Miles	LIVERPOOL TO MANCHESTER — STATIONS.	Departure from Liverpool.	FARES. Inside	FARES. Outside
		First Class, 7, 8½, 10 A.M. 2, 4½, 7¼* P.M. On Sundays, 9 A.M. 5, 7¼* P.M. Second, 7½, 10, 11½ P.M. 2½, 4½, 7¼* P.M. On Sundays, 7 A.M. 4½, 7¼* P.M.		
		AT	s. d.	s. d.
	LIVERPOOL	7½, 10, 11½ A.M. 2½, 4½, 7½ P.M.* (On Sundays, 7 A.M. 4½, 7½ P.M.*)		
1¼	To Edge Hill	.. ..	1 0	1 0
3¼	Broad Green	.. ..	1 6	1 0
5	Roby Lane	.. ..	1 6	1 0
6¼	Hutton Lane	.. ..	1 6	1 0
8	Hutton Quarry	.. ..	1 6	1 0
9	Kenrick's Cross	.. ..	2 0	1 6
10	Lea Green	.. ..	2 0	2 0
12	St. Helens' Junc.	.. ..	2 6	2 0
13	Collin's Green	.. ..	2 6	2 0
14¼	Warrington Junc.	.. ..	3 0	2 6
14½	Newton	By all the Trains. Mail 8s. 6d.	3 0	2 6
16¼	Parkside	7½, 8½, 10, 11, 11½ A.M. 2½, 4½, 5½, 7½ P.M. (On Sundays, 7 A.M. 5½, 7½ P.M.)	3 0	2 6
19	Kenyon Junction.	7½, 10, 11½ A.M. 2½, 5½ P.M. (On Sundays, 7 A.M. 5½ P.M.)	3 6	2 6
21	Bury Lane	.. ..	4 0	3 6
22¼	Flow Moss	.. ..	4 0	3 6
23	Lane's Cottage	.. ..	4 6	3 6
24	Barton Moss	.. ..	4 6	3 6
26¼	Patricroft	.. ..	4 6	3 6
27¾	Eccles	.. ..	5 6	4 0
27¾	Wraith Lane	.. ..	5 6	4 0
29¼	Cross Lane		6 0	4 6
31	MANCHESTER	.. .. Mail 8s. 6d.	6 0	4 6

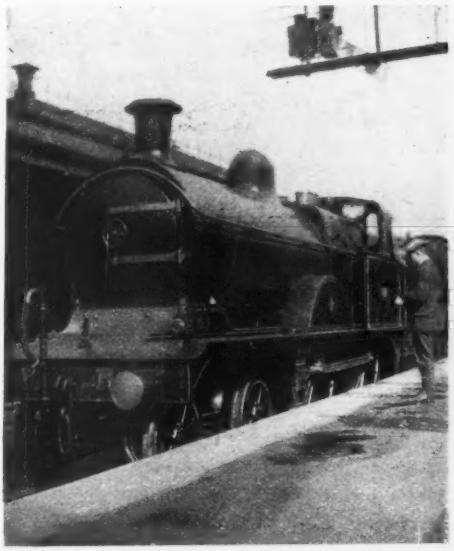
4-Wheeled Carriage £1, 2-Wheeled Carriage 15s; 1 Horse 14s, 2 Horses 20s, 3 Horses 24s. Children above three, and under ten years half fare. 60lbs. of Luggage allowed with each Passenger, above that at the rate of 3s. ℔ cwt. charged.
* This Train stops at Parkside and Newton only.

Facsimile of part of page in the original Guide

Bradshaw's Guide, keeping pace with railway extension, has been issued at sixpence and threepence, but while the sixpenny guide is possibly the universal favourite, the new special edition, containing much additional information, is published at two shillings. The latter, bound in red cloth, gilt lettered, bulks to 1,184 pages, and is a marvellous production even in the new century. The railway map of Great Britain and Ireland, with an independent map of London, is skilfully grouped, and plainly shows the principal and intermediate stations, the railways in operation, the steamboat tracks, and the submarine telegraphs ; and it is sprinkled with conspicuous numerals indicating the pages in the guide where the train times on the various lines may be found.

Every railway of importance has now its special map in the Guide, and in each is a list of most of the intermediate stations on the system, and the number of the page in the guide showing the train running ; but the most welcome additions to the new Bradshaw are the tables of Routes from London, Birmingham, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Sheffield, to other towns in the kingdom. You wish for instance, to journey from London to Glasgow, turn to page 16 of the Guide, and obtain, at a glance, the information you need—the quickest train, the time of departure, the route, the page giving the time of arrival at destination, the distance, the time on the journey, the single, return, and week-end fares, and the population of the city to which you are going.

Many other improvements are contemplated in subsequent issues. Meantime it is pleasant to handle, consult, and treasure the first issue of the new guide, an edition *de luxe*, which will, years hence, be worth almost its weight in gold. The " Flying Scotsman " and the electric express are showing us some of the possibilities of modern engineering and swift travel ; and in quieter fashion, but with a touch of genius, the new Bradshaw, has improved on the original, and is distinctive because of the concentrated mass of information it gives correctly and



Photograph by *Vivian Pendleton*

A Modern Locomotive

with intelligibility, and also as an example of what may be achieved by typographic art.

JOHN PENDLETON.

The Bride of Heaven

Mother of souls, on whose wide breast
  No rival sects or schools are known,
Who holds to all the simple test
  Of simple faith and love alone,
Be near when faith is like to die;
Be near and heed thy children's cry;
Fling wide thine arms, to thee we fly,
  Where saints of old have flown!

O Church of God, as fades the light,
  And evening shadows round us creep
Before the coming of the night
  The Shepherd gathers in His sheep;
Ere faith grows weak and love grows cold,
The accomplished number shall be told,
And safe within the sacred fold
  The Church of God shall keep.

O Bride of Heaven, on whose fair brow
  Nor spot nor wrinkle lingers more,
The stormy sea is traversed now,
  All radiant is the farther shore.
Behold the gates of sapphire ope,
Beyond the golden glorious slope
Thy longing eyes shall see thy Hope,
  Thou Bride of Heaven, once more!

O Shepherd of the golden fields,
  O Pilot of the crystal tide,
In that pure light Thy glory yields
  The sun and moon and stars have died,
And death and time and all things die
Save she who rises up on high,
Robed in Thine immortality,—
  O Christ, behold Thy bride!

G. Taverner Clarke.

In the Heart of Warwickshire

ALIGHTING at a wayside railway-station, you watch the train disappear round a curve, as it pursues its leisurely way to Leamington. Surrendering your ticket (tear the return-half in shreds, I beseech you), you step into a sloping village street, pass the "Marquis of Granby" and the local physician's house (placed in appropriate juxtaposition), take a turning to the left, and plunge into a tree-embowered lane. Soon the Great Western Railway is out of sight. Distant and more distant comes the thunder of its expresses, as they rush past to Banbury and Oxford. Civilisation is behind you, or, let us rather say, modernity. You are in the heart of leafy Warwickshire.

Since every English county has its peculiar characteristics, he is indeed a bold man, who, in the absence of any accepted standard of the picturesque, displays a preference for any county in particular. But I fling my cap for Warwickshire. Here is none of the loneliness and inexpressible grandeur of Cumberland; none of the rugged bewildering solitudes of moorland Yorkshire. One misses the ineffable sheen that plays on the counties of the south-west. But nowhere has Nature interwoven all her charms in such proportioned grace as here. You may look in vain for hill and mountain. But this long undulation is a sweeter thing; it rolls on from point to point, driven into such a shape, one might fancy, by some steady wind of the world's morning, and left unchanged through the succeeding ages. The bareness of the dales one might well exchange for this encompassing lushness of verdure, those wide pastures

> "Billowy-deep
> In meadow-grasses, where tall poppies peep,
> And bees athirst for wilding honey roam."

Nowhere in England, surely, is the hay harvest so plenteous as on a sunward-sloping field of Warwickshire. Nowhere is there such agreement in variety, so harmonious a blending of his many tints by the Master Painter—red farmhouses, grey church-steeples, dark-blue of streams, pools, and canal-waters (so consistently maligned), light green of field and deeper green of woodland and hedgerow, dusty yellow of highway and haystack, and above all the white and azure of a summer sky. The wide lumbering wain, known to Northerners in pictures only, is dragged by sturdy horses over some great road, say that from Birmingham to Henley-in-Arden, and at each farm that skirts the way the voices of children mingle, as they sport in the yard or in the barton. Give me Warwickshire, too, for vocal woodland. In a showerful spring the delight of living seizes one, and the rain falls unheeded. For we know that such showers are transient things, that the sun will break forth anon, and the melody of wild birds begin anew, when April trains his choir for the summer festival of Arden.

Henley-in-Arden! The name is musical and full of harmonious association. Often in my rambles have I passed down that broad white street, scanned the quaint eighteenth century shops, marvelled at the curious devices that swing pendent from the inns. For of inns there is no lack. Henley, if she has heard of the Prohibitionist (which is doubtful), flings him back a sturdy defiance with her fourteen inns for a thousand inhabitants.

This is Shakespeare's country; you may see the name over a shop door in Henley, where a namesake of the poet plies his trade. A few miles out of Henley you come to cross-roads, where a finger-post directs the traveller to Rowington; if you be a student of Shakespeare's will, you may remember how he left a copyhold tenement in Stratford-on-Avon, "being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington," to his daughter, Susannah Hall, and her heirs for ever. Follow this road to Rowington, and literary interest will be supplemented by historic association. On the brow of a hill, fifty yards from the path, stands the cottage of one whom we yearly execrate on November 5th—Robert Catesby, a "Warwickshire gentleman," as the history books tell us.

And, if you be an antiquary, should chance ever direct your steps to Umberslade, fail not to visit the Obelisk. It rises, solitary and commanding, on a grassy slope, and not even fable can tell who placed it there. It might be a remnant of Druid masonry, or the Roman legionary's rough-hewn memorial of himself, but there is not sufficient evidence of antiquity for that. Up to the veriest point of the needle there is no crumbling or decay. In default of any inscription we may ascribe the monument to the freak of some lord of the manor in a period less remote.

Few counties are so rich in old mansion-houses as this Garden of the Midlands. One such house is present to my mind as I write. Around it there stretches an extensive park, badly tended, but rich in rough, yielding turf, and enclosed by tangled hedges. In front there is a circular shallow lake, choked with rushes and water-flag beside the bank, but clear and limpid in its middle waters. The house itself is innocent of tower or turret, Puritanically unadorned, with a wealth of small windows set in regular lines, and a creeper-covered wooden porch. Behind the house you may roam at will in extensive stables, which abut on a high road, and are renewed on the opposite side. On the two walls that thus confront each other four huge sun-dials, each with its Latin motto, testify to some bygone proprietor's love for his Virgil and Cicero, and pass on the duty of recording time to one another through the long summer's day.

The local taste is occasionally careless of architectural tradition. I know a certain church, standing in the midst of fields, and dominant over the surrounding country. Once the tower was bare and unadorned and withal strong in its simplicity ; but vandal hands of the nineteenth century have placed on top of it a battlement, with little spires at the four corners, and the old-world symmetry is gone. One thinks of some Grecian statue surmounted by a Bond Street hat ! And lately when a vestry-house was built into the wall, the material used was brick !

Since this church stands aloof from the high road, one must pass along a rustic causeway to gain access to it. In summer time this is a pleasant task. But let the night be moonless, and the season winter. Then the journey churchward is fraught with peril. On either side is a sheer descent into a Slough of Despond. On the path itself the wariest must at times find himself ankle-deep in mire. Then, if ever, is there need for stout leggings and a well-trimmed lantern. But the rural folk stream in. Corydon precedes his Phyllis into the church (sacrificing gallantry to convenience), holds the door open for her from within, shuts it with a bang, and then, as if ashamed thereat, walks as gently as hob-nailed boots will permit him to his seat. The choir is juvenile, unmusical, but by no means shy, and its keenness, reinforced by the raucous voices of choristers *emeriti*, makes the service vigorous and inspiriting.

The Warwickshire peasant is an interesting creature, but this paper grows too long, and we must dismiss him in a few words. Generally speaking, he is of a melancholy cast of mind, possibly because his lot is hard and uncongenial, possibly because from his youth upwards he has watched the pageantry of the seasons, noted how transient and unsubstantial their glories are, and, as one who is in many respects a part of Nature, has identified his lot with hers. A blunt honesty, rather than shrewdness, is written in his face. If you lure him into talk on politics, you will find him careless of particular schemes or measures, but full of views on the predominance of class over class and the personality of political leaders. One thing is certain—that he himself earns a scanty wage, whereas Mr. So-and-so, through no merit of his own, is lord of broad acres. Hence a poor man cannot but swear allegiance to the leaders of the Reform party, though he recognises that they are not disinterested zealots, but men whose aim is place and power. As age grows upon him the sense of dependence swallows up his discontent, and, if it does not develope into loyalty, will at any rate place him among the Tories at election time. For he cherishes a firm conviction that the local proprietor, in spite of Ballot Acts, will somehow get

to know how he has voted, and, if displeased, will take retaliatory measures.

Old age, here as everywhere, brings with it many hardships. We knew an aged couple, living in a cottage by the side of a little stream, at some considerable distance from their nearest neighbour. The weaknesses of age had to be forgotten by them in the effort to wring a scanty subsistence from a little patch of garden. The stream supplied them with water, and, as the bank was a trifle steep and devoid of very sure footing, frosty weather brought us much anxiety on their account. Had one of them slipped and sprained an ankle on this errand, the other would have been powerless to render effectual aid, and the journey in quest of help was quite beyond the powers of nonagenarian limbs.

One quaint old lady kept a little shop, where we used to purchase an inestimable commodity named "Dark Virginia." We generally found her sitting in the inglenook, for she loved warmth, and the atmosphere of her parlour was suffocating. "Another quarter-pound?" she would exclaim in horror, and proceed to measure it out with the compunction of one who is forced to do evil for the sake of a livelihood. She had a curious conviction of impending fate. There was much doubt, she would assure us, as to whether we should find her alive when we came for our allowance next week. Certainly she was old and frail, but her foreboding was discredited so consistently, that we now expect she will live to send a tribute to our own obsequies. Let it be a tobacco plant in flower, good Mary Barnet, so that the fragrance of pure Virginia may attend us to the end.

The last figure we would mention is that of a stalwart ne'er-do-well, who used to stalk along the roads, dejected, hands in pockets, like a Hercules who had finished his labours. He had been a pugilist in his day, he told us. Had we ever heard of the famous Lachy Thomson, of Edinburgh? Frankly, we had not. Well, never mind—he had taken on Lachy many years before, and knocked him over the ropes after four rounds. We felt in our pockets, and promising to "put on the gloves" with him "that day six months," as they say at Westminster, wished him a hurried good-morning.

H. W. MACKAY.

Photograph by *Draycott, Leamington.*

A Warwickshire Lane

A Picture of the Sea

OLD HARRY WARD came limping painfully out of his little cottage. It was an incongruous place, grown so in the lapse of years, just as Harry Ward had grown incongruous himself—as far as his surroundings were concerned. Once it had stood among half a dozen of its kind fronting the lane which led down to the sea. Harry Ward well remembered his pride when as a young man he had spent his hard-earned savings—savings wrested from the deep in peril and toil—on that same cottage. He remembered, too, how he had taken his bride there; that was nearly sixty years ago, now, but as if it were yesterday, he could remember her fresh young face looking over the palings when he came back from his labours, striding up the lane with a step as fresh as if he had not spent ten hours at sea—working out every minute of them, too.

And now he started to limp down that same lane, bent and aged, leaning upon a stick, and no face over the paling to greet him on his return. Down the lane, did I say? But it was scarcely that now. Everything had changed except old Harry Ward and his cottage. The little town had become a "fashionable seaside resort," and flaring pictures of it were on every station of the railway company that served and boomed it. East and west it had spread its gluttonous clutches on the land, and "Stagg's Lane," as it used to be called, now rejoiced in the appellation of "Marine Avenue," and had been widened and drained and paved, to say nothing of the villas that stood on either side of it, and the "Alexandra Private Hotel," which was almost opposite Harry Ward's cottage.

The said cottage was looked upon as a grievous eyesore, forsooth. Its companions had disappeared long ago, and Ward was regarded by some of his neighbours as a stubborn old fool because he had refused all the offers for the tiny plot of land on which the cottage stood.

"I bought it fair and honest, and 'tis mine," he said simply. "I knows I could make summat out on't, but 't would do me no good. I be gettin' old, and I'll die where I've lived. I don't seem to care about shiftin' at my time."

So they waited for him to die. But an outdoor life and a fisherman's constitution made them wait longer than they wanted, and the District Council had made an ugly threat of condemning poor old Harry Ward's little cottage as unsanitary. But then, the District Council were interested in the booming of the town and the proprietor of the "Alexandra Private Hotel" possessed their ear.

So Harry Ward fared forth to his work on that summer's morn, long before the other inhabitants of "Marine Avenue" were astir. For although it was within a month of midsummer it wanted yet a full hour before the sun would rise. His wealth of tangled hair, scarce touched with the winter snow, though his years numbered eight above the allotted three score and ten, escaped in its ragged redness from under his old cap. His beard straggled down over his old blue guernsey, the sleeves of which were rolled up to the elbows, his old, patched serge trousers were turned up high at the bottoms, and his bare feet thrust into an ancient pair of unlaced boots. One of his knotted hands grasped his stick, and with the other he rubbed his back from time to time as he paused on his slow journey, for his old enemy, lumbago, was troubling him.

"I don't mind," he had told an acquaintance the day before, "I don't mind so long as I gets in the boat. My arms be strong enough, thank God; but 'tis walkin' down to the beach as does me.

He puffed away at his stump of a pipe as he limped along, stopping now and again to rest. There was a sad, tender look in his soft blue eyes, for, somehow or other, memories were crowding in upon him that fair summer morn.

"Ah," he muttered, "'t is all changed now. Lord, to think o' the time when my old uncle used to tell we boys o' the loads o'

tubs they took in waggons up this 'ere lane after a run over from Faycan, when old Snaggs hisself was captain o' the lot and shot a preventive man, so they said, just anigh here one dark night. Well, it ain't a lane no longer. I minds the time when there'd ha' bin a score o' us fishermen a hurryin' to our boats on a mornin' like this. I'll 'low Dad and me is about the only two on 'em left, and we be gettin' purty nigh done for."

"Dad" was his younger brother. So called by reason of his being a parent, while Harry had always been childless. Dad and he had been partners for almost as long as they remembered.

Snaggs lane used to lead straight on to the low lying beach, with a post or two at the bottom of it for the convenience of fishermen to lean against when they gazed out to sea on stormy days. But now the "Parade" had extended far past the entrance of "Marine Avenue," and a broad flight of steps led to the top of it, while, where the posts had stood was a miniature crystal palace in the shape of a "shelter." Standing by this was a man in an old brown slop, with a soft, wide-awake, hat drawn down over a pair of beautiful, dreamy blue eyes. His fair beard went far to proclaim him Harry's brother. This was "Dad," kindliest and gentlest of men. though he seldom spoke. But when he did so it was with a low, musical voice that one would not easily forget.

He was gazing out to sea as his brother slowly mounted the steps and came towards him. It was characteristic of them both that they exchanged no greetings. Those whose lives are closely united as were theirs often have no need of greetings, though their love is none the less. They had met thus in the early morning thousands of times.

So, for a minute or two, the brothers stood side by side in perfect silence. On the beach below them was a long row of bathing huts. A temporary stand belonging to a pierrot troupe, with a few dozen folded chairs was by these huts, and there were many other signs of a "popular watering place." Immediately in front of them was a "District Council Notice Board," with a flaming placard calling attention to Pier Concerts, and a "Fishermen's Regatta."

Harry Allen regarded it for a minute, and then his lips twitched themselves into a sad little smile as he said—

"Fishermen's Regatta, eh, Dad? I reckon us be the only two fishermen left, and they've left *we* out of it! Folks takes every man as lounges about the P'rade in a guernsey and lets out boats for a fisherman. Lord!"

Dad laughed a mellow little laugh, but said nothing. Presently he remarked—

"'T is time we was off. The tide's turned."

"Ah! I s'pose we'd best be goin'."

There was something in the tone of his voice that made Dad turn his head and look at his brother for the first time that morning.

"Ain't ye well, Harry?" he asked.

"Middlin'."

"Shall us bide at home this mornin'?"

"No, Dad, I shall be all right when we starts. I felt a bit queer comin' down here, that's all."

The two old men went slowly down to the beach. Beside a breakwater was some of their fishing gear, amongst which were a couple of tubs with lines that had been baited overnight coiled up in them. Each man took a tub, and proceeded over the crisp sand to the water's edge. It was low tide, and they had some little distance to go. Their boat was anchored a few yards from the "turning point," and it was a small matter to kick off their boots and wade to her, though Harry had some little difficulty in climbing over the side when he got there.

In a few moments the steady splash of the oars was heard as the brothers rowed slowly out to sea, with a regular, patient stroke that was illustrative of their very lives. It was a lovely morning, scarcely a ripple to be seen. Twice they paused for a moment, once when Harry wanted to light his pipe, and again, when the sun rose in a blaze of gold from the waters.

"How lovely 't is, to be sure!" murmurred Harry, who had always an eye for the beauties of nature. Dad said nothing,

but gazed in silence on the "path of glory" that shone athwart the deep.

Three miles out. The spire of the church in a line with a certain clump of trees on the South Downs in the background, the old mill on the little western promontory, level with the big white house behind. How well they knew those landmarks. Just here was a shingle bottom, the breakfast table of whiting and sole. Harry took one of the tubs, made the end of the line fast to a little coil of rope with cork "byes" on it, and then commenced paying out the line while Dad rowed ahead very slowly. At length the hooks were all "shot," and Harry resumed his seat. Another mile to pull, and then a shoal of the little cork "byes" appeared on the face of the waters. Once more Dad took both the oars, Harry leaned over the side, grasped a line, and hauled at it. In half a minute he had lifted a wicker "lobster pot," heavily weighted, into the boat, his dexterous hand had seized a black creature within, carefully avoiding ugly claws as it did so; fresh bait was put into the "pot," and it was sunk once more. Another and another followed in slow monotony. Scarcely a word was spoken all the time, for each man knew exactly what he had to do. Twice they changed places, and now Dad had the oars just as his brother was finishing "hauling the pots."

When the latter had done so, he sat down in the stern of the boat, facing his brother. He filled his pipe, but kept it in his hand, not attempting to light it.

"I be tired, Dad."

Dad looked at him with that wondrous soft expression on his gentle old face.

"Shall us leave the other pots and go back?"

"No. Best not. I'll rest a bit."

"I'll row her. You bide still."

It was half a mile before they reached the next lot of pots. Harry sat still. Dad noticed he never lit that pipe.

Then Harry rose slowly to his feet to haul. He stood for a moment, he brushed his forehead, and his cap fell off; then he sat down again.

"Dad, I bain't well."

Dad never said a word, but he grasped his oars the tighter with his rough, horny hands, and pointed the boat's head straight for the shore, glancing over his shoulder for the landmarks as he did so. A few minutes passed in silence, only broken by the regular creaking of the oars in the wooden rowlocks. Harry had his chin and that great yellow-red beard of his in his hand, and was gazing over the waters. The sun was climbing the heavens fast.

"Feel better, Harry?"

The latter turned his eyes slowly on his brother.

"I—be—queer—Dad—'t is cold, bain't it?"

Dad shook his head and rowed hard.

"I thought 't was cold—. How the sun do shine, though—Dad—we be gettin' too old for this—leastways—I be."

Dad looked at his brother keenly.

"We'll be ashore 'fore long, Harry, You wants a rest."

"Aye—I wants a rest—a rest."

His head drooped a little lower, and his eyes closed. Something made Dad stop suddenly in his rowing.

"Harry!"

"Aye!—I'm—just—a-restin', Dad." Then he opened his eyes. "God—bless—you—Dad!"

Dad shipped his oars quickly, and the next moment was on his knees, Harry's hand in his, his eyes moist and a big sob in his throat.

"You—you bain't a goin' to leave me, Harry?" he whispered.

The answer came slowly but clearly.

"I—didn't want to—Dad—but 't is time—for me to go—I—be—so—tired."

Then he fell forward into Dad's arms.

Dad gently raised him, laid him back in the stern as well as he could, brushed the tangled hair from his forehead with a trembling hand, and smoothed the great beard over his breast. Then he went back to his seat in the bows, took the oars once more, and pulled steadily for the shore, the tears standing in his eyes and breaking away down his furrowed cheeks.

* * * * *

The tide was up to the beach, and the world of holiday-makers had come down

to meet it there. The bathers were engaging huts by the dozens, children were paddling, playing on the beach, laughing and shouting in their mirth; the ice cream vendors, the fruit and ginger-beer sellers, the retailers of morning papers were plying a busy and a noisy trade. A couple of big excursion trains had come in and were pouring their hundreds down to the sea, the pierrots were in full swing, every seat taken already, and a crowd standing behind.

A strident-voiced pierrot was yelling out a song of his own composition, the others taking up the chorus.

Suddenly the man stopped short. The piano accompaniment died away. Some one had shouted, "Oh, look!" and then there was a strange silence as a boat grounded on the shingles, and old Dad Allen looked over his shoulder furtively, at the crowd of faces that met his gaze, faces, the eyes of which were bent not on *him*, but on that calm, rugged old head in the stern of his boat.

"You bain't a goin' to leave me, Harry?"

He jumped out and clasped the gunwale. Willing hands lent help, and the boat was drawn high and dry on the beach.

Harry Allen had come home from the sea for the last time!

VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH.

Luminous Cuttle-fish

MR. BULLEN'S "Cruise of the Cachalot" and popular articles in various magazines have familiarised the public with the giant cuttle-fish, which have in times past given rise to the stories of the Kraken and Sea Serpent, but the smaller members of the family have escaped attention, though their charactersitics are no less striking. Of some of these which have the power of emitting luminous rays we propose to give a brief account.

FIG. 1.—*Histioteuthis*, side view, in swimming position, showing the arrangement of the luminous organs in the body and arms

Unfortunately most of these forms are of extreme rarity and consequently none of them have English names; hence we have no alternative but to use their somewhat cumbrous Latin names. The earliest whose luminous properties were known is the *Histioteuthis* of the Mediterranean (fig. 1), a creature about half a yard in total length, the under surface of whose body and arms is covered with pearly oval patches, which may be as much as half an inch in length. This animal was fully described by Vérany, a distinguished naturalist, who lived in Nice during the early half of the last century; he has given the following account of his observations: "As often as other engagements permitted I watched the fishing carried on by the dredge on the shingly beaches which extend from the town of Nice to the mouth of the Var. On the afternoon of September 7th, 1834, I arrived at the beach when the dredge had just been drawn in, and saw in the hands of a child a cuttle-fish, unfortunately greatly damaged. I was so struck by the singularity of its form and the brilliance of its colour that I at once secured it and, showing it to the fishermen, asked whether they were acquainted with it. Upon their replying in the negative I called their special attention to it and offered a handsome reward for the next specimen secured either alive or in good condition, and then passed on to other fishermen and repeated my promise. Shortly afterwards I was summoned and shown a specimen clinging to the net, which I seized and placed in a vessel of water. At that moment I enjoyed the astonishing spectacle of the brilliant spots, which appeared upon the skin of this animal, whose remarkable form had already impressed me; sometimes it was a ray of sapphire blue which blinded me; sometimes of opalescent topaz yellow, which rendered it still more striking; at other times these two rich colours mingled their magnificent rays. During the night these opalescent spots emitted a phosphorescent brilliance, which rendered this mollusc one of the most splendid of nature's products. Its existence was, however, of short duration, though I had placed it in a large vessel of water. Probably it lives at great depths."

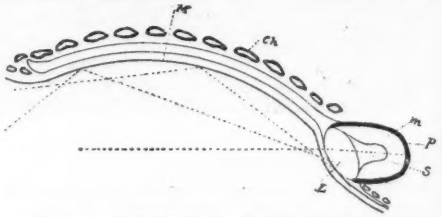


FIG. 2.—Longitudinal section of one of the luminous organs *L* the condensing lens; *S* the light-producing cells; *m* the internal mirror; *M* the concave mirror in front of the organ; *P* the pigment layer. The dotted lines show the supposed tracks of the rays of light proceeding from the luminous centre

Curiously enough this observation seems to have been overlooked, for no one examined the minute anatomy of these curious spots until 1893, when Professor Joubin astonished the scientific world by

a revelation of their remarkable structure. Omitting unnecessary details these organs may be defined as consisting of a lantern and a reflector (fig. 2). The lantern contains in its centre a mass of cells, believed to be the source of the luminous rays; these are surrounded by layers of scales, which constitute an internal mirror and save the light from being wasted, the loss being further diminished by a layer of black pigment, which lines the wall of the lantern exactly in the same way and for the same reason that the interior of a photographic camera or a telescope is blackened. In front of the source of light is a system of lenses similar in principle to the condensing lens of a lighthouse. This little lantern forms a rounded body embedded in the skin and situated at the hinder end of the oval pearly patch above mentioned. This last in the living animal is slightly concave and serves to direct the rays of light downwards and forwards—in other words to light up the space just below the animal. If, as is generally supposed, the creature is an inhabitant of the great depths where sunlight scarcely penetrates, the advantage of thus illuminating the sea-bottom above which it is swimming is sufficiently obvious—the chances of securing a meal are very greatly increased.

FIG. 3.—Photograph of a specimen of *Abraliopsis*, from the "Albatross" Expedition, preserved in spirit, to show the disposition of the luminous organs on the lower surface of the body, head, and arms. Twice the natural size

One family of the actively swimming oceanic cuttle-fishes goes by the name of "hook-squids," because a number of the suckers on the arms and tentacles are modified into sharp horny hooks, by means of which the animals seize and retain their prey. Several very interesting varieties have been captured by the recent deep-sea expeditions, and amongst others the United States Fish Commission steamer "Albatross" obtained four specimens of a genus known as *Abraliopsis* in the Pacific Ocean. These little creatures measure only a couple of inches or so in extreme length, and, judging by their general build and comparatively large fins, must be very active swimmers (fig. 3). In this genus there are to be seen a large number of tiny pimples on the lower surface. When examined with a magnifying glass they look like little eyes, there being a central white speck surrounded by a black ring. A microscope shows that this ring is not evenly circular, but has a wavy outline and in some cases is clearly seen to be made up of from five to seven separate pieces (fig. 4). The arrangement of these pimples is quite symmetrical; a patch on the hinder part of the lower surface gives off six or eight longitudinal rows, some single, some double, reaching to the front edge of the body, where they are joined by a girdle passing round it. Other rows lie in the centre and on either side of the lower surface of the head and along the arms, whilst a ring of them decorates the edge of the eyelid.

In internal structure these little lamps are quite different from those of *Histioteuthis* just described. A section through

the middle of one magnified 150 times is shown in fig. 5. The exact meaning and function of the different parts of this little lamp are extremely difficult to decipher. The mass of cells towards the right hand of the figure undoubtedly constitutes a bull's eye lens, and the black pigment patches are almost certainly a diaphragm, similar in action to the stops of a photographer's camera. The little hemispherical cup at the opposite side made up of concentric layers like an onion may be fairly put down as a reflector, and one is driven to conclude that the plug of cells occupying the central axis is the source of light, but beyond this all is guess-work. It is to be noted too that in this particular form the apparatus has never been seen in actual operation.

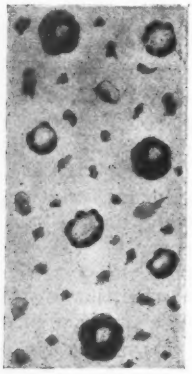


FIG. 4. — Portion of the integument, magnified 25 times, showing the appearance of the organs

Another kind of small oceanic cuttle-fish which may be conveniently called the "wing-squid" (*Pterygioteuthis*) resembles that just described in its size and external appearance, but the arrangement of its lanterns is very remarkable. In order to understand their peculiarity a few words of preliminary explanation are needed. What appears to be the lower surface of the body of a squid is in reality a kind of outer boundary wall and is called the "mantle." When it is cut open in the middle line there is found below it a large cavity extending almost the whole length of the body and freely open to the sea-water at the head end. The body wall proper occupies the other deeper side of this space, which is known as the "mantle cavity." To it are attached the gills, which are thus protected from injury but yet bathed by the water which enters this space from the head end. At the front end of this space is the funnel or syphon through which the water which has passed over the gills is expelled. Fig. 6 shows the appearance of the body wall, when this outer layer has been removed. On it are to be seen a number of little rounded wart-like structures; one pair lies just within the hinder margin of the syphon, another pair at the roots of the gills, one or more between them in the middle line, and generally one or two farther back. These are the luminous organs and the remarkable thing about them is that when the animal is entire they are completely concealed by the mantle. When a specimen, which has been preserved in spirit is examined it is difficult to believe that organs so situated can be of any use for purposes of illumination, but the fact is that the mantle, though opaque when preserved in spirit, is quite transparent in the living animal and the lamps shine through it with undiminished brilliance.

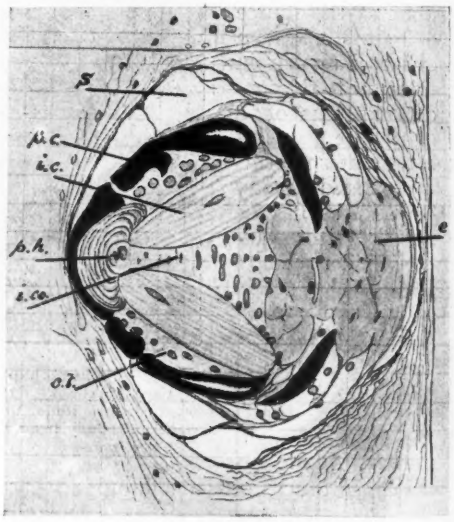


FIG. 5.—Section of a luminous organ of *Abraliopsis* magnified 200 times, *i.co.*, the light-producing cells; *e.*, the bull's eye condensing lens; *p.h.* and *i.c.*, reflectors; *p.c.*, pigment cup; *s.*, blood space; *c.t.*, connective tissue. The surface of the body is towards the right

Around the lower half of the eye-ball, lying in the equator of the globe, is a series of hemispherical warts; these too are covered during life by the integument and their light is only visible by reason of its transparence during life.

The anatomy of these organs is quite as complex as that of those above described. We have the mass of light-giving cells in the centre (Fig. 7), with a mirror composed of concentric layers of cells behind it and a kind of bull's eye condenser in front. A noteworthy peculiarity of this particular group of squids is that the different luminous organs are arranged on quite different principles. Some of them lack the bull's eye condenser, but possess the mirror, whilst others are destitute both of mirror and condenser. There is some ground for the theory which has been propounded that the different types of organ give out light of different colours.

The evidence for the light-giving power of these organs is very satisfactory. Professor Chun on board the "Valdivia" during the German deep-sea expedition obtained a small squid resembling the one just described in many of its essential characters and was able to keep it alive long enough to observe its tiny torches in full activity.

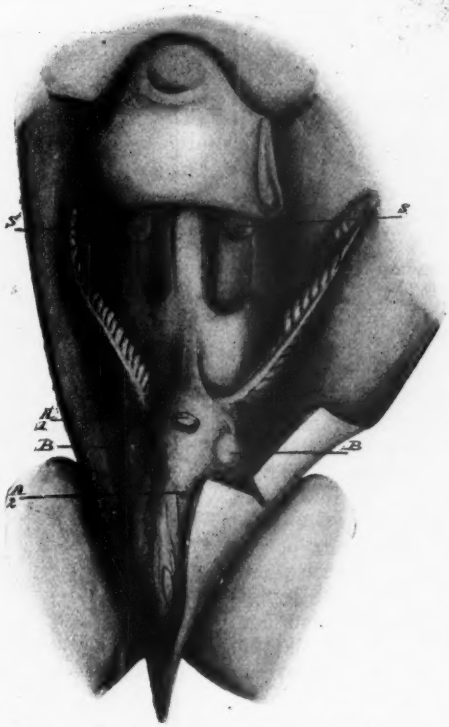


FIG. 6.—Specimen of *Pterygioteuthis* with the mantle cavity laid open, showing the gills. The reference letters point out the luminous organs. Magnified 7 times

He has published a representation of his specimen taken from an actual photograph (fig. 8), and gives the following account of its appearance:—"Among all the marvels of colouration which the animals of the deep-sea exhibited to us, nothing can be even distantly compared with the hues of these organs. One would think that the body was adorned with a diadem of brilliant gems. The middle organs of the eyes shone with ultramarine blue, the lateral ones with a pearly sheen. Those towards the front of the lower surface of the body gave out a ruby red light, whilst those behind were snow white or pearly, except the median one, which was sky-blue. It was indeed a glorious spectacle."

This little creature, is certainly by far the most remarkable that has yet been discovered as regards its luminous function. It possesses no less than twenty-two light-producing organs which are constructed on no fewer than ten different principles. Probably this fact is concerned not merely with the intensity of the light, but with its colour; the organs which give a blue light being different in structure from these which produce the red.

So much for the arrangement and structure of the lanterns, the question now arises—How is the light produced? Here our actual knowledge ceases, we can only deal in analogies. It is a matter of common experience that a stimulus transmitted along a nerve produces the contraction of a muscle, that is to say, it liberates a certain quantity of a form of energy, which shows itself in the muscle doing work. Why should not a stimulus passing along a nerve ending in a different apparatus set free that form of energy which we know as light? The two phenomena are evidently similar in kind, and when we are able to explain the one no doubt the other will be equally comprehensible.

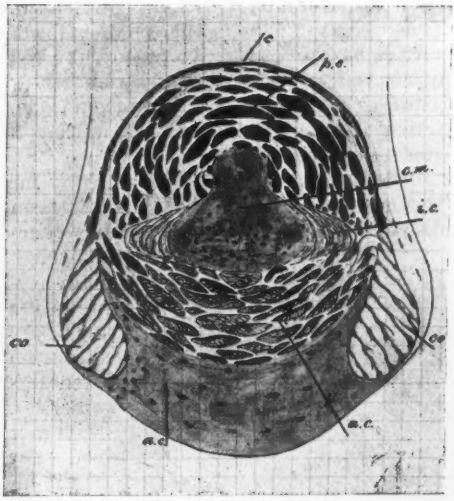


FIG. 7.—Section of one of the more complex luminous organs of *Pterygioteuthis*, showing *c.m.*, the source of light; *a.c.* and *a.c.*[1] bull's eye condensers; *p.c.* reflector. Magnified 88 times

There seems little doubt that in all the instances referred to in the present sketch, the use of the organs is to illuminate the surrounding space and enable the cuttle-fish to see the objects near to it. There are cases in other groups of animals in which this explanation does not seem to answer, as for example, in certain polyps which have no eyes and in jelly-fish where they are rudimentary. Here the luminosity is most likely protective and acts like the warning colours of unpalatable caterpillars keeping off animals which would be otherwise disposed to make a meal of them. In other instances again the luminous property is due to disease, as in the case of the sand-hoppers, examined by Professor Giard, which gave off no light until they had been infected by parasitic luminous bacteria. To this cause the phosphorescence of putrescent materials can no doubt be ascribed.

One fact appears from observations in other luminous animals to be well established. The light production of the living lamps is the most economical known. When a candle is burnt or the gas is lighted a large part of the energy liberated becomes apparent as heat and is wasted so far as illumination is concerned. Even in the incandescent electric lamps, which are the least wasteful lights in this respect we have yet invented, a very perceptible amount of energy goes off as heat, as anyone may tell who feels the globe of a lamp which has been burning for some time. With phosphorescent animals the case is different, even when the light is at its brightest the heating effect is infinitesimal. Here as in so many other instances Nature's machines are more effective than any that mankind has been able to devise.

FIG. 8.— Reproduction of Professor Chun's photograph of the luminous squid observed by him on board the "Valdivia," by permission of Messrs. Fischer of Jena.

WILLIAM E. HOYLE

The Shelf and the World

A False Emotion—Belated Discoveries—" The Book of Job "—On Reading Books many Times—Blake's " Auguries of Innocence "—The Polar Bar—'Bus-drivers—A French Mr. Weller—Dieppe's many Children—A Procession des Marins—Industry Misapplied—The Bible made Elegant and Spirited—The Boomster's Fell Work—Touchstone's Philosophy—Life's Little Envies—Misplaced Sympathy.

I HAD the other evening to fly to the rescue of an honest man who had become a target for ridicule through making the confession that he had never read *Villette*. Had he been older in knowledge of the world he would probably have pretended that he had read it; but he was young and sincere, and he confessed to a total ignorance of Charlotte Brontë. A chorus of astonishment and blame followed, beneath which he grew visibly unhappy. I had to reassure him by insisting that to be ashamed of not knowing a certain book is an emotion falsely based. As a matter of fact one is in a far better position than one's accusers, if the book is a good one: for whereas they have read it, you have the joy all before you.

I remember the laughter of superiority and triumph that rang out a few years ago when a distinguished Scotch critic of literature and champion of the Scandinavian drama wrote an article to draw attention to a charming essay he had just found in Dr. John Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ*. He was then perhaps thirty-five, and Marjorie Fleming, her poetry, her humour and her sweetness, had only then been revealed to him. But why should he have known her earlier? He knew a thousand books that his triumphant critics did not. I like these belated discoveries. They indicate that one is still young somewhere, since it is only the young that explore. A man of letters that I know burst into my room the other day. " I say," he cried, " I've been reading a perfectly splendid thing. The Book of Job. Listen to this." And he began to read. This critic knew all about Stevenson and Omar Khayyam, but he had been putting off reading the Bible for years and years, and had perhaps only come to the Book of Job now because some enterprising publisher had issued it with sufficiently wide margins. He had at once found it good—much better than he could perhaps have known had it ever been his task work at school.

The joy of returning to a book and recognising the familiar landmarks as they rise up is a great joy too; but it is not everyone that can read a book more than once; and fewer can read it more than twice. It is the difference in readers between Conservatives and Radicals: the Conservatives are content to adhere to the old gods; the Radicals want something new. Of course there are a few cases where the parties combine. In *The Three Musketeers*, for example. But even there I should be unable to go as far as one of our younger poets, who told me the other day that he never reads any novel but *The Three Musketeers*, and that he read that through again every year. I know an elderly critic who reads *Paradise Lost* every Christmas Day. Disraeli read *Pride and Prejudice* seventeen times. I have read Mr. Collins's letter and the visit to Rosings seventeen times, but not the whole novel.

Poetry, of course, one reads again and again. Indeed, one has to, for only thus can one really extract its honey. One is older every day, different every day (although by ever so little): hence one brings to each reading a slightly changed mind. He is a very poor reader who does not make a discovery every time he picks up a book of good poetry. I made one the other day. In my bedroom in a friend's house was an edition of Blake, and in it I found the " Auguries of Innocence," which has been omitted from my own copy. What a magnificent thing!—

A Robin Redbreast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage;
A dove-house filled with doves and pigeons
Shudders hell through all its regions.
A dog starved at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the state;

A game-cock clipped and armed for fight
Doth the rising sun affright:
A horse misused upon the road
Calls to Heaven for human blood.
Every wolf's and lion's howl
Raises from hell a human soul;
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain doth tear;
A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.
He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men.

I had known the opening couplet all my life, but I did not know (though I might have guessed) from what beautiful mind it sprang. The second couplet was quite new.

Now and then I do not quite follow the seer.

He who the ox to wrath has moved
Shall never be by woman loved,

seems to me too sweeping. And what is the Polar Bar? Recollections of the pronunciation common to Bret Harte's heroes suggest a solution; but Blake did not mean that:—

He who shall train the horse to war
Shall never pass the Polar Bar.

It is very fine, and very unfortunate for Aldershot.

The motto of the poem, by the way, is essential Emerson:—

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

* * * * *

Someone suggests that last month I said too much for cabdrivers; or rather that I said too little for 'bus-drivers. But the 'bus-driver, being pinned down to one prescribed route, had nothing to do with the case. For the 'bus driver as a man who knows the owners of all the houses in Piccadilly, and the names of all the Clubs, I have the greatest respect; but I have never found him as amusing as he is in the comic papers. I have come to look upon his powers of repartee as one of the greater myths.

The best 'bus driver I ever knew was the connecting link between a favourite French watering place and one of its little dependent villages. I lived for a few weeks in the village and was thus much in his company on the box seat. He performed many offices. He drove us into the town and brought us back, sixty centimes each way; he carried parcels; he could always give monnaie. But he did more than this. He welded our little society; he was our M.C.; he told us our neighbours' names and told them our's; he paved the way to introductions, and when the introductions were made the discussion of his personality served as a means of breaking the ice.

Anthony Weller, transported to France, might have been like him. He was wide rather than fat, short, a little lame. He shaved, but when he shaved was a mystery, for his stubble was always in the same stage of growth. His weather-stained rubicund face, with the twinkling yet shrewdly self-protective eyes, as of a good French tradesman, was turned with a smile of recognition to almost every one that passed: certainly to every one that had ever ridden with him; but his best customers won a bow. I won a bow.

Why should I disguise facts any longer? The town was Dieppe. The road which the omnibus followed was bare and dull, and yet the driver found much to tell. The late Lord Salisbury's château never failed as an object of interest. He used also to point out a house in the fishing quarter of the town where a woman was living who had had twenty-seven children. The bogey of depopulation that is said to threaten France has indeed no minatory air in these parts. On our way down to the sea daily we passed a cottage where a French family, including seven children, was staying, made up of three sets of twins and one other.

But the time to see children was on Sunday. I remember in particular a procession des marins. It was to leave the fisher folks' Notre Dame at four o'clock and walk to the Calvary on the Quay, where a sermon would be delivered by a Vicaire of distinction imported for the purpose. For one hour before the time the streets on the route were crowded, especially in the neighbourhood of the house of one of the more notable marins, who with his family and friends was engaged in the roadway designing crosses and other figures with flowers and moss:

a pious act impeded by admiring children who had to be sent to the right-about more than once—even to the extreme of "*Allez-vous en au diable!*" Punctually the procession came: banners; little girls in white; little boys in red; two tall priests in abbreviated surplices shepherding them with umbrellas; more banners; ecclesiastical symbols borne on cushions; choristers; models of ships carried by fishermen; a band; older girls all in white veils; nuns; and lastly the preacher, flanked by two priests:—all very tawdry in the strong sunshine and yet very simple and pretty and geniune.

* * * * *

Human industry has often been oddly misapplied, but I think I have never known a more flagrant example of sheer and wanton uselessness than a book which lies before me. Its title runs thus:—"A Liberal Translation of the New Testament, being an attempt to translate the Sacred Writings with the same Freedom, Spirit and Elegance with which other English Translations from the Greek Classics have lately been executed." The author was E. Harwood, and the date 1768. As an example of E. Harwood's free, spirited and elegant manner I quote his rendering of verses 35-42 of Mark v.:—

(35) While Jesus was speaking these words, a messenger was despatched to the ruler to inform him that his daughter had breathed her last, and that the prophet need not now trouble himself to come down to the house. (36) Jesus hearing this message delivered, said to the ruler, "Let not this melancholy news throw you into immoderate grief and despair—only repose a firm trust and confidence in my power." (37) He then dismissed the crowd and suffered none to accompany him, but Peter, James and John. (38) When He entered into the ruler's house, He found a dismal scene of grief and distress—some weeping, and others singing, according to custom, melancholy funeral odes. (39) When he came into the room He said to them, "Why do you indulge all these excesses of sorrow and mourning? The young lady is not dead. She is only sunk into a profound sleep." (40) For these words the mourners could not forbear expressing by their looks the contemptible opinion they had of Him as a prophet. But Jesus immediately ordered them all to quit the room, and taking with him the young lady's parents, and his companions, he went into the apartment where the corpse lay. (41) He approached it—took hold of her hand—and said, "Talitha Kumi"—which translated signifies—"Young lady, rise!" (42) The young lady, who was about twelve years of age, that moment got up, and walked in health and vigour about the room, to the inexpressible astonishment of every spectator.

It is doubtful if this liberal Translation was popular; for authors could not then force their revisions of the New Testament upon the public, as at the present moment one novelist is doing—almost at the point of the bayonet; but the mere fact that it was printed is amazing.

The Boomster, to use the perfect term invented by Mr. Lang, seems to have come to stay. With each new novel the prefatory clash of gongs and cymbals is more deafening. Not all Boomsters, of course, can compass sound on the grand scale—the very big drum is costly—but every day the tendency to put this premium on the obvious and the hectic is increasing. No book with any delicacy or distinction ever seems to win the compliment. I am a strong believer that merit ultimately "will out"; but a serious injustice is done by noisy blatant people to the modest workers, who now that a fashion of preliminary salvoes has come in may have to wait much longer than they used before their quiet voices can be heard above the din. That is the mischief which Boomsters do. Their great circulation seems to me to matter less, because although you can force people to buy books you cannot force them to like them. One only hears of many editions: not of corresponding influxes of pleasure. We have heard, for example, a vast deal about the simultaneous publication of nine translations of the latest of the Big Drum Series; but we have not been offered the opportunity of reading any foreign criticism. I should like to see a few French notices.

Nothing of course can stop booming. Booming has got to be—it is a part of our growing vulgarity. But protests can be made here and there, and it is usually in the power of an author to decline the flattering unction.

* * * * *

How is it that we, ourselves, never contrive to possess such good things as others do? "Wherever I visit," a plaintive lady sighed the other day, "I find better soap than we can get at home. How

is it ?" I share her gentle wonder. How is it ? Butter, too—why have other people nicer butter ? And books ? All the books that I really want are not in booksellers' catalogues, but on other persons' shelves. I called on a friend last week, who seemed to have around the walls of one room in the Temple all the books I have ever really wanted. I came home again and almost wished for a fire—except that people tell me that one never gets all the money for which a house is insured.

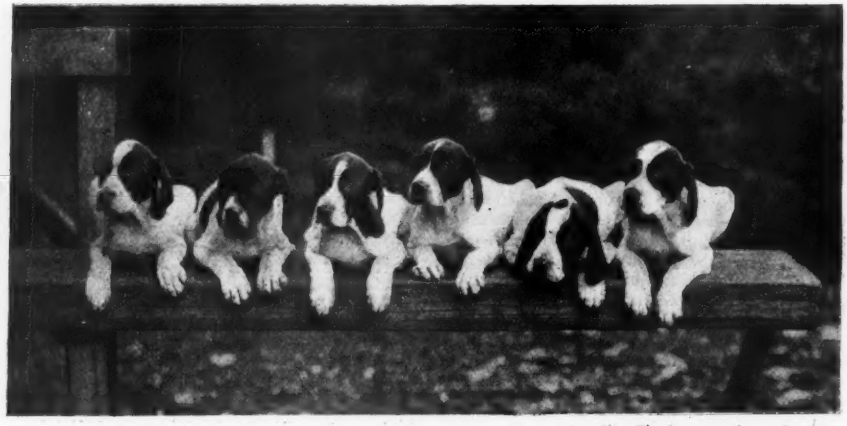
"A poor thing but mine own," said Touchstone, and the formula has passed into the language. But more often such possession, even among those that quote the fool of the forest with most unction, causes contempt or dissatisfaction rather than pride. Touchstone expressed not the general opinion but the philosophic, which is as far removed from the general as may be. The philosopher saying "a poor thing but mine own" unites critical acumen with stoical cheerfulness, clear sight with acceptance of the fact, recognition of defect with determination to make the best of it. But most of us are born envious and rarely value what is familiar : hence "a poor thing because our own" is the most natural attitude.

I am coming to the belief that it is a mistake to have the best at all. Touchstone's attitude is more sensible. The reasons for my belief are two : one is that directly you have the best of anything you have closed an avenue to enjoyment—the enjoyment of waiting for a wish to be realised ; the other is that one becomes sorry for those persons whom one sees stumbling along with the inferior article. Perhaps the perfect way is to have access to the best, when you need it, as one has, for example, with books, in the British Museum Reading Room ; and go along cheerfully with the poor things that are your own.

But sorrow for others can often be misplaced. The other day someone came to spend a day in the country, and as we have a view she brought her field glasses with her. For some years I had done the best I could with just such an ordinary pair of field glasses, but last summer I became the owner of one of those miraculous prismatic binoculars with a foreign name that bring the horizon to one's feet. I felt wretched as I watched our friend's pathetic devotion to her old battered pair. I pressed my new ones upon her. She took them, made a pretence of understanding the patents with which they bristle, and returned to her own with visible relief. All my sympathy had been wasted. It very often is.

One comes at last to the question, Has anyone the best ? Has the King ? Has Mr. Pierpont Morgan ? Had Madame Humbert ? Is there a single household anywhere that can really laugh at the tenth commandment ?

E. V. LUCAS.



Photograph by *J. McClellan*

On the Qui Vive

Photograph by *Annan, Glasgow*

JOLI CŒUR
From the painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Profit and Loss

By John Oxenham

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

John Burney, a London banker, discovers that his son has forged the signature of one of his customers. The lady whose name has been forged insists upon steps being taken for the arrest of the culprit. Being aware that his chief cashier, George Barty, is deeply in debt and being pressed by his creditors, John Burney promises that if he will declare that he committed the forgery, he will pay his debts, look after his wife and children, and, at the expiration of his sentence, give him £5,000 to start life afresh. Barty agrees, pleads guilty and is sentenced to ten years across the seas. At the end of four years he is permitted by the authorities to become servant to an explorer who is about to cross Australia from West to East. Barty dies on the journey, and the news of his death is taken to his wife who is supporting herself and children by keeping a boarding house. Many years later, Sir John Burney engages a young man to act as travelling companion to his grandson, Frazer Burney, who is mentally deficient. The companion is George Barty, son of the bank cashier. On the continent George Barty becomes acquainted with Mary Lindsay, an Australian girl who is acting as companion to an aged English lady. The Englishwoman dies, and Mary Lindsay prepares to return to England, but before the time for her departure arrives, Frazer Burney stabs George Barty and escapes. Mary Lindsay nurses George Barty.

CHAPTER IX

TIGHTENING BONDS

FRAZER BURNEY SENIOR'S first thought, on receiving George Barty's telegram, was that to reach Brunnenthal he must pass through Paris. That is an unpleasant thing to say of a man, but it is a fact and it stands.

A day, and say a night, in Paris, appealed strongly to him. His opportunities were limited, for Sir John was master both at home and in the City, and, knowing his man, he held the rein with a tight hand. Business occasionally necessitated a run across to Paris, Frankfort, Berlin, but the occasions came all too seldom, and when they offered Mr. Burney took toll of them to the full. He returned, as a rule, somewhat tired out—travelling is wearisome when indulged in spasmodically—but always with the special business on which he had gone carried out to the letter. Any failure therein would have militated against future journeys. His father persisted in regarding him much as he had done in the wild days when he forged Lady Sarah Gwynne's name to that fateful cheque. Perhaps the old man was not very far wrong. He had learnt many a bitter lesson in his time, and he never kept a man in his employment who had stumbled once.

Mr. Frazer had risen, by effluxion of time, and special grace that could not be outwardly withheld, and by the use of his wife's fortune in the bank's affairs, to a junior partnership, which relieved him of many onerous duties and gave him an income.

But the senior partner never forgot how his criminal stupidity had been within an ace of bringing the house about their ears, and he never forgave it. Paternal and filial feeling was an absolutely unknown quantity between them.

Thanks to Sir John's unremitting vigilance and labours during these twenty years—and the use of his daughter-in-law's money—the business had prospered greatly. "Burney's" was looked upon as one of the solidest private banks in the City. Mr. Frazer Burney was even looked upon by some as a good business man. Sir John was seriously contemplating the formation of the concern into a limited company, with the heads of departments as directors. Otherwise, he said to himself, Frazer would make ducks and drakes of it all when he was gone, and would ultimately find himself in the workhouse, or worse. Perhaps, in the night watches, when a man's short-comings set his soul on the grill and dance upon it with heels of fire, he took blame to himself for his son being what he was. Perhaps he thought, with bitter regret, that the chief fault had lain with himself from the beginning—that the association of a motherless boy with servants and inferiors is not best

calculated to mould a character and make a man—that a father, given over heart and soul to the making and keeping of money, and with scarce a thought for his boy, is hardly fulfilling his fatherly obligations—that, even when the boy fell, and his own eyes were opened to the extent of his fall, different treatment might still have made a different man of him.

The banker's pillow was not one we need envy, and his life was desolate and empty, with an emptiness which all the gold in the world could not begin to fill.

His grandchildren might have filled the gap in his life. He had looked forward to their doing so. Unfortunately they were all afflicted similarly to their elder brother. The curse of that loveless union was upon them all. The vacant faces and lack-lustre eyes and loose-strung forms were painful to him. He hated the sight of them, and they, for their part, feared him and kept out of his way.

Mrs. Frazer, Julia Cleeve that was, had become mountainously fleshly. Brains had never been her strong point, or she would never have consented to be married to that ill-conditioned youth, her cousin Frazer Burney. Her chief delight, even when she was a rich orphan at boarding-school, with more pocket-money than all the rest of the girls put together, had been the satisfaction of an extensive appetite. No restraint had been placed upon this by her return to her guardian's house. The old man had loved the table almost as well as she did. She saw little society, and when Frazer proposed to her, and Mr. Burney, as he was then, expressed a strong wish that they should marry, she made not the slightest objection. The marriage ensured at all events a continuance of the course of life she had grown accustomed to and was fully satisfied with.

The terrible condition of her children was painful to her. She devoted herself with increased fervour to the pleasures of the table. Her husband neglected her. She found consolation as before. Very light pastry and very light reading atoned for most of the ills of life with her. Surely the vacuous strain in the children came from that side.

After the pangs she could not but feel, as one after another they developed the family trait, she saw but little of them. She wept weakly over them at times, and they regarded her tears with stolid lack of understanding. For the rest, she engaged an experienced nurse to watch over them by night, and a couple of highly-paid non-residential governesses to take charge of them during the day—one off and one on, since so continous a strain upon the nerves and feelings was too much for any one person—and having thus shelved her responsibilities, she devoted herself to her favourite pursuits with an easy mind and an insatiable appetite. Poor children! poor mother! With wealth beyond their enjoyment, and not a brain to speak of! And poor, miserable old man, with brain enough to perceive the horror of it all, and acumen enough to take to himself no small share of the blame.

Outside business hours, and within the bounds of his income, Mr. Frazer Burney enjoyed himself as he chose, and got more pleasure—such as it was—for his money than either of the others. Just as well, perhaps, that we should not follow him, lest our chronicle be placed upon the *Index Expurgatorius* at Smith's and Mudie's. He lived as men do live who hate their homes, despise their wives, and seek their consolations outside.

And so, when he read George Barty's telegram, the first thought in his mind was that he must go across at once. Yes, certainly, he must go across without a moment's loss of time, and he could take Paris on his way and spend at least a day and a night there.

Sir John was confined to the house again with the gout. Frazer took cab up to Kensington Palace Gardens at once, doubled the old man's suffering with the sudden shock of his announcement, and left by the afternoon train for Paris, and—incidentally, for Brunnenthal.

It was on the fourth day after the telegram was sent, and the fifth day after the accident, that he turned up at Saas-Mürrn.

Search parties had scoured the mountain sides each day, but no trace of Burney had been found.

George had had his feverish touch, and had fought through it. He was sitting up in bed rejoicing in the ministrations of Mary Lindsay, and looking forward to being up and about, under certain restrictions, within a week, when Mr. Burney was announced.

He had wired the single word—"Coming"—in answer to George's telegram, and they had been expecting him any time this last two days, and had been not a little surprised at his non-appearance.

George had met him once before for a few minutes, and had passed judgment on him with youthful impetuosity, but Miss Lindsay had looked to see an anxious, heart-broken parent, and Mr. Burney proved something of a shock to her.

She happened to be sitting at second breakfast when he strolled up to the door and asked in English for Mr. George Barty. She started up and ran into the passage.

She found a well-dressed gentleman standing there talking English to Frau Groser, who understood nothing of what he said, except the single word "Barty," to which she replied with emphatic nods and deep "Ja-Ja's!" He looked young to be Frazer Burney's father, and she wondered, momentarily, how he could possibly have such a son.

He was not bad-looking. A pointed beard and carefully trimmed moustache concealed the defects of mouth and chin. His eyes settled on her face as soon as she appeared, and she thought he stared at her rather unpleasantly. She did not know that those shifty eyes never met a man's eyes straight, without an effort, and that it required the face of a pretty woman to steady them of their own accord. There was a hard look about the face, too, which she did not then understand, but it made her think, somewhat incongruously as it seemed to her, of the larrikins she had seen hanging about the streets of Sydney. And there was nothing incongruous in her thought. A certain style of life prints its stamp on a man's face after a time, be he larrikin or banker's son or peer, and the stamp is sharp and clear and not to be mistaken for any other brand.

"Are you Mr. Burney?" she asked.

"That is my name," he replied, regarding her with much appreciation. "I'm glad some one speaks English in this outlandish place. Is Mr. Barty stopping here?"

"Yes, he is here, Mr. Burney. If you will come in I will tell him you are here. We have been expecting you."

There was an implication of surprise at the dilatoriness of his arrival, in her tone.

"I had some business in Paris which delayed me somewhat," he said, "or I should have been here a day earlier. What has been the trouble?"

His tone was much the same as if he were enquiring into the breakage of a window. And—business in Paris! when his son was missing! The limitations of her experience had spared her the meeting with a father such as this before. She was somewhat taken aback. Perhaps there was some mistake. Perhaps the father had been too prostrated to come and had sent some relative instead.

"Are you Mr. Frazer Burney's father?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm his father. What's become of him?"

"I'm afraid there is no hope. The men have been out each day. Will you sit down, please, and I will tell Mr. Barty you are here. He is anxious to see you, but the doctor said he was to be kept quiet."

"Why, what's wrong with Barty? Anything infectious?"

"I forgot—you do not know. Your—young Mr. Burney stabbed him before he——"

"Stabbed him! The deuce!"

She went upstairs and told George that there was a gentleman downstairs who said he was Mr. Burney, but she could hardly believe he was the missing man's father.

"Why?" asked George.

"He doesn't seem the least bit upset."

"I don't suppose he is. Please show him up, Miss Lindsay."

"Well, Barty, what's all this?" asked Mr. Frazer Burney, as he entered the room and Mary closed the door behind him. "That extremely good-looking girl was just telling me that infernal rascal of mine

had stabbed you. What the deuce is the meaning of it all?"

George described all the circumstances fully and clearly, while Mr. Burney's eyes roved to and fro, from the bandages round his neck to the view outside, and apparently made an inventory of the room.

"I don't need to tell you how distressed I am about it," said George, "for really he seemed to me to be improving in every way, and I had hopes of bringing him back to you better than you had probably ever seen him. I am bound to say, however, that the doctor down at Brunnenthal several times told me to be on my guard. He had made a special study of the brain, and he warned me that there might be unexpected developments. But I don't see that I could have done anything more than I did. When I turned in he appeared to be sleeping soundly, and I was only awakened by the knife at my throat."

"Damn him!" said the father fervently. It was all the requiem poor Frazer Burney ever got. . . . "He can't possibly be alive, you say?"

"Not possibly. It is five days ago, and he had nothing on but his sleeping suit. The men have been out every day and searched everywhere."

"I don't see what more can be done."

"We did everything we could think of. But I thought it right you should know at once."

"Of course, of course."

"It would be a satisfaction to me if you would call on the doctor down below at Brunnenthal. Anyone will show you where he lives. He saw your son several times."

"Quite so. You will understand we would like this part of the matter, I mean the stabbing and so on, kept quiet, Barty."

"Of course. I said as much to the doctor."

"You will be here for some time yet, I suppose."

"I am to get up next week, but there is risk of the cuts opening again if I move much, so I shall keep quiet."

"If they should happen to find him you might be so good as to—er—see to matters. Have him decently buried, you know, and so on."

"Certainly. I should do that in any case. But I doubt if they will ever find him, poor fellow! I'm afraid he's at the bottom of some crevasse or buried under the stones. There was a big storm here the night he went and the hillsides shift and fall."

Mr. Burney nodded. George would not have felt the least surprise if he had said, "It's probably just as well." Instead, he got up and said—

"You have plenty of money, you say. You can square up with the old man when you get home. There's no hurry about it."

"Very well."

"I must hurry back. I did not quite finish my business in Paris, and I really don't see that I can be of any use here."

"I'm afraid not."

"Who is that charming young lady who received me downstairs? Some relation of yours?"

"Miss Lindsay?" George replied, stiffly. "An old lady to whom she was acting as travelling companion died up here some days ago. Miss Lindsay is waiting to go home."

"Charming place this, Miss Lindsay," said Mr. Burney, as he sat eating his breakfast downstairs. He spoke as unconcernedly as though they were casual visitors at the hotel.

"It is very beautiful, but it has very sad associations for some of us."

"Ah, I heard you also had lost your travelling companion here. Rather odd the same thing should happen to both you and Barty. Quite a dumping ground for undesirables. Next time I want to get rid of anybody I shall bring them along to Saas-Mürrn. You are returning to England?"

"Probably. But I shall see Mr. Barty all right first. He was very kind to me when Mrs. Crest died, and the doctor says he needs careful nursing."

"Very good of you, I'm sure. Can I be of any service to you? Happy to see you as far as Paris, if you wish."

"Thanks! I am not ready to go yet," and as soon as she could, she got out of the room and left him to finish his meal and take his departure.

"Are you Mr. Burney?" she asked

"Is he really the father?" she asked, when she came up to George after Mr. Burney had left.

"Oh, he's the father all right. I saw him for a few minutes the day I arranged with the old man."

"I don't like him," she said fervently.

"He is not exactly the kind of person one would hanker after as a friend."

"Think of his stopping in Paris to do some business——"

"He has gone back to finish it."

And Mr. Burney's business in Paris was of so pressing a nature that he had not even time to call upon the old doctor in Brunnenthal.

CHAPTER X

AN UNCONVENTIONAL JOURNEY

"I DON'T know how I'm ever to thank you for all your kindness, Miss Lindsay," George Barty said, as they sat on the edge of the precipice overlooking the valley, the first evening he was out.

"You began it," she said brightly, "and it's been sheer force of circumstances since."

"All the same, your being here has made all the difference in the world to me. Imagine what it would have been like with no one but old Frau Groser."

"Your mother and Joan shall thank me."

"That they shall and will."

"When ought we to start?"

"I don't feel quite fit to travel yet. But I don't want to keep you here if you feel that you ought to be moving on."

"I'm not in any hurry. I'm getting to love this place. I shall always think warmly of Saas-Mürrn, in spite of the trying times we've had."

"It's the loveliest place in the world," he said, with boyish enthusiasm. "I thought so when we came out of the woods that first night. I've been growing surer of it every day since."

"Which way shall we go when we do go?" said she presently. "We can go either by Geneva, or Lausanne, or Basle?"

"I wouldn't mind going by San Francisco," he said gaily, "if the funds would hold out." And the rosy gold on the white mountain opposite reflected itself on her cheeks in a faint accession of colour.

"You haven't seen a great deal of the Continent, have you?" he asked, after a thoughtful contemplation of the snowfields.

"No, not much," she said, gently resentful of Mrs. Crest. "Not nearly as much as I wanted to see. We came along the Riviera, but we saw as little as we possibly could."

"Well, now," he said, after more consideration of the quivering splendours opposite, "What's to hinder us going home by way of Lucerne and Zurich and Constance, and down the Rhine?"

"Oh!" and the slim hands clasped up in a breathless ecstasy. "Could we? . . . Dare we?"

"I really don't see why not. You can't travel alone. It wouldn't be right to let you. It wouldn't be proper. I'm bound to see you home. Circumstances over which we had no control have thrown you on my hands——"

"Sorry!" she murmured, with a whimsical intonation.

"I'm not, and I don't believe you are. And I believe you are naturally of a truthful disposition. I don't know that I was ever so glad about anything before. I don't mean, of course, about your old lady, and poor Burney, but—well, there it is, you see. I've got to see you home, and if we like to make a trifling *détour* on our own account, I don't see who's going to say us nay. It's only a question of degree anyway. If G.B. may see M.L. home *viâ* Lausanne he may equally well see her home *viâ* Rhineland. Q.E.D.—Nicht wahr?"

"It would be heavenly," she said softly. "If you think——"

"I won't think at present. I only feel. You will please to remember I'm an invalid. And I feel it would be as you say, heavenly, and would probably complete my cure. Easy stages, you know, and restful pauses. None of your thirty hours' on end business. A journey like that might be fatal, you know," he said tragically.

"It would be a pity to hinder the cure," she said. 'What about Mrs. Crest's

boxes? Those lawyers will be thinking I've stolen them."

"I've no doubt they'll take it out of somebody, if they're very much troubled in their minds. You could express them to England, but if they contain valuables they would be safer with us. Suppose you drop them a line saying you are bringing them by degrees. That will set their minds at rest."

"Yes, I had better do that. There's a lot of old-fashioned jewelry and a quantity of papers. Poor old thing!" she said, musingly. "It must be dreadful to be quite alone when one grows old. I think I would sooner die young."

"It is better to live young. No one needs grow old unless they choose. I never intend to get beyond twenty-seven myself."

"Why, what do you mean?" she said, looking round at him.

"Oh, I don't mean I'm going to die then—at least not if I can help it. Twenty-seven is a good medium youthful age. By that time the bloom of youth is not yet quite worn off, and yet one ought to have acquired a certain amount of sense, and some experience, and possibly even a little wisdom, though that is generally, and mistakenly, considered an attribute of old age Too much wisdom tends to the production of bores, male and female, especially female, because as a rule they turn on the tap too freely."

'Solomon!" she murmured, with a smile.

"No, only experience so far. The rest will come."

A week later they bade regretful farewell to Saas-Mürrn, and started for home by the Primrose Path. And it led them first through the dark pine woods below the village, with Mrs. Crest's boxes and their own slender baggage bound to the rude sledge which had carried Mrs. Crest herself to her home that other day—that other day long since at the very beginning of time—and so out into the smiling valley, where they said good-bye to their cheery old friend, the doctor.

"You will come again to see me some day?" he said, as he shook them lingeringly by the hand, as though loth to part with them. "Nicht wahr?"

"Auf wiedersehen!" said George.

"So!" said the old man, and stood looking after them till they were out of sight, and then turned away with a smile inside his beard, murmuring, "*It is good to be young. It is the very best thing in the world to be young.*"

The path led them down the valley to the lake, and a cheerful little steamer carried them to the head of it. There the invalid pleaded fatigue, and they rested for a day with the ceaseless roar of falling waters in their ears, and the placid blue above and below them, and the sunshine of perpetual youth and freedom in their hearts. Then, on the morrow, they gladdened the heart of the driver of the diligence by occupying his coupé, for the season was over and for days he had not had a soul to speak to except his horses. And the magnificences among which he creaked and climbed had become, through usage, but a common round to him, and snowy peaks which cleft the heavens and filled the souls of his passengers with rapture, were of smaller account to him than a new fallen stone in the roadway.

When the lumbering vehicle began to zigzag up the steeps, and the horses' sides went in and out like decrepit bellows, his passengers got down and walked and talked, and stood in rapt silences, accentuated by the exhortations of the driver to his steeds below. And when even these stopped with the stoppage of the caravan athwart the road, it seemed as though they two stood all alone in a specially made earth under a new heaven.

"*It is good to be young. It is the very best thing in the world to be young.*"

And at times, where the winding road was unusually steep, or when they tried to shorten it by cutting from point to higher point above, the feeble invalid must needs take the firm warm hand of his nurse in his, to help her over the scored granite slabs, and the clinging clasp of it was new and delightful to him and made his own pulse run the faster.

So, hand in hand, with wide eyes, and flushed faces, and hearts as far above the world as were their bodies, they two climbed the windings of the Primrose Path and found life very good.

"*It is good to be young. It is the very best thing in the world to be young.*"

But paths go up and paths go down, and even the Primrose Path has its windings, as we have seen and shall see.

They sat panting at last at the summit of the pass, and looked silently back and silently forward, over the ground they had trod and over the fair land of promise in front, over the near past and over the great future.

Then the rattling diligence caught them up into itself, and they went thundering down the rocky road like a whirlwind, to where another little white steamer lay waiting for them at the edge of another blue lake and bore them swiftly to the haunts of men.

They lodged themselves at a small hotel in the town not far from the post office. It was perhaps third-rate, but it suited their purses, and if they could have found a cheaper one I doubt not they would have gone to it.

And then they began a close and intimate study of the lovely Vierwaldstätter See—from a geographical, geological, historical, ethnological, and pantological point of view, with anthological diversions, and as to the ethnological question they simply did not trouble their souls.

They learned their lake between the lines, so to speak. After the second day they gave up their rooms at the hotel, as entailing useless expense of time and money in coming and going, and as somewhat of a fetter on the freedom of their flights. They deposited their baggage at the station, all except George's knapsack and the one Frazer Burney had used, and, thus lightly equipped, started out again after the unknown.

On the boats they were taken for a newly-married pair. At the out-of-the-way villages where they delighted to pitch their nightly camps, the correction of this very natural mistake always cost them some time, and caused their impromptu hosts much surprise and themselves much amusement.

George always informed them that he was an invalid travelling for his health, and that the young lady was his nurse. They received his explanations with decorous astonishment, as one more symptom of the strange customs which prevailed among the English-speaking peoples, but were invariably sorry to part with their guests. For George's spirits were as the sparkling wine of Asti, and Mary Lindsay's beauty was good to look upon.

What lovely nooks they discovered! What delightful villages hidden among the chestnuts and walnuts and beeches—tiny, out-of-the-world sanctuaries where the foot of the tourist rarely trod and the busy little steamers never touched. Where the green lake stretched away to right and left; and the mountain giants sprawled before them with their feet in the water and their heads in the clouds; and beyond them, range after range of silent majesties lifted their calm white fronts to heaven.

A quiet sojourn in such a land is an education and an inspiration, and these two learned much.

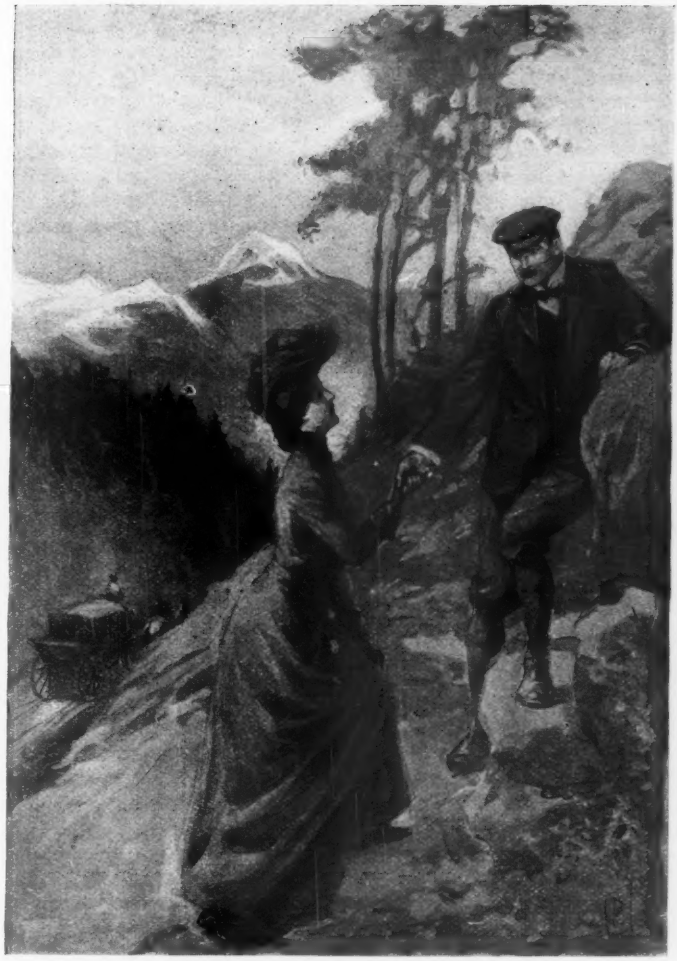
They worked down Uri and came at last to Flüelen, and stayed at the little hotel there one night, because they liked the look of it so much.

The last boat was waiting at the pier for the arrival of the St. Gothard diligence, and started at last without it. The diligence came in half-an-hour after it had gone, to the immense gratification of Madame of the "Kreuz." There were no less than four passengers, a stout elderly lady, much annoyed at missing the boat, and three young ones, all palpably English before they opened their mouths. Madame welcomed them with sympathy in her face and joy in her secret heart, and presently they were at table in the little salon, where George Barty and Mary Lindsay were dallying with great enjoyment over their new-drawn Reuss trout and a small bottle of foaming Asti.

The stout lady was in a state of extreme disgust at having to stop the night there—

"And our rooms running on at the Schweitzerhof all the time. It is really too annoying. I wish now we had kept to the lake and not gone that round. I really don't think it was worth it, Helen."

"Oh, mother!—Grindelwald and Meiringen and the Grimsel——" from the eldest girl.



They climbed the path together

"Never say the word Grimsel to me again, Helen, I beg of you. It makes me shiver to think of it. We haven't had a decent meal since we left Lucerne, and I doubt if we'll get one here. I'm not going to unpack anything to-night. You girls will have to manage with your——"

Mary's eyes snapped humorously at George to demonstrate their nationality and stop any revelations.

"Did you ever taste anything more delicious than these trout?" he said. "This place is famous for them, you know. I suppose it's the snow water gives them their flavour."

"They are delightful," said Mary, with a twinkle.

"Helen, tell them we want some trout," said the stout lady, "and say we're starving. Where is the waiter, I wonder? Perhaps they haven't one."

But Madame took it for granted that everybody who came to her house wanted trout, and Johann came in at the moment

with a well-piled dish, and laid it before them with a ceremonious flourish and a murmured introduction—" Reuss trout ! "

" Ask him what follows, Helen ? "

But Johann understood, and Helen's deprecating glances at George and Mary, were unnecessary.

" Shicken, und sallat, und mouton, und bastry. Madame trink wine ? " and he explained with much volubility that, the season being over and so few visitors coming, the regular table d'hôte was discontinued.

" Whatever is he talking about, Helen ? Tell him to bring us some of that sparkling wine."

" Si, si, vin d'Asti ! " said Johann, with a flourish. " Sree—four bottel ? "

" Bless the man, no ! One—ein ! "

" Bien, madame," and the little polyglot hurried away.

"So annoying to miss the boat," said the stout lady up the table to George and Mary, at whom the girls had been peeping appreciatively from under their eyelashes. " One of the horses went lame and we had to walk to the next post house. I think they might keep the boat when there is an accident like that, don't you think so ? "

" They have a great many calls to make, you see," said George, " and it would make them very late in reaching Lucerne."

" And we don't get there at all," said the stout lady.

" It's almost worth stopping a night here just to taste the trout," he said. " They are famous the world over, you know."

The insular ice broken by means of the trout, they grew quite friendly, and after dinner the three girls monopolised Mary with an avidity born of three days close maternal supervision, and George was left to entertain mamma.

In five minutes, without opening his lips, he knew all he cared to know about them. Their name was Bayly. They lived in Hyde Park Gardens. Sir Peter had the gout and had gone to Buxton. They had waited till late in the season hoping he could have come with them. Their eldest boy was at Eton, and there were three younger children at home. Helen, the eldest girl, was to be presented next year, and so on.

Then, having given, she looked to receive in kind.

" Are you making a long stay here ? "

" Only the night," replied George, feeling vaguely where this was going to end.

" Where do you make your headquarters ? We are at the Schweizerhof. It is really *very* good, and all the best people stop there, I understand. Expensive, of course, but quite worth the money. I don't mind expense so long as I get value. The trouble is that in some of these out-of-the-way places they make you pay apparently for Switzerland having been created, for any value you get out of your money. Did you say you were at the Schweizerhof too ? "

" No. We are birds of passage, always on the wing. '

" It is delightful when one is young. Sir Peter and I—he was only Mr. Bayly then and in a very different position, of course—we only went to the Isle of Wight for our honeymoon. But we knocked about for the whole fortnight, and, as I've said to him many a time since, I never enjoyed a fortnight so much in my life, and to my thinking there are not many places better than the island. Shanklin, Ventnor, Cowes, Freshwater ! They take a good deal of beating, though we go down every year in the Spring. But when you've a family of seven it makes a difference in getting about."

" Yes," admitted George. " A family of seven must make quite a difference."

The young people were chattering away like old friends at the other end of the table, and merry ripples of laughter broke out now and again from the bright cluster.

" What a very sweet face your wife has," said Lady Bayly condescendingly. " She reminds me rather of Lady Mary Carlton. You may have seen her photographs in the shop windows. Quite one of the beauties——"

George had hesitated for just one second—not more. Was it worth while to undeceive her—a casual acquaintance, whose acquaintance they had not sought ? It would be easier to let it go than to explain. There was no knowing how this

bourgeoise grande dame might take it. She might say something that would make Miss Lindsay feel uncomfortable. Anything sooner than that.

But by nature he was the essence of truth. Evasion was repugnant to him. To pass the matter in silence felt to himself like an admission of wrongdoing. If no wrong, why conceal it?

"Pardon me," he said. "You have fallen into a perhaps not unnatural error. Miss Lindsay is not my wife."

"Not? Oh, I beg your pardon. I quite took you for a newly-married couple." She seemed to stiffen slightly and the ears of her curiosity pricked visibly. She waited evidently for his further explanation, and he fervently wished her out on the lake or under it.

"Miss Lindsay has had the misfortune to lose her travelling companion, an old lady, who died in Saas-Mürrn about three weeks ago, and I am taking her home—to my mother," he added, as a palliative after thought.

"Ah, you are old friends then?" with a symptom of softening.

"Very good friends. Circumstances enabled us to be of service to one another. She was good enough to nurse me through a rather trying illness, and I am trying to repay her for her kindness."

"And you are quite recovered? What was it?"

"An accident up in the mountains." He wondered how much further my lady's inquisitiveness would carry her, and he desired, if possible, not to be rude to her.

"Very dangerous the mountains. I'm sure my heart has been in my mouth a dozen times in the last three days. Now, girls, you're all tired out"—if they were, their looks belied them. They would have liked to chatter with Mary for a couple of hours more—"and we must make an early start in the morning. I wonder"—to George—"if you know what time the first boat goes to Lucerne."

"Five o'clock, I believe," he said.

"Ah, that is rather early. Are you going by that boat?"

"Oh, no, we're going to walk along the Axenstrasse."

"I see. Well, we will wish you good-night now. We shall probably meet in the morning."

But none of the party had put in an appearance by the time George and Mary had finished their breakfast and shouldered their knapsacks and departed, although two boats had left the pier for Lucerne.

George was amused and a trifle annoyed. He construed their absence in his own way.

He had purposely said nothing about the matter to Mary the previous night, lest it should introduce a possibly quite unnecessary feeling of awkwardness into her intercourse with the new comers in the morning. He might be quite wrong, but he had got an impression of disapproval from her ladyship's manner last night. Her non-appearance in the morning tended to confirm it.

They walked along the wonderful road, which wound through solid rock, and clung to precipitous heights, and made them feel like swallows hanging under the eaves. Just by the big hotel they made their way down, among the mellowing golds and greens and russet-browns, to the little chapel by the lake side, and sat there while Mary got out her colours and made a rapid sketch of one of the loveliest views in the world.

It was a perfect jewel of a day—a jewel in a somewhat faded, old-fashioned setting, which only served to increase the brightness of its lustre. The sky was sapphire, the lake clouded emerald, deepening in colour towards where they sat. The air was crisp and sparkling. The little waves came bubbling musically up to the steps and broke at Mary's feet in chimes of silvery bells.

George sat smoking with his back against a fresco of William Tell, and watched the pure beauty of the scene outside and the girlish figure on the steps. He never forgot them just as they looked that day.

How charming she was, all intent on her work and unconscious of his gaze!—at all events apparently so.—As a matter of fact, of course, she knew perfectly well that he was watching her, but she would not for one moment have permitted him to think it for any consideration whatever. The shapely head with its silken coils rose

and fell in rhythmic absorption. The soft tendrils of hair about her neck reached out to his heart like tiny fingers and drew him like threads of steel encased in gold.

He was tempted to tell her all he felt, but he said to himself that it was too soon, too soon. She must know him better before he risked so much. And besides, and besides—she might think it was only because his eyes had opened suddenly to the somewhat advanced character of their companionship, and the unconventional style of their travelling. She might even think that he spoke only to save her feelings and the situation generally, and he would not have her think that for the world. She might—Good Heavens! it had never struck him in that light before—she might even think he had proposed this excursion and led her into an equivocal position for the very purpose of—no, he was quite sure she would not think that. He knew her too well already to think that of her.

And besides—would it be fair, even if she did feel towards him as he had begun to hope with all his heart that she did or would come to do—would it be fair to her to bind her, be it ever so lightly, by opening his heart to her when all his way was still to make, and his toe not yet even on the first rung of the ladder?

For he had got to dreaming dreams, and through them all swam the sweet, bright face and the eloquent eyes of the owner of those delicate little wisps of curls. And whatever his future might be he could hardly conceive of it as worth the winning unless Mary Lindsay shared it with him.

"Has it begun to strike you, Miss Lindsay, that we are a highly reprehensible pair of young people?" he asked.

"No. Why?"

She took it for one of his didactic little outpourings which afforded her continual amusement, so went on with her work without turning her head.

"We are an offence to the proprieties," he said solemnly.

"Who says so?" and there came a faint flush on her face, but a ticklish point in her work demanded all her attention at the moment, and she bent over it intently.

"No one says so, but I've no doubt they think so."

"It doesn't disturb me in the least what people think, so long as I am satisfied with my own actions. . . . Was that unpleasant old woman disturbing your conscience last night? I thought she looked horrid."

"On the contrary, it was we who were disturbing her's, I imagine, or at all events her feelings of propriety—which probably amounts to much the same thing."

"Perhaps she didn't understand all the circumstances?"

"She did her very best to arrive at them, I can assure you. She did not say a word, but she managed to convey in some subtle way that we were going beyond the conventions and might prove snares and pitfalls to her tender brood."

"They were much nicer girls than might have been expected. But none of them will ever have such a delightful time as we're having—not while she has charge of them, at all events. It's just that that makes it so delightful—the unconventionality and all that."

"Beware of Mrs. Grundy, my dear Miss Lindsay."

"Oh, bother Mrs. Grundy."

"Anathema maranatha!"

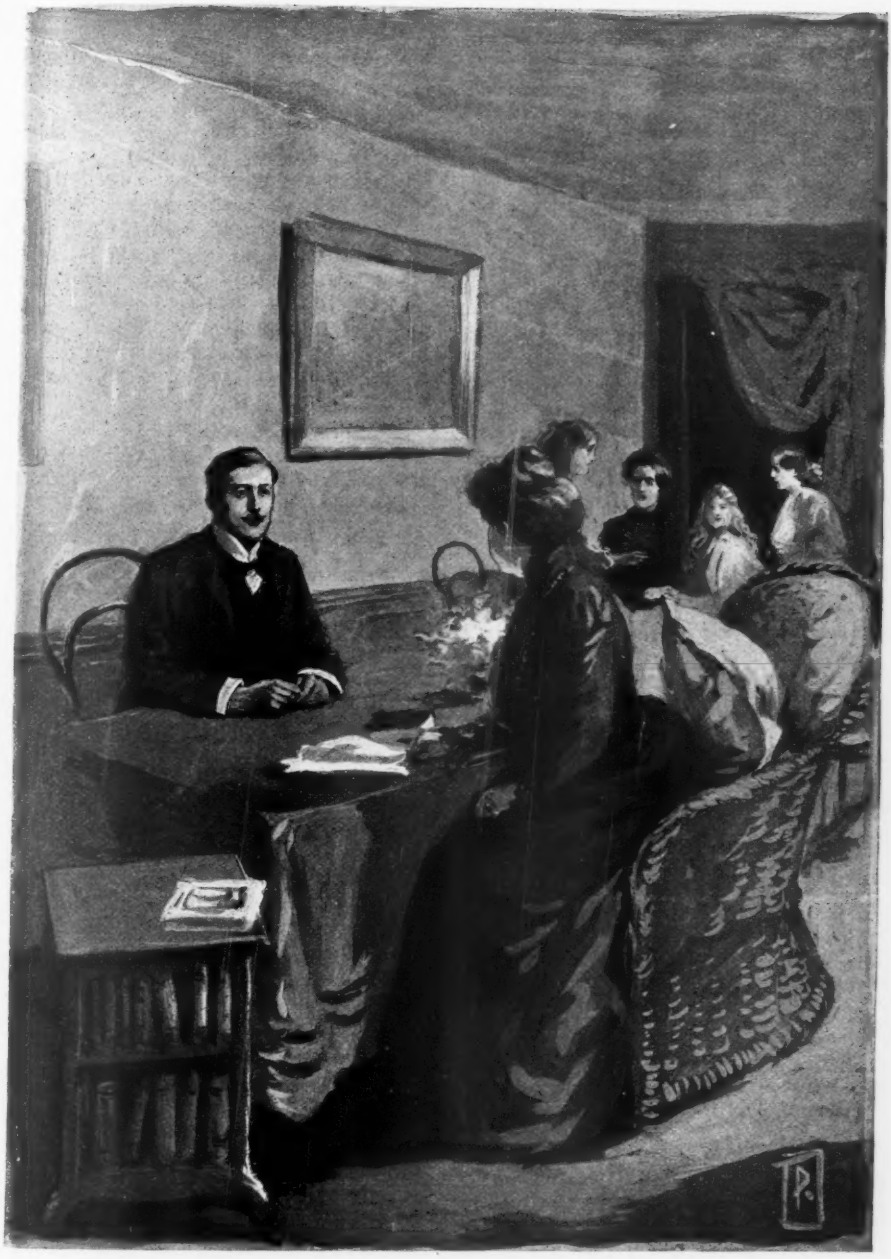
"Are you beginning to repent? We will go straight home if you like." She had half turned and was looking at him. The delicate flush was still on her face, and she was wholly and irresistibly charming.

"Where there is no feeling of offence there can be no true repentance. I never enjoyed anything so much in all my life before. But I saw from the manner of the unpleasant old woman, as you style Lady Bayly, that we may experience the same symptoms elsewhere, and I thought it only right to give you due warning."

"She doesn't trouble me. With those constantly before one"—and she nodded at the snowy peaks beyond—"it is difficult to come down to mean little paltry thoughts. They carry me up and up and up, right away above them. I would like to live among them all my life——"

"Cold!" murmured the incorrigible.

"People who are so happy as to live in a land like this, even if it is only for a time,



"Pardon me, Miss Lindsay is not my wife"

ought to be big-souled and large-hearted—great minds and great bodies striving to live up to their surroundings and quite above the reach of little things."

"I assure you I feel larger in soul and body than ever I did in my life before."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of you."

"Well, I can't speak for Lady Bayly's soul, but if it bears any proportion to her body——"

"Suppose we agree to drop her and not let her trouble us."

"She doesn't trouble me any more than she does you. Lady B., a long farewell!"—and he kissed his hand to a passing steamer which very probably contained that embodiment of all the proprieties. "May your shadow grow less and your children revel in sunshine! May I see the sketch?"

"Do you know, I think that is uncommonly good," he said, when she handed it to him. "Have you never thought of it as a career?"

"Often, and longed for it with all my heart. But it was too uncertain. Perhaps some time, when I have saved enough to live on for a year or two, I shall dare it. One could get along on very little in some out-of-the-way corner among the mountains. It would be next door to heaven."

They climbed back to the rock road and strolled along, absorbing all its unfolding revelations, and discussing their hopes and aims—or some of them—and the chances of their partial realisation.

"I would sooner live with my ideals, on brown bread and milk and honey, up here among the clouds, than in the grandest house in London," said Mary conclusively.

"Yes. Grand houses sometimes hide skeleton lives." And he told her what he had seen of the Burney mansion and the vacant-eyed children at the barred window.

"That is very pitiful," she said. "Children's lives were meant to be happy. Oh, it is too terrible to think of. Who is to blame?"

"Ah, that is beyond me. I can only tell you what I saw. I have only seen the mother for a minute or two. She did not strike me as intellectual. They were cousins, I believe, but that hardly seems sufficient to account for it. There must have been a defective strain on one side or the other, and it has come to a head in those poor youngsters."

They stopped that night at Brunnen, and next day bade farewell to the fair green lake, and took the river road through smiling Schwyz, then the rough rock road of Lowerz, and so to Arth. Thence they climbed by the old road to the top of the Rigi and prodigally passed one never-to-be-forgotten day and night there.

"I could spend my life here," said Mary, with a sigh of longing, as they sat watching the sun go down into a blazing fiery furnace behind Pilatus.

"Quite impracticable. You'd be frozen to death half the time. Why don't you try to paint it?"

But she only shook her head, and gazed and gazed with her soul in her eyes. "I can only sit and worship. It is of the heavens heavenly. Please don't speak again till it is all over."

So they sat in silence while the mists gathered and darkened in the valleys below, and drew filmy veils over the bright steel mirrors of the lakes, and came creeping up the hillsides, higher and higher—till all the world below was dark, and the shining peaks in front glowed and pulsed with living fires, radiant and beautiful beyond the telling—altar fires—Nature's evening sacrifice.

Mary Lindsay gazed enrapt till she saw the fires beginning to fade from off the lower peaks. Then she dropped her face into her hands and looked no more. But George sat silently watching, till the shadows had won the topmost pinnacle of the Jungfrau and all the world seemed to shiver and settle down into sleep.

"It is finished," he said softly at last.

"It was a sight for a lifetime. Did you watch them fade?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall have the richer remembrance. They will go on glowing in my mind for ever. Did you ever see anything so wonderful?"

"Never. It is the most glorious sight in all the world," and neither of them ever forgot it.

They were up before the sun and sought him anxiously. But he hid coyly behind thick white folds of mist, and when at last his pale face loomed dimly through, the glory of the dawn was past, and they found their rocky plateau an island round which the clouds hung and rolled like sheeted ghosts. So, after breakfast, they started down into the woolly wreaths along the eastern horsepaths, and found themselves at last among the brown wooden houses and rustling chestnut groves of Wäggis.

They reclaimed their heavier baggage at Lucerne and sent it on to Basle, and started out once more for the freedom of the lakes and mountains. And their hearts were light and their consciences clear, and grasping creditors were they of their time and money and so unique an opportunity, and greatly determined to wring from these the utmost they could yield in the way of enjoyment.

CHAPTER XI

A MEETING OF MOMENT

It would take too long to follow, in all minute delightful detail, that tour of tours, that ingenuous tilt against the proprieties.

They dallied one long day on lonely Zug, and another on busy Zurich. From there they struck up by by-roads and bridle paths into the Sentis and the little land of Appenzell, an old-world corner with a fragrance all its own. Where the women wear their waists too short and their skirts too full, and yet are so unconscious of it that their faces are always bright and merry; and the young bucks go about coatless. in scarlet waistcoats and white shirt sleeves, and leather caps, and consider their costumes incomplete without an umbrella tucked under one arm. Where a man thinks first of his cattle and then of his family, and allots to the former the larger share of the house room. A land where the merry Swiss boy jodels up aloft, not for coppers but from pure lightness of heart. A land of old beliefs and ancient customs, and for lovers of the picturesque a very casket of jewels, as someone else has truly said.

George could hardly get his companion along. She fell in love with something new at almost every step, and would probably have been there till this day if he had not captured her sketch book at times, and masterfully insisted on their seeking accommodation for the night.

Appenzell! Appenzell! The very sound of its name chimed happy bells in their hearts for many a day to come.

They took the Suabian Sea at old Roman Arbon, and sailed from there to Constance, and on to Schaffhausen, and thence by rail to Basle, recovered their baggage, sped through Baden to Heidelberg, and took boat at Mayence for the journey down the Rhine.

It seemed to George that his companion's spirits suffered slight eclipse during this part of their journey.

Perhaps it was that the full sweet days of delight were running out, as were the funds they considered they had the right to use, and that the work-a-day days drew every minute nearer. Perhaps it was the prospect of the new work she must set about seeking, and the possibilities of it not turning out much to her taste. Perhaps some little doubts as to the reception George's mother and sisters might give her.

He had talked to her about them so often that she seemed to know them already, and she thought she would like them. But would they like her, or would this unconventional tour of theirs have set them wondering what manner of girl she was, and possibly set them against her? Would she find them cool, and have to break through a thin ice of reserve? The past few weeks had been a pure delight and would always remain a precious memory. But the uncertain future cast a slight shadow on the present, the bright face was not quite as bright as it had been, and George's observant and specially interested eye was quick to detect it.

"I wonder if the Rhine comes up to your expectations?" he said, as they drew near to Cologne.

"I suppose it's abominable of me, but I'm afraid I must plead guilty. It doesn't quite, but I don't think the Rhine is to blame."

"It can't help it poor thing! It has done its best. But we are spoiled children of fortune. We drank our best wine first—vin d'Asti, as you might say—and then took to Niersteiner. We wandered among God's altars and then came down the Rhine."

"Yes," she said, with longing retrospect, "Saas-Murrn, Lucerne, Schwyz, that glorious sunset on the Rigi, and Appenzell! Appenzell! It's very name is music. We have been living life, and now we are going back to earn our livings. It is just a little dismal to think of, isn't it?"

"We shall earn them all the better for what we have seen, and the remembrance of it all will brighten all the darker days."

"Ah, yes, the darker days. I think I rather dread them. One never knows what the future may hold."

"Fortunately," he said, in the quiet way in which he always approached the deeper matters. The reverent side of him was very unobtrusive, but she had got a glimpse of it now and again, and it touched and charmed her greatly. "I remember my mother once saying to me, when I was unloading my troubles about the future on to her, 'My dear boy, don't worry about to-morrow. There may be no to-morrow. If there is, the hand that gives it will provide for it.' I have often thought of it as a very wise saying."

"I am sure I shall like your mother."

"You couldn't help it if you tried your hardest."

"But I am beginning to have my fears lest she should think I have passed the bounds in—in rambling about in this way."

"With me. Don't worry yourself, Miss Lindsay. My mother knows me and knows she can trust us. Very soon she will know you too, and she is very wise. She is the wisest and best and sweetest woman that ever lived."

"And Joan? How will she——?"

"Joan is an angel and never thinks an unpleasant thought of anyone—unless they are cruel to animals or little children."

His words brought her some comfort, but nevertheless the unknown future hung cloud-like on the horizon.

At Cologne they gravely debated whether their finances could stand the strain of a brief visit to Paris.

"We only spent one day there in passing," she said, "and it simply made me ache to leave it all behind. One doesn't feel quite educated till one has a nodding acquaintance with Paris."

He saw that she was keenly desirous of it, and determined to make it possible, even if he had to circumvent her in the price of the railway fares. He had more in hand than she, and there was not much that he would not have done for her if she would have permitted it. But he knew perfectly well that she would permit nothing of the kind, if she was aware of it. She left all payments to him during the day, as being better able to wrestle with the iniquities of a varied coinage, but insisted on squaring up with him every night, and she was down on him like a hammer when, once or twice, he endeavoured to reduce her half share, by omitting some trifling items of the day's expenses.

Fortunately her German was limited. Florins and francs she mixed up naturally, and as for marks and pfennigs and kreuzers and groschen, they were unknown quantities, relics of the catastrophe of Babel, and traps for the unwary.

They reached Paris in the evening after a long day's travelling. It was too late to seek such lodgings as George had in his mind's eye, so they went to the smallest hotel they could find near the station, and after dinner turned out for a stroll along the boulevards, as every minute was precious and not one must be wasted.

"What are they then, those two, François?" asked Madame of the hotel, who had striven in vain to puzzle out the relationship of her guests, of the frowzy little waiter who had attended them.

"Dame! Madame, they are English," shrugged François, by way of complete explanation.

"But no. Monsieur speaks too well for an Englishman," said Madame.

"But madame—mademoiselle—whatever she is, not so well. But it was English they were speaking at dinner without doubt."

"*Ah, ça,*" and madame retired to her ledger.

Next day they rambled round the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg till they lighted on a decent little hotel garni, found the prices acceptable to their slim purses, and forthwith engaged and paid for a couple of rooms for a week.

"*Comment donc, deux chambres?*" murmured the old concierge. "*Que ce sont drôles, ces Anglais!*" Still it was money in her pocket so she made no objections.

Lodging only was provided, meals they must look after themselves, and this absolute freedom was greatly to their taste. For this week Mary put away her doubts of the future and enjoyed the novel atmosphere to the full. It was late Autumn. The air was crisp and clear, and Paris was radiantly bright and beautiful. Each morning, indeed, when George knocked at her door and cried, "Good morning! All well?" and she issued forth, garbed for the day's adventure, with a smiling "Good morning" on her bright eager face, there was still a bloom of early mist in the streets. It seemed to hold all the varied odours of Paris in a strong solution of sweet wood smoke, and the sharp pleasant smell of it was like a mild intoxicant. It set their blood spinning and their eyes and faces sparkling, and put springs to their feet.

Then away down the old boulevard to the little corner restaurant—white marble-topped tables, yellow-sanded floor, the most delicious milk-coffee they had ever tasted, and new twisted rolls, and golden butter of the most exquisite.

Then away through the brightening streets, busy with all the strange new bustle of the great city. they sought their education and enjoyment. Within certain limits they saw everything exceptionally worth seeing. They sped up and down the river in the merry little steamers, and got themselves entangled in the intricacies of omnibus "correspondances," and frequently cut the knot by walking, for they were most strenuous pedestrians and in fine condition.

They breakfasted where they happened to find themselves when they found themselves hungry, and every meal they took, no matter how slight it was, was a new enjoyment both in itself and still more in its surroundings.

Always for dinner, since they knew no better and were shy of taking undue risks, they sought the Palais Royal, and found infinite amusement and ample satisfaction among the odd little restaurants there. Once, indeed, they tried a Duval, but, though the faring was excellent, Mary decided that the atmosphere was not so truly Parisian as the others, so after that to the Palais Royal they always turned.

Then, after dinner, which was also rest after the labours of the day, they would seek a café on the boulevards and sip their coffees there, for the sake of watching Paris wake up and go drifting by to its pleasures and pursuits—high-class, low-class, and no class. There were café-concerts, too, off the Champs Elysées, where they could sit and watch again for a modest fee; and—within limits—they saw all that was going on.

We are directly concerned, however, with only one of their adventures. They had gone up by boat to Suresnes, and had then walked back by the river road to St. Cloud. They picked out the restaurant that seemed to offer the best look-out, and dallied over their meal and the view much longer than the size of their bill warranted. But business was slack and they were welcome to sit there all day if they chose.

The only other visitor while they were there was a dark-faced young man at a table in the farthest window. He seemed to be having an exceedingly good time all by himself, and yet he did not seem exuberantly happy. The waiters paid him much attention, his plates followed one another in quick succession, and he seemed to have a small bottle of wine to each course.

George mentally figured up the cost of his morning repast, and wondered at the income and digestion which could stand such large demands upon them. It seemed to him that he had seen the young man before somewhere, but he could not recall where. The dark, intent face, grave in spite of the bright sunshine and glittering river outside and the well-spread table

in front of him—the tired black eyes which seemed to find no good in any of these things or in anything whatsoever; —the straight hard lines of lip and chin— George was certain he was pigeon-holed somewhere in his memory, and he cast back to find him

The young man had been half way through his meal when they entered. Before they had finished he paid his bill and tossed his waiter a tip which ensured a triumphant exit, and sauntered out unobservant of his bows.

They followed presently and took the road up to the Château, and mused there over the ruins of fallen greatness.

"It is very pitiful," said Mary.

"Very typical. It was from here the Emperor started on the red road to Sedan."

"I always feel sorry for him in spite of all there might be against him. Such a hurling down is very terrible to think of."

"And the other Napoleon passed much of his time here, when he was not harrying the world outside."

"He has always been beyond my comprehension. I never could understand why he was permitted to be."

"Perhaps he was only an instrument, a means to an end."

"And poor Marie Antoinette! What strange things these old stones could tell ——"

"Sermons in stones, and good in everything," he quoted.

"The sermons and the stones are generally very apparent. The good is not always so easy to see."

"At the time perhaps. It takes large eyes and proper perspective to see the meanings of things. And it is generally easier to see the benefit of misfortunes to others than to ourselves."

She had turned her back on the ruin and stood looking towards the city.

"To think," she said musingly, "that all their eyes have looked at it looking just like that. I wonder if I could sketch it with that bloom on it?" and she sat down on a fallen piece of the palace and got out her book and little tin case.

George got her water from a basin, and then lit his pipe and strolled to and fro, looking at the view and at her. Extending his tramp one time, he came to the cross terrace and found it occupied by the young man who had breakfasted at their restaurant.

He was pacing slowly along with his head bent down in deep thought, his hands behind his back, and an unlighted cigarette between his lips.

He looked up at sight of George, and his brows met in annoyance at the disturbance of his solitude. Then he approached, raised his hat slightly, and requested a light. George handed him his box, and suddenly recollected where they had met before.

What infinitesimal things may alter the complexion of a man's life! The dark-faced young man had come out with an empty match-box!

As he handed back the matches, and turned away with another lift of the hat and a word of thanks, George, with his usual desire to know, said pleasantly, in English:

"I think we have met before."

The other looked at him quietly for a moment, found the honest face and steady eyes pleasant to look upon, hesitated, and said:

"I do not remember. It is possible."

"At Monte Carlo, some months ago."

"I was there certainly——"

"When I saw you you seemed to be in a fair way to break the bank."

"I did," he said quietly, and then with a short laugh, "And then it broke me." They had turned and were strolling back along the side terrace.

"I suppose it is difficult to stop at the right time," said George.

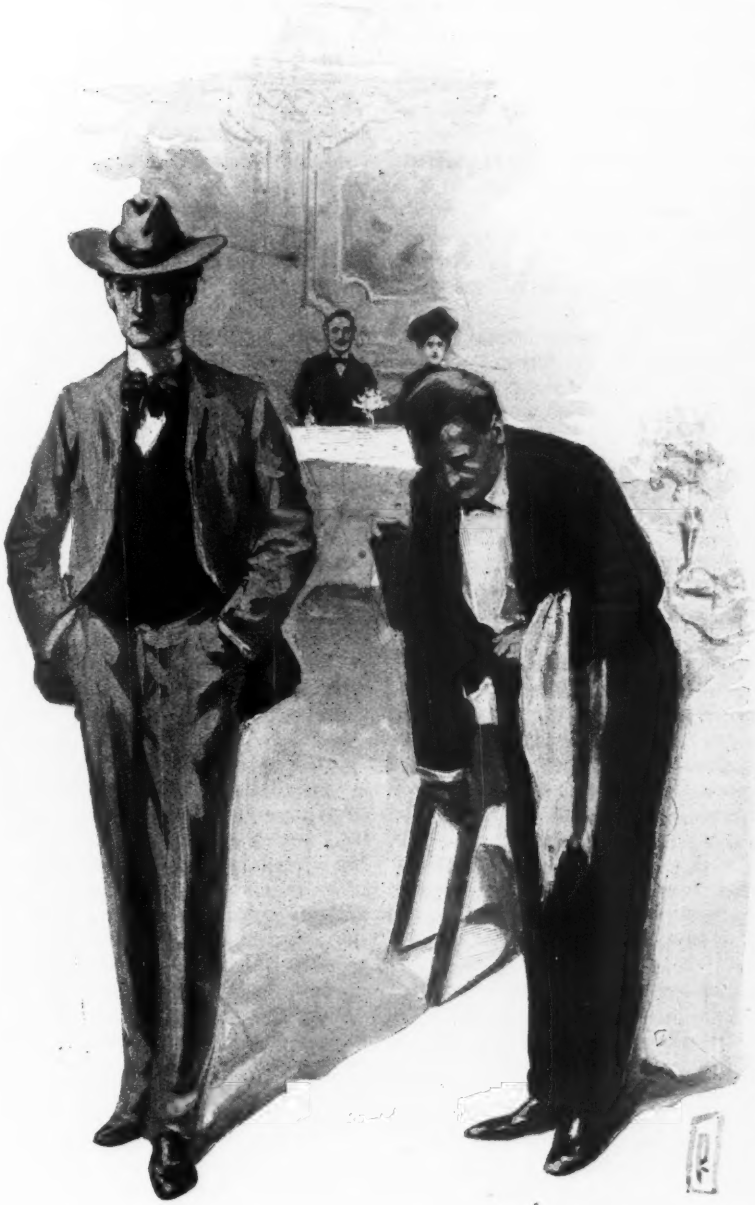
"If you play for the purpose of possibly making money, and have any common sense, it should not be difficult to stop. If you play for the sake of the play, why —you go on. In that case the end is inevitable, of course. But you have the play."

"And the loss, I presume."

"Of course. That, as I say, is inevitable. You reckon upon it."

"You play simply for the excitement?"

"Exactly. It is in the blood, I suppose. Most men have at least one



The young man sauntered out

weakness. That is one of mine—one of many."

"I shouldn't have judged you to have many weaknesses, from the look of you," said George, fixing his eyes steadily on the keen dark face.

"Just a bundle of 'em," said the other, with his short laugh. "When you interrupted me I was just considering whether it was worth keeping the knot tied any longer."

"How do you mean?"

The dark-faced young man remained silent for a moment, then said, "Suppose I asked you to lend me £10 what would you say?"

"Well,—I should probably say that the request was a trifle thin on so short an acquaintance."

"Exactly. It's just about as thin as the line between life and death, and that's about the position."

He ran his hand into his pocket and produced a half-franc piece.

"That," he said, as he spun it into the air and caught it, "is the last coin I have —I won't say in the world—but available for some time to come. Now—you understand?"

"Well, I can't say I understand very clearly," said George, thinking of the young man's sumptuous breakfast and the large gratuity to the waiter.

"Supposing you had only half a franc in your pocket, and no bank account to fall back upon, what would you do? No doubt it's difficult to imagine it in your own case. But it would interest me to know what a commonsense man *would* do."

"Well, I suppose I would try to earn some"——

"And live on the half franc meanwhile?"

"No, I would raise enough to live on meanwhile in some way or other."

"And suppose you didn't feel it worth while to go to all that trouble? Suppose you knew from past experience that when you had earned money you would simply pour it out on the roulette table, or fling it away in some still less reputable fashion? Suppose you knew yourself to be a good-for-nothing, with expensive tastes and nothing to feed them on? Suppose——"

"Well, if I supposed all that I should be inclined to suppose myself a considerable fool, and——"

"Exactly! *Le voilà!*" and he laid his hand on his heart, and raised his hat with an exaggeration of French politeness. "And having got that far you would probably consider the advisability of dropping the useless husk and setting the foolish spirit free, where it could at all events do no harm in the world."

George had thought at first that his companion was amusing himself at his expense. But his ideas changed as he stood and watched the other's dark face working with controlled excitement.

"Do you mean all this?" he asked.

"Every word of it. See, I will tell you—though why on earth I'm talking to you in this way, I don't quite know." He stopped as though to consider the point, and gazed at George's face intently. "Something in your face, I think, led me into it."

"I did not ask your confidence——" began George.

"And you would sooner not have it," said the other quickly.

"On the contrary. I'm immensely interested, since you assure me it is all genuine. If I could be of any service ——"

"I don't know that you can be, or that anyone could be. The position is exactly as I have stated it, and, as far as I see, it is hopeless and not worth continuing. My blood runs to Chance, and worse, as other men's runs to home, wife, children and such things. It is in me. It was born in me, and I've often been tempted to let it out on the grass and end it. My name is Niel Felston. My father was that James N. Felston who ruined himself and everybody he came in contact with by his big financial schemes. He blew his brains out in the end and left me alone —I was seventeen then—at Eton. I am not blaming him," he added quickly. "He was in his way a good father to me ——"

"And your mother?" asked George.

"Died when I was a child. I scarcely remember her."

"It makes an awful difference in one's life."

"I suppose so," said the other, with a quick glance at him. "When his affairs were straightened out there was a small sum left that had been my mother's. It was invested for me by his lawyers and brings me in about £300 a year——"

"And you talk of——"

"It has been the curse of my life. Just enough to be idle on, not enough to live on, as I was brought up. I had a taste for painting, and came across here to follow it up and enjoy myself, before I knew what was in me. I stuck to the painting from the love of it. I also enjoyed myself, student fashion. I suppose there is hardly a folly that I have not committed. But, in spite of that, the painting and the £300 a year might have pulled me through, but for the dominating folly of all. My father was a gambler on the largest scale. It's in me just the same, only it doesn't run to finance, which is all the better for other people. I ruin only myself. I can paint, and I can even sell at times, which is quite a different matter. Whenever the funds mount up I go off to Monte Carlo and enjoy myself there, and come back ruined. I won over 200,000 francs there this year, and lost it all and every franc I had besides. The Establishment paid my fare back here. It's the third time they've done it. We're on the friendliest possible terms. They know me, you see, and they know quite well that as long as I've any money it's sure to come to them sooner or later. I was three months at Monte Carlo this year, lived like a prince, and came home a pauper just a week ago. I managed to raise a few francs on some small things that happened to be far enough advanced to sell. I came here this morning, with thirty francs in my pocket, to have one more good breakfast before loosing the cords. If I'd had a match, and you hadn't appeared, I should probably have been lying by this time among the trees there, done with it all. So, you see, you are to some extent responsible for me still being here."

"I'm glad I came at the right moment then," said George. "It's never too late to mend."

"It's proverbial, and on the face of it absurd. There are some things past mending and the only thing possible is to end them."

"Nothing ends," said George gravely. "There is no end."

"Ah, now, there you hit me between joints. How do you know?"

"It's a big question. But to answer it comprehensively I would say because I'm a rational human being. Nothing in Nature comes to an end, least of all man who is made on the higher plane. I'm not much of a hand at argument on such matters. What one feels most deeply is the most difficult to put into words."

"But you believe it all?"

"Absolutely, or life would be a sorry thing."

"It is, in my opinion."

"You've hardly given it fair chance, if you will permit me to say so."

"That's possible."

In their many turns they had come again to the crossing of the terraces. George glanced over to where Mary had been sitting, and found her no longer there.

"Shall we walk this way?" he said. "I left a young lady sketching here and she seems to have moved. Perhaps she is looking for me."

"Your sister?"

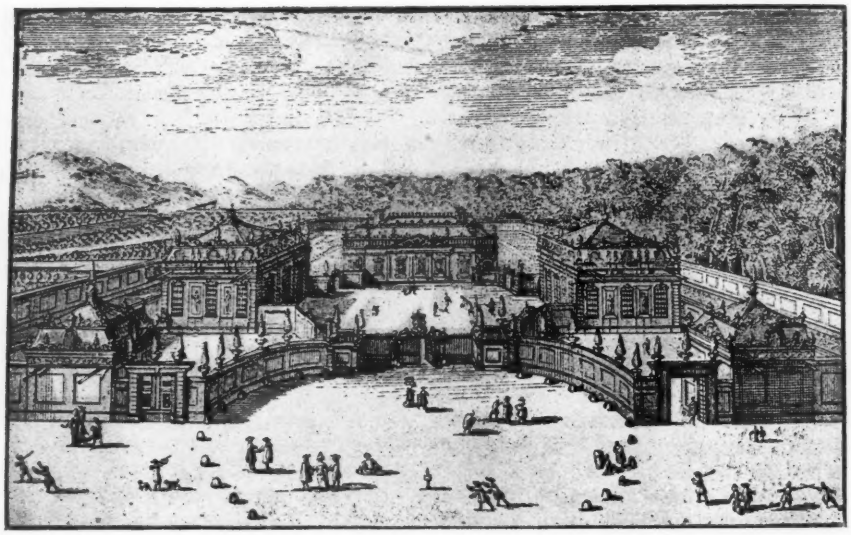
"No—a friend only," and he briefly explained the circumstances of their friendship.

(To be continued)

The Petit Trianon

AMONG the many domains belonging to the rich abbey of Ste. Geneviève in the Twelfth century was the village or hamlet of *Triarnum*. Never probably of any great value, it was an exceedingly poor place when Louis XIV. set his covetous eyes upon it, and demolished it to make way for his famous *château* Le Trianon de Porcelaine. Commenced in 1670 and finished in four years, the first palace seems to have been merely a sort of pleasure resort for a day's outing, as neither of the sovereigns ever inhabited it. The name suggested a ceramic building, but the " porcelain " consisted simply of a few blue *plaques* placed here and there upon the pavilions and fountains. The gardens were said to be very beautiful, especially the orangery; and, to harmonize with the *château* the wooden boxes of the orange trees were painted in imitation of blue porcelain. Fountains and cascades ornamented the gardens, and many were the *fêtes* which celebrated victories of divers kinds—of the sword and of the royal substitute for a heart.

But in 1687 the reign of the porcelain palace came to an end, thrown down like the king's other favourites, animate and inanimate, and Mansart was commissioned to set about building a new wonder. No expense was to be spared ; as at Versailles, the most costly marbles and bronzes were to be used ungrudgingly—what mattered the expense, when others were to pay the bill ? The best painters and sculptors of France and Italy were employed, with the result that the smaller palace became a rival of the greater one which overshadowed it. But Mansart's edifice, in spite of its many beauties, did not satisfy the cravings for splendour and lavish expenditure of the King's successor. This fifteenth Louis of France found himself, towards the end of his life, weary of most things, and it was the wisdom of Mme. de Pompadour to search incessantly for some novelty by which to distract the satiated taste of her royal slave Having several palaces in which to reside, this loving couple took it into their heads to fly from etiquette and other court



Le Trianon de Porcelaine
(From an old engraving)

troubles to the *basses-cours* where they could play with pigeons, poultry, and pigs. The lady was not averse to amusements herself, and so, says the Duc de Luynes, the thought struck her that the King's melancholia might be diverted by building yet another dwelling-place, and a "*ménargérie d'utilité.*" The first building consisted of a dairy, a lodgment for the dairymaid, a cow-house, and a shed for sheep and lambs. It was called variously, *La Nouvelle Ménargerie*, *Le Nouveau Jardin du Roi*, *L'Hermitage*, and *Le Petit Trianon*. The grounds became the home of rare plants, and the King, if in most respects utterly despicable, was in the care of his garden superior to many of his betters. He obtained the services of one Claude Richard, the son of an Irishman who had followed James II. to France, by whose help the Trianon gardens became famous throughout Europe.

At that time the French had scarcely any knowledge of exotic gardening, nor of many of the rare plants which found a home at the Trianon. The King, after hunting in the forest of St. Germain, would drive round to the little palace on his way back to Versailles in order to fill his carriage with choice flowers for the ladies of the Court. Botany was studied scientifically, and numberless varieties of peas, beans, lentils, tulips, and other flowers were first grown in the palace grounds, the cost being as important an item as the reputation of the garden; for, from 1759 to 1769 no less than 130,409 *livres*, 1 *sou* and 9 *deniers* were spent upon it. The new palace while Mme. de Pompadour reigned supreme had swallowed up a grand total of 736,656 *livres*. It was all that art and taste could make it, but when the artists' patroness had given place to Mme. du Barry, who reigned in her stead, that incarnation of vulgarity being quite incapable of appreciating any beauty but that of her own person, the work slackened. Nevertheless, by the time the palace was finished, the total cost, according to the estimate of M. Desjardins, had amounted to no less a sum than 1,400,000 *livres*. One of the wonders of the Petit Trianon was the moving dining table, the precursor of a similar arrangement instituted by Louis II. of Bavaria. By an elaborate mechanism, the centre disappeared through a trap door, leaving only the outside portion containing the plates above ground; a metal rose covered the vacuum and moved aside when the table reappeared with the next course of viands.

Landscape gardening was also inaugurated at the Trianon, but Jean-Jacques Rousseau's prediction that gardens would become a mass of "porcelain flowers, *des magots, du sable de toutes couleurs, et des beaux vases pleins de rien*," has only become partially true in our own time.

When Louis XVI. came to the throne, Marie Antoinette took up her abode at the Petit Trianon, and the gazettes had all sorts of anecdotes as to its presentation to her by the King. "*Vous aimez les fleurs, eh bien! j'ai un bouquet à vous donner;*" was l'Abbé Beaudeau's pretty version. Another from the *Memoires secrets* puts into the mouth of the King words which he would scarcely have addressed to his wife: "Madame, these beautiful surroundings have always been the home of the favourites of kings; consequently they ought to be your Majesty's." But in whatever terms the present may have been made by "*le pauvre homme*," as he was called by the Queen, the acceptation was conditional upon his visiting the palace upon invitation only.

Marie Antoinette was devoted to gardening and acting, and in order to escape from court etiquette she turned the little palace into a complete pleasure house where her brothers-in-law and other courtiers posed as gardeners presenting fruits and flowers to their lady-love. Versailles was a magnificent domain, but pervaded by an atmosphere of Court worries aggravated by the companionship of a dull husband. As Alfred de Musset puts it:—

Bosquets tondus ou les fauvettes
Cherchent, en pleurant les chansons,
Ou les dieux font tant de façons
Pour vivre à sec dans les cuvettes.

But at the Trianon frivolity reigned supreme, and the Queen was happy.

Both Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois were of different calibre to the "*pauvre homme.*" The former breaks one of his sister-in-law's fans, and thereupon he presents her with another upon which is a love-sick verselet. Fêtes of all kinds were arranged "by command of the Queen," thereby giving place to much scandal; money was wasted and debts accumulated; and it is said that even as late as August 31st, 1791, no less a sum than 500,000 *livres* was owing to the labourers engaged upon the estate. But of the beauty of the gardens we have the testimony of no mean judge, the Chevalier Bernini, in some verses quoted by Desjardins. "What art has assembled all these divers guests? Infants from the ends of the earth; tender young larches and maples. Tulips from Virginia displaying the richest colours; India's Catappa (Catalpa) proud of the shade it casts around. Who succours them all in their gentle sorrows? Hundreds of flowering shrubs border the paths; the Judas tree, the cedar, and the foreign oak stretch out their branches over the verdant carpet." Then he speaks of the marble statues; of Bouchardon's "*Amour*" in the Temple of Love. (*Almanac des Muses*, Paris, 1780.)

The Queen was, unfortunately, so bent upon amusement that she became reckless of results. Both in her expenditure and her friendships "pleasure was all she thought of," wrote the Austrian ambassador Mercy to Marie Thérèse. The Emperor Joseph remonstrated with his sister, but to no end. The Queen's neglect of her husband, her associates, her "*dissipations*," and her passion for play, would, said he prophetically, lead to "*consequences infaillibles et effrayantes*" in the future. (Mme. Campan) But the Queen continued to rebel against the dulness of respectability, and imitated the ways of the handmaidens she despised.

The *fête* which celebrated the completion of the Petit Trianon was magnificent, costly, and silly. The gardens took the form of a country fair; booths were erected for "bakeries, butcheries, and roasteries." But the most extraordinary affair occurred after the Queen's recovery from measles in 1779. Going over to the Trianon for her convalescence with Madame, Mme. Elizabeth, and the irrepressible Comte d'Artois, she instituted a masculine bodyguard instead of taking her *dames d'honneur*—the Ducs de Coigny and de Guines, Comte Esterhazy, and the notorious Baron de Bezeuval who is said to have been so coarse in his jokes that he drove respectable women from the Court. Yet this profligate, who, in 1775, had absolutely made the Queen a declaration of love, was a few years afterwards one of the indignant sovereign's "*gardes malades.*" Valentine Esterhazy was a somewhat less objectionable personage, but Marie Antoinette seems to have allowed him also to make love to her, and rewarded him for his impudence by paying his debts to the amount of 150,000 *livres*, to the infinite disgust of her mother, the Empress Marie-Thérèse.

De Guines had been ambassador to the Court of S. James, and was mixed up in scandals about illicit gains obtained by the betrayal of state secrets, and smuggling under cover of Embassy privileges. The Queen took his part against her husband and his ministers and public opinion, and finally induced the King to bestow a dukedom upon the late ambassador. He was an agreeable companion, but with a weakness for being slim, when Nature, or good living, had made him stout. And so we hear of his having two pairs of small clothes to each suit, one for sitting postures and the other for standing. In the morning when he dressed, his valet asked whether Monsieur le Duc intended to sit down that day, and if Monsieur replied that he only desired to stand, he stepped up upon a high chair, from which he dropped into the small clothes which were being held by his valets. De Guines also distinguished himself upon the flute, and at one of the *fêtes champêtres* he disported himself as a shepherd, while other courtiers represented fauns and satyrs playing upon pipes. The Queen was musical, though according to Mme. Lebrun, her voice "*ne fût pas d'une grande justice;*" but she played the harp, the harmonica, and the clavecin. Her great passion was for

The Queen on her knees, asking her favourite's pardon

the drama, probably in consequence of her mother having allowed her to learn French from two actors in order to gain fluency in declamation. There were theatres in all the palaces, and the Queen's Court formed a special company—Her Majesty, the Comtesse de Polignac, the Comtesse de Châlons, the Comtes de Polignac, d'Adhémer, Esterhazy, and de Vaudreuil. Mercy sees the "*inconvénience*" of all this, but he tells Marie-Thérèse that not being able to prevent it, he has persuaded the Queen to keep to her original idea of only allowing her husband and a few intimate friends to witness the performances. We may marvel at the foolishness of the Queen in choosing for her associates, persons, who, to say the least, were not above scandal. Even Louis XV., who was not a practising moralist, had taken pains to surround the Dauphine on her arrival in France with women of unblemished character. But the Queen's taste was not of this kind. Madame de Polignac was her greatest friend, and so infatuated was she that she appointed the Comtesse Diane, in spite of her bad reputation, to the superintendence of the young Princess Elizabeth's household. Moreover, husbands and brothers stepped into comfortable sinecures, the salaries of which were valued at 500,000 *livres*. The Queen was the more culpable, as the general tone of the Court had been purified since the accession of Louis XVI.; but nothing arrested the success of the favourite, who not only received large sums for the payment of debts, but 800,000 *livres* were given as a dowry to her daughter.

In 1787 the Emperor Joseph again visited France, and foreseeing the coming upheaval, did all he could to open his sister's eyes; but even when a slight difference arose between the friends it ended by the Queen asking the favourite's pardon on her knees! The end of the Eighteenth century was essentially an age of shams—sham simplicity, sham innocence, and sham rusticity. Great ladies and gentlemen posed as shepherds and milkmaids without improving upon the manners of the original types, and probably the licentiousness of the peasant class had never exceeded, or even equalled, that of the nobility of the period just preceding the Revolution. But their tastes were so simple, so rustic, so charmingly innocent! Thus, as M. le Prince de Condé had built him a rustic village in his park, Marie Antoinette must fain add to the wanton waste already incurred by adding a similar village to the gardens of the Trianon. Even now we can picture to ourselves the Queen, her ladies, the gentlemen of the Court, and now and then, on sufferance, for a few hours, the "*pauvre homme*," walking about the charming park, feeding poultry, making butter, milking the cows or fishing in the lake. The sorrows of a Swiss dairymaid found by the Queen in tears, the result of home sickness, were the subject of some pretty verses by the Marquise de Travanet.

Such was the Petit Trianon on the 5th of October, 1789, when S. Antoine journeyed to Versailles, and the Queen quitted her expensive toy farm for ever. In six years a million and a half *livres* had been squandered upon it, and there remained a deficit of 462,617 *livres*—hence the nick-name of Mme. Déficit applied by a wag to Marie Antoinette upon seeing an empty frame at the Salon awaiting a portrait of Her Majesty by Mme. Lebrun. The extravagance of the French Court is incredible. Mme. de Pompadour, for example, received £1,450,000 from the Crown, although its entire income was but 15 millions sterling; and at the death of Louis XV. the Court expenditure had reached one-eighth of the entire revenue. Yet, in 1787, the new pension list was increased by another million. But the butterflies continued their dancing and the moths their flutterings until the deluge engulfed poor "Louis le Conspirateur," "l'Autrichienne," and many others of the famous company who had witnessed the first act of the terrible drama—the diamond necklace scandal—in the fascinating gardens of the Petit Trianon.

SOPHIA BEALE.

FIVE GREAT PAINTERS OF THE RENASCENCE.

By Sir WYKE BAYLISS, F.S.A., P.R.B.A.

IV. Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino.

La Madre. *But the child? Why must you paint the child? It is my portrait only that my husband desires.*

Raphael.—*I must paint the child because he is yours; and the child cannot be separated from the Madonna.*

IF we compare the period of the Renascence with the course of a natural year, from January to December, it is as though Leonardo Da Vinci had been the first to break the frozen earth; that in March Angelo and Titian had been sent to sow the seed with him; that Raphael and Correggio had come with the flowers in May, and in August and September had carried away their sheaves rejoicing; that Da Vinci had died during the harvest; and that only Angelo and Titian lingered through the golden Autumn, till the fields were dark and the earth once more frozen with the closing of the year. We know that with the new year new men came—Rubens, and Claude, and Velasquez, and Murillo, and Vandyke, and Rembrandt—but that forms no part of my story of the Renascence.

At this moment an incident occurs of more than ordinary interest. Just as Raphael is beginning his career in Rome, while Michael Angelo is painting in the Sistine Chapel, one more of the antique statues—perhaps the most famous of them all—is discovered, and purchased by Julius II. for the Vatican. It is the marble group known as the Laocöon. The finding of this statue marks an epoch in the history of Art. It must have been to Michael Angelo as great a revelation as was the first reading of the Bible to Luther. The question at issue had been whether the grand forms of the Antique could be reconciled with realistic fidelity to Nature. In the Laocöon came at least an approach to an answer. The group expressed passion; it was true to Nature; and yet it was Classic Art. At the time of its discovery Angelo was designing his great painting of the *Dies Irae*; and we can trace in the mighty limbs of the avenging God, and of the men called o the bar of judgment, something of the modelling of the Trojan hero and his two sons struggling in the coils of the serpents. The problem which had been so long before the Schools was solved once and for ever. It *is* possible through classic forms to express the passion of human life, as surely as the beauty of the human form.

The newly-discovered statue, however, played so momentous a part in the evolution of the Renascence that we shall do well to consider it a little carefully. The subject is taken from a passage in Virgil. A priest of Neptune is in the act of sacrificing with solemn pomp on the sea shore. By his side are his two children. Suddenly, from the waves of the sea, come horrible monsters, cruel and fierce serpents. Swiftly they advance towards Laocöon—

> And first about the tender boys they wind
> Then with their fangs their limbs and bodies grind.

The father attempts to save his children; but in vain. In an instant he also is in the dreadful coils of the serpents, and his terrific shriek is in our ears as the scene closes. This is the incident chosen by the sculptors, and how do they render it? The convulsed limbs, the quivering flesh, represent the torture of the body, as surely as the agonised glance to heaven tells of the conflict of the soul.

But I turn to the writings of one who is committed to the theory that the standard of Art is Greek Art—and that

Greek Art does not permit the expression of passion. "The Laocöon," says a distinguished Professor, in the pages of a colossal Encyclopædia, "may be regarded as the triumph of Grecian sculpture; since bodily pain—the grossest and most ungovernable of our passions—and that pain united with anguish and torture of mind—is softened into a patient sigh. The horrible shriek which Virgil's Laocöon emits is a proper circumstance for Poetry; but the expression of it would have totally degraded Art."

What would the young Raphael have thought of such criticism as this—if he had discovered it in an Encyclopædia of the day adorning the shelves of the library of the Vatican? I think he would have strolled into the Sistine Chapel, and shown it to Michael Angelo, and the two would have laughed over it together. For, while it is true that in Greek Art we find no expression of pain, in the Laocöon pain is expressed with a vividness of realism, almost without a parallel in the art of sculpture. But then, the Laocöon is not Greek Art. It is, indeed, the work of Grecian sculptors—but it was executed at a Roman Court, under Roman patronage, in illustration of a Roman poem, centuries after Greece had become a Roman province. It represents in Art the transition from the severe serenity of Hellas to the stormy atmosphere of the Capitol. Moreover, if the Laocöon does not express passion, so far from being a triumph of Hellenic sculpture it is nothing more than a clever anatomical model.

But it is not Professors alone, or Encyclopædists, or Admirals of the British Fleet, who possess the accommodative apparatus of a blind eye. Voluntarily, or involuntarily, the other side of the question is almost invariably overlooked in matters connected with Art. And in Art, not to see is almost as fatal to a right judgment as to see falsely. In my old student days at the British Museum, a Royal visit was announced. The lads and lasses of the classes, however, were not driven from the gracious presence. Some of us stood to our easels—other some retired modestly behind convenient pedestals. Among the visitors was a beautiful lady, with her two boys—who for all I know may be sitting upon thrones now. As the illustrious group reached the gallery containing the sculptures of the Parthenon, we were privileged to hear a little conversation. "These," said their learned guide, "are the Elgin marbles." "Dear me," replied the lady, "I always thought that marbles were round."

That is the effect of the *blind eye*, as distinct from the *crooked vision*. And to the early Christian painters—to Margaritone, to Cimabue, to Giotto, perhaps even to Fra Angelico—there must have been a blank comparable to this. But not to Raphael. If the painters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had not seen the gods, it was because—as in the case of the Spanish fleet—"they were not yet in sight!" But Raphael *had* seen them. Whether Raphael played at marbles when a boy, and assumed that marbles are necessarily round, there is no evidence to show. But it is certain that he had slept upon Parnassus before he entered the schools, and knew the difference between a cherub and a cupid. To Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo, and Titian, the discovery of the antique statues had come as sudden and surprising visions—one at a time—as if the Immortals had occasionally descended from Olympus to encourage them in their Art. First came Phœbus—the Apollo Belvedere—to show them the serene beauty of a god. Then Aphrodite—the Venus di Medici—to show them the loveliness of a woman. Then Herakles—the Hercules Farnese—to show them the strength of a hero. But Raphael found all these in full possession of the studio. They were his by inheritance. The ideas they created in his mind were definite. He found that Christian Art and Pagan Art agreed in this—that they took the human form as the exponent of what they had to express. He found that they differed, in that through the human form they expressed sentiments wide as the Poles asunder. Classic Art tells us everything that can be told of the strength, and grace, and beauty of the human form; but of the life itself, of which these things are only the manifesta-

Photograph by *Franz Hanfstaengl*

RAPHAEL SANZIO D'URBINO

From the Portrait in the Pitti Palace

tion, it tells us nothing. Sorrow is an evil thing—why should it find perpetual remembrance in Art? Pain will touch our bodies, be they ever so fair—but we need not mar our statues with its cruel touch! We seek the beautiful, and suffering is not beautiful; so, though its anguish may crush our lives, yet in Art at least we can cast it from our sight. And thus sorrow, and suffering, and pain, were excluded from Classic Art—but at what a cost! There can be no compassion without suffering, no deep sympathy without sorrow, no heroic endurance without pain. In losing these things, therefore, Art lost also the expression of all the tenderest and noblest emotions of which our natures are capable.

But tha was Mount Olympus—where the gods reigned; a mount covered with plea ant woods, and caves, and grottoes; on its top were neither wind, nor rain, nor cloud, but an eternal Spring. The face of the Christian painter, however, was set towards another Mount—where One suffered—and from whence the Message came to him. It was as though the Greek had seen the Messenger, but amidst the laughter of the gods had not heard the Message. It was a though the Christian had heard the Message—but in the darkness of Calvary failed to see the divine beauty of the Messenger.

It is as the great reconciler of these two ideals that Raphael stands supreme. But

it would be well for lovers of Art, if they could read, and think, and write, about Raphael without hysterics. The sober truth is sufficient to fill the mind with noble thoughts, and make one conscious of the presence of a great genius. *I want to get clear of the blind eye, and of the crooked vision—and, in the presence of Raphael himself, to understand his aim, his method, his achievement.* Again I turn to a distinguished critic, and beg from Schlegel an introduction to the mind of the painter. Schlegel, being a German, is of course, a philosopher. Listen. He is commenting upon Raphael's Saint Cecilia—in the gallery of Bologna. The figure of the saint is so lovely that I have selected it as one of my illustrations. But the whole picture contains many more figures of astonishing beauty. There is in it," says Schlegel, " a ravishing sentiment of intense, inward, devotion, which, incapable of being restrained within the narrow limits of the human heart, breaks forth in song—everything melting away in a devout inspiration of silent devotion, like the long drawn solemn tones of a cathedral chant." And again— " St. Paul, with the mighty sword, reminds us of those old melodies which could melt rocks, tame savage beasts, and tear soul and spirit asunder." Again—" The harmonious grandeur of the Magdalene, resembling the Madonna, reminds us of the pure unisons resounding in the abode of blessed spirits. The soul of Cecilia seems as if soaring on a ray of dazzling brightness to meet the harmony descending. The child-like ring of little angels are a divine reverberation of the harmony." And once more—as if all that were not enough—Schlegel adds, " The holy hymn reposes on a basis of transparent foreground; but the execution is in the highest degree solid."

This is no doubt intended to be complimentary to Raphael. But would Raphael have liked it? I think not. The greater part of it of course means nothing; but where it does mean anything it is untrue. A thing cannot be silent if it is like the sound of a cathedral organ. The heavenly choir is not a child-like ring of little angels. The sword on which St. Paul lays his hand is not particularly large; but Schlegel has missed entirely the fine symbolism of it—the sword is naked. All this, however, is the effect of the blind eye. But now the crooked vision comes in. Could anything have wounded Raphael more deeply than the suggestion that he failed to discriminate between the loveliness of the Madonna, and the beauty of the woman with a past? That charge might have been brought against some of the painters of the Renascence—but not against the painter of the Madonna di San Sisto.

I do not care then for Schlegel's introduction to Raphael. I would rather venture into the painter's presence alone, as an unknown visitor; or spend a day in the Loggia of the Vatican; or stand before his cartoons and think it out for myself. And yet, in a matter of such great moment as the interpretation of the works of a world-renowned painter, I should like to be able to fall back upon some world-renowned authority. Perhaps the German mind is too philosophical. I will turn to France. France, we know, is the inner shrine of the Temple of Art, and Frenchmen are the high priests of the cult. Very well, then—I take up a volume by the Secretary of the French Academy. It is the famous " Reflections on Poetry and Art," by the Abbé du Bos. The Abbé is describing how, in the cartoon of the Miraculous Draught of Fishes, Raphael has given to every head a different character, corresponding closely with the known characteristics of the Apostles. One head in particular he points out as a marvellous impersonation of Judas. The expression he says is " sullen and confused, as though the traitor was consumed with black jealousy."

Now this figure—which the Abbé supposes to be Iscariot—another writer, not less famous, claims as one of the faithful disciples. The Rev. Matthew Pilkington in his " Gentleman's and Connoisseur's Dictionary of Painters " urges the impossibility of supposing that Raphael could have been guilty of so gross an anachronism as to have introduced so infamous a wretch into the company of the Apostles—

Photograph by *Franz Hanfstaengl*

THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO, BY RAPHAEL

From the painting in the Royal Gallery, Dresden

considering that at the time of the miracle Judas was already dead! And to this the reverend critic adds, naïvely—"The best apology that can be made for the Abbé is that he was much better acquainted with the works of Raphael than with the works of the Evangelists."

This, coming from one churchman to another, is sufficiently severe. It does not, however, bring us any nearer to Raphael. How much either of the divines had read of the sacred narrative I know not—but both of them are in error. The miracle occurred twice. The subject of Raphael's cartoon is the calling of Peter to the Apostleship—not the appearance of our Lord after His resurrection. At that time the number of the Apostles was not complete—Judas was not one of the twelve.

Thus the criticism which begins with a sort of apotheosis of the thing criticised, ends with a disputed claim, whether the same face is a splendid realization of the evil passions of the arch-traitor, or an equally splendid realization of the tender affection and awe-struck reverence of a faithful disciple greeting his risen Lord.

But where is the painter all the while? and what ideas are forming in our own minds regarding his work? France has not enlightened us any more than Germany. Let us come back to England. We come back to meet the rebound. Before Raphael stands the iconoclast instead of the worshipper. The hammer has taken the place of the thurible; and the dust which goes up to heaven, as the works of the great painter are smitten to the ground, veils from us their splendour as effectually as did the incense of their apotheosis. To Mr. Ruskin it is but a small matter to have demolished such painters as Claude, and Cuyp, and Poussin, and Salvator Rosa, and Ruysdael, and Tenniers, and Paul Potter, with Vandervelde, Backhuysen, "and various other Van-somethings and Back-somethings, who especially and malignantly have libelled the sea." But having committed these to the flames, he passes to the one painter of whom it is not too much to say that from him every artist born into the world for four hundred years has learned his Art. Mr. Ruskin informs us that from the time he came of age the cartoons of Raphael began to take to him "the aspect of a mild night-mare." In his later years the nightmare ceased to be mild, it became very severe indeed. He assures us that Raphael could think of the Madonna only as an available subject for the display of skilful tints, transparent shadows, and clever foreshortenings—as a fair woman forming a pleasant piece of furniture for the corner of a boudoir. And then, after describing with exquisite pathos the apparition of Jesus to His disciples on the Lake of Galilee, he contrasts Raphael's painting of it with the actual occurrence. He says: "Note the handsomely curled hair, and neatly tied sandals of the men, who have been out all night in the sea mists and on the slimy decks. Note, the convenient dresses for going a-fishing—with trains that lie a yard along the ground—and the goodly fringes, all made to match—an Apostolic fishing costume! Note how St. Peter, especially, whose chief glory was his wet coat girt about his naked limbs, is enveloped in folds and fringes so as to hold the keys with grace. And the Apostles are not around Christ, as they would have been, but straggling away in a line, that they may all be shown. Beyond is a pleasant Italian landscape, full of villas, and churches. The whole thing is a mere absurdity and faded decoction of fringes, muscular arms, and curly heads; and the wild, strange, infinitely stern, infinitely tender, infinitely varied veracities of the life of Christ are blotted out by the vapid fineries of Raphael."

But when a painter wins his way into the hearts of the people of many nations, and holds his place there for four centuries, it is probable that his work expresses something more than Schlegel's, "silent harmonies of pure unisons," or Ruskin's "decoction of fringes and curly heads." *If therefore we can discover what these men have left out of account we shall find the real Raphael.* It is for the real Raphael that I plead. If Raphael is to be anything to any one of us—he must find his way into our hearts through his own works. There are a few principles—not opinions—but principles, we should do well to remember. Nature is complete—always and everywhere complete, comprehending all the splendour of life and passion as well as of material beauty. Art can but reflect these things as visions seen through a broken mirror. Nature includes all. Art is eclectic, choosing one phase or another as it affects the mind of the artist, or as he can interpret it through his material. To complain that Raphael was not a realist is as futile as to complain that the sculptor does not distinguish between brown eyes and blue. When a man is suffering from night-mare, however, his judgment is not at its best. Mr. Ruskin has failed to perceive that Raphael's cartoons are not transcripts from nature, but

THE TRANSFIGURATION, BY RAPHAEL
From the painting in St. Peter's, Rome

symbols of the History of the Church. One subject is Christ's Charge to Peter—that is, the Giving of the Keys. How shall the keys of heaven and hell be painted, except by symbol? Will they not turn in their locks unless they are of Chubb's patent? The Sheep, for whom Christ died, are symbols. Should Raphael have anticipated Sidney Cooper, and made it clear that they were "Southdowns"? The villas and churches are Italian. Is not Italy within the Fold, for which Peter

should care? Peter himself is a symbol—of the Church. Not the Church suffering, nor the Church militant—but the Church ruling. And the insignia of rule is the purple of princely garments.

No doubt the two conceptions of the subject are very wide apart. Which was the nobler, where both are so noble, it is not necessary to determine. But taking the highest ground, that of Raphael was not less truthful than that of his critic. Mr. Ruskin dwells on the scene until the very ground seems hallowed by the Master's footsteps, and he would not lose the sea-mist, or the dripping garments, or the dishevelled hair—are they not all parts of the wild, strange, infinitely stern, infinitely tender story? All this might have been also in Raphael's mind. Yet he broke clean through the accessories, and seeing beyond them the Divine Majesty of Christ, and the glory almost divine of the Prince of the Apostles, dared to express these things through the splendour of symmetry and grace.

And now a woman's voice is heard. The world has been talking about Raphael for a long while. But a woman began it. This very day, October 1st, just four hundred years ago, the beautiful Giovanna della Rovere—sister of the Duke of Urbino—wrote to her friend Solderini, the Gonfaloniere of Firenze, immortalized by his criticism of the nose of David. Raphael, she says, is visiting Florence, and his ambition is to meet the great painter, Leonardo da Vinci." As his father was dear to me, so is the son; a modest youth, of distinguished manners. I bear him an affection on every account, and wish that he should attain perfection." Raphael, at the time, had just come of age. Look at him, as he passes into the presence of the veteran, and reverently kisses the hand laid gently upon his. He is slightly built, about five feet eight inches in height, of extraordinary beauty, with features of almost feminine delicacy. His brown eyes are modest and expressive. His hair is rich and wavy, and of a lustrous brown. His face is oval, and of an olive tone. His manners are courtly and fascinating. His disposition is gentleness itself. If Da Vinci was the Apollo of the studio, I think Raphael must have been the Adonis.

It is surprising, however, how little is known of Raphael's life. Vasari fills many pages with descriptions of his pictures, but omits—if he ever knew them—the thousand details which would be interesting to us. Vasari's opinions do not help us very much. After all, Vasari was only an Italian—and have we not heard the opinions of the wise men of Germany, and France, and England! Of the little that is known we gather that Raphael's childhood was passed at Urbino, where he was born in 1483. It is said of his mother, the gentle Magia—as it may be said of so many mothers whose sons have become men of genius—that he inherited his affectionate, tender, warm-hearted disposition from her. She died in his infancy, and the boy passed to the care of a stepmother, a woman less amiable than the mother he had lost. In a few more years his father, Giovanni Santi, who was himself a painter of repute, died also, and evil days threatened the lad—from which, however, he was rescued by his mother's brother.

Then comes the story of his apprenticeship. He had been painted by his father as one of the angels—now it became his turn to paint the angels himself, and in his half-sister, Elizabetta, he found a fitting model. There is a beautiful drawing of her by her brother, which suggests not only how like the brother and sister were to each other, but that from Elizabetta he drew his first inspiration for the face of the Madonna.

Raphael entered the studio of Perugino when about fifteen. At seventeen he was engaged with Pinturicchio, on many of the sacred subjects designed by his master, in which a sense of spiritual beauty was the chief characteristic. On the removal of Perugino to Florence the young painter was commissioned by the Franciscans of Castello to paint the "Marriage of the Virgin." This is accounted the finest example of his first style, while still under the influence of Perugino.

At last the infamous tyranny of the

Borgias came to an end—by the tragic death of Alexander VI.—and Raphael was summoned to Rome by Julius II. At that time Rome was the centre of the world of Art, and the Pope was the dispenser of its highest patronage. But there were Popes before the fifteenth century. Are not their names written in the book of the Divine Comedy ?—Pontifex martyrio coronatus ; pontifex sacro-

Photograph by THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS, BY RAPHAEL *Franz Hanfstaengl*
From the Fresco in the Vatican, Rome

sanctissimus ; pontifex eruditus ; pontifex militaris—femininus—hæreticus—corruptissimus—of whom we find very lively reading not only in the Paradiso and Purgatorio, but specially in the Inferno. For a thousand years Christendom had resounded with Papal Bulls. Dante calls them the "ten silent centuries"—because there were no poets to sing. If Dante called them silent, we may call them dark —for there were no painters. Poetry and Art were alike dead. To what do we owe their revival ? The Renascence of Art is coincident with the establishment of the Inquisition ! St. Peter's, at Rome, was built from the proceeds of the sale of Indulgences ! Yes—but the Renascence is coincident also with the Reformation. Luther and Raphael were born in the same year, and were moved by the same force. "O, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round." With Luther it was the love of independent thought—with Raphael it was the love of Art.

In Raphael, however, we have a Catholic painter, pure and simple, and in his works we see the finest flower of Catholic Art. Raphael was not troubled with doubts, as was Michael Angelo ; he was not an unbeliever as was Correggio ; he had not, like Da Vinci, chosen philosophy, as an alternative to religion ; nor, like Titian, did he live far away, in a city in conflict with the Pope, and under the ban of excommunication. I do not say that Raphael was the subject of any deep religious sentiments, or that he held strong theological views, like Fra Angelico, or Buonarroti.

But to him the train of St. Peter—the length of which gave Mr. Ruskin the nightmare—had a very real meaning; the sword upon which St. Paul leaned was a very real sword; and the Madonna in which Schlegel thinks he sees a resemblance to the Magdalene, was more than a beautiful woman—she was the Mother of his God.

It is a little singular that in Protestant England Raphael should be represented almost exclusively by Catholic pictures. The cartoons, now at South Kensington, were designs for the decoration of the Pope's private chapel. The Madonna Ansidei, and the Archangels, in our National Gallery—the Holy Family in the Bridgewater collection—the Crucifixion, in the possession of the Earl of Dudley—are all ecclesiastical subjects. Moreover, the paintings most widely known amongst us, by means of copies or engravings, are of the same character—the Transfiguration, the Madonna della Sedia, the Madonna di San Sisto. And yet these religious pictures represent only one phase of Raphael's work. More than half his life was given to the painting of mythological and classic designs—of which we do not possess a single example. The chambers of the Vatican are rich with frescoes—allegories of Poetry, Theology, Philosophy, Jurisprudence, Astronomy—with legends of Parnassus, of Apollo, of Cupid and Psyche, of Pan, of Galatea—of everything the imagination can conjure into beauty and grace. The one I have chosen as an illustration is "The School of Athens." In a great hall, of classic architecture, are assembled the philosophers of ancient Greece. They are grouped in accordance with the historical development of the Schools. There is Pythagoras, with his disciples. There is Socrates, with the young Alcibiades. There are Plato, and Aristotle. And still, group after group, come the Stoics, the Epicureans, the Cynics—each figure telling its own story of the evolution of philosophy—Euclid the geometrician, Ptolemy the astronomer, Zoroaster the magician. I have not space even to name the "fifty of the greatest of Earth's children"—every one of whom must have been carefully studied by the painter. "The School of Athens" is an achievement which may be compared with the "Cenacolo" of Milan, and the "Dies Iræ" of the Sistine. It places Raphael in scholarship on a level with Da Vinci, and in imagination on a level with Michael Angelo. I said that the picture contained fifty of the greatest of Earth's children. Look again. There is still another. Who is that young man on the extreme right?—to whom the astronomer and the magician turn. It is Raphael himself. And the globes they carry—terrestrial and celestial—are symbols of his domain. For in Art he was lord alike of Earth and Heaven.

Of Raphael's life at the Papal Court very little is recorded. That he lived as a Prince, in his own house near the Vatican; that he loved Margarita, on the other side of the Tiber; that he was true to her, and she to him; that there is no record of their marriage; that he steadily refused to make any other alliance; that when he died he left his possessions to her—this is about all that Vasari tells us. It should be remembered, however, that the Court of the Vatican, even though the worst corruptions of the Borgias had been swept away, was not quite the place for a painter and his young wife. There had indeed been great reforms. The new Pope was carrying out a scheme for enlarging the Vatican into a Pontifical city, to be self-contained for all the officers and dignitaries of the Church. He marked his displeasure of the past by refusing even to live in the rooms which had been desecrated by the licentious Court of his predecessor. Nevertheless, celibacy was the order of the day, for dignitaries and servitors alike. Why should Raphael be exempt? Julius and Leo sought for artists, to work—not young men and women to play. Margarita was not an artist, but a very pretty woman. It could very well have been understood that women were out of place in the household of the Pope; and that the beautiful Margarita had better keep at home—or visit her husband at his work upon the sacred pictures only when he required a model for an angel—without being recog-

Photograph by ST. CECILIA, BY RAPHAEL *Franz Hanfstaengl*

From the painting in the Pinakothek, Munich

nised as Signora Sanzi. I am not claiming for Raphael or for Margarita that they were more holy than His Holiness; but I am content to believe no evil of them that cannot be proved. Surely, an unrecognised marriage is not so strange a thing in the word's history as to be incredible when it is attested by mutual fidelity.

The end came suddenly. Raphael had finished his Madonna di San Sisto; the painting of the Transfiguration was still upon his easel when he was summoned to the presence of Leo—who desired to consult h m as to some alterations in St. Peter's. The painter laid down his palette and hastened to the Vatican—

where he arrived overheated and fatigued. There, in the open corridors he had adorned, he was taken with a chill, and returned to his house—only to die. The Pope, who was his true friend, was greatly concerned at his illness, and waited from day to day for tidings of his favourite painter. Within a fortnight, on the eve of Good Friday, a strange thing happened. Leo was seated in a chamber of the Vatican, rich with the designs of Raphael. Suddenly, the walls of the chamber collapsed, and the Pope fled from the ruins. As he escaped he was met by a messenger. Raphael was dead.

Raphael died, as did Shakespeare, on his own birthday. He was buried in the Pantheon, and it is said that all Rome crowded to the funeral. His scarcely finished painting of the Transfiguration—its colours still wet—was carried in procession and hung over his grave. The Renascence has lost two of its great painters—but Angelo, and Titian, and Correggio remain.

The work of Raphael is the manifestation of that fine quality in Art, for which I know no better expression than the word balance. Raphael stood between two contending influences—the revival of Classic scholasticism, and the impulsive turning to Nature as the supreme Mistress. Of course Nature is supreme, in all schools—but what is Nature? Of course Classic Art is authoritative—but what is Classic Art? The dangers on either side are—that in following the antients artists may lose touch with Nature—in following Nature they may lose the crown and glory of Art—the Ideal. Raphael was the great reconciler—the complete artist. I think this is expressed more finely in a few words by D'Anvers, in his life of the painter, than in any passage I have ever read. He says: "Face to face with Raphael's frescoes we recognise the sympathy which binds together the master spirits of all ages, and we bow our heads before the combined power of antient and modern thought."

Raphael was one of five. If Da Vinci knew more—Raphael knew enough. If Titian's colour is more telling—Raphael tells enough. If Michael Angelo was more daring—Raphael was not deficient in courage. If Correggio painted the prettiest of women—Raphael painted the most beautiful. Tintoretto thought that if Titian had designed like Angelo, and Angelo had coloured like Titian, the world would have seen a perfect painter. But that is the same as saying that if the stars of a constellation had been all rolled together in one you would have had a bigger star! Yes—but you would have lost the glory of the heavens.

The Cornish Coast, Newquay

The Lamp of Truth

Here for a few brief moments cast by the rolling years,
  Lamp on the Altar of a God beyond our feeble sight,
Child of the dust of ages, compassed with hopes and fears,
  Waiting the touch of an unseen Hand to burst in mystic light.

Not for the joy of shining,—though joy it be indeed
  Steadfast and clear to burn with never a flicker of doubt—
But sorrowing souls to comfort, and straying steps to lead,
  Not for the glory within, but for the service without!

Not for the quivering bliss of the flame within thy heart,
  As it glows in its mortal casement, throbbing with God's own life,
But to beat through measured music, or through inspiring Art
  To nerve the soldier of the Truth to step in sacred strife.

For the ardour of the mystic betrays his highest right
  When he draws his shining garments from the soiling of the way,
And hides in holy cloister, with self-contained delight,
  The lamp that was to light the world unto the perfect day!

G. TAVERNER CLARKE.

Noblesse Oblige

IT was a glorious summer night as I cycled out of the little town of Bontor, near Toronto, to say good-bye to my old friend, John Dainton. He was a courtly, courteous old Englishman of the old school. I always felt sure he must have seen far better days and enjoyed far more luxurious surroundings than his present ones; but, intimate friends though we were, he had never told me the history of his life. All I knew of him was that he had left England when a comparatively young man of forty, with only £100 in his pocket, and had come out to Canada where he had made a hard and precarious living as a farmer. At the time of which I am writing he had given up farming and was living on a small annuity his savings had enabled him to purchase—so small that he could only afford to live in a three-roomed cottage, and had to dispense with all but the barest necessities of life.

As I rode along the smooth, well-kept road, gleaming whitely in the light of the moon, I contrasted his simple lot and the content with which he supported it, with my own life, filled with all the pleasures and amusements that money could provide, but spoilt by an insatiable unrest and craving for change and excitement.

I had always been flattered by the old man's friendship for me, a mere lad of two-and-twenty, a friendship commenced for my father's sake, who had had the opportunity to do Mr. Dainton many a good turn in the past, but continued for my own; and I felt more than usually pleased at my reception when I knocked at the rough wooden door of his cottage, and John Dainton recognised his late visitor.

"Dick, my lad! I *am* glad to see you. This is good of you—to come and see the old man on your last night at home."

"Well, Mr. Dainton," I said, entering the bare little parlour, where a big lamp was burning, "You are the greatest friend I have here. I have no kith or kin, since the governor died, to care whether I go or stay. I meant to come over earlier, but the farewell dinner at the club given me by some of the younger members, kept me later than I expected."

"Well, sit down, lad, and fill your pipe and your glass. For you know, as long as I've a sixpence in the world, there is a glass of grog going at night for myself and any friend who cares to look in."

"Thanks, Mr. Dainton, I know that of old. Well, here's to your good health, and may you be as hale and hearty when I return from the Old Country next year!"

I do not know if it was the grog that loosened the old man's tongue, or the knowledge that he would not have me to talk to for many a long lonely evening to come, but certain it was that he told me more of himself and his life than I had ever known before.

"And so you're going to the Old Country, lad? It's thirty years since I left it. I remember well with what high spirits I set out, meaning to make a fortune within a few years and return to 'cut a dash'! It isn't much of a 'dash' I'm cutting on an annuity of £80 a year!" And a whimsical smile played on the fine old face.

"How was it you came to leave England, Mr. Dainton? You know you have never told me."

"No, lad, no—one is not over fond of talking of one's failures. Well, I'll tell you what brought it about. My father had a fine old house in Gloucestershire with several acres of ground attached, and we always thought him a rich man. I had done nothing all my life, leading the same sort of existence that he had done—that of a country squire. It was a foolish, idle sort of life at best; but I've paid for it, I've paid for it since.

"Well, when my father died, his affairs were found to be in a hopeless muddle, and after all the debts were paid off, there was only about £600 a year left to be divided between my two twin-sisters, women of about forty-three, and myself. I decided to give up all my claim to the money to my sisters, and to come out here to make that phantom fortune I spoke of

just now. I persuaded my sisters to let off nearly all the ground, and pointed out to them that with care they could both live on in the old home in comparative comfort on £600 a year, though it was much less than they were accustomed to.

"Of course they were sad enough, poor old souls, to say good-bye to the only relative they had left in the world, but I showed them there was nothing else to be done, and we undertook to write to each other once a month till I should return with that problematical fortune. And I have written and heard regularly ever since. But I need scarcely tell you I have never let them know how pinched and poor I have been. I have written glowing accounts of the life and of the good times I am having. You see, if they thought I really had been hard pressed, it would have hurt the poor old things to realise that they were living in comfort while I was half-starving out here. The only queer thing to me is, that they have never begged me to go home and add to their income with the 'small but moderate' fortune I am always writing about."

"And they are both alive and unmarried and living in the old home?"

"Dear me, yes! For some fad or other they like me to write to them under cover to the Rector; I have done that for over twenty years now. They were getting old and fidgetty, poor souls, and said they feared some careless servant might mislay my letters if sent direct to them—a curious notion seeing I had written to the old place for many years without mishap, but I had to humour them. I had my last monthly letter from them only yesterday, and Priscilla, the 'twin' who always takes the lead, tells me that the cow had just calved and that Brown, the gardener, who has been with them since my father's death, had finished the bedding-out. Ah! they've nice quarters of it there, a fine old house of the Georgian times, firm and strong and well-sheltered. When I left they kept on four of the old maid-servants and Brown the gardener. The dear old souls tell me all about the weddings of the younger maids and inhabitants of the village, and of the birth of their children and so on. They know well enough it all interests me for old sake's sake."

The old man was silent, while a look of smiling, peaceful reminiscence crept over the chiselled features that bore the indelible stamp of birth and breeding.

"By the way, Richard lad, if you are in the neighbourhood of Gloucestershire, you might look the old girls up—Frogmore Manor, near Ravensport—anyone will tell you where the Misses Dainton live. But, as you value your life, boy, not a word of the real life I've led. Tell them I'm well and happy and comfortably off—that I should come and see them, but that I'm too old now for such a long journey. Don't you give me away, Richard lad. You promise?"

"I promise, old friend. And I shall make it my business to go and see your sisters before I return, and to bring you the latest news of them."

"Ay, do. I shall be glad to hear of them from one who has seen them. You must be off? Well, well, the old man will be glad to see you when you return; it's right you should go and see the land of your father's birth. But there'll be a warm welcome for you when you come back. I shall miss you sorely, lad. Good bye. Good luck—and God bless you!"

As I sped back in the midnight loneliness, I glanced round and saw the stately old form silhouetted against the light that streamed out of the cottage door, and I thought—"There, in a humble way, stands a hero!"

* * * *

Twelve months later, after a busy and exciting year of visiting relations and places in England and on the Continent, just before I was due to set out on my homeward voyage, I remembered my promise to my old friend to take back the latest news of his sisters, which promise I am ashamed to say, had almost been hustled out of my memory by the fresh scenes I had visited and the new experiences I had undergone.

Accordingly, three days before sailing, I took train from Paddington down to the West Country. Arrived at Ravensport station, I asked the way to Frogmore

Manor. I was told there were only two ways of going—driving or walking. As the distance was over four miles, I chose the former.

After a hot and dusty drive my Jehu drove up in front of a fine old stone house, within high walls and closed gates. I got out, passed up the front garden, beautifully kept and gay with flowers, to the massive oak door. A smart young footman appeared. I was rather astonished, as I had not expected such "style" from the two old dames.

"Is Miss Dainton in?" I enquired.

"No, sir, there is no Miss Dainton here."

"But surely—the Misses Dainton live here—at least they did a year ago?"

"Begging your pardon, sir, I don't think as 'ow they did. I've been here nigh on three years now, and Sir George and Lady Loveson have been here all *that* time."

"But I don't understand," I said confounded. "I am *sure* the Misses Dainton lived here last year—if this is Frogmore Manor?"

"Yes, sir, it's Frogmore Manor right enough." Then, taking pity on my helpless bewilderment, he added—"Why not ask the Rector about 'em, sir? He's been here a sight of years, and p'r'aps knows the ladies you're enquiring for. That's him crossing the Green now."

I turned and saw the Rector, a bent old figure, hastening across the village Green, as fast as his evident rheumatism would let him.

Bidding my coachman wait, I hurried after him.

"Pardon me, sir, but can you tell me where the Misses Dainton of Frogmore Manor are living now?"

The old man turned mild blue eyes to me.

"Alas, yes—poor old souls; they are in the Ravensport Workhouse."

"The Workhouse?" I cried in horrified surprise.

"Yes; it's a sad story. Are you going to see them?"

"Yes—at least, that is, I have a message for them from their brother in Canada.

"Ah, I wish I could stay and talk to you, Mr.—er?"

"Anderson."

"Mr. Anderson. But I have just been summoned to a dying man. To-day is Visiting-Day at the House; if you drive straight back you will be in time to see them. The authorities are very strict about visitors being admitted on other days, and you may find some difficulty if you wait until to-morrow."

"Then I will go at once. I wish I could have heard some of the story from you, but I am obliged to return to London to-night, so cannot have the pleasure of coming out to see you again."

"I am sorry, too. But doubtless the old ladies will tell you everything themselves, as you know their brother. Good day."

Hastily thanking the old man, I told my coachman to drive me back to Ravensport as quickly as possible.

"Poor old souls!" I thought. "What does it mean? I don't understand it. A year ago Miss Priscilla wrote to John Dainton about the cow calving and the gardener doing—something, at Frogmore Manor, and yet I am told to-day they have not lived there for years!"

Arrived at the great white House, with its strip of vegetable garden in front, bordered with gay sweet williams and stocks, I rang the great clanging bell, and asked to see the Master.

"The Misses Dainton? Yes, they're here, right enough, but in the Infirmary Wards. Go right over there and ask for the Matron."

I did so, and was confronted by a sweet-faced, elderly woman. I quickly explained my errand.

"Oh, I *am* glad you have come to see them!" she said with quick sympathy on her comely face. "Their's is one of the saddest of the many sad stories I know of in connection with our inmates; and they are such dear old gentlewomen! The ward is full of visitors now, and they are such sensitive old things, they would hate to receive you in public. Will you come into my private room and I will send them to you."

Thankfully I stepped into the cool

shadiness of her little sanctum from the glare and heat outside.

Three minutes later the door re-opened and two of the sweetest old ladies I had ever seen entered the room. They bore a strong resemblance to their brother, with the same chiselled features and the same soft, silvery hair. Moreover, they carried the same stamp of gentle breeding, and notwithstanding their coarse homespun gowns and white frilled caps and large aprons, no one would have mistaken them for other than gentlewomen.

Two of the sweetest old ladies entered

I rose and saluted them in turn, not knowing what to say.

The taller of them, however, soon put me at my ease, with the air of a *grande dame*.

"Pray be seated, sir. Let us sit down, also, Sister Prudence, and hear what message this gentleman has brought us."

Hesitatingly I said—

"My name is Anderson—Richard Anderson, and I have the honour of being a great friend of your brother, Mr. John Dainton. I presume I am addressing Miss Priscilla Dainton?"

"You are quite right, Mr. Anderson, that is my name; and this is my twin-sister Prudence. Our brother is well, I trust?"

"Quite well—at least he was when I saw him a year ago. And he wrote in excellent spirits when I heard from him some three months back."

"That is good news. We have not heard from him ourselves for five weeks now—a rather unusual occurrence, as we generally hear once a month; but no doubt it is press of business. I understand he has many responsibilities and some wealth on his shoulders, Mr. Anderson?"

I remembered my old friend's humble cottage and £80 a year, but I also remembered his parting injunctions and I stammered—

"Er—exactly. I have no doubt you know his position even better than I do—he will have explained it to you himself."

"Yes; we know he is well off and prosperous. We are therefore glad that he does not know our precise position, for though of course there is nothing in it we object to," with a proud lifting of the dainty old head, "it is not exactly that which he would wish for his sisters."

"Miss Priscilla, may I—will you—that is, would you be so very good as to tell me why you have left Frogmore Manor? Your brother, I know, believes you still to be there."

This seemed to cause the old lady some embarrassment, for, with an old-fashioned curtsey and an "Excuse me, sir," she hurriedly went over to her sister, who never once opened her lips to me during the whole interview, and consulted with her for a few moments. Then she returned to her seat, and said with pathetic dignity—

"I feel we may trust you, Mr. Anderson. You have a good and a kind face, and I am sure you will not betray our secret to our brother. The fact is, we have not lived at Frogmore Manor for twenty years."

"Not for twenty years! Then what about the letters from there, and the cow, and Brown the gardener?"

"Ah, I see you have heard some of our letters. If you care to listen, I will tell you our story. When our dear generous brother gave up his share of the money our father left us some thirty or more years ago, we lived on at the old home in comparative luxury, certainly in comfort. All our money was in the hands of our solicitor, and he sent us a cheque for £150 four times a year. At the end of ten years he died, and it was found that he had used every penny of our capital for worthless speculations, and had bought some shares which—I don't understand in the least what it means—but it seems he had bought in our name some shares that he did not pay for altogether, and there was a 'call' or a 'ring' or something on them. And to pay this the dear old home had to be sold. My sister and I had always lived a very quiet and secluded life, and had no relations and few friends, certainly none from whom we would ask assistance. We were too old to earn our own living, no one would have us as governesses, and we were not strong enough to become servants. We did not wish to be a drag on our brother for a second time, and determined that at any cost, we would not let him know our true position. So we—we—we came to the House."

"Dear Miss Dainton, how very, very sorry I am. Surely *some one* could have found another way—"

"We would take no help!" proudly. "Prudence and I knew there was no shame in being poor—nor in coming to a Home for the Poor; but there would have been shame in taking help from our dear brother who had already done so much for us, or in asking for assistance from strangers."

"But the letters to your brother, every month?"

"Well, you see, we knew our brother would expect news of everything and everybody and so, once a month—the one day when we go out—Prudence and I walk out to the old house. It's a long way for our old legs, you are thinking?" with a flash of her brother's humour. "But we often get a lift in the carrier's cart, and we go out to tea with the Rector, and he tells us all the latest news of the place and animals, and so we are able to 'make up' a letter. At first we thought it might be wicked to tell such—such half-truths, but we do not think it wicked now, sister, do we, seeing it is to ensure our brother's peace? We stamp and post the letter in the village before we come—home, and the Rector receives and forwards our brother's letters to us. He was much set on telling John the truth at first, but we gave him no peace till he promised to do as we wished."

"Miss Dainton," I said, though I confess speaking at all was rather difficult just then, "You and your sister are noble women. I wish I could have had the privilege of seeing you again, but my time in England is nearly up, and I must return to London to-night. But is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing; except to give our brother our dear love and tell him we are well and happy, and that the Long Meadow has a splendid crop of hay this year."

"But he will ask me about the house—the rooms."

"Then you must say you met us in the village and had no time to come on to the house. But keep our secret you *must*. Will you promise?"

There was nothing else to be done, so I gave my solemn promise to respect their confidence, and with a heavy heart and a strange choking in my throat, I pressed the small old wrinkled hands and went from the "Home of the Poor" as Miss Priscilla had prettily put it.

As I passed out of the great iron gates and looked back at the walls which sheltered so many saddened and so many wasted lives, my thoughts clung to the brave old women, who suffered what many would regard as deepest degradation sooner than appeal to the man who had already sacrificed so much for them.

"Which is it," I thought, "Tragedy or Comedy? The old man in the New Country lying bravely for years to save his sisters pain, and the old ladies in the Mother Country lying more bravely still to save him a heartache! Ah, there is something in blood, whatever the new folks may say—'Noblesse Oblige! Noblesse Oblige!'"

During the voyage back to Canada I wondered and wondered how I should explain things—how I could give my old friend news of his distant sisters without letting out the truth.

But I need not have troubled.

The first evening after my arrival I cycled out to the little cottage as I had done on the last evening before my departure, and found the door locked and barred, and a notice "To Let" in the shuttered window.

My old friend had gone where there is no need to dissemble to save pain—where there is no heartache and no poverty. His secret and his sisters' were safe to the last.

E. Almas Stout.

Port Arthur

England salutes thee, Fortress of the East!
Thy long-drawn night of tragedy is o'er,
And thou hast paid war's ruthless Minotaur
Thy dreadful toll of heroes for his Feast.
Honour to those who, dauntless, undismayed,
Tore fierce-eyed Victory from thy embrace;
And to the vanquished—honour not disgrace—
Who stainless in defeat their flag displayed!

Oh! for the sake of those—the gallant dead—
Who in titanic conflict nobly fell
To hold or win thy shattered Citadel,
Now bid the strife of fevered nations cease,
And where afar men perish in the red
Arbitrament of war let there be PEACE!

Mary Farrah.

The Centenary of the London Cab

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century it was the complaint of Englishmen who had visited the chief cities of Europe that the stuffy, slow-travelling hackney-coaches of London were a disgrace to England, and it was urged that an attempt should be made to introduce the *cabriolet de place*, which had attained great popularity in Paris. The hackney-coach proprietors, fearing that the foreign vehicles would diminish their earnings, endeavoured by every means in their power to make the public believe that it would be unpatriotic to permit French customs to be introduced into London. Nevertheless, in 1805, Mr. Rotch, M.P., obtained licenses for nine cabriolets, of which he and a Mr. Bradshaw were joint proprietors. The licenses stipulated, however, that the cabriolets were not to enter "within the bills of mortality," thus excluding them from plying for hire in, or driving to, the chief business, pleasure, and residential parts of the metropolis.

The cabriolets of 1805 were similar in appearance to the modern gig. Only one passenger could be carried at a time, and usually his enjoyment was marred by his having to sit side by side with the driver, who was invariably dirty and frequently smelt strongly of stale beer.

Owing to the limited area in which Rotch and Bradshaw's cabs were compelled to ply for hire, they were a financial failure, but they had proved that much time could be saved by using them instead of hackney-coaches. The public realised that cabriolets licensed to ply for hire "within the bills of mortality" would be a great convenience, and in 1823 official recognition of this was given by the granting of full licenses to twelve newly-built vehicles. These cabriolets were placed on the streets on April 23, 1823, and were described as being "introduced to the public in honour of His Majesty's birthday." The new vehicles differed in one important respect from their predecessors, the driver having a separate seat, built out between the body of the vehicle and the offside wheel. This arrangement enabled each cabriolet to carry two passengers instead of one. The hood bore a strong resemblance to a coffin standing on end, and before many months had elapsed the vehicle was known popularly as "the coffin cab." In rainy weather the driver lowered the fore part of the hood, and if the passenger needed any further protection there was a curtain which he could draw. The fare was eightpence a mile, and fourpence for every additional half-mile or part of half-a-mile. Luggage was placed on the floor, between the apron and the splash-board.

The new cabriolets—or cabs as they were soon called by all but pedants—had not been more than a few months on the streets when people began to complain that the speed at which they travelled was a danger to the public. It was very rarely that cabs exceeded eight miles an hour, but the fact that it was easy for them to pass the lumbering two-horsed hackney-coaches and luggage-laden short-stage coaches was considered to be conclusive proof that their speed was dangerous. It is true that cab accidents were numerous, but in the majority of cases the drivers and passengers were the only sufferers. The cabmen were exceedingly proud of being able to pass every public vehicle—with the exception of the stage coach—and jeered at the drivers whom they overtook on the road. Carmen, hackney and short-stage coachmen retaliated by keeping to the middle of the road when they saw or heard a cab approaching, and when a cabman, trying to pass, caught his wheel against a street post and upset his vehicle they considered it to be a matter calling for loud laughter. Timid people never ventured to ride in a cab, but remained patrons and admirers of the hackney-coaches, which, in spite of their many faults, were the safest vehicles that ever plied for hire in London.

The outcry against cabs soon subsided, and the proprietors, men of good social position, were delighted to find that they had a very profitable business. Possessing

a monopoly of the trade they did not consider it advisable to place many cabs on the streets, and consequently in 1831 there were only 130 in all London. This monopoly of the cab trade by a few influential individuals was denounced as a scandal, with the result that in 1832 all restrictions were removed, and hackney-coach proprietors were permitted to transfer their licenses to cabs. Before the end of the year there were several hundred cabs plying for hire.

London cab 1323

Among the new cabs placed upon the streets in 1832 was one invented by Mr. William Boulnois, father of the present M.P. for Marylebone. It was a closed vehicle and carried two passengers, who sat face to face. The door was at the back, and the driver sat at the front, on the roof. This cab was known by several names—" the back-door cab," " the minibus," " the duobus," " Boulnois's cab," and " the omnibus slice." The last of these names was bestowed upon it because of its resemblance to the fore part of an omnibus. Unfortunately, dishonest people soon discovered that the back-door cab afforded every facility for the enjoyment of free rides, and it became a common occurrence for a cabman to find, on arriving at the place to which he had been instructed to drive, that his passenger had alighted *en route*, without paying. Only a very smart cabman was able to prevent himself from being " bilked," and the close watch which he kept upon his riders was exceedingly annoying to people who had no desire to defraud him.

The back-door cab had not yet disappeared from the streets when Mr. Joseph Aloysius Hansom, architect of the old Birmingham Town Hall, and founder of the *Builder*, arrived in London on a quaint cab, designed by himself, which he had driven from Hinckley in Leicestershire. The body was almost square, and the wheels were seven feet six inches in height —a trifle taller than the vehicle itself. The driver sat on the roof, at the front, with two doors beneath him, one on either

side of his feet. This extraordinary cab began to ply for hire early in 1835, much to the amusement of the drivers of hackney-coaches, "outrigger," and back-door cabs.

A few months later, Hansom, who was financed by the inventor of the back-door cab, reduced the size of the wheels of his vehicle and made several other alterations, with the result that it lost its cattle-shed appearance. The money-earning prospects of the improved cab were considered to be so good that Hansom was offered £10,000 for his rights. He accepted the offer, but as the cabs proved when at work to be far from perfect, the purchasers refused to pay, and not a penny of the promised money was ever received by Hansom.

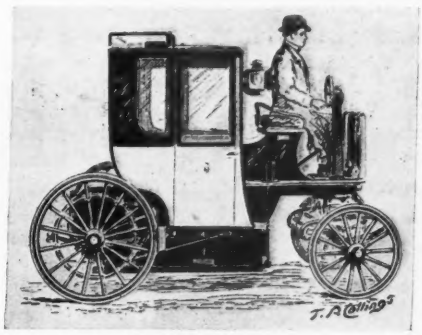
The first hansom

Although Hansom's cab was a failure, it contained many good points. This was realised by Mr. John Chapman—Secretary of the Safety Cabriolet and Two-wheel Carriage Company, but better known as the projector of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway—who designed a cab that was a great improvement on Hansom's. The driver's seat was placed at the back, there was a cranked axle passing under the body of the cab, the sliding window was introduced, and the framework of the lower part of the body was constructed to rest on the ground when tilted backwards or forwards. These alterations produced a cab so similar in almost every respect to the modern hansom that it is to be regretted that Chapman has not received the credit due to him. Although he obtained some ideas from Hansom's vehicle, it is his cab which has enjoyed popularity for nearly seventy years.

Chapman's cab was patented in December, 1836, and was sold almost immediately to the company which owned Hansom's vehicles. Fifty of the new cabs were soon plying for hire, and so successful were they that many more were placed upon the streets during the next few months. The only important alteration that has been made in this type of cab during the sixty-nine years of its existence was the introduction of the straight axle, and to effect this improvement a part of the body, beneath the passengers' seat, had to be cut away.

The first four-wheeled cab was started by the General Cabriolet Conveyance Company about the same time that Chapman's "hansom" appeared. It was named "the covered cab," and was constructed to carry three passengers, two inside and one on the box-seat. "The "Clarence," an improvement on the covered cab, followed in the course of a few months and quickly superseded the original. It was licensed to carry four passengers inside and one outside, and being a smart, quick-travelling vehicle, it was a formidable rival to the remaining hackney-coaches which, until then, had been patronised by people who were afraid to trust themselves in "outrigger" cabs and hansoms. Lord Brougham, being highly pleased with the smartness and comfort of the original "growler," instructed his coach-builder to make one, more luxuriously upholstered, for his private use. This carriage was named the "Brougham."

Eight years later a hansom to carry three passengers was tried. This was the "Tribus," invented by a Mr. Harvey, of London. The entrance was at the back, and to make room for the door the driver's "dickey" was placed further to the offside. One great advantage of this cab was that the driver was able from his seat to open or shut the door. It was also well supplied with windows, there being two at the front, one on either side, and another beneath the cabman's seat. The "Tribus" was not a success, and after a few months it was withdrawn. Then, in the same year, the "Quartobus" appeared. It was a four-wheeler and carried four passengers, but it was unable to compete with the "Clarence," and soon followed the "Tribus" into the broker's yard.



Electric cab

For many years no further attempt was made to introduce a new type of cab, but hansoms and four-wheelers continued to increase, and in September, 1860, they numbered 5,147. Of these 1,674, or about one in three, were "six day" cabs, that is, they did not ply for hire on Sundays. At that time, and for several years later, the license plates issued by the Commissioners of Police to "six day" cabs differed in colour from those affixed to hansoms and four-wheelers which were worked on Sundays as well as on week days, an arrangement which enabled people who objected to Sunday labour to limit their patronage to "six day" cabs. At that time advocates of the proper observance of the Sabbath were far more numerous in London than at the present day, and the drivers of "seven day" cabs, finding that their average daily earnings were considerably lower than those of the "six day" men, agitated for the abolition of the difference in the colour of license plates. Eventually they were successful, much to the regret of many people.

A novel cab, "Parlour's four-seat hansom," was placed upon the streets in January, 1887. It was invented by Mr. Joseph Parlour, and was provided with two entrances, one on either side of the driver. The passengers sat face to face, as in an omnibus, and the steps were arranged so that riders could pass from the cab to the pavement without running the risk of their boots being soiled by the muddy road. In the same year, Mr. J. C. Robinson patented the "Victoria Hansom," the roof of which could be raised or lowered by the driver according to the wish of the rider. A few of these cabs are still to be seen in London, and it is somewhat surprising that there are not more. Another variation of the hansom was the "Court." With the exception that it had four wheels, it was similar to the ordinary hansom. "Court" hansoms still ply for hire, and appear to be well patronised, but they are not numerous.

In the year that Parlour's cab was tried, the London Improved Cab Company came into existence. It is now the largest cab company in London, possessing some 600 vehicles, and its stables are one of the most interesting equine sights of London. Another company was started in 1888. This was the Shrewsbury and Talbot Cab and Noiseless Tyre Company Limited, formed to purchase, among other things, the Forder-built, india-rubber-tyre hansoms placed on the streets a few years previously by the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot. These hansoms were far superior to any others plying for hire, but it was not long before the leading rival proprietors possessed cabs of equal merit.

The first horseless cabs appeared in 1897. Although well patronised they did not prove profitable to their owners, and after several months' trial they were withdrawn. However, on Queen Victoria's eightieth birthday electric cabs were again gliding, humming pleasantly, through the West-End streets, but they were even less successful than their predecessors, their career as public vehicles being brought to an end before many weeks had elapsed. At present there are a few motor cabs plying for hire.

The complaint that cabmen are addicted to demanding more than the legal fare has existed for one hundred years—and will, in all probability, continue to flourish until a distance-checking machine is affixed to every cab. An apparatus of this kind, the "taxameter," was tried in 1899. It was a species of clock fixed on the offside of the cab, above the wheel, and recorded, among other things, the distance travelled, the legal fare to be paid, and extras due for luggage and waiting. Six hansoms fitted with this register were sent out on March 16, 1899, but the cabmen, as a body, objected strongly to the innovation, although £2 2s. a week and a percentage of the earnings were offered to every driver of a taxameter-cab. Consequently the attempt to introduce a check which would put an end to wranglings between cabmen and the public was a failure.

In concluding this brief review of the leading events in the history of London cabs, it is interesting to note that there are now, roughly, 4,000 four-wheelers and 7,500 hansoms licensed to ply for hire. In 1805 there were only nine cabs and 1,000 hackney-coaches. It may be said that the increase is not as great as might have been expected, but it must be remembered that omnibuses, trams and trains are formidable rivals of the cab. A century ago cabs and hackney-coaches were, practically, without competitors.

HENRY CHARLES MOORE.

A "taxameter" hansom

Parables of Jesus

IV.—The Hid Treasure and the Pearl of Great Price

St. Matthew xiii. 44, 45, 46.

THE two parables of which we were thinking last month describe the progress of the Kingdom of Heaven in the world. The two parables which we are now to consider describe the possession of the Kingdom of Heaven in the individual soul. The coming of the Kingdom is set before us as a personal discovery and acquisition of Truth. But we are still to carry with us our conception of the Kingdom as something vital and energetic. The Truth which is here pourtrayed as a treasure, as a pearl of great price, is Truth in relationship to life. It is an inspiration and satisfaction of life—an inward energy of faith and power and joy.

Note first that this personal possession of the Truth which Christ revealed is fitly described as the "Kingdom of Heaven." For it is Truth alone which gives royalty to life. Until we have found and grasped some Truth which we take as giving for us the last word about the meaning of ourselves and of God, our life lacks purpose and consistency. It is swayed about by the events, the impressions, the business, the passions, which encounter us. To them we are subject: it is Truth alone which makes us kings. It gives us the power of choosing our own principles of action, of ordering and arranging our life in accordance with them. In this sense the enthronement of Truth makes a man the "master of his destiny." You remember the great words of our Lord in that brief and wonderful colloquy with Pilate. "Thou sayest that I am a King. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world that I should bear witness unto the truth." The life of witness to the Truth is the royal life. And for that reason it is the life of freedom. The Truth, said our Lord, shall make you free. We are made for freedom. Man's inborn freedom is the proof of his royal blood—the "image of God" in which he was made. But when it loses hold upon the Truth it becomes self-will, and self-will reveals its error by bringing men under the bondage of sin. It is only when we discover the Truth and make it our own and follow it that we recover our freedom. For the possession of the Truth unites our own will to the free and royal Will of Almighty God. We enter into "the Kingdom of Heaven."

2. Note, secondly, that these two parables are at one in presenting this possession of Truth as something which demands sacrifice if it is to be attained. The men sold all that they had in order to secure their discovery. When once we have come to take the Revelation of Jesus Christ as true there is only one place which it can fill in our life—it is the place of supremacy. To secure it, to realize it as our own, to enjoy its wealth, we must be ready to make any sacrifice. We do not possess it if we only believe that it exists, or that it is of great value. We do not possess it if we only discern it—see at times visions of its beauty and richness, of all that it *might* bring into our life. We do not possess it even if in moments of high emotion we seem to feel and know its wealth and power. Possession is secured only by sacrifice—sacrifice which is willing to cover the whole range of life. We must be willing to sell all that we have in order to buy. Is it not true?—do we not in our conscience know it to be true?—that the reason why so many of us who believe in the truth of our religion, who even have glimpses of its wonder and beauty, and occasional experiences of its power, do not really possess it, and are not possessed by it, is simply that we have not yet made up our minds that for us it is to be the supreme thing. It is when we *stake* something for Christ and His Truth, stake some inward struggle or outward service that we begin to make sure of our vital hold upon Him. Certainly those who stake most fully seem always to possess most surely. There are men now working in the native quarter of Calcutta, in the heart of Central Africa, in the crowds of

East London, who know that the promise of our Lord is always fulfilled—"There is no man that hath left house or parents or brethren or wife or children for the Kingdom of God's sake who shall not receive manifold more in this present time and in the world to come life everlasting." Your religion will be a possession of happiness and power only in proportion as it is thorough, and thoroughness is tested by sacrifice.

3. Note, thirdly, that the two parables explain the nature of Christian sacrifice. It is so sure of the supreme worth of its object that it is eager and even joyful. It is expressly said of the man who found the treasure that *in his joy* he goeth and selleth all that he hath." If a man has really come to see and know the worth of the Gospel—that it does bring "salvation," that sense of inner *rightness* in relation to God and self and the world, which alone can satisfy his life—then the sacrifices which he makes to secure it are lifted and lightened by a certain joyful ardour. Sacrifice of some sort there must be in all human life: it arouses either willing acceptance or grudging submission. But even the willing sacrifice has two kinds. It may be that which bends the head, and shuts the lips, and steels itself to bear in a proud acknowledgment of destiny. It speaks in the pathetic words of Matthew Arnold, bidding us

> Waive all claim to bliss and try to bear;
> With close-lipped patience for our only friend,
> Sad patience too near neighbour to despair.

But there is also the sacrifice which is borne and even welcomed because it is sustained by an uplifting trust in the motives of the Power which asks for it, and in the issue towards which it tends. It is always true that "he who saves his life shall lose it": it is not always true that "he who loses his life shall save it." For he must know and trust the ultimate meaning of his loss. Our Lord's promise is "He who loses his life for *My sake and the Gospels* shall save it." These additional words take the blindness and the bitterness out of sacrifice. St. Augustine found this true in his experience, "How delightful did it suddenly become to me to lack all frivolous delights, and those which I had feared to lose it was now a joy to forego. For Thou did'st cast them from me who art the true and highest delight. Thou did'st cast them from me and enter in their place who art sweeter than every pleasure." Sometimes, indeed, the actual pain of the sacrifice is not spared. Jesus Himself felt it keenly. But the spirit is sustained by the joy of the issue. It is said of Jesus that "for the joy that was set before Him He endured the cross, despising the shame." Never without struggle can the Kingdom of Heaven be attained: it is "the violent" who press into it. To the outward observer the strain may seem hard and severe, but he who knows and trusts what he is seeking will find increasingly that his faith, his sureness about the worth of it all, lifts the weight of his burden and lights the darkness of the way, and brings even joy into the sacrifice. The spirit stands erect even when the head is bowed, and the cross of the Christian, like the cross of Christ, becomes a throne.

So far the two parables teach a common lesson. But there is a significant difference between them, which almost all commentators have noticed. In the first, the treasure is suddenly and unexpectedly discovered by the labourer as he is at work in the field. In the second, the pearl of great price is the reward of the merchantman's long and eager search. The parables thus illustrate the two chief ways in which the Kingdom of Heaven comes to men. Let us therefore consider very shortly each parable by itself.

I. The Parable of the Hid Treasure.

The labourer is working in the field, fulfilling the routine of his daily task. Suddenly his attention is arrested. Perhaps the ploughshare turns over with the earth some unfamiliar object. The labourer stoops down, and he discovers a mass of treasure which some one in these unsettled districts had buried in the soil for safety. So it has often happened in the story of the soul. It may be that while the daily life is running its usual course suddenly the familiar words of the Bible stand out with new clearness, or

arrest the conscience with new force and power. The spirit is seized and stirred by some new throb of insight or of penitence. I have known, for example, an instance in which the truth and wonder of the reality of Christ's human nature and sympathy flashed upon a man as he was almost casually reading a description of the boyhood of Jesus. It was hearing the Gospel for the day in Church which changed the whole life of St. Francis of Assisi. Sometimes a sudden sense of sin and craving for the assurance of salvation have pressed in upon the soul with overwhelming urgency. You remember the life-stories of Bunyan and John Newton. Some of you may have been spectators of the strange drama of a great "revival." At the present time no one can read the accounts of the revival in Wales without profound emotion. Make all allowance for the atmosphere of a common excitement, for the mysterious influences of the body upon the soul. Analyze, as we will, the "psychology of conversion," and account as we please for the "sub-conscious self" and its capacity for sudden emergence into activity. But it is impossible to see or hear of these sudden and surprising movements of the soul without a renewed conviction that they are also the signs of that Spirit of God Who blows where He lists and men cannot tell whence He comes and whither He goes, and of the deep and ineradicable correspondence between the need of man and the Gospel of Christ.

But the parable teaches two other lessons which it behoves us equally to lay to heart: (1) The first is, the treasure is hid in the field: it is not dropped from the skies. What is new and sudden is not the existence of the treasure, but the man's discovery of it. So in the case of these strange illuminations and conversions. However sudden they may seem, we cannot doubt that all the while a preparation has been going on in the soul. The impressions of early experiences apparently forgotten—recollections, it may be, as Wordsworth thought, of some higher and purer world—the patient teaching, perhaps in childhood, of parent or pastor—old questionings silenced for the time but haunting still the recesses of the mind—the unconscious influence of baptismal grace, of the unseen Spirit of God—all these have been "hid in the field" of character and life. How often we learn that some of the most penetrating and enduring influences are those which do their work in silence and in secret. There is the atmosphere of home in early days; there are the prayers and thoughts of those who watch us with silent eyes of love and care both here and surely in the world unseen; there is the quietly diffused power of example, of contact with men and women better than ourselves; above all—how strangely we forget it!—there is the ceaseless working of One who knows us perfectly and loves even as He knows and who wills that all should be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth. Never let us neglect for ourselves or for others the silent power and steady pressure of education, of atmosphere, of orderly habits, of religion, of the faithful use of appointed "means of grace." The treasure must be prepared and hid before it can be discovered. Let us neither doubt nor presume upon the liberty of God's illuminating and converting power.

(2) The second lesson of caution is that when, in the parable, the treasure is found, the man hides it again. Why? In order that he may make quite sure his possession of it. Not till he has quietly and diligently sold all he has and bought the whole field is that security his. Thus when any sudden illumination or conversion comes men are not to suppose that the treasure is at once and wholly their own. They are not there and then to drag it forth, to proclaim it upon the house-tops, to shout aloud their discovery of it. They are, on the contrary, rather to "hide" it—to show their sense of its tremendous value by a reverent reserve. Then by diligent self-denial, by testing their sincerity, they are to buy up and bring under their control the whole field of their life and character. Then and then only can they dare to say that the new-found treasure is their own. Saul of Tarsus went from his conversion for three years into the deserts of Arabia.

II. The Parable of the Pearl of Great Price.

The Kingdom of Heaven, the possession of the Truth as it is in Jesus, comes to men not only as a sudden discovery but as the reward of eager search. It is the life-work of the merchantman to find "goodly pearls," and in the course of his travels he finds one of such supreme worth that for the sake of it he sells all he has and buys it.

There are three points in the parable which I ask you specially to notice: (1) "Goodly pearls" are the object of the merchant's search. He is a type of those who view the world as full of possibilities waiting to be realized, full of "pearls" of truth, and beauty and joy. Life presents itself to them as a quest, a voyage of discovery. They are never happy in the peaceful harbour of routine; they are ever putting out to sea. Like Tennyson's Ulysses they "cannot rest from travel"; they say, with him,—

"All experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move."

This is a spirit in itself right and brave and true. He who made the world and rejoices in it, Who has filled it with such inexhaustible beauty and mystery, Who has endowed us with such powers of feeling and of thought, must surely watch with favour His merchantmen setting out to seek the goodly pearls. It is one of the reasons why we should be thankful for the age in which we live that there is such a stir of travel in the air, such a belief in the wealth which life contains.

But (2) notice that it is a merchantman who seeks the pearls, a man whose search is a business, demanding and receiving care, thoroughness, concentration. It is the weak and disappointing side of our modern spirit that it is so superficial, so vaguely restless. If we are to find "pearls" we must seek with real deliberation and persistence, not as the *dillettante* but as the merchantman. Dr. Jowett said once, in one of his pithy sermons, "the search for truth is one thing: fluttering after it is another." There is too much of this vague fluttering in the modern spirit. Many people feel the mere seeking, travelling, enquiring so interesting that they are not seriously concerned about the finding. We may be sure that in the spiritual as in the artistic or scientific life, the mere amateur will do no great work and make no great discoveries. You will never get an answer to your questions unless your heart and will are set upon the getting of it.

Again (3) it has often been pointed out that in the parable the merchant who is seeking goodly pearls finds *one* pearl of great price; and that one pearl satisfies the search for many. He sells all he has and buys it. This goodly pearl of great price is plainly the Truth as it is in Jesus. It is presented to us as a supreme unity—gathering into itself all the truth and beauty which we seek. After all, it is only in some unity—some one truth which sets the place and value of all others—that we can find the satisfaction of the spirit's quest. The man of science, unless he arbitrarily arrests his journey, must pass from the laws whose working he traces, to the nature of the whole of which they are a part. The artist must seek some relationship between beauty and truth and goodness. The philosopher must find the correspondence between truth and life. We all need some point of view from which we can settle the proportion of all the varied elements of our being. It is this single, unifying truth which we believe to be given us in "the Word made Flesh"—in the union of man with God in the Person of Jesus Christ. It displaces and thrusts out nothing that the mind of man can truly know or the senses of man can rightly feel. It only brings into one light the scattered rays. It stands apart from the objects of human thought and sensation only because it stands above them and gathers them up into its own unity. It links the universe and all its laws with God, truth with life, beauty with goodness, love with law. But this is a theme too vast and deep for such a paper as this. I cannot do better than close with the words of Dr. Trench: "It is God alone in whom any intelligent creature can find its centre and true repose; only when man has found *Him* does the great *Eureka* (I have found) burst forth from his lips: in Augustine's beautiful and often quoted words: 'Lord, Thou hast made us *for* Thee, and our heart is restless until it resteth *in* Thee.'"

C. G. Stepney.

A Colonial Imperialist

IN Canada, Joseph Howe is a name to conjure with. In England probably not one person in a hundred knows anything of the man, though he nobly served not only his own small province, but the Empire and the world-wide cause of liberty.

He was born in the month of December, a hundred years ago, into a little world strangely uncongenial to an active-minded, high-spirited man. He was born "a colonist" in days when the people at home were disposed to regard colonies as something worse than useless, and to look on their inhabitants with a mixture of contempt and distrust. The events of the American Revolution were fresh in the minds of the British people, though its lessons had not yet been mastered, and consoling themselves with the well-worn comparison of the natural falling of ripe fruit, they expected the remaining British American provinces to follow the example set by the United States. In the meantime, before the inevitable separation, they endeavoured, through the old navigation laws and trade restrictions, to make all the gain possible.

But the colonies had even greater grievances than these. Having governments that were supposed to be copies in miniature of the glorious British Constitution, with a triple legislative machine, in imitation of the King, Lords, and Commons of England, each of the provinces was in reality controlled by an oligarchy.

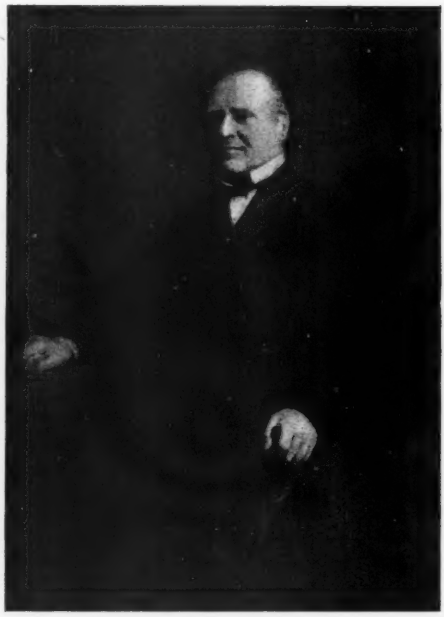
In the several colonies the chief power resided in the executive council, of which the members, appointed for life, were not responsible to the people, and were rarely interfered with by the Crown. As a rule the executive and legislative councils formed one body, having functions akin both to those of the Cabinet and the House of Lords; and the governors, sent out from England and usually ignorant of the circumstances, needs, and ideas of the colonists, either became mere puppets in the hands of these councils, or were speedily ousted from their seats of supposed authority. In all the provinces there sprang into being an "official class" whose members, connected by kinship and marriage, made common cause against all opponents, and generally used their opportunities for their private benefit. Thus an ambitious man, who would not stoop to fawn upon and flatter them, was placed at a serious disadvantage.

Such were the conditions under which Joseph Howe made his entry into life. He was a born fighter with his trenchant weapons of tongue and pen, and sorely did his countrymen need a champion. Unlike many resisters of tyranny, however, his own youthful days were not saddened by the immediate consciousness of oppression. He was born in a pleasant cottage overlooking the beautiful "North-west Arm" of Halifax Harbour, and for thirteen years he led a free, happy, natural life, rarely shut up for long together in any formal school, but ever learning from the great poem of Nature, with its wonders of wood and shore and ocean; from the books loved by his father; and from that wise father himself.

To his son's latest days the memory of John Howe was a potent influence, inspiring him with the love of truth, of liberty, of his country, and of the Empire. The elder Howe was one of the refugees who had left Boston for Halifax in 1775, when the Massachusetts seaport was evacuated by the British troops. Many years after his death, in a speech delivered to an English audience at Southampton, Joseph Howe spoke proudly of his father's adherence to the side of England, and added, "Whatever the future may have in store, I want, when I stand beside his grave to feel that I have done my best to preserve the connection he valued, that the British flag may wave above the soil in which he sleeps." This sentiment was shared by thousands of his fellow-countrymen, and to this day the memory of the staunch old United Empire Loyalists—the Pilgrim Fathers of England's second North American dominion—is in Canada one of the strongest incentives to loyalty.

With stories of the long uncertain contest as one of the most interesting of nursery tales, with the knowledge of the Loyalists' sacrifices ever in his mind, young Joseph Howe was naturally impressed with a love for the Mother Country and its time-honoured institutions.

But, side by side with this attachment, there grew up in the boy's heart an even intenser passion for liberty. At times it must have seemed that the two loves were at strife, but he never lost faith in their ultimate reconciliation. Though some of the Canadian Reformers turned from England in despair, Howe never wavered in the effort to open her eyes to the gross injustice done to the colonies in her name; and there is no doubt that he had a considerable share in bringing about the radical change in the colonial policy of Great Britain.



Joseph Howe

He began his life-work early. His brief playtime and briefer school-days ended, he was sent at thirteen, to learn printing in his father's office. After ten years' apprenticeship to the mechanical part of journalism, varied by some experimental effusions in prose and verse, he became part proprietor and editor of a Halifax newspaper. His next venture, a few months later, was to undertake the publication of a more important newspaper on his own account, and from this time he took a keen interest in the political questions, not only of Nova Scotia, but of the Empire at large. The struggle for better government in his own province enlisted his warmest sympathies, and he soon taught the opponents of reform to dread his sharp and outspoken criticisms. Of course they were eager to avenge themselves, and soon Howe laid himself open to their attack.

At that time, Halifax, like the other towns in British North America, was governed by magistrates, who were entirely independent of the people's control. Neglect, mismanagement, and corruption were the order of the day, and in January, 1835, Howe published a letter denouncing the magistrates of Halifax County, and roundly accusing them of having robbed the people, "by one stratagem or other," of at least £30,000.

Upon his refusal to give up the author, Howe was indicted for libel. From a legal point of view, his case was thought so weak that none of the lawyers would undertake his defence. Nothing daunted, he borrowed their books, "read libel law for a week," and prepared to defend himself. Hitherto he had made no reputation as a public speaker, but now in a speech that took over six hours to deliver, he triumphantly vindicated the purity of his own intentions in the publication of the letter, showed that the accusations against the magistrates had not been made without the gravest cause, and cited numerous high legal authorities to prove that these two facts formed a valid defence. The popular excitement was intense, and, when after ten minutes' retirement, the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty," the crowds in and about the courthouse

sent up such a shout as the little garrison town had never heard before. All that day and the next the people kept holiday, and processions of sleighs with bands of music, flaunting banners, and jingling bells, paraded the town to celebrate Howe's victory for the freedom of the press.

The magistrates, who had been on trial as surely as Joseph Howe, resigned in a body, but it was not till six years later that the system was changed and Halifax received incorporation.

This libel trial is as memorable in the history of the Dominion as the trials of the Seven Bishops and of Wilkes in the history of England. From that day Howe was the acknowledged champion of liberty in Nova Scotia. Unlike many of the would-be reformers he knew exactly what he wanted. "All we ask for," he said in 1836, "is what exists at home—a system of responsibility to the people extending through all departments supported at the public expense."

This was on the eve of the Canadian Rebellion, and throughout that trying time, Howe kept both himself and his followers under control. Determined as Papineau and Mackenzie that a change should be made, he was equally determined that this should be brought about peacefully, and before the rash attempt of the Canadian "patriots" to achieve independence, he solemnly warned them whither they were drifting. He was persuaded that for years to come the best hope for the development of the North American colonies lay in the continuance and strengthening of the connection with Great Britain. Thinking thus, he and his coadjutors endeavoured to stimulate the loyalty of their followers, and, while in the Canadas excited mobs were gathering to overthrow their oppressors with pitch-forks and fowling-pieces, their brethren of the Maritime Provinces were meeting peacefully to put on record their loyalty to the Queen and their unwavering determination to maintain the integrity of the Empire.

Government House, Halifax, Nova Scotia

On the other hand, Joseph Howe was not to be shamed by the follies of the more desperate reformers from asserting his principles. Immediately after the Rebellion, when weaker men were labouring to disavow all sympathy with the unhappy "patriots," he had strong words of condemnation for the corrupt and selfish officials who "were interested in misgovernment," and "opposed every attempt at political improvement."

After the Rebellion came a momentary brightening in the dark sky of British North American politics, and it seemed that Howe's faith in the justice and good intentions of the Imperial Government was to receive its reward. In 1838 the British authorities sent out Lord Durham to investigate the cause of the Canadian revolt. He passed only a few months in Canada, but made such excellent use of his time that his "Report" was considered by the colonial Reformers themselves as most masterly and exhaustive.

The Province Building, Halifax, Nova Scotia
(Where the Assembly and Legislative Council hold their meetings)

For all the manifold defects of the governments of the provinces he unhesitatingly recommended responsible government as a simple and efficacious remedy. But the joy of the Reformers was shortlived. The Imperial Government was not prepared for such a concession. Even that liberal statesman, Lord John Russell, regarded the principle as inapplicable to the colonies, and explicitly declared that it could not be granted.

Still Howe did not despair. Persuaded that the refusal could only arise from a misunderstanding of the condition of affairs, he boldly set himself to enlighten the people of England from the Colonial Secretary downwards. In four letters addressed to Lord John Russell he stated the case of the colonies fully, carefully, and powerfully. He then had these letters printed and sent copies to every member of both Houses of Parliament, and to all the clubs and newspapers of the British Isles.

Meantime Lord John Russell had seen reason to change his opinion, and in October, 1839, he penned a despatch to Sir John Harvey, Governor of New Brunswick, which that gentleman construed as instructing him to introduce the wished-for mode of government. The Reformers contended, from the tenor of this document, that the new principle was to be applied to all the provincial governments, but in Nova Scotia the contest lasted nine years longer before the successive representatives of the Sovereign arrived at the same happy conclusion. Unfortunately the strife between Howe and one of the governors, Lord Falkland, was embittered by discourteous personalities,

which were not to the credit of either combatant. At last better days dawned. Falkland was recalled, and the principle of responsibility to the people was recognized by all parties alike.

For his share in the happy settlement of this great question the whole of the British Empire, as well as little Nova Scotia, owes a debt of gratitude to Joseph Howe, for it was impossible that the old system could have been pursued much longer without irreparable injury to the ties between England and her North American colonies. But Howe was not satisfied with merely averting this danger. He was in fact one of the earliest and boldest of Imperialists, urging that the representatives of the colonies should be admitted to the Imperial Parliament, and that there should be free trade within the Empire. The inferiority of the position of a mere colonist galled him, and he desired to see "North America aspire to consolidation as an integral part of the British Empire, or assert her claims to a national existence." But later, in the same speech, he added, "I will endeavour, while asserting the rights of my native land with boldness, to perpetuate our connection with the British Isles, the home of our fathers, the cradle of our race." "What we want," he declared, "is annexation to our Mother-Country. . . . What we require is union with the Empire, and investiture with the rights and dignity of British citizenship." Again he complained that British "statesmen still go on dreaming that they can keep continents filled with freemen, without making any provision for their incorporation with the Empire, or for securing to them any control over their foreign relations!"

And it was Howe's settled conviction that the British people were as vitally interested in the consolidation of the Empire as the colonists themselves. He believed that the loss of the North American Provinces would be a terrible blow to Old England, but saw no way of avoiding the disaster save by putting the colonies on a different footing. In the meantime, he was quick to seize any opportunity of improving what might be called the circulation of the Empire. In his own country he promoted the building of railways, and he was one of the first to advocate, on imperial grounds, the establishment of a line of mail steamships between England and British America. After that was accomplished he tried to induce the Imperial Government to give bounties for carrying emigrants to British North America, so that the poorer class of settlers might come out in steam instead of sailing vessels (upon which the mortality was often terrible) and might not be cut off by the expense of the passage from all hope of revisiting their native land, for, as things were in 1850, the British Isles, according to Howe, threw off "not only the bodies but the souls" of their emigrants.

Throughout his life, Howe refused to believe in the barriers that marked off one portion of the Empire from another, and, directly and indirectly, explicitly and implicitly, he claimed his position as "a Briton." For instance, in 1857, when replying at a public meeting in Boston to the toast of "Our Mother-Country," he said "we Englishmen are endeavouring to combine in one general system the forty States and Provinces, which compose the British Empire. . . . And while combining them we wish to develop free trade with each other, and, if possible, with all the world."

Joseph Howe lived to see great changes besides the concession to the colonies of responsible government. During his latter years, the several North American Provinces were united as the Dominion of Canada, and a few weeks before his death Howe himself was appointed lieutenant-governor of his native province—a thing that could hardly have happened under the old regîme. Though the greater union for which he longed is not yet accomplished, the colonies no longer occupy the old position of inferiority and the "links of love" between the Mother and Daughter-Nations have (thanks to Howe and such as he) assuredly gained strength since the day, thirty years ago, when the old Imperialist lay down to rest after his long warfare.

EMILY P. WEAVER.

Silver-Swan and Foxbrush

An Ancient Saga of Utland

THERE was once a wicked old woman who had two daughters, her own, who was plain-looking and bad-tempered, and a step-daughter who was pretty and amiable and beloved by everybody. This vexed the mother and daughter, and made them jealous and spiteful. One day the pretty step-daughter went to fetch water from the spring. Whilst filling her bucket a small white hand appeared and a voice said, "Pretty maid, give me the golden apple your fairy godmother gave you and I will wish three good wishes for you." The voice spoke so pleadingly and the girl was so good-natured, she gave the apple into the tiny outstretched hand. Then this little Puck wished firstly that she should be thrice as pretty as now; secondly, that whenever she laughed gold should fall out of her mouth; thirdly, that roses should spring up wherever she trod. And each wish was realised. From that day the girl was called Silver Swan, and the reputation of her beauty spread far and wide. This vexed the step-mother more than ever, and she set herself to find out how it had happened. This done she sent her own daughter to the spring, and the same little hand was stretched out and the same pleading voice spoke, "Pretty maid, give me your golden apple and I will wish you three good wishes."

But the girl's nature being selfish and avaricious, she struck the little hand and answered angrily, "Why should I give you my apple? No, indeed." So she filled her pitcher, stirring up all the mud she could in the stream and went away crosser and worse tempered than ever. Now these were Puck's wishes for her: Firstly, that she should grow thrice as plain as she was; secondly, that a dead rat should fall out of her mouth every time she smiled; thirdly, that poisonous weeds should spring up wherever she trod. From this time her name was Foxbrush, and the reputation of her odd looks and queer temper spread far and wide.

The girl Silver Swan had a brother to whom she was much attached, and who was devoted to her, but alas! he had left home to serve a King in a far-off foreign land. He was such a good servitor that the others were envious of his having the goodwill and favour of the King, and were trying their utmost to bring some disgrace upon him. "Sire," said they to their royal master, "We know you do not like those who are heathens and worship false gods, therefore we think it right not to conceal from you the fact that the foreign

lad kneels every night and morning before an idol." When the King was told this he thought it was mere idle gossip and slander, and was not inclined to give heed to it. But to convince him his cunning servitors brought the King to the lad's chamber one night and begged him to peep through the keyhole. The King did so, and beheld the boy on his knees before a pretty picture. This seemed confirmation of what they said. Nothing for it was there but to have the lad brought before him and punished severely for his wickedness.

"Sire," entreated the boy, "do not suppose I worship idols. It is the picture of my dear sister. I pray night and day that God may protect her from the cruel jealousy of a wicked and envious step-mother." The King now asked to see the picture, and was so charmed with it he could not tear his regards away.

"If she be indeed your sister," said he, "you shall bring her to me and I will make her my Queen. But if you have told me a lie you shall be given up to wild beasts to devour. Then the King commanded a beautiful ship to be built of shells and mother of pearl and fitted up with costly magnificence, and his youthful servitor to fetch the lovely girl to his royal Court. After sailing o'er the deep broad ocean he came in time to his own land. Now on making his request for his sister his step-mother and sister asked if they might go too. "No," said he. But his amiable sister begged so hard on their behalf that he at last gave in. On their return voyage a terrible storm arose and everyone on board thought the ship must sink. But the lad kept up his courage and climbed to the top of the mast to see if land were nigh. With great joy he shouted, "Dear sister, be brave, land is in sight." But the wind made so much noise Silver Swan could not hear, and turning to her step-mother asked what he said. The false woman replied, "He says if you do not throw that heavy casket of gold and jewels into the sea we shall never see land again." Hearing this the girl consented immediately to her casket being thrown into the sea. After awhile her brother shouted again, "Silver Swan, it is time you arrayed yourself as befits a King's bride, for we shall soon arrive." Again the gale blew his words away. But the step-mother said, "Did you not hear what he said? He said if you do not throw yourself into the sea we shall never see land again." This seemed very strange, but she supposed her brother had a reason for it, and while she was thinking her step-mother gave her a push and over she went.

Silver Swan was carried away by the waves and brought to the Mermaid who reigns over all who are lost in the sea.

When her brother came down from the mast and asked for his sister, he was told she had fallen over into the sea. Everybody on board trembled, for they feared the fate that awaited them for not taking better care of the King's bride. But the cunning step-mother suggested in order to spare them that her own daughter be arrayed as a bride and none would be the wiser. At first her step-son indignantly refused, but the sailors in fear of their lives compelled him to consent. So Foxbrush was adorned with girdle of gold and gems. And shortly the ship put into port where the King and his Court awaited in purple and splendour the arrival of his beautiful bride. Rich carpets were spread and beneath a golden canopy the young girl was escorted with much pomp and ceremony. But at first sight of her the King was amazed and became dreadfully angry. Turning to his servitors he commanded the lad to be given over to the wild beasts, but as a King's word cannot be gainsaid, he took Foxbrush for his bride.

Now Silver Swan had a pet dog whose name was Snowball, but when his mistress had gone away and there was no one left to care for him he went to the kitchen and lay down in front of the fire. At night when all had gone to bed the cook observed the door open by itself, and a little duck enter the kitchen. At each step of the little duck there sprang up a beautiful rose, and as it approached the little dog it quacked—

Poor little Snowball, lonesome and sad.
All through that stepmother cruel and bad
Silver Swan vanished, the bride of the King
Shall Foxbrush usurp the royal marriage ring?

Then with her bill she caressed little Snowball, and the little dog licked her in return. After this the duck passed out, the door opening again in the same way.

The King caught and kissed her hand

Next day the cook decorated the King's dinner-table with the lovely roses; so lovely indeed were they that the King sent for his cook and asked where they came from. Thereupon the whole story of the previous night was related. This interested His Majesty amazingly, and he commanded the cook to let him know if the duck should come again. The following night the duck came as before and a messenger was immediately despatched to the King, who arrived just as the duck passed out by the door. But the kitchen floor was strewn with such beautiful roses as had never been seen before. Now the King was determined that if the duck came again it should not escape, consequently he stationed himself in the kitchen

next evening, and waited until nearly midnight, when the duck appeared and spoke to the dog as before. Then on turning to leave after affectionately caressing the dog, the King arose and laid hold of one of the little webbed feet. Instantaneously the duck was transformed into a heavy dragoon. Nevertheless, the King held on more firmly than ever. Then the dragoon changed into a savage wild beast. Still the King held on. Then into a venomous snake. In spite of all the King held on, indeed more resolutely at each change. His Majesty did not know, however, it was the Mermaid of the Deep doing all this, and that she had a strong though invisible chain at which she pulled with all her might. But at last—at last the chain broke, broke with a tremendous noise, and immediately there stood before the King a beautiful maiden who in the sweetest of voices thanked him for rescuing her from the Ocean Queen. So enraptured was the King that he caught and kissed her hand, saying, "You and you alone, shall be my bride." This then was Silver Swan. Her brother had not spoken falsely; she was indeed lovely, lovely as she was good. A messenger was despatched forthwith to see if he were still alive, who found him seated among the wild beasts unharmed.

So rejoiced was the King in the possession of such a bride that he invited all the greatest and noblest in the land to a magnificent banquet. When all were seated he, the King himself, told the story of the wicked step-mother. "Now what punishment does such wickedness deserve?" he concluded by asking his courtiers. But the wicked woman not applying it to herself, replied first: "Such a one deserves to be boiled in boiling lead." Then turning to Foxbrush the King asked her opinion: "I should say she deserves to be boiled in boiling tar," was her reply. But Silver Swan on her knees entreated for mercy, and the King assented, for the thought of his marriage next day with this good and lovely maiden made his heart soften and happy.

CAROLINE CORNER-OHLMÜTZ.

Photograph by *J. McClellan*

A Dog Study

Hymns Ancient and Modern

WHEN a book has reached the almost unparalleled sale of over thirty million copies, its revision must naturally excite a widespread interest, and the new and revised edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," issued in last November, will probably be read, criticised, praised or blamed by a larger circle of readers than any other publication of the last twelve months. It is somewhat difficult to account for the pre-eminent popularity of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." In England this hymnal far outstrips all competitors. A Committee of the Southern House of Convocation was appointed in 1891 to make enquiries upon the hymnals in general use, and from no less than 13,659 churches and chapels of the Church of England statistics were obtained which showed that "Hymns Ancient and Modern" were in use in 10,340 cases, the "Hymnal Companion" in 1478, "Church Hymns" (S.P.C.K.) in 1462, and various other hymnals in the remaining 379. No more recent figures are available; but, since nothing succeeds like success, it is reasonable to suppose that the preponderance of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" is at the present time even greater than it was thirteen years ago.

But, while the fact of the ascendency of this collection is indisputable, the reason of that ascendency is not so easily determined. The literary merits are not of the highest order. Many of the hymns, especially some of the translations from the Latin, are bald, prosaic, and uninteresting. To the popular mind not a few of the hymns must seem to lack the first elements of popularity. Hymnologists have felt aggrieved in many instances at unnecessary and sometimes wanton mutilations of the original text. From a theological point of view the doctrinal standard must still be far in advance of the doctrines commonly taught in the great majority of English churches. There is to our mind one, and only one, reason that satisfactorily accounts for the pre-eminence and popularity of this collection, and this is the transcendent superiority of the *music* compared with the music of the "Hymnal Companion," "Church Hymns," and other less known hymnals. Other reasons have been alleged. The title "Ancient and Modern" was, according to Dr. Julian's "Dictionary of Hymnology," p. 339, "one of the most happy ever adopted for a book. A great wave of religious enthusiasm was passing over the Church, and things old and primitive were esteemed of great value. Men were beginning to long for something of the old way of thinking and fragrant with the old flavour. To get, therefore, a collection of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' was to gratify this longing, in utter ignorance of the fact that everything therein that was old had been at the threshold of their houses years before. The one word 'Ancient' in the title was a magician's wand." This estimate, however, of the appreciation of things ancient is probably exaggerated, since it is precisely the ancient element of the book that is least frequently in common use, and the few ancient hymns which are general favourites are equally to be found in other hymn-books. A more plausible reason for its present overwhelming pre-eminence lies in the fact that the first edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" in 1861 was ten years earlier than "Church Hymns," and nine years earlier than the "Hymnal Companion." Thus it was first in the field among the more popular hymnals, and in matters of this kind a good start is of the utmost importance.

But, as has been already stated, the great pre-eminence of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" is due mainly to the great superiority or the great popularity (the two are not always identical) of the *music*. On this point there can scarcely be any doubt. For this reason it has been introduced into hundreds of churches, where its advanced sacramental doctrines ill accord with the ordinary teaching given from the pulpit; but the obnoxious hymns are not used, and the congregations placidly acquiesce. In

churches which are citadels of Protestantism, and where its introduction among the congregation would cause an explosion, copies of the musical edition are sometimes to be found in the choir stalls; and even in Nonconformists' chapels the book is occasionally used as a tune book in conjunction with the ordinary hymn-books of the community. The translations of Dr. Neale may be discarded, but the tunes by Dr. Dykes are irresistible.

For after all, with the average Englishman, it must sadly be confessed that the tune is generally more important than the words. The most cursory study of the *libretti* of modern opera will confirm this opinion. In ordinary drawing-room music it is almost an accepted canon that

> "As long as the tune has
> a right good swing
> It doesn't matter much what
> words you sing."

and Lewis Carroll's advice to speakers, "Take care of the *sense* and the *sounds* will take care of themselves," is commonly inverted when applied to singers. Unfortunately in more solemn compositions, and even in those which are vehicles of worship and adoration, the same pre-eminence is often awarded to the *music*. Favourite hymns are generally those associated with pretty tunes. Such hymns as "O Lord, how deep! how broad! how high!" "O Christ, Who art the light and day," "Lord, in Thy name, Thy servants plead," "Sing praise to God Who reigns above," are little esteemed by the popular mind compared with "Hark, hark my soul," and "Nearer my God to Thee," or "Onward, Christian Soldiers." But it cannot be too emphatically stated that, when we deliberately approach the Eternal and Almighty in public prayer or public praise, the words which we address to Him are of primary significance. The music in hymns is a necessary and important adjunct, and "Hymns Ancient and Modern" have rendered a service to Church music which we cannot too thankfully acknowledge. They have given us tunes whose praise is in all the churches. They have in the new edition eliminated some which were unworthy of the worship of God and substituted others, which though likely to be less popular, are less sensuous and more dignified. It is with the *words*, however, that we are concerned in this article; and here not a little is still left to be desired.

Dr. Neale

Photograph by Lyddell Sawyer, Maida Vale

In the new edition 105 hymns are omitted, and 110 added, 62 have been greatly altered, 105 slightly altered. None of the omissions are really serious. The most notable are Mrs. Alexander's "When wounded sore the stricken heart" with its very questionable termination, (Why, however, was 484, "Jesus, grant me this, I pray," retained?); the very sentimental "O, Paradise"; the too autobiographical "The voice of God's creation found me"; and the three following, for whose omission there is less reason; "Father, let me dedicate," "God of the living, in Whose eyes," and "Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest." Why this exquisite hymn for Flower services by Mr. Blunt should be relegated to oblivion it is difficult to say, unless it be that the Committee disapprove of the innocent custom of Flower services as being a modern innovation.

The omissions are for the most part laudable, but the process of weeding might with advantage have been carried much further. Especially is this desirable in the case of a large number of hymns translated mainly from early or mediæval sources, which form a considerable portion of the Book. In the last edition there were 170 translations of Greek and Latin hymns, in the present there are 164. Some of these are very beautiful and have

won general acceptance; others, like *Pange Lingua* and *Vexilla Regis* (for Passiontide), though hardly suitable for English use, may well find a place in any collection of "Hymns *Ancient* and Modern" because of the fame of the originals. But this does not apply to a large number which are neither notable, nor stimulating, nor poetical in their English dress, nor even in the Latin from which they spring. We must acknowledge the consummate ability of translators like Caswall and Chandler, and more particularly of Neale, by far the greatest hymnologist and translator of the last or of any century; (though here it may be added that it is perfectly impossible that any one writer should compose 64 hymns, either original or translated, which should be worthy of inclusion in any one hymn-book; and yet this is actually the number accredited to Dr. Neale). We also note the immense amount of labour expended in revision and improvement of translations, and confess that for accuracy and insight in translation the new Book is far in advance of all its predecessors and contemporaries. But verse-translations, however excellent and however elaborated, can seldom rank with the best of original compositions, and for the most part owing to the exigencies of rhyme and metre they lack the spontaneity, the naturalness, the freedom, which belong to hymns written in a native or customary tongue.

In a note to his rendering of a grand Chorus in Faust, Shelley remarks "It is impossible to represent in another language the melody of the versification. Even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a *caput mortuum*." Certainly the "volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas" in the original—if they ever possessed them—have escaped beyond recall in such instances as the following for the Conversion of St. Paul:—

> "Forth hath gone one awful sound
> And the world is bound,
> With Saul laid suppliant on the ground:
> At noon went forth to slay
> The ravening wolf of Benjamin,
> But with the sheep, when eve comes in,
> He shall divide the prey."

In mediæval times versified narrations of Scriptural stories were useful means of instruction when Bibles were scarce and few could read them. At the present time it is neither useful nor edifying to recite such platitudes and such doggerel. They are like the compositions of a fifth-form boy touched up and improved by his master. We see the refinement of a skilled and practiced hand, but, below it all, lies the crudity and immaturity of youth.

Of course to have eliminated any considerable number of these Latin hymns would have been to some extent a departure from the original design of the book; for, according to the Preface, the foremost part of the revisers' work, in accordance with the original title and design, has been "to present the best of the ancient hymns of the Western Church in as good a form as possible." But it is high time to enquire whether the chief object of a hymn-book, which aims at general acceptance, is to put before congregations what was sung in centuries widely remote from their own. If the book were an anthology of sacred verse for English readers, these numerous translations of ancient hymns would be of interest to a limited circle of academic and antiquarian taste; in a hymn-book for common use in common worship, admiration for the past may well yield to usefulness in the present. The case of the Prayer Book is not parellel. The Prayer Book of the English Church is largely compiled from ancient sources, and most of the familiar collects are translations or adaptations of collects in the Sarum and other Missals, or in ancient Breviaries. It may be urged that similarly we should use the office hymns found in these Breviaries which were once familiar in England. But—beyond the fact that prose translations are more easily made from prose collects than verse translations from Latin poetry—the collects of the Prayer Book have had a *continuous* use for many hundreds of years, and to tamper with them would not only be a breach of continuity, but an offence to the tender susceptibilities of millions of worshippers. Even were the Prayer Book revised, it is improbable that

any one would presume to recommend new collects for the various seasons in place of those now in use. Some of them, *e.g.*, the Collects for Good Friday, and Easter Day, are palpably capable of improvement, especially the latter with the glorious sublimity of its opening and the ignoble bathos of its ending; but the mere suggestion of its alteration would evoke a widespread shriek of indignation. The old office hymns, on the contrary, have fallen into desuetude and were practically unknown in the English Church, except to a few scholars, until the last century; many of the hymns included from the Parisian and other foreign Breviaries were never in use in this country, they are later in date even than Tate and Brady, and the question may fairly be asked whether it is worth while to revive the former or to introduce the latter, *unless either by the intrinsic strength of the originals, as well as the delicacy and beauty of the translations, they are deserving of inclusion in a hymn-book for general use.*

Mrs. Alexander
Photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker St., W.

Is there any merit in preserving such a conceit as this:—addressed to St. John the Evangelist?:—

> "O, dear to Christ!—to Thee upon
> His Cross, of all bereft,
> Thou virgin soul, the virgin Son
> His Virgin Mother left."

Or these lines addressed to the martyred Innocents?:—

> "First victims for th' Incarnate Lord,
> A tender flock to feel the sword;
> Beside the very altar, gay,
> With palm and crown, ye seem'd to play."

A good hymn is strong in conception and chaste in expression. It will be equally destitute of poverty of thought and meanness of diction. But hymns like these are bald and prosaic, or unnatural and uninspiring. They are the works of versifiers rather than poets, or of poets trammelled by the fetters of translation. What useful purpose, we ask, is served by this inclusion? Who really care to sing them? Who think that worship is promoted by their recital? We cannot, perhaps, expect a high literary standard in all the hymns commonly sung, and it would be unwise to be too critical in a book for common use. The Church of England is notoriously weak among the middle and working classes, and especially among the male portion of the community, and for this reason it may be well to tolerate some hymns which lack some elements of culture, but appeal by their vigour or their pathos to the uneducated and unrefined, though these are more properly included under the section of "Mission Hymns." There are hymns which fail to satisfy a fastidious taste, which nevertheless thrill the hearts of those who sing them and uplift them on the wings of praise and adoration. The last line, for instance, of the chorus in "Onward, Christian Soldiers" is commonplace in expression and atrocious in rhyme, but no editor would be justified in discarding on that account a hymn which has become in England a battle-cry of the Church militant. But few would regret the excision of hymns such as those mentioned above, and their continuance must be regarded as a blemish. What Canon Liddon called the "Inspiration of Selection" is not commonly given to Vicars or Organists, and as long as such hymns remain in the book congregations are liable to be called to sing them. "As for hymns," said the late Dean Hole at the Rhyl Congress, "I have endured yet

more painful, almost shameful disappointment when preaching to great congregations. Tunes have been chosen which scarcely more than a score could sing, and I was told by the clergyman who made the selection that he was educating the taste of his people. He had about as much hope of success as the man who was teaching the weather-cock to crow." Similarly, many a young ecclesiastic may fancy that he is inculcating a Catholic frame of mind by setting a congregation of working people to sing verses which have no other recommendation than antiquity, but he must not be surprised if the result be that they thin the number of worshippers in church, and increase the numbers of worshippers in chapel.

A good hymn is a hymn which avoids exaggerated expression of feeling or any approach to mere sentimentality. In this respect "Hymns Ancient and Modern" is far superior to most other hymn-books, and the revised edition has further increased this superiority. "O Paradise" and "Safe home, safe home in port" have disappeared. The objectionable penultimate verse in "O come and mourn with me awhile" is removed, though we still continue to ask for "A fount of tears." The lines of "In the Lord's atoning grief":—

> "May these all our spirits sate,
> And with love inebriate,"

are changed for

> "May these all our spirits fill
> And with love's devotion thrill,"

though it might have been better if the whole hymn with its dismal inventory of the accessories of the Crucifixion had been removed. But a verse like the following:—

> "Here I rest, for ever viewing
> Mercy poured in streams of Blood;
> Precious drops, my soul bedewing
> Plead and claim my peace with God"

is both ultra-sentimental and untrue. In this busy work-a-day world we cannot always "rest for ever viewing mercy poured in streams of blood," and altogether the lines inculcate an ultra-materialistic conception of a deep spiritual truth.

The same objection may be made to the following—apart from the fact that undue emphasis is laid on the unemphatic words "from" and "in":—

> "Bitter were Thy throes on earth,
> Giving to the Church her birth
> From the spear-wound opened wide
> In thine own life-giving side."

Dr. H. B. Bonar

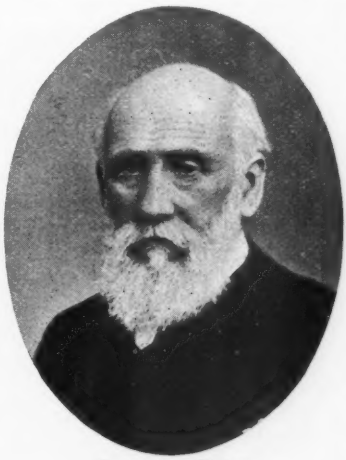
Photograph by *J. Moffat, Edinburgh*

And yet even here it is possible to be too critical. There are hymns like "There is a fountain filled with blood" which will not bear close investigation, and yet they have been of untold blessing to countless souls. Even "Rock of Ages," the most popular hymn in the British language, if now submitted to a fastidious editor for the first time, would stand a chance of rejection because of its confused metaphors and faulty rhymes; but to eliminate it would be a cruel outrage on our common Christianity. No definite principles of selection can be given. Luscious hymns, hysterical hymns, bombastic hymns should, of course, be avoided; it, is however, impossible to reject all hymns whose glowing metaphors will not altogether square with the literal facts of human life.

A good hymn is one that a fair number of people can sing without unreality. It should not represent an exceptional state of feeling. A hymn which

can only be echoed by a tenth part of the congregation is self-condemned. For this reason we are glad to see that Bonar's " I was a wandering sheep " has gone. Similarly Canon Twells' " The voice of God's creation," though beautiful in diction, has also disappeared. The revisers, however, are not consistent. " I heard the voice of Jesus say " remains ; so does the immortal " Lead, kindly Light," a hymn which has perhaps a more incommunicable individuality than any other. But consistency is not always admirable, and the popular voice will approve the retention.

A good hymn should imply doctrine, rather than definitely teach it. As preaching is objectionable in extempore prayer, the inculcation of theological propositions is to be avoided in songs addressed to the Eternal. If, however, a hymn-book is designed to inculcate doctrine, the doctrine should be in accordance with the formularies of the church they represent. The Preface to the revision of " Hymns Ancient and Modern " renews the compiler's desire " to do their work in the spirit of the English Prayer Book." Whether such hymns as 305 and 268 are exactly in this spirit is a question on which opinions may differ.



Prebendary Thring
Photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker St., W.

A good hymn, a hymn worthy of inclusion in such a book as this, should justify its admission by its own merit and suitability, apart from the merits or position of its author. A glance at the catalogue of authors and the number of hymns allocated to them, makes us question whether the revisers have acted on this principle.

In the case of University prize competitions the poems are presented to the judges with the veil of anonymity. Unfortunately this is not possible in the compilation of a hymn-book, and editors can scarcely be blamed if they show a tenderness towards the writings of those who belong to or are associated with the same Committee as themselves.

The most notable addition to " Hymns Ancient and Modern," or at least the addition which will attract most attention, is Tennyson's " Crossing the Bar." Here it is probable that the influence of a great name rather than the character of the poem has procured admission. However beautiful the lines may be, they are unsuited for general use. " Crossing the Bar " is a poem ; it is not a hymn ; and if it had been written by some unknown writer the chances of its adoption would have been small.

Besides the elimination of 105 hymns and the importation of 110 new ones, the Committee of " Hymns Ancient and Modern " have revised more or less 167 hymns which appeared in previous editions. Revision is seldom popular. The Revised Version of the New Testament was met by howls of disapproval, and people who could not read a line of Greek thought themselves qualified to pass judgment on the work of Westcott, Hort and others of the foremost scholars in Christendom. The alterations in " Hymns Ancient and Modern " will cause offence. Familiar error is generally preferred to unfamiliar truth. But the work of the revisers has been carefully, perhaps too carefully, executed, and probably in another fifty years their revision will have become for the most part the generally accepted text. In many instances the change is a reversion to the original words. " Hymns Ancient and Modern " in its earlier editions had often unnecessarily mutilated the originals, and the revisers have simply sought to make amends for the errors of their predecessors.

One alteration, however, has already caused a storm which does not seem likely to abate.

"Hark, how all the welkin rings
Glory to the King of Kings"

has long been unfamiliar to all but hymnologists, and the change after all these years is pedantic. If it were thought unnecessary to preserve the original first lines of "*Our* God, our help in ages past" and "My God *and* Father, while I stray," it was surely unnecessary to revive an obsolete word, "welkin," whose meaning not one person in ten will know without consulting a dictionary. But this unwise and unnecessary change need not blind us to the wisdom of reverting to the original in other cases where irritating changes had been made, for which no excuse can be offered, except the caprice of the earlier compilers.

Charles Wesley
From an old engraving

The revisers, however, state in the Preface that "whenever an alteration of the original which had long been in current use, seemed to them a real improvement upon the original, they have not hesitated to perpetuate it," and that "in some hymns they have deliberately made changes with this practical end in view." Though they have unfortunately reverted to the original of Charles Wesley's "Hark how all the welkin rings," they have retained the customary change in the first verse of his equally famous Ascensiontide hymn. This originally ran:—

"Hail the day that sees Him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes;
Christ, *awhile to mortals* given,
Reascends His native Heaven,"

and the general verdict will be in favour of the retention of this and similar improvements. No congregation would wish to-day to sing a line so false and so repulsive as

"When my eye-strings break in death,"

the original sentence, as Toplady wrote it, in "Rock of Ages." Nor would they care to repeat

"Thine humble beast pursues its road,"

in Milman's great Palm Sunday hymn. Few regret the omission of the "spider" verse from "Jerusalem, my happy home," or the absence of the "high-born seraphs" who fall as they tune the lyre in "All hail! the power of Jesus' name." These and other crude lines not even their authors, were they alive, would wish revived.

The *new* emendations will elicit some criticism, and here the revisers have not always been happy. The old translation of "Divine, crescebas Puer" was not inspiring, but what can be said for the following verse?:—

"He at Whose word swift angels fly
His dread commands to bear,
Obeys in deep humility
A simple carpenter."

An alteration in "Onward, Christian Soldiers" appears for the first time, and is scarcely necessary. The satirist doubtless may level his ridicule at the assertion:—

"We are not divided,
All one body we,"

but the whole verse is idealistic rather than actual, and nothing is gained by turning it into

"Though divisions harass,
All one body we."

It may seem ungenerous to point out defects in a work where there is so much that is excellent, and we are aware that other hymn-books if thrown into the crucible of criticism might suffer equal loss. But when a book has obtained so wide a circulation that it may claim to be the representative hymnal of the Church of England, it should not be thus disfigured. We acknowledge the strong

devotional spirit, the extensive research, the careful elaboration, above all the supreme musical ability which distinguish "Hymns Ancient and Modern." But the large number of translated hymns which in their English dress are dull and prosaic, or strained and unnatural, are a serious disfigurement in any collection of hymns for public worship. The revisers may have found difficulty, as they allege, in finding suitable hymns for Saints' Days, and may have been forced to insert the best they could get. It would have been better, however, to leave blanks where such hymns were not available than to include compositions which can only have a depressing influence on those who use them. It is too much to ask, as has already been stated, that every hymn should exhibit literary grace and polished phrase; nor is this always required. Permanence and usefulness depend on vigour rather than quality, and some roughness in diction is atoned for by strength of thought. Recent statistics have showed undeniably that the Church of England is losing ground with the masses, and a frequent subject of discussion at conferences is "the absence of the working man from Church." But the masses will not be regained by setting them to sing uninteresting translations from Latin, set to plain-song tunes. If the revisers had eliminated some dozens of their early and mediæval hymns and had inserted a corresponding number of a more popular type in the "Mission" section, where a lower literary standard is tolerated, they would probably have rendered a greater service to our common Christianity.

Dr. Dykes.

Some years ago it was proposed that the Church of England should issue through Convocation an authorised hymn-book in the expectation that a book published by authority would obtain general acceptance. The proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" with a praiseworthy generosity, offered the free use of both words and tunes in their book (after revision) for the formation of this National Church Hymnal. The proposal was not carried; but it is not unlikely that some day it may be revived. If it should be revived and approved, it is to be hoped that the final result will be something very different from the book before us. The National Church Hymn Book, if it is to justify its existence, will exhibit a less antiquarian spirit; it will show a wider catholicity in the selection of hymns from a wider circle of authors; it will as far as possible commend itself both to the culture of the refined and the understanding of the simple. Whether, in the present divided condition of the English Church, a universal hymn book will become an accomplished fact, is at least questionable. But if it ever comes, it will only obtain general acceptance by its not being framed exclusively on the type of any one existing hymn-book, but by its incorporating the merits and avoiding the faults of the three books which at present are mainly used in the English Church.

SOMERSET C. LOWRY.

Wild Bees in a London Garden

THE average Londoner knows little about bees. And perhaps it would be hardly fair to expect him to know much. Doubtless, in his youthful days, he has been enjoined to admire, and in his own sphere of life to imitate, that busy little insect.

But the extent of his personal observation on the subject has probably been limited to the discovery that the said bee is an evil-tempered little creature with a sting, who is quite capable of putting the whole of a river-picnic party to flight, unless allowed to browse unmolested amongst the choicest of their outspread fruit. Nevertheless, as the following brief narrative will show, it may be quite practicable to observe something of the peculiar habits and wonderful instincts of even the lesser-known species of wild bees, within the restricted limits of one of the tiniest of London gardens.

Conservatory showing hanging flower-pots

A stray bee or two may often be observed investigating the flowers of the window-boxes, even in the very heart of the town; and a larger number may therefore pass almost unnoticed in a suburban garden. But when the possessor of a small conservatory finds that, every time he enters it, three or four of these stinging little mortals come buzzing angrily about his ears, he may be advised, not indeed to beat a precipitate retreat, for he will need no advice to do that, but to retreat in good order, and keep his eyes well open for further developments. Being thus circumstanced in the early part of last June, I accordingly set myself to watch. My conservatory, I may observe in passing, had suffered somewhat severely from the industrious use of a catapult by a boy in a neighbouring garden; and an enterprising and prolific convolvulus, entering by some of the broken panes, and clinging to every available support, had burst out into glorious flower. On the shelves were a few pots, containing pelargoniums and other flowers; but nothing, one would imagine, at all likely to persuade a bee that she had lighted on a land flowing with milk and honey. Suspended from the roof of the glasshouse, as may be seen in illustration No. 1, were three common flower-pots, in wire cradles, each more or less covered by a non-flowering creeping plant.

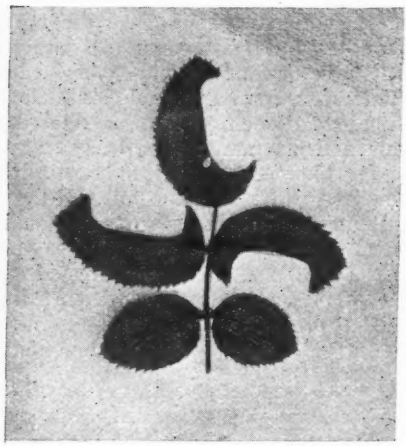
I had not long to wait for developments. In a few minutes a bee flew over the fence, made straight for the open glasshouse door, and, to my surprise, disappeared through the hole in the bottom of one of the suspended flower-pots. Then, following in quick succession, came three or four other bees, who disappeared in like manner, through the holes in the other flower-pots. This in itself was singular

enough, but what made the matter more interesting was that each bee, on going in, was seen to be laden with what at first sight looked like a green caterpillar, but what further observation showed to be a rolled-up piece of green rose-leaf, of a lozenge or ellipsoid shape, and about the length of its own body. After the lapse of about a minute, the bees came out again, one by one, flew over the fence, all in the same direction, and then quickly returned, each with another piece of leaf, to the same flower-pots. I subsequently discovered that they had procured these pieces of leaf from the rose bushes in an adjoining garden. After this performance had been continued, day by day, for ten days or a fortnight—the only variation being that on some of their visits to the flower-pots they carried no pieces of leaf, nor, so far as could be seen, any other burden — the bees disappeared and were seen no more. My attention being taken up by other matters, it happened that these flower-pots were plentifully watered in the usual way before it occurred to me to turn them out and discover what the bees had been doing. When I did do this, however, a most astonishing sight presented itself. The earth about the roots of the plants had been tunnelled in all directions, and all the tunnels filled up with rows of cells, made of leaves, looking for all the world like so many miniature cigar-ends, about three-quarters of an inch in length. These cells were packed closely together, end to end, filling up each tunnel from top to bottom. Illustration No. 2 is from a photograph of the contents of one of the flower-pots, which, although much broken in the handling, shows some of the burrowings filled with leafy cells. The shape of the cells reminded me of that of a small pin-fire revolver cartridge, the bottom end being round like the top of the bullet, and the top end neatly stopped with three or four circular layers of leaf, fitted tightly in and pressed closely down. On being cut open, a cell disclosed a small grub and a quantity of other matter looking like a confection of honey. But the watering of the flower-pots had caused most of the leaf-casings to turn mouldy, and had also probably arrested the development, if it had not entirely taken the life, of the incipient bee within.

Nest removed from flower pot (about half the mould having crumbled away in the handling)

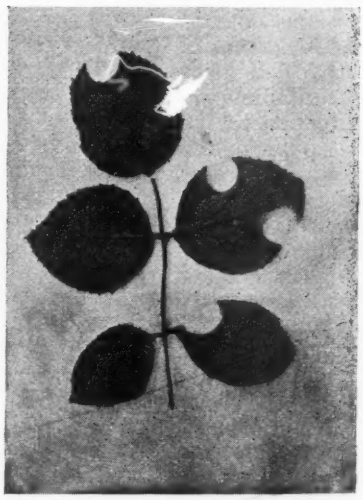
Any Londoner, one may suppose, however slightly disposed to naturalistic investigation, would demand some explanation of "goings on" such as this in his back garden. And as, of course, everybody has an encyclopædia now, I turned up the article "Bee" in the *Britannica*. A very interesting article I found it, but being devoted exclusively to *Apis Mellifica*, the hive, or honey-bee, it contained nothing to my enlightenment. The article in *Chambers' Encyclopædia* proved also to be mainly concerned with the hive-bee; and as I had by this time discovered that the family of the *Apidæ*, to which our buzzing, stinging, honey-making little friends belong, comprises some two thousand distinct species, of which no less than two hundred and twelve are known to be natives of the British Isles,

I was on the point of abandoning my researches in despair. By good luck, however, in a short section devoted to "solitary bees," I found a brief reference to



Rose-leaves from which bees had cut side-pieces for cells

the *Megachile centuncularis*, or leaf-cutter bee, which was evidently the object of my search. Thus encouraged, I hunted for this little creature through a number of treatises on the *hymenoptera*, until at last I found a full account of his character and habits in the very exhaustive work of Mr. Frank R. Cheshire, F.L.S. According to this authority on the subject, the *Megachile* is by no means so well known as it ought to be, not only amongst ignorant Londoners, but even amongst those who have devoted their lives to the culture of its relatives of the hive. It may be, therefore, that the record of my chance encounter with the little leaf-cutter may at least possess the merit of novelty. Mr. Cheshire describes the *Megachile* as somewhat smaller than the honey-bee. I should have said that my visitors were distinctly larger. It is distinguished by a black back, reddish hairs on the thorax, and light down on its head and the three first abdominal segments. Its habits and way of life, he says, are very like, and yet very unlike, those of the familiar *Apis Mellifica*. The latter, as everybody knows, or is supposed to know, lives in a community conducted on the strictest communistic principles. The hive-bees have a "queen," it is true, but as she is expected to lay two to three thousand eggs every day throughout the summer season, her position is anything but a sinecure. They also have a large number of lazy drones; but everyone of these is ruthlessly slaughtered immediately his special duty of fertilizing the queen is duly performed. The majority of the population of every hive consists of imperfect females, who are workers, each with its special duty to perform, the secreting of wax, the building of the comb, the collecting of honey, pollen, and propolis, or the feeding of the numerous grubs which will one day form another generation of queen, drones, and workers. Six weeks is the average term of a working bee's life, and during the whole of that time it toils unceasingly, like a nigger on one of the old slave-plantations, or a sweated tailor in his Whitechapel den.



Rose-leaves from which bees had cut circular pieces for stopping ends of cells

The *Megachile*, as well as other kinds of wild, or solitary bees, are probably the more primitive species, and perhaps may be regarded as the Bushmen or Fijians

of their race. The *Megachile* mother is queen and worker combined; the male is merely the short-lived drone. Mr. Cheshire describes one of its nests, which had been dug in the side of a quiet lane, and his account tallies very closely with what was discovered in my flower-pots. He then goes on to describe the little insects' method of making it. Poising herself for a moment above a rose-bush, she pounces on a selected leaf and immediately begins to cut out a piece with her mandibles, which act like a pair of scissors. A circular piece is quickly detached and carried away to the place where she has excavated a hole or tunnel, first perpendicularly and then horizontally, for her nest. This first piece of leaf is carri d to the bottom of the tube, and spread, without a wrinkle, saucer fashion, to cover the end. Then, returning to the rose-bush, her jaw-scissors snip out what Mr. Cheshire calls a "spindle-shaped," but what I should describe as an ellipsoid, piece, for the side lining of the cell. Numbers of these pieces are brought, one by one, and packed round the tube in such a way that the serrations of one piece, worked alternately in front of and behind the cut edge of the next, hold them in position without any sewing or cement. Illustration No. 3 is from a photograph of rose leaves which my little visitors thus cut in a neighbour's garden. Having formed a solid and compact cell in this fashion, the *Megachile* goes off to her feeding ground, and bringing thence some honey on her tongue, and some pollen on the feather-like appendages to her abdomen, proceeds to knead these materials into a kind of pudding. As soon as the leafy cell is nearly filled with this food, she lays on it her first egg, and then, once more visiting the rose-bush, and cutting a perfectly circular piece of leaf (illustration No. 4), proceeds to seal it up. Some of the cells in my flower-pots were neatly stopped with as many as six of these round pieces of leaf, one above another. The covering of the first cell is made to serve as a floor for the next one, and so on, until the bee reaches the top of her excavated tube.

The *Megachile*, it appears, is careful to select a sheltered position for its nests, and no doubt a flower-pot suspended under a glass roof may have appeared an extremely eligible site to the little architects who visited my garden. But alas!

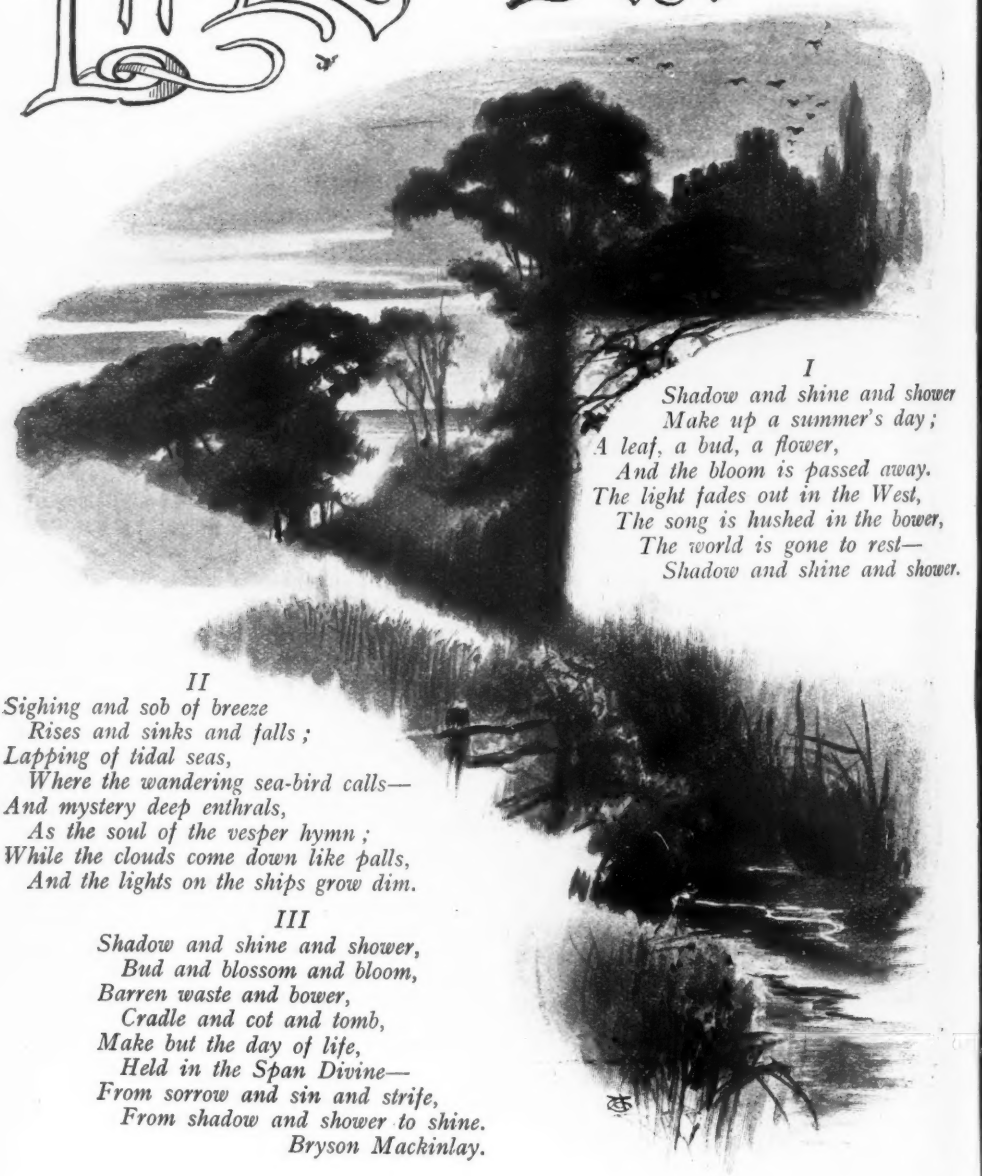
> "The best-laid schemes o' *bees* and men
> Gang aft a-gley,"

and the unlooked-for use of my watering-pot ruined the "wee bit housie" so carefully and wonderfully made. It also deprived me of the opportunity of seeing a second generation of *Megachile* emerge from their cradles. Strange as it may sound, the egg which is last laid is the first to hatch. The grub eats the food provided for it, then spins itself a cocoon, and passes into the chrysalis condition, from which, in due time, issues forth a male *Megachile* bee, who bites and pushes up his leafy covering until he reaches the light of day. As soon as he is out, the way is clear for the occupant of the second cell, and so on to the bottom of the tube. The topmost cells always develop into male bees, or drones, and the undermost ones into females, which in this species, as already mentioned, are queen-bee and worker in one. After a comparatively short term of existence the drones die, and then the queen-mothers set busily to work to build another nest for a future generation.

This little tragi-comedy of a back garden afforded much material for reflection; but perhaps I may be content with a recital of the facts, and leave the reader, whose bent lies that way, to do his own philosophising.

JOHN FYVIE.

LIFE'S DAY



I

Shadow and shine and shower
Make up a summer's day;
A leaf, a bud, a flower,
And the bloom is passed away.
The light fades out in the West,
The song is hushed in the bower,
The world is gone to rest—
Shadow and shine and shower.

II

Sighing and sob of breeze
Rises and sinks and falls;
Lapping of tidal seas,
Where the wandering sea-bird calls—
And mystery deep enthrals,
As the soul of the vesper hymn;
While the clouds come down like palls,
And the lights on the ships grow dim.

III

Shadow and shine and shower,
Bud and blossom and bloom,
Barren waste and bower,
Cradle and cot and tomb,
Make but the day of life,
Held in the Span Divine—
From sorrow and sin and strife,
From shadow and shower to shine.

Bryson Mackinlay.

The Shelf and the World

An Absorbing Book—The French *Whitaker*—Mr. Hudson's *Purple Land*—The very Stuff of Romance—" Advocatus Angeli "—The Divisions of Life—Youth's Charter—And the Loss of It—*The History of the Robins*—The Greatness and Goodness of Mrs. Benson—" A Possibility "—The Hotel Porter—An Ode to Switzerland in Embryo.

HOW is it that a request to name the two books which have most interested one in 1904 should be answered just before one lights upon a book of really transcendent powers of entertainment? Such things often happen. I had this request from an editor the other day and I replied to it by mentioning Mr. Hewlett's *Queen's Quair* and Mr. Hudson's *Purple Land*. And immediately afterwards I became the possessor of a volume beside which these romances assume an ineffectual pallor. I refer to the *Almanach Hachette* for 1905—a " petite encyclopédie populaire de la vie pratique." That is a book, if you like. It has everything in it—from portraits of senators to drawings by Caran d'Ache; from a description of the Académie des Goncourt to a section (with remedies) entitled " Pourquoi a-t-on le nez rouge? " There is no end to this book. It has numbered plans of the Paris theatres and maps of the stars month by month; a complete medical guide; cooking hints for the whole year; an account of the latest inventions and of primitive man; the best six female profiles in art and an illustrated history of the Russo-Japanese war. On every one of its 432 pages is a proverb, and in a pocket at the end are coupons entitling the owner to a liberal discount in certain Paris shops and places of entertainment. And all this for a franc. I used to think that nothing could excel the minuteness of *Whitaker*; but *Whitaker*, with other British glories, is now nowhere. Hachette reigns.

None the less Mr. Hudson's *Purple Land* is the truest piece of romance that we have had for many years, and it ought to be read by every one who cares either for literature or for stories. There is nothing to compare it with; it stands alone. One perhaps is reminded of Borrow now and then, but Mr. Hudson is more modern, more intimate, than Borrow; and at one place I recalled (of all books!) *John Buncle*—the description of the colony of English gentlemen being a little in the way of Amory's enumeration of the glories of Mr. Gallaspie and his friends. At other times—particularly in that rich chapter in which the rascals swap stories—half memories of Don Quixote come to one. But as I have said, the *Purple Land* does not really resemble anything else. It is an individual book from cover to cover, and more varied in its blend of adventure and reflection, incident and humour, beauty and savagery, than any story I ever read. It is the very stuff of romance.

F. O. D. sends me the following lines:—

ADVOCATUS ANGELI.

You call him rogue—it may be so;
Betrayer of a confidence;
A lukewarm friend; a coward foe;
A stranger to the moral sense.
All this and more: the charges grow,
And others share your vehemence.

'Tis true, perhaps; but this I know:
That when he reaches home at night,
His dog is frantic with delight,
And licks his hand, and looks at him
With eyes that make his own eyes dim.

Looking the other day into FitzGerald's *Polonius* I came on the beautiful passage about Castle Ashby, with its wistful memory of the " Rose and Crown " at Yardley—" if such good Homebrewed be there as used to be before I knew I was to die." And it struck me that there we have the real divisions of life—before we know we are to die and after we know we are to die. The discovery of our own mortality—or rather perhaps the discovery

that we are not after all to be immortal—is the true beginning of the end.

Put in another way, the discovery that we have to die is the discovery that youth has left us, that the fine free enfranchising charter has been withdrawn and that now and henceforward we are responsible, self-dependent. For so long we had been insisting upon our irresponsibility. We had claimed, like the dog, a first bite; like the cricketer, a trial ball; like the peculating errand-boy before a lenient Bench, we had pointed to the harmlessness of a first offence. Nothing was to count just yet: every one was to be called upon to produce enough charity to cover all our sins, and some pretty temper was ready did they take any other view. You can hardly blame us, for the tradition of youthful irresponsibility is very old, very honourable. England fosters it in a thousand ways, and at the universities. Proverbial philosophy is on our side too, insisting that young blood shall have its day, that it is ill looking for old heads on young shoulders; and so forth.

But the fact is greater than all; and suddenly the sound of the scythe is heard very near at hand, and all is changed. We know now that we too have to die, that we too are normal, unexceptional, after all. The amnesty is withdrawn. We learned it, say, last night; and to-day our sight, once so casual, is microscopic. What an air of artificiality certain recent high spirits wear—almost we can believe them rouged! And that which so recently was a good joke looks suspiciously like very bad manners. And a great portion of our happy-go-lucky detachment has surely been a waste of time—rather a vicious waste too, it may be. Worse than all, life, that a week ago was so long, has shrunk to startlingly poor dimensions. The thoughts of youth, says the poet, are long, long thoughts. There are no more long, long thoughts for us. Long backward glances reluctantly drawn to the present again—these in plenty; but save us from long thoughts.

At the back of most young men's minds—even the young men who are to an outside observer hopelessly in the machine—is the thought, not perhaps expressed but present, "When I really begin . . ." Then, like Lear, they will "do such things." That they are to be rich is beyond question. We are always to be rich. We all believe in miracles. I remember that at school we used to lay each other terrific wagers, running into thousands, millions sometimes, "to be paid in manhood." Not a boy but believed himself safe to discharge such liabilities. I for one was in no doubt. And now . . .

I speak of the death of youth, and yet youth dies not one death but many. Every early friend that is left to us—every early enemy too if we have any (and I believe very little in enemies)—nourishes one of youth's little lives. "To the last he called me Charley. I have none to call me Charley now"—so wrote Lamb on the death of Randal Norris. On that day died almost the last of Elia's youth, and he was then fifty-two. I have a middle-aged cousin towards whom to this moment I always feel like a small boy; probably I always shall. Not even in middle-age, not even after one has found them out, does one quite lose, in the presence of uncles and aunts, the ancient childish feeling. They also conserve our youth.

With the discovery that we are not immortal a change comes over all. We may keep the same front to the world, or nearly so, for human nature has vast powers of recovery; but in the watches of the night and in the lonely places our hearts falter. We know now; before, we had only suspected and spurned the suspicion. The thought of death is not always in mind, but it is within call, just round the corner. The softest whistle brings it at the run, alert, servile, efficient—so soft that sometimes it mistakes a sigh for the signal.

And all this from a passage in praise of good beer! I am too serious.

At a time when children's books are so closely examined by theorists I wonder if any one reads Mrs. Sarah Trimmer's *History of the Robins?* Really there are many worse books, whether one reads for the good motive or the bad—in the spirit of receptivity or of ridicule. I have read

it again lately with mingled feelings, and I can see, I think, why it should live, while others, the work of more accomplished minds, have died. Mrs. Trimmer adheres to the fact. Her redbreasts, her Bensons, her Jenkins', are true to life, elemental. In every family of children there is a little boy or girl as wilful as Robin, little tender hearts like Flapsy's and Pecksy's. Our mothers still talk (with allowance for change of fashion in words) just as the mother redbreast talked. All that Mrs. Trimmer did was to endow a family of robins with the nature of a family of children, and to endow the parent robins with the precise characteristics of the ordinary papa and mamma, and her success was assured. She had captured the reader's imagination: she had invested a common object of the countryside with a new and intimate interest. Henceforward, for all children, to see a robin was to think of Flapsy and Pecksy. It is the robins that won fame for this book, although the other ingredients were important too. But the other ingredients —the cruel master Jenkins, the fantastic Mrs. Addis with her parrots and monkeys, the humane Miss Harriet and the infallible and beneficent Mrs. Benson—were even then common-places. All nursery books knew them. By superimposing her robins on this accepted foundation Mrs. Trimmer won her niche in the Temple of Fame.

To me Mrs. Benson is the crown of the book. In Mrs. Benson the goodness of the mammas of old-fashioned children's books is carried out to its highest power. Her authority, her condescension, her omniscience, are almost terrible. She is never in a tight place. For instance, after the bulk of the book has been devoted to homilies on the necessity of kindness to animals, we come upon this passage:—

> Miss Harriet observed the innocent countenances of the sheep and lambs, and said she thought it was a thousand pities to kill them.
>
> "It is so, my dear," said her mamma, "but we must not indulge our feelings too far in respect to animals which are given us for food; all we have to do is to avoid barbarity. It is happy for them that having no apprehension of being killed, they enjoy life in peace and security to the very last; and even when the knife is lifted to their throats, they are ignorant of its destination: and a few struggles put an end to their pain for ever. But come, Mrs Wilson, will you favour us with a sight of your cows?"

This conversation took place on Mrs. Wilson's model farm. A little previously the party had visited the hives, where "the sight of the bees was a great entertainment not only to the children, but to Mrs. Benson also, who was excessively pleased with the ingenuity and industry with which these insects collect their honey and wax, form their cells, and deposit their store." Excessively pleased! Truly it may be said that the God of most children's minds is formed in Mrs. Benson's image.

Another correspondent, R. M., asks me to find room for these verses, which I am glad to do:—

A Possibility.

The Rich are free from money cares,
  The pains of hunger pass them by,
Sweet cleanliness is ever theirs,
  And means each whim to gratify.

The Poor, how circumscribed their lot,
  How small a world they comprehend!
They starve ambition in a cot,
  And touch the cap until the end.

How is the balance trimmed? Perchance
  This solace Fate extends to slaves,
This balm for wounds of circumstance:
  The Poor lie warmer in their graves.

Among true friends of the friendless who do not get enough praise is surely the hotel porter. I see poems to postmen and firemen, eulogies of policemen and guards, but the hotel porter, who is fully as worthy in his quiet efficient way, goes unhymned. In Holland lately I passed under the thoughtful care of two in particular—the paternal colossus at the Amstel in Amsterdam, who might have sat to a painter for Jupiter—urbane, efficient, a storehouse of good counsel; and the plump and wide cynic into whose capable and kindly hands one falls at the Oude Doelen at the Hague, that shrewd and humorous reader of men and Americans.

I see yet his expression of pity, not wholly (yet perhaps sufficiently) softened to polite interest, when consulted as to the best way in which to visit Alkmaar to see the cheese market. That any one at the Hague—and at the Oude Doelen—should wish to see peasants trafficking in cheese at a provincial town, still strikes his wise head as pitiful, although it happens every week. I honour him for it and for the exquisite tact with which he retains his opinion and allows you to have yours. A considerate landlord, a solicitous head waiter, what are they when all is said beside a friendly hotel porter? He is the *deus ex machinâ* indeed.

As I have said, the praises of the hotel porter have yet to be sung, "O Switzerland," the poet might begin, "O Switzerland"—I give but a bald paraphrase of the spirited original—"O Switzerland, land of peaks and cow-bells, of wild strawberries and Nonconformist conventions, of grasshoppers and climbing dons, strange are thy limitations! Thou canst produce no painters, thou possessest no navy. But grieve not so long as thou makest the finest hotel porters in the world. Erect, fair-haired, blue-eyed, tactful and informing, they are the true friends of the homeless!"—And so on, for many strophes.

E. V. LUCAS.

Photograph by *A. Wallace, Sidmouth*

Rival Artists

HOME SHADOWS

From the painting by John Burr *Photograph by Annan, Glasgow*

Princess Joyce

By Keighley Snowden

CHAPTER I

EYES AND NO EYES

BEING blind, Stephen Merrall liked to see through his daughter's eyes. She was with him now after tea, to which he had come home early from his spinning mill in the valley. "Turn the lights down, Joyce," he said. "We'll sit and look out at the window; shall we?"

She rose from his knee, smiling. Stephen took his chair up, and waited till she came to lead him by he sleeve.

"There!" said Joyce. "Now you're looking out." And she brought a buffet to sit beside him, resting an arm on one of his great thighs.

The plain stone house stood high against moors behind them. Its outlook swept that country side which the Brontës made romantic by their genius and gallant, unhappy lives. Darkness had fallen at six o'clock; but the blind man knew that the night was clear.

"Now," he said, in an even and soft bass voice, "you must tell me exactly what the dear old dale looks like. No leavings out, you puss; and never mind the fairy tales."

He sat with both hands upon his knees, prepared to imagine; and Joyce, a charming and lovely child of fifteen, pushed a hand under one of his.

"Well," said she, "the hill goes up to the sky, you know."

"The other hill? Or the hill we're on?"

Her light laugh was very musical to his ear. "Stupid! The hill we're looking at. It goes right across the window, up among the stars . . . But, of course, it isn't solid."

"No?" He smiled, and stroked her hand. "How's that?"

"It's grey, and all full of little holes where the light shines through."

"A light inside it, then."

"Yes! . . . *I* think," said Joyce, allowing that fairy tales might not be sensible, "it's the hill the Pied Piper took all the children into."

"Ah."

"But, outside, it's very grey and dark—darker than the blue sky. It looks bigger than it does in the daylight, Dad. How's that?"

"Never mind. Perhaps it is bigger."

Joyce gave his hand a little smack. "You mustn't make fun of me, you know."

"I apologize," he said.

"Well—the lights go criss-cross, and up and down and daisy-chains. Oh, I'm sure I could never count them. But our mill lights in the bottom are like a ship."

He waited. "Pretty?"

"Oh, much, much the prettiest of all! There are one, two, three—five long rows of little lights under one another, all steady." Then, with a shade of disappointment, "But how small it looks, all in one window-pane."

"Why, so it must," said he, and put his arm about her. "Yet all the hill is built on it, little woman."

"Built on it?"

"Yes. And Grandad carried the stones," he went on jocosely, himself the teller of tales after all. "This is a mystery. They didn't *look* like stones, but just like beams with the warps on them; and a funnier thing was that he didn't bring them to the mill, but carried them clean away. He should have carried them on his back; but he had a cart, so as not to make so many journeys. Once a fortnight, Grandad travelled with full beams over the Moor to Bradford; and, the more beams he took away, the more the hill grew. So of course we have to keep on sending bobbins, for fear it should disappear, and all the lights go out."

Joyce watched her father's face in the twilight. The eyes were hidden by his dark spectacles, but she saw a smile softening the bearded cheek.

"You mean the houses grew," said she; "don't you? But, Dad, I thought it was you that built the mill."

"This one, yes—for you to tell me what it looks like. I and somebody who is dead. . . But you haven't told me about the stars."

She thought awhile. Then she asked softly, "Did you never see it, darling?"

"Why, no, sweetheart; I never did."

"Poor old Dad!"

Stephen's hand caressed her soft abundant hair. "Lucky old Dad," said he, "while I've your eyes. They're *much* better than mine used to be."

"Oh, that can't be so! You can see so well without them."

He laughed, and drew her towards him.

"Ah, we have great times together, you and I, don't we? I see what you see, and we both see ever so much that other people wouldn't. Great times! What shall I do, Joyce, when my little second sweetheart grows to be a woman, eh?—and runs away, of course, with somebody else?"

He spoke playfully, but she sat more stiffly under his arm. "I wish you wouldn't say such things," she pouted; and he heard the resentment in her voice with a little thrill of pleasure.

"Very well. Then you'll stay, and talk to nobody but me? Eh? Talk, and read, and sing sometimes, and take me out walks, and make your mother at last quite jealous."

"Mother won't be jealous."

He laughed again, quietly. "Well, well," said he, "I mustn't tease you—go on about the stars, dearie."

But she could not do so quite at once.

Without asking why, the blind man stooped aside and raised her to his knee. Less tender he could not be with her, yet blamed his tenderness for her too tender sensibility.

"Rain drops?" he said lightly.

Joyce thought she hid them on his shoulder, and a sound escaped her that was half sob, half laugh. "No, it's because I'm happy," she protested.

Grief was quick in her, but so was joy. He kissed her smooth forehead. God grant, he prayed with a strange misgiving, she might be happy always!

CHAPTER II

THE RIGHT HAND MAN

LOUIS KNIGHT came in without knocking. He was free of the house. "In the gloaming?" they heard him say pleasantly.

"Blind man's holiday," said Stephen.

Louis was his manager and secretary, a second self almost: slim, clean-shaven, diffident, refined, a young man to be so responsibly occupied, but worthy of the trust. Merrall himself, twenty years his senior at five-and-forty, was hardly steadier-minded. There was unusual kindness and esteem between them, amounting to warm friendship in both. Cultured men, they conversed about all things under the sun and above the sun; and it needed only a hint from the worsted spinner to procure the company of this right-hand man at any hour of the twenty-four.

"Shall I turn the lights up?" said Louis.

"Do."

Joyce did not move; and he smiled at the pleasant picture they made there.

"We're going on till ten," he reported. "But all's well forward. . . I've brought your lecture." He had a roll of typewritten manuscript in his hand. "Would you like me to read it over again?"

"No, you needn't do that. Grace is going to run through it to-morrow, before I start for Aireley."

"Right," said Louis. "I'm putting it on the mantelshelf. . . Do you want me at all?"

"Oh, sit down and have some tea." Stephen's tone was an affectionate protest. "Joyce, ask Betty to brew some, and see if there's plenty left to eat. Unless you mean to be off, Louis?"

"Why, no, I'm hungry."

Joyce tripped out with the teapot, and Louis made her a humorous bow. But a shade of anxiety sobered him as Stephen rose.

"Are you sleeping better?" he asked.

"I slept *well* last night. Yesterday

"Did you ever see it, darling?" she asked softly

Joyce took me up to the hill-top, where I could smell wet heather. When I'm tired," said the blind man heartily, "I sleep according to custom."

The table was left as they had risen from it half an hour before; and, after giving a hand with his friend's chair, to set it by the fireside, Louis began to eat without ceremony. They talked business. For a moment Joyce showed her bright face again—"I'm going to my lessons, Dad;" then Betty brought the tea.

Imagine a brisk little woman of fifty, with quick light eyes, and a pleasant eagerness to know one's needs and meanings. She made a diversion.

"Ah, Betty!" cried Louis. "I'll be bound Mr. Merrall hasn't told you what a poor dinner he had."

He spoke, as much as anything, for the mischievous satisfaction of seeing her throw her hands up.

"Nonsense! Take no notice of him, Betty! I did extremely well," said Stephen noisily.

"Eh, dear!" she gasped. "I clean forgat puddin'! Now, then!"

But, after tea, the two men's converse took a serious turn at Stephen's instance.

"I've a proposal to make," he said, when they were comfortably seated. "It concerns your position, Louis."

He spoke in his ordinary voice of quiet cheerfulness, but the young man turned his head quickly.

"Now, don't be alarmed," he warned. "I see you drawing your horns in, and I think I know what you'll try to say. But I'm not going to take your answer to-night, so possess yourself. Let's go back a bit."

"Well?"

"I remember your father very well."

His heart beating a little faster, Louis Knight sat with conjectures chasing each other out of his head.

"He was the best weaver my father had in the hand-loom days. There was a tale my father liked to tell, of a piece that *your* father undertook to finish in three days, to be in time for the fortnightly delivery. He worked night and day. On the Friday night about eleven, my father sent him home to get some sleep; he was to return at six and do three hours' work that remained. At twelve o'clock my father was knocked up and put his head out of the bedroom window. 'Who's that?' 'It's me, Tom. I want th' key.' 'Do yo' know what o'clock 'tis?' said my father. 'Nay,' says Harry Knight, 'but I judge it's goin' on for six.' That was the way the old handloom weavers broke themselves; but your father was the strongest of them all. His head could hardly have touched the pillow, you see; in those days he had neither clock nor watch."

Louis's eyes were moist. He made an inarticulate assent.

"That was the Corn Law time, and work wasn't always to be had, so many banks had broken. I never knew how my father won through the early forties. I don't think he knew, quite. But your father helped him rarely, and that was why I took you into the office, Louis."

"For which," the young man interrupted, speaking gravely, "I shall be always grateful."

"Of course I felt pretty sure I was doing a wise thing. I made inquiries about you—oh, plenty, you may take my word for it. You'd taught yourself shorthand, and French and German, and read a good deal, at an age when lads like to be out and about. Well, I did better than I knew. I did so well that I'm ashamed of myself."

He sat with his head thrown back, as though he looked under the spectacles. Louis's eyes sank, and his handsome face was flushed.

"I'm going to get as near level as a blind man can. Louis, I want you to accept a partnership."

After all, the offer staggered him. He grew a little pale. "Do you call that getting level?" he asked presently.

"I didn't say so."

"Because, to my mind, it's not an equitable thing. If I accepted, I—well, I should be taking advantage of your affliction." There was a tremor in his voice, not imperceptible to that quick ear.

"That's like your modesty, Louis," Merrall answered gently, "as well as very kind. But I have to consider what you

do. I took you as a clerk, and £3 a week is a clerk's pay. Don't interrupt. A senior clerk's then; bother you! There isn't a technical detail you don't understand, and you practically run the mill. You know very well, or you should know, that I couldn't replace you in that respect for less than £350 a year, if I were whole and sound."

"Ah, but you'd do the work yourself."

"There you're mistaken. I'm not so keen, Louis." He made a pause, aware that he had scored, and secretly happy in the confidence that he should impose his will. "Very well. You take that back, as you don't say anything. But the inside managing isn't all. You've as good a head for business as I have myself, and so last summer I was able to take the first holiday I'd had in four years, since my brother died. My dear Louis, what I have to do is to apologize for not having thought of this before; but you know my easy-going habits. It occurred to me yesterday in quite a startling way; I remembered my transgression, and since then my sin has been ever before me." He laughed.

"I wish you hadn't thought of it," said Louis with a downcast manner. "You'll be hurt when I say how I feel about it, Stephen."

"Tell me your mind, then."

The young man sat looking at the fire. "Why, it's this," he said. "I shouldn't have ever come into the mill but for your need of somebody who could write shorthand, and be eyes and hands for you. You're so kind, you make too much of that. I'm perfectly content. How could I be happier, seeing the way you treat me as a friend, and the —— ?" He broke off, but he resumed with animation. "It's enough for me to be so thick with Stephen Merrall. If you knew what I think about you, and what other folks think, you'd see me walking six inches taller than my size." He laughed in his turn, nervously.

"Now, Louis!" said Merrall, with a touch of dialect. "There's a name for that sort o' talk."

"When it isn't meant, yes."

"Well, has it ought to do with what's fair?"

"But you're more than fair. Friendship's a better thing."

"What! A friendship that makes use of a man?"

"You're welcome to make use of *me*."

"But you won't be guilty of such work yourself. . . Nay, Louis!"

"Because you're handicapped."

The quick rally brought them to a stand. For the first time, the blind man admitted some discouragement.

"Do you see," he said, tranquilly, "what that amounts to, Louis? I'm blind, so I'm not to be just. It puts me under an obligation I mustn't discharge. That's hardly 'jannock.'"

"No; I think it makes you too generously conscious of ordinary help," said Louis firmly.

"Your help is not ordinary. The fact is, I monopolize your life. This lecture, all my private affairs—"

Louis interrupted him with a quiet laugh. "That's what I said, Stephen. You ask me to take advantage, you see. Let me do something for friendship. I'll take the £350 if that'll relieve your mind at all, though I shall always think it more than I'm earning. But a partnership—well, for one thing, I duff at the responsibility. I—" He ceased in some confusion. That was part of the truth, and yet he felt it to be a mean part, and the smallest.

Stephen Merrall sighed; and what he thought Louis had to wonder afterwards.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "so be it. I'll give you best. But thou'rt a twined 'un, Louis. My father would have said so."

CHAPTER III

AUNT SELINAH

BETTY put her head round the door, and said in a mysterious whisper that Selinah Merrall was in the house. Louis, who was smiling at his friend's remonstrance—a 'twined 'un,' being a tree grown intractably—looked instantly uneasy. He had no other occasion to feel so than shyness of a very outspoken lady; but Stephen understood the effect his sister made.

"Well," said he, "you'd better be off,

then. You like your mother's company for choice, I know."

Louis rose. "I've news for her to-night," he answered. "She'll not know how to be happy enough. . . Nor I don't. I haven't said a word of thanks, and I can't, Stephen."

"Don't try." The blind man stood before him tall and broad, to hold a cordial hand out. "Actions talk better than words; you're eloquent already. Good-night, Louis, and God bless you."

"Good-night."

They kept the grasp a long moment, and separated. Left alone, Stephen stood listening with a smile to his leave-takings in the hall. Then he went to the room door, and called to the portentous visitor; whom you are to see because our story tells how, some years later, she turned things topsy-turvy.

"Do you want me, Selinah?"

"I do that," a reedy voice cried back, and at once she appeared in the passage—"a tall, meagre, barge-pole of a woman," not "wrapped up in wimples of calico," like Jean Paul Richter's aversion, but wearing a red shawl held close about her. She was a maiden sister, three years Merrall's senior. "You're so throng with business, Stephen, that I never get a sight of you," she said; and kissed his cheek. "I want some money off you."

"What is it this time?" he gaily asked.

"Heathen," said Aunt Selinah, contemptuously.

While she bustled past him and sat bolt down on an armless chair, he stood with his hand on the open door. "Coming, mother?" said he. But Mrs. Merrall's pleasant voice replied that she had her hands in mincemeat.

"Why I go about collecting for black and yellow people," said Aunt Selinah, "I'll be shot if I know; and my two feet are like stones in a graveyard. I said last year I wouldn't do it, but I'm soft. Don't subscribe, unless you like. I read in the paper they're healthier without any clothes on, and I'm sure I don't care if they like to walk about so. I wouldn't, but that's the way I was brought up; and it's warmer there, I've no doubt at all. I think they're very well off. What worries me a good deal more is the horrible tales one sees every day about this Christian country. Why don't the Japanese, or somebody, send missionaries here?"

It was certainly a defective sense of humour that made Louis Knight avoid this entertaining person.

"Last year you gave me £50," she ran on. "Of course you do as you like. Any one can get round *you* with a tale, and I wash my hands of it. I supposed you gave it to please Joyce; it would be like you; but if you think it does the Chinese any good to have a continual supply of Christian martyrs, I'll take your money. You spoil that child. She'll find it out, one of these days. I know it's no use talking. If you don't mind, Stephen, I'll put some coal on the fire."

She was doing so as she spoke, and he did not affect to have a say in the matter. His sister's bark was so much worse than her bite that it might be taken as playful.

"Very well, Selinah, I'll give you another fifty," he said.

"So long as you don't expect me to thank you, all right," said she. "*I* don't run the chapel. You men run it. I'm trimming a cradle, and that's all I am doing. Some other woman'll pay twice as much as it's worth for it, and think she's spent the money on her baby. I don't buy at bazaars. Dumped things are good enough for me. There's always a shopkeeper on the committee: no, you mustn't sell cheap, or you'll injure trade. If I pay three guineas for a thirty-shilling cradle, I've thirty-three shillings less to spend in shops than I ought to have."

She fidgeted. "Stephen, I wonder you don't have the table cleared! Of course you can't see it, but, really,—it seems to me you sit there as you do among your pigeons, waiting for something to happen. I couldn't live like that. My grey curls wouldn't survive it."

"I trust you'll never pull them out, Selinah."

"I'd pull somebody else's out, if necessary. But you're so placid, Stephen; like a big schoolboy after stuffing himself. It isn't the blindness; you were always so. All the family energy's in me. So, if you don't mind, I'll ring for Betty."

On the word " mind " she had twitched the bell-pull.

" It's your kindness, I daresay—I'm kind myself, at least I hope so ; but if one is to have any comfort in this world it's necessary to fight for it."

Betty appeared, with an open mouth.

" Aren't you going to take away the tea-things ? " asked Miss Merrall tartly.

" If yo're wantin' t' table ——"

" Yes, please," Merrall interposed steadily. " Clear it, Betty."

" Now then, then."

She went for her tray—a scene was averted. " Don't worry the good old soul," he pleaded.

" I worry nobody. I can't be worried, that's all—if you don't mind. How *good* people are is neither here nor there. They should do their duty. I'll call round for the cheque," said Aunt Selinah, pulling the shawl about her head, " some time next week ; I must be off."

Betty just then came in again ; the table was not wanted, after all.

" Don't glower," the prickly old lady said to her, and stepped to the door.

" You spoil that child," she said

" If I look as foul as ye," said Betty with great freedom and spirit, " I'm not so fain on't."

" Nor need you be," snapped Aunt Selinah. " Good-night, Stephen. Grace, I'm off. You can send me a dozen of those pies."

" I won't forget you," Mrs. Merrall answered ; but the words were trapped in the door, as Aunt Selinah shut it.

CHAPTER IV

THE PRINCESS

ONE regretted that Stephen could not see how beautiful his child was. His sensitive fingers were indeed passed over her face sometimes; but the sense of touch, however delicate, however it subtly stirs the chords of feeling, knows nothing of colour and radiance, and has not sight's entirety and perfect apprehension.

Joyce's was a flower-like loveliness quite rare; one thought of wild roses. The candour of her happy look resembled them, recalled their fragrance; an effect not merely due to purity of complexion, or to the daintiness of the face's mould. Her fall of rippling hair was a golden glory of childhood. This beauty her father had, as well as he could, to imagine —and how she moved, a straight and slender fairy princess. But she looked no sweeter than she was to him, after all; charmingly frank and sunny she was, and his playmate, to beguile the hours of weariness.

It was, however, Joyce who had caused his blindness, though she did not know it. He owed that dawnless night of fourteen years to a simple accident. He was in bed; and his child, playing upon the pillow beside him, dropped a watch on one of his eyes.

Only those of his own household knew the story; for, as soon as the probable loss of sight was diagnosed, he gave strict orders (with rare forethought and tenderness) that part of the truth should be suppressed. "The watch fell:" it was supposed to have been hanging above his head. He did not think blindness too great a price to pay for her; and it was inevitable that he should love her the more tenderly because of it. Not only the sense of willing sacrifice brought this about; their intimacy did so. A very gentle mother sometimes lives as he did in a daughter's mind: a father in the rarest cases.

She had been charming at every stage of growth; and every stage he remembered minutely.

He had stories of the past to tease her with. There was one about an apple pasty, which she found cut up in slices on the table and ate to the last crumb. She was well shaken —by the scandalized Betsy. "Who took the apple pasty?" he asked next day on hearing of it. "Babby took appa pasty, *an' c'y*," said she. Faults atoned for should be forgotten!

Another tale she did not mind so much. She had used a clean towel to mop the floor with, and Betty scolded, much annoyed. "What d'yo' mean?" she demanded; "what d'yo' mean?" Joyce reproached her. "No, coss Betty. No coss. Betty be a good girl an' Babby be a good girl."

Bargainer, he called her. Bed was not so much bed as a means to an end. "Babby go to bed," she used to say, "an' get up morning—an' have nice *tea*."

Her dolls were his dolls too, and so were all her whims and fancies. He and she between them made up more fairy tales than the Brothers Grimm and Hans Andersen and Mr. Lang. They peopled and built the country-side with them, as well as the maps and the night-sky. As she grew, her gift of skill for the description of what she really saw began to delight him, and he developed it: she was eyes to him in a way that revived all memories of Nature.

School did not hackney her. He took sane care that it should not, making an easy sport of the home-work, softening crude impressions, helping her not to take the discipline too seriously, gilding all with humour.

Aunt Selinah disapproved. Joyce might keep at the top of her class, but she would be spoiled beyond all sense and reason, said that drastic lady. She obeyed, yes; Stephen did have the *nous* to teach her obedience, as soon as she could talk; but her manners were much too young and her mind too old. If she didn't have to put up with a little roughness now—as a girl herself Aunt Selinah had been birched—she would find life pretty hard some day; and imagine a child brought up without any secrets—except a quite unnecessary one—from the first day when she began to ask her little questions! Where would her modesty be? In point of fact, Joyce's maiden

aunt carried a feud in her bosom. On all subjects else she had her way, but Joyce was taboo.

Except for a passing shot sometimes! Even the lively recollection of Stephen's threat that he would not see her—she did stay away for one dreadful eighteen months, but thought it a Christian duty to forgive—even that could not wholly silence Aunt Selinah. In Joyce's presence she might be dumb; he, not she, was responsible for the girl's up-bringing; but she let him know, as occasion served, that she kept her own opinion.

Joyce was not too much aware of her. She had eyes for no one but her father. Aunt Selinah was odd, and amused her, but could not make her feel constraint.

Her girl-friends were but two or three, and she almost forgot them when school was over. But besides her father she had one intimate—an old dog. She had fed him when young with joints from the pantry; now he followed her everywhere. Being a shaggy and unkempt mongrel with a grizzled beard, he was fittingly called Rags; yet, essentially, he was a gentleman. When he left her at the school gate he jumped up to give her his dog's equivalent of a kiss. If he growled at some one and was scolded, he signified repentance in the same way promptly. If he put a bird up he apologized with a humble tail. They understood each other perfectly.

"What has Rags had to say to-day?" was one of her father's regular questions.

She reported once: "He was sweet. I bought him an Eccles cake, and oh, Dad, he didn't like it! But he wanted me to *think* he did; so he carried it in his mouth and kept behind me, meaning to hide it somewhere. Of course I pretended; we do pretend, but he doesn't know when *I* do; and he left it right by a doorstep. Rags isn't clever, you know—not that way. I really saw him drop it. Then—oh, it was funny!—another dog came and Rags swallowed the whole cake. You should just see how sick he looks; I have to laugh every time he tries to wag his poor old tail. It was rather a shame, Dad, but I don't think he can be really sick, do you?"

About the time when our story begins, Stephen Merrall had imposed a self-denying ordinance. It was not Aunt Selinah's views, but his wife's, that pointed out the wisdom of so doing. Joyce must learn some housework, though this cut short their special intercourse.

Do you know the Yorkshire housewife? She gives her life to the business, as our grandmothers did. Her modest civilisation is one of creature comforts, "house pride," and self-sacrifice. Of art, or literature, she knows too often little; but her thoughts may still be charitable and her taste alert. Her taste is often her crudest virtue; true. Joyce was to effect a great and wonderful change in Mrs. Merrall's. But you could find no fault with Mrs. Merrall's cakes and pies and puddings, or —*pace* the tea-things of the last chapter—with her fine good order and cleanliness. She was her own plain dressmaker, milliner and upholsterer. Though Stephen was making quite £2,000 a year, she ran Wake House with one old general servant, assisted by a small girl who came to help in the mornings, and by a washerwoman. Her wash-days and baking days made no confusion; she had a time-table and a programme in her head for every hour of the week. Joyce now served an apprenticeship.

So Stephen Merrall possessed his soul in patience, and admired.

CHAPTER V

DOVES

To meet the blind manufacturer was to like him, from the first words he uttered. He spoke with an unconscious pleasant dignity, a cultured simplicity, in which you heard the kind strength of his heart. Like Milton's eyes, his disposition "suffered no perceptible alteration from his blindness."

He was formerly a man of many activities, prized and admired for the public work he did. A musician, and fond of children, he trained quite a remarkable chorus in connection with the Sunday-school; and once a year this chorus gave a concert of pretty part-songs, which at that time was unique of its kind. It was

largely Stephen Merrall who brought what is called the action song to the stage of development known later. He trained his little folk to produce effects for the eye as pleasing as their music was to the ear—either with simple gestures, or with coloured fans and sashes. What a patient deal of rehearsing these performances required you may guess; but the youngsters loved it; and, to satisfy all hearers whom the fame of his conductorship brought from the country sides into Aireley, itself a town of many inhabitants with musical taste, he found it necessary after a few years to repeat each concert three or four times. The little accident of a babe's play was a public calamity.

But, when it happened, he at any rate realized for the first time how many people loved him. A host of friends came to sit with him of an evening. He lost touch of none of his interests. He was in closer touch with other men's hearts.

For recreations, he had still his violin, and a piano. His wife read to him, took him to lectures and public meetings where he spoke as usual, lent him her arm in summer evening walks. He had taken her out of a workman's home, and she had little of his bookish culture; but she had sensibility, a natural refinement, which enabled her to share his thoughts and pleasures.

Then, as you must have partly seen, he found pleasures which are peculiar to blindness, and help to compensate it.

One Saturday afternoon of summer—the first summer of Joyce's home apprenticeship, he sought her as he passed out to sit in the garden. "I'm going to call on the pigeons," he announced cheerily. "Can you spare Joyce, or is there overmuch to do?"

In the spacious kitchen, its windows open to the sweet air, they were making jam. Joyce's part just then was to write the labels.

"Off you go!" said Mrs. Merrall. "So long as you get them done before tea, we shall be straight." And he felt Joyce's fingers slipped within his arm with a quick little pressure.

The mother's fond glance followed them over the lawn, he very upright, with an easy and confident slow carriage, his cap tilted forward; she pressing up to him as she laughed, watching his face—a tall slip of a girl growing out of her frock, but "right bonnie." Their happy voices came in snatches. It seemed a pity they could not always be together. Grace Merrall smiled, forgetting to stir the pan; and when they disappeared behind the rose-bower, her eyes were moist.

The dove-cot stood in a clear space among fruit-trees.

As they entered the orchard, he felt the cool shadows and the sun alternately, listened for the fine hum of insect life there, and heard the low cooing of the male birds enhance the silver-brightness of his daughter's voice. There came a silken beat of wings; a pigeon alighted on his shoulder, another clung at his breast, the whole flight circled about them with a commotion of fanned air, and, settling rapidly, became a surprising burden though they fluttered. Joyce laughed joyously—their feet were in her hair, and on her outstretched arms thinly clad with muslin; and they looked so self-possessed and saucy.

"Oh, Dad, there are too many!"

She threw them off, to guide him to the rustic seat; and some went strutting on before them, others still flew down. Stephen held his hands palm upwards, feeling them jostle each other off and on. His pale face was radiant. Sitting down, he took handfuls of wheat from his coat pockets, and instead of strewing it on the grass let them take it from him.

Philosopher as he was, what struck him with peculiar force, when playing with his birds, was the marvellousness of life—that is to say of individual creatures, each conscious, separate, and able to do things of its own motive.

The flock of pigeons came to him out of the darkness more vividly than any casual sound of human voices, heard when he did not know who spoke. They touched him, made free with him, and had two wonderful powers that were denied to him, flight and vision. In proportion as he realized the miracle, he was delighted by their familiarity and the act of feeding them. Joyce had pet names

for them, so that he knew which bird was scattering the grains from his hand, which drove it away, which were too shy to come nearer than his feet, which had specially beautiful feathers. With this guidance from her, he could take hold of one or other of the tamest and put a grain between his lips for it, or between hers. She called it kissing them.

An old man with a pair of garden shears in his hand came part way towards them from the orchard hedge, and stood admiring. When the play was ended, he approached: a genial old soul with heavy shoulders and a fringe of grey beard.

"I've a sovereign for yo', Merrall," said he.

The blind man turned his head, not quite sure at first of the direction from which the voice proceeded. "How's that, Ezra?" he asked.

"For a bird 'at young George Marlowe shot."

"Shot!"

"Ea," he calmly answered. "It's a carrier, an owd cock. He shot it this mornin'."

"Oh," cried Joyce, "how could he do such a thing!"

"Why, for cleverness," the old man explained; "an' a longish shot it wor. I think, happen, he niver thought o' doin't fully; but he said he could. He'd done't afore I could shout, howiver. So then he flang me this brass down."

Joyce's blue eyes had tears of indignation and wonder in them. Why should George Marlowe be so unkind? He always smiled at her; she had suspected him even of sending a certain valentine.

"Flang 't down like nowght at all! . . . Ye say nowght, Merrall; but what a lad like that wants wi' a gun, I cannot tell. Blawin' off at carrier pigeons! This hed a message fro' Harper's."

A friend being ill at a distant moorside farm, some birds had been sent there to serve for errands to the doctor.

"Did you hear how Harper was?" Stephen asked.

"Varra badly. . . . I gav' him a piece o' my mind, young harlequin. Here—ho'd your hand out."

To the old man's embarrassment his master rose, disregarding this. "Nay," said he, "you're over honest, Ezra. It was meant for you, I fancy."

"Ea, 'twor! But I sammed it up for ye, an' said so."

"Never mind." He began to move quietly toward the house. "Put it in your pocket, for luck," said he.

Ezra looked at the coin, his weather-beaten face a picture of disrelish and dismay. "Nowght o' t' soart!" he cried. "I took too mich impidence wi't. . . . Here, Joyce."

"I don't want it," said Joyce, "thank you very much, Ezra." And she took her father's hand.

"Why, then," said the old man, half shouting after him, "I'll send it back."

"Do, if you will—with my compliments. But I don't see why he shouldn't pay for his sport."

Joyce's mind was all bewilderment. "Dad, you don't *say* anything," she faltered, presently.

He pressed her hand; calm though he was, she appealed to his true feeling, one of positive pain. Indignation at the taking of a life that was dear to them—at the fact, indeed, of any life being taken lightly—burned in his heart; but the boy's act was nothing strange, or, if it was strange in a sense, nothing at all uncommon.

"I fancy Ezra provoked him," he explained. "You see, they were talking about the gun; perhaps Ezra chaffed his shooting. Of course, dearie, he didn't know it was our bird; he wouldn't stop to think, would he?"

"But why do boys kill things?" she flamed. "I think it is cruel! Cruel!"

"Yes, dearie."

He was proud of her, and curiously touched. When he had mollified opinion in the kitchen, the little tragedy still troubled him. He sat revolving it.

CHAPTER VI

GEORGE MARLOWE

GEORGE MARLOWE, being sixteen and susceptible to beauty, had sent the valentine that Joyce thought might be his.

It was one of those old-fashioned

valentines with paper lace about a pink scent-packet, inscribed with verses and a pierced heart. She considered it very pretty, and kept it in a drawer in her bedroom with other treasures. The valentine had not set her heart aflame, or even conveyed the ecstatic hopes of the sender; still, there was nobody else who smiled in just the shy way he did, and she had taken an interest in him. When first they met after it, she had blushed a little too.

Be sure this was acknowledgment and reward enough. Master Marlowe's heart beat high.

"How it comes let lovers tell," she was now his "sweetheart;" and, to speak to her, he would have done anything possible to a boy's awkwardness. The sad thing was that no way of getting a word with the princess occurred to him. That is to say, none that looked well—girls don't come out if you whistle for them, and it is silly to hang about. Indeed he was ashamed of waylaying her always in the Saturday afternoon walks with her father. He felt so beastly sheepish afterwards; she took less notice than he had hoped she would.

Should he send her something else? He would have liked to send a pretty ring, but it risked such awful things. Her father would want to know, and there might be all sorts of fuss and nonsense, not private between themselves.

Sweethearting was private as a matter of course. Nobody talked about it, except as a secret, or to make fun of somebody. If he had had the least idea that Joyce did not think of it like that and never could—imagine the chill!

However, just when the brilliant idea had occurred to him of slipping a note into her hand as she passed—oh, rapture!—he had the frightful luck to shoot her pigeon. He stood in consternation while old Ezra abused him.

"Yo' young wastrel!" cried the accuser. "What mak' o' sport do yo' call that? Will yo' shooit messenger-birds? . . . I s'll hev a nice tale to tell."

"Don't talk to me like that," said George, recovering. "What's it worth?"

"Worth? It's worth hauf-a-sov'reign!"

Then he threw the sovereign down. "There!" said he. "Don't make a fuss about it." And walked away penniless but manlike.

What came of it was that Joyce's first love-letter proved rather a prosaic one. George met her as she came from school, raised his blue and red cap, stopped, offered the missive awkwardly, blurted out, "I mean it, Miss Merrall!" and got away.

The boy, this effort covered with confusion; her it excited, and a little flattered; she had never before been called "Miss Merrall." So she opened his twisted note and read this scrawl:

"Dear Miss Merrall I am sorry I shot the pigeon, I would not have shot anything in the world of yours to save my life, forgive me, your Friend,

"GEORGE MARLOWE."

It was not even so eloquent as he felt it. But it wiped away the offence, because Joyce forgave readily; and it broke the ice between them.

"Grace," her father said, downstairs, "we're getting on. Joyce has an admirer."

Her mother scanned his face. "Do you mean——? Nonsense, Stephen!"

"Why didn't he send the note to me, do you think?"

"I hope you're wrong," she said quite gravely. "He comes of a very rough stock, and his father spoils him."

Stephen laughed. "Fear nothing. Our Joyce is fancy-free, so far; I'm joking, Grace."

"Oh, she's a child. But then!"

A child she was, and older in years than feeling. The admirer, too, was soon packed off to Leeds, to season himself in a chemical works; but three years later Grace recalled that snatch of conversation. Meanwhile Joyce forgot her valentine. When, one day, she saw it again by chance, it went the way of other rubbish.

By that time, you will understand, the princess was a practical minor housewife.

(To be continued)

The Irish Westward Ho!

ACHILL Island, the most westerly land of the British Isles, has an indefeasible right to the title of the "Irish Westward Ho!" Set like a rough gem in the surges of the Atlantic, its rocky, wildly precipitous shores are the last bits of homeland seen by the traveller speeding westward; the first glimpse of his native land causing the returning emigrant's heart to burn within him "As home his footsteps he hath turned from wandering on a foreign strand." Achill Head is the portion of the island which penetrates furthest westward into the ocean, and it, in conjunction with its neighbour, Saddle Head, consists of sheer frowning precipices, no less than 2,000 feet in height, and chaotically disarranged boulders of gigantic proportions round which the Atlantic rollers fume and smoke. These awful precipices and slopes, some at an angle of even 60 degrees, afford a home for the only wild goats now remaining in this country. So far as is know they roam about in three flocks, each flock from 30 to 50 strong, and the writer recently saw one of them, through a telescope, led by a large white, big-horned billy going over to the precipice from the cliffs above Kim Bay. In attempting to shoot them several accidents have happened and many broken bones been the result, so that the animals luckily are fairly safe from man's inherent exterminating instinct. The owner of this part of the island also is chary of allowing anyone to hurt them, a determination to be applauded, and which we trust will be adhered to. Whether they are, strictly speaking, wild or only domestic goats gone wild, is not known. They have been wild, very wild, from time immemorial, and history sayeth not to the contrary. At any rate they are a noticeable feature of Achill. But Kim Bay, on the extreme south west of the island, is the habitat of another interesting mammal—the 'sea otter,' so called of the natives. This animal comes to drink fresh water in the fern-festooned caves near the sea, and we have seen its innumerable foot-prints on the muddy floor of one particularly lovely grotto situated amongst the enormous boulders on the storm-swept shore. An occasional otter is trapped here—about four have been taken during the past three years—and these specimens curiously differ from the English species. The Irish otter has even been considered a distinct species from the English on account of the intensity of its colouring which approaches nearly to black both on the upper and under surfaces, of the less extent of the pale colour beneath the throat, and because it is essentially a marine animal. But Irish or English, its devastating nature is well and truthfully summed up in old Izaak Walton's sentence: "The otter devours much fish, and kills

Photograph by *J. Harris Stone, M.A.*
The Rocky and only Landing Place, Dooagh Bay

and spoils much more than he eats." It were probably more scientifically correct to consider the Irish as merely a marked and marine variety of the English animal.

Photograph by **Kim Bay, Achill** *J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

But goats and otters do not exhaust the animal interest of this end of Achill. Foxes are plentiful. We once saw no less than three together, on a moonlight night when encamped on the sandy shore of Kim Bay. They come there to dig up and eat sand-eels, which they can get at in the sand at dead low tide. So numerous are the foxes all over Achill that it is a meritorious action to shoot and trap them. They eat the geese on the bogs, occasionally kill a lamb on the mountain side, even in the daytime, and at night they prowl round the cabins on the look out for offal or stray fowls which have not sought the communal shelter of the one-roomed, omnibus cabin. Hounds, and fox-hunting in Achill as a sport, are unknown. Curiously enough, before the bridge was built connecting the island with the mainland of co. Mayo, foxes were practically non-existent in Achill. So rare indeed were they that the head and brush of a solitary specimen were hung up in the tap room of an inn on the island on show as a curiosity. The foxes have evidently crossed the bridge, traversed the fifteen miles of the length of the island and found a magnificently inaccessible country at the far end where, in the innumerable caves and on the precipitous slopes, they can quite unmolestedly increase. Achill hares used to be plentiful and famous. Since the fox advent they have become very scarce. The diminution of grouse is perhaps even more noticeable, for very old persons describe them as having been formerly as plentiful as poultry in a well-to-do farmyard, and fairly evenly distributed all over the heather-clad mountains.

Achill is poor—very poor. The inhabitants cannot possibly obtain adequate living out of the unproductive land and bogs, and so considerable numbers yearly migrate, to Scotland and Lancashire chiefly, to work at the harvest and earn enough to just keep alive their families at home. From the most squalid, abjectly poverty-stricken, over-crowded collection of hovels known as Dooagh, some 200 at least go yearly on this bread-winning quest, even young girls of 14 years of age having to join their fathers and brothers. With that singularly patient, long-suffering nature, so peculiarly Irish, this exodus goes on yearly without any visible complaining. It is pitiable that so terrible a remedy for poverty is necessary. And yet withal the natives are a fine, manly, independent set of men and women, delightful to deal with, the best specimens of hardy, independent and self-respecting Celts to be met with in Ireland. Achill is the most congested district in the land, and the only part where recently the population has actually increased. Its population is now 4,929, whereas in 1891 it was 252 less. Achill natives love their island and do not favour emigration.

In spite of the dirt and squalor of the cabins—better imagined than described—

the people are fresh and healthy looking, the children frequently beautiful and many of the women handsome, with that rare natural deep-red hair so often painted by Leighton :—

"In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the husk
Divides three-fold to show the fruit within."

Such a thing as cruelty to children is unheard of, and we have known a woman, poor in the extreme, with several children of her own ("a few" as they say) actually adopt the orphan child of a neighbour. Poverty among the children of a large city is nearly always painful to witness ; among the Irish that feeling is never present. The youngsters run about barefooted and are happy withal. The poor people are most thankful for gifts of clothing or any other little gifts, their expressive way of showing it being singular. An old man in rags, in a miserable windowless hovel, living quite alone, when presented with a coat used a form of blessing of a character novel to us—that of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego ! The present of an old hat to another produced the softly-repeated expression of evidently genuine delight, "By gum, by gum !" The common forms of thankfulness are, "The Lord spare thee, give thee long life, and send thee safe in all thy journeyings," or the condensed form of simply, "The Lord spare thee the health." Once a small present of tobacco elicited the extraordinary remark : —"He that brought Peter out of prison and saved Jonah from the whale's belly, save your soul." Achill islanders lack not originality.

Photograph by *J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

The Main Square, Dooagh

Though the land is barren, practically treeless, and hopelessly boggy, the sea around simply teems with an undeveloped unharvested wealth of fish. A catch such as that which is here represented against the wall of the cottage, was caught in less than two hours by the writer, the little girl of eight and the islander. On the left are seen the fifty-four bream, and on the right thirteen fair-sized pollack. The islander only participated in the bream capture, the pollack being all taken by the other two, whilst he rowed us about near the shore. This was no phenomenal catch, and is not here represented in any spirit of vain glory, but it was merely photographed as the result of one evening's fishing because the next morning was fine and none of the catch had been given away over night. Evening catches, when two or three rods were used and one or two hand lines, often ran into hundreds. Anyone can go to Dooagh and do likewise.

We first paddled along the rocky shore—very rocky as is seen by looking at the photograph of the canoe approaching the landing place—with one rod out, having two fathom of salmon line and a white fly with black body, about three-quarters of an inch hook, on six inches of salmon gut. Directly we went over the margin of sandy bits of bottom, bordering on dark seaweedy spots, the pollack rose to the hook,

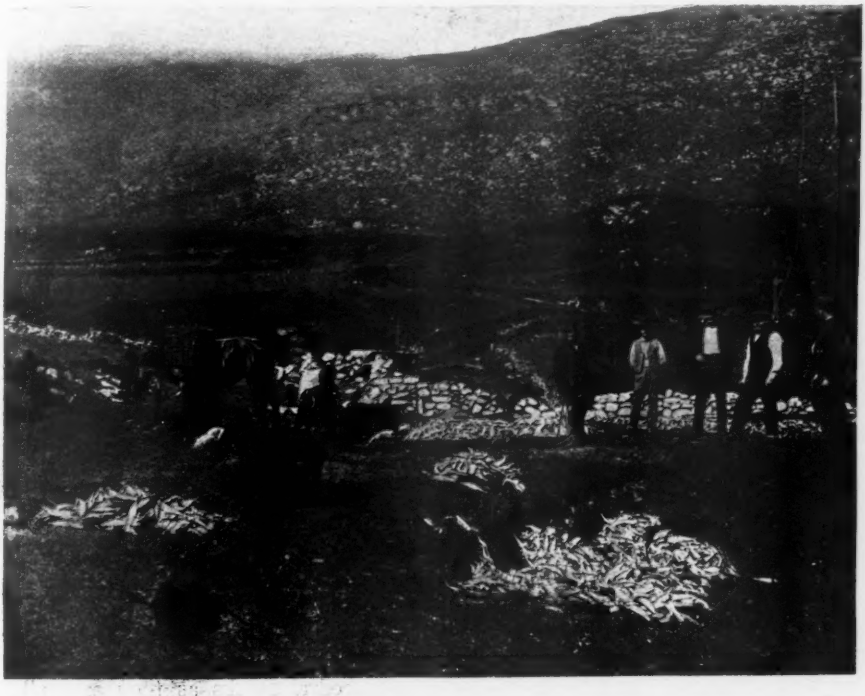
tumbling over one another in their eagerness to take the most unnatural looking fly. Fish have very artificial, even abnormal, appetites. When tired of this particular sport we rowed straight out, about five hundred yards from shore, and let drop an anchor-stone with fifteen fathoms of coarse rope attached. We used ordinary mackerel line, and a light sinker, eight inches from which was the hook on four inches of twisted gut. Our bait was the insides of ordinary eatable crabs placed round and concealing the hook, held in position by winding a bit of worsted round the very unsavoury looking lump. When with a sweeping lift the bream were swung into the curragh—then, hands off! The sharp spines on the back are like needles, and the fish in its powerful flappings on the hook seems to know just how to drive them into your hand if the capture be incautiously held. The best plan is to grip the fish between the knees which should be clad in tarpaulin trousers. The next best plan is to swing it up under the left arm and hold it there, but the little lady with me not being clad suitably for either of these processes, put her foot firmly down on the fish getting a purchase just behind the head—a practical method of overcoming a difficulty not to be despised.

The rocky nature of the coast only allows the use of seine nets at a few spots—one being the sandy stretch of beautiful Kim Bay. When shoals of fish play here they do so in large numbers, and then the usually deserted cove is alive with men and boys. Nets, 60 yards each in length, are joined together placed in the stern of, and rowed out in, a canoe, and then allowed to drop by being paid out into the water round the clump. A rope attached to each end at the shore is hauled in, and at last the composite net itself. In the centre not long ago we saw and helped to land about three thousand large mackerel, and on the next day a huge mass of herring was encircled at the same spot. As the weather remained fine the mackerel were thrown by hand into a large canoe and rowed round to Dooagh, where in a cart a considerable number were hawked round the island, and some salted and barrelled. The huge take of herring on the succeeding day fared differently. The catch was a huge block—some hundreds of thousands

Photograph by *J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

Two Hours' Catch off Achill Island

—but out of that magnificent gold mine only 38,000 or at most 40,000 were saved. The proper facilities to harvest nature's lavish gift were not. There is no pier, harbour or even landing jetty at Kim Bay. The wind came on to blow a little; to a properly built clincher boat the puffs would have been mere cats' paws, but they were enough to prevent the frail canvas-covered canoes from being able to move out of the bay. So the fish had all to be carried in basket-panniers on horses' backs up the hill over the pass, down again to the village of Dooagh. There the herrings were thrown into carts where they had again to be transhipped. The result of all this handling, bundling about, and travelling over a rude road in such a rough fashion was that almost all the fish were sandied, dirtied, and rendered nearly unmarketable. The freshness of all was gone. There are certainly landing places on the Achill shores, but they are without exception built at the wrong spots, where they are not needed. Where harbours, or at least sheltering landing piers, are imperatively required, as at Kim and Dooagh, they are not. An instructive object lesson of how money has been wasted in the past in Ireland! Our photograph shows some of the herring taken at Kim Bay lying on the grass in heaps, waiting to be thrown into the panniers.



Photograph by *J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

A Waste of Herrings at Kim Bay

The place where tourists go, is on the north of the island—Dugort. This is the Protestant settlement, established in 1833, but the intolerance on the part of its founders has very considerably marred its success. At the present time, for example, the populous village of Dooagh is entirely Roman Catholic, with one solitary male exception. The grandly-shaped mountain of Slievemore (2,204 feet) is the predominant feature of this side of the island, and when mists are enwrapted round its purple slopes and rock-strewn

Photograph by *J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

Slievemore wrapped in Mist

steeps, it is an object of never-tiring beauty and attraction.

Keel, another quaint village of rude cabins, on the south of the island, has probably a future before it, if ever the light railway is continued there from Achill Sound, as it could easily be, at comparatively small expense. With a southern aspect, in a deeply-indented bay, and with a fine, firm strand of sand—a hundred or more yards in depth when the tide is out—immediately backed by a lofty pebble ridge, the grand two and-a-half mile stretch of Keel Bay would make an ideally perfect seaside place. No spot, probably, in the British Isles presents such an opportunity for the wise, far-seeing speculator. A hotel here would do well. The name Keel is derived from the Irish word, and alludes to the strip of land between lake and sea—the strand at Keel being separated from Keel Lake by a wide expanse of flat, grassy, sandy land, perfectly adapted for golf links. The lake, of large extent, is the home for plenty of both sea and brown trout. On the east of the bay the verdant Isle of Inishgalloon with its rounded contour, pierced right through its centre with a remarkable daylight cave, at present inhabited solely by a few sheep (ferried over there to feed), the happy home of innumerable gulls, red-beaked and footed oyster-catchers, and curlew, is a feature from the shore of unfailing and agreeable interest. The east of Keel Bay is bounded by the wonderful Minawn Cliffs —Cathedral Rocks as they are called—1,530 feet in height, of Gothic arches, strangely sea-fretted loopholes and delightful pools, where marine life, animal and vegetable, luxuriates. And the distant views in front looking seaward from Keel Strand or back looking inland—all magnificent under each change of atmospheric colouring and circumstance! Mighty Croaghaun (2,192 feet) rearing his head in sublime majesty when the dry wind has cleared the mists which usually lovingly linger round his ancient head, bringing his presence surprisingly near; or when enveloped in fleecy white masses, or when thunderously black and

foreboding--always a picture beauteous to behold.

But Achill possesses another feature of great historical interest. On the straits separating the island from the mainland, near the southern end, romantically situated, is Grace O'Malley's castle—or rather what now remains of it. This extraordinary Irish lady lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, whom she once visited, showing a spirit of enterprise and pluck which in those days must have been remarkable—for Grace was a Pirate bold. She escaped, too, from the tenacious clutches of the great English Monarch, showing she combined diplomacy with her other unusual qualities. Her name has become quite proverbial all over Ireland as the Irish equivalent of Boadicea. Many national airs contain references to her, and one of the most affectionate pet names when children are lovingly addressed by their mothers, is as son or daughter of "Grana Weal"—the native form of Grace O'Malley.

The predominant metereological feature of Achill is unquestionably wind. People who do not like sea breezes must not visit "Eagle" Island. It is a soft Atlantic wind, most bracing in effect, making the spot very desirable for tired brain-workers, anæmic persons, and those wearied and run down with city life. It can blow fiercely at times. Roofs have all to be tied down, and the cabins are strongly built to withstand its onslaughts. Still, the island is a delightful place, full of interest, which will not be exhausted by a visit of even months.

J. HARRIS STONE.

Photograph by **The Castle of Grace O'Malley, the female pirate** *J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

The Dock Centenary of London

THE year 1905 is an important centenary in the history of the Port of London, for it is just a hundred years ago that the London Docks were opened for the accommodation of vessels entering the Thames, that the East India Docks were commenced under the supervision of the well-known engineers Ralph Walker and John Rennie, and that the West India Docks, the first wet docks that London possessed, were finally completed according to the original plans.

It is somewhat difficult at this date to understand the success of the remarkable opposition which was so long maintained before London was allowed to develop its port and provide accommodation for its ever-growing trade. The Port was the laughing-stock of the world, for although its commerce had increased enormously and consisted of three-fifths of the trade of the whole kingdom, it possessed only the same legal quays or authorized landing-places for merchandise at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as it did in the reign of Charles II.; and these extended for not more than 1,464 feet, or about a quarter of a mile, beginning at London Bridge and ending at the Tower. Even Bristol, with infinitely less trade, could boast its four thousand feet of quays on the Avon and Frome.

To get some idea of this extraordinary state of affairs, it will be necessary to go back a little in the history of the Port. In 1558 certain wharves, which afterwards became known as "legal quays," were appointed to be the sole landing places for goods in the Port of London, owing to the impossibility of checking smuggling when goods were allowed to be landed anywhere. Very few additions were made to these wharves and in 1796 of the 1,464 feet of quays, 300 were in use for coasting vessels and only 1,164 feet for ships engaged in the foreign and colonial trade. True, as time had gone on and commerce had doubled and trebled in the days of the early Georges, about twenty other wharves were added, known as "sufferance wharves," with a frontage of 3,676 feet and accommodation in warehouses for 125,000 tons of merchandise and in the yards for an additional 78,800 tons. These sufferance wharves, however, had no legal right to exist, and the authorities only winked at them because of the impossibility otherwise of dealing with the commerce of the Port. Wine, spirits and all goods which paid high duties had to be landed at the legal quays, and it was only so late as 1793 that sugar could be taken to the sufferance wharves. Even then the charges were very much higher than at the legal quays and the revenue officers demanded far larger fees, so that there was everything to hinder the use of the wharves and necessity alone made ships go to them. When it is remembered that the imports and exports of London had increased from ten millions sterling in 1700 to thirty-one millions in 1794, with very slight increase in the accommodation for unloading vessels, it may be imagined that the condition of the Thames above Woolwich was almost sufficient to cause despair the hearts of merchants and traders.

Then the method of unloading at London was most antiquated. None but a few of the very smallest ships could proceed to the quays direct. Not only coal, but every kind of merchandise, even the most valuable, had to be discharged into lighters while the vessel was at anchor in the stream, and the lighters then moved to the quays, the goods being exposed to plunder in these open boats, for only the East India Company had decked lighters and they were not considered much protection against thieves. In 1792 the number of craft engaged in the traffic between the ships and the quays was 3,503. Further, seeing that the warehouses of the legal quays could only hold 32,000 hogsheads of sugar, while 120,000 hogsheads arrived within three months, there were often hogsheads piled up on the quays, seven or eight high, together with a vast accumulation of boxes, barrels, sacks and other mixed packages, as easily open to thieves as when in the lighters.

In fact it was estimated that the plundering of West India commerce alone, in the Port of London, resulted in a loss to the proprietors of £150,000 per annum and to the Revenue of £50,000. All classes were engaged in these pilferings—lightermen, watermen, labourers, sailors, officers and revenue officials; and on both sides of the river a vast number of receivers flourished and grew rich rapidly. Even men, otherwise honest, took their share of the plunder, looking upon it as legitimate perquisites, and explaining the loss of ruined. The difficulties were increased by the slackness of the Customs officers, who were unpunctual in their attendance, and had so many legal holidays as to make it quite impossible for them to get through their business.

Proposals were made from time to time for improving the Port by increasing the accommodation for vessels entering the Thames, but vested interests were up in arms at once and so powerful were these that for a century or more they had been able to crush all progressive schemes.

West India Dock
After a drawing by F. W. Topham, about 1837

goods as "leakage and wastage." So bad did this state of things become at last that in 1798 the Marine Police, afterwards called the Thames Police, were established to counteract the evil.

But the heavy loss of merchants was not only due to thieves. Owing to lack of facilities for landing them, goods were often kept floating in barges for days and sometimes for weeks together, as we now see coal; and naturally in wet weather much of the valuable merchandise was

At last, however, the agitation assumed such dimensions that the whole of London took up the cry, and we can scarcely realize now the excitement that for years prevailed, especially in mercantile and shipping circles, and along the riverside districts. Merchants and shipowners were practically agreed that something would have to be done to enable the ever-increasing trade to be dealt with expeditiously, and the crying need in this respect was to double and treble the accommodation

for vessels in the Port, and to simplify methods of discharging cargoes.

One of the principal workers in the cause was a merchant named William Vaughan, and a pamphlet of his, published anonymously in 1793, first put forward in anything like practical shape, a proposal to construct wet docks. The pamphlet was entitled, "On Wet Docks, Quays and Warehouses for the Port of London, with Hints respecting Trade," and the object as set forth by the writer was, "to remove prejudices, to quiet claimants, and to unite great leading and commercial interests in an application to Parliament for the creation of docks, as one of the best securities and encouragements to our commerce and prosperity to the country." It was explained that not only new warehouses were required, but new quays and these could not be obtained to the required extent by adding to the legal quays, owing to lack of available space within London itself. To show how inadequate were the legal quays, the writer mentioned that three-quarters of the imports and exports of London, as to bulk, were dealt with either by water or at the sufferance wharves.

He then unfolded his plan. It was to take an area of low-lying land near the river at Wapping, mostly occupied by market gardens, although there were a few small, badly built houses of little value, and there to form an extensive wet dock with quays and warehouses. From the dock a channel was to be cut into the Thames through the Isle of Dogs, thereby saving ships the danger and delay of going through the "Pool." Alternative plans were to construct docks in the Isle of Dogs or at Rotherhithe, and it is interesting to note that despite the tremendous opposition offered to the proposals, all three were in course of time carried out, to the great benefit of the Port of London. The advantages of the scheme for building docks were set forth at some length. The despatch of business, hitherto dealt with at the legal quays would be trebled, the docks would be central to the City, Customs, Excise, merchants, tradesmen, brokers and coopers, and convenient for the inspection, sale and delivery of merchandise. They would "not disturb the present state of commerce as to residences and employments dependent upon shipping, or the situation of manufactures established near the landing of those merchandises that are large and bulky, such as rope-walks and sugar-houses lying on the east side of London." If insulated with walls, and under regulations, the docks would provide security for property and be convenient for the revenue officers owing to their compactness.

These reasons were all sound, but there was one advantage specified which in the light of after events is very curious. "The spots first mentioned for docks," said the writer, "are inland and healthy and free from fogs and exhalations of the river. They are surrounded by habitations where fires would add dryness to the atmosphere and in some measure lessen the humidity accompanying colder and damper situations." Certainly no part of London is so liable to fogs as that in which the docks are situated, and the fires of habitations which were to have dispelled such mists have only added to the trouble by turning a white fog into a thick, black cloud that nothing can pierce.

No lights were to be permitted in the docks or surrounding warehouses, though it is not explained how work was to be carried on in the winter, when sometimes natural light does not last for more than a few hours. As a result of this restriction there would be fewer fires than occurred at the quays, where at times conflagrations spread "from warehouses to ships and from ships to warehouses or to other ships." The docks would create a fair competition with the legal quays and prevent combinations among wharfingers to keep up rates and charges, an evil that so far back as 1674 had been petitioned against to Parliament. Of course it was recognised that those who had rights in the legal quays, such as wharfingers, gangsmen, porters stationed under wharfingers (who paid from £100 to £150 for their places) would have to be compensated; but that would present no undue difficulty. Let Parliament give permission and capitalists would at once come forward to construct the docks.

The outcry of the vested interests was tremendous, and when in the following year the writer published another pamphlet giving his scheme in more detailed form, announcing that surveys had been made and soundings taken of the river, the enemies of the scheme replied in a rival booklet.

The objections to docks were of a most trivial character. The author of the proposal was described as ignorant of the conditions of the Port of London, "or if in the river the ships were often aground on the mud, and being immovable would facilitate the spread of a conflagration. William Vaughan had mentioned as an advantage of choosing the Wapping site, that a great part of the land was unbuilt upon, but the present writer pointed out that although this was true, it had been marked out for building, a fact which showed that the possibilities of the dock scheme were fully realized by the land-owners and that they had hastened

The Upper Pool
From an engraving by J. Salmon, about 1837

acquainted with them he designedly overlooks them," but the writer showed his hand when he went on to say that "the consequence of the project would be the destruction of all the existing property in wharves and warehouses on both sides of the river." It was sought to prove that the danger from fire would be greater in docks than in the river, an objection which later on was proved to be ridiculous, as in docks a ship being afloat could always be towed into the centre of the basin to burn itself out alone, whereas at the quays or to make use of their property for extorting as large a share of compensation as possible.

Finally it was declared that the proposed docks would "divert trade out of its natural and proper channel into an obscure and remote corner of the Metropolis," and would "destroy the whole of the property now existing in wharves and warehouses and thereby reduce the banks of the Thames to a ruinous state." But the most important fact in connection with the publication of this pamphlet was the

concession that something would have to be done, and the counter-proposal to extend the legal quays, a course formerly opposed as hotly as that of the docks, is interesting in view of a similar suggestion made recently—a hundred years later, when the docks having fulfilled their purpose have become inadequate owing to the ever-increasing size of ships.

A great meeting of the merchants of London was held in March, 1794, which declared itself "fully convinced of the inconvenience and injury to trade of the Port of London, owing to the confined limits of the wharves and crowded state of the river," and came to the conclusion that "of the plans submitted for consideration that of wet docks at Wapping was best." This opinion was reported to a general meeting of merchants in March, 1795, and was approved, a committee being formed to take into consideration the propriety of opening a canal from Blackwall to the docks in Wapping. Later, both plans were declared practicable and it was recommended that a subscription be opened for the sum of £800,000 to carry them into execution." This sum was subscribed on the 22nd and 23rd December, 1795, and a scheme was prepared for submission to Parliament constituting "A Corporation of the Dock Company to carry on the work necessary to form docks which when complete would contain 388 ships of 400 tons burthen and upwards, with room for shifting and lighters."

The agitation bore fruit, for in 1796 the House of Commons appointed a Committee to inquire into the whole matter and among the witnesses examined was the William Vaughan of pamphlet fame, who answered all the objections that had been made to his scheme. These had increased in number, and among the new objections were one that the dock-basin would soon be filled up with gravel from the river, and another that the proposed canal through the Isle of Dogs would facilitate smuggling.

The Committee had eight different plans brought before it, two or three for extending the legal quays and the others for forming docks, and when the various docks came to be constructed some years later several of the plans were pretty closely followed. All the proposals were strenuously opposed. The tackle-house and city porters declared that if the import and export business was removed beyond the confines of the City, their exclusive right to load and deliver merchandise imported into the City would be valueless. The watermen complained that half of their number would be thrown out of work and the lightermen said that their capital of £120,000 invested in tackle and craft would be lost if the proposals were carried into effect. All the proprietors of the legal quays endeavoured to show that if docks were constructed and the West India trade alone used them, two-thirds of their interests in the quays would be gone, while the proprietors of the sufferance wharves made a similar complaint. Some of the opposers professed to be disinterested and tried to show that to unload in docks would be far more expensive for ships and merchants than the existing system.

The Committee's report was very half-hearted, and while leaning to docks, did not think that docks necessarily involved the construction of quays for the delivery of cargoes. Several bills were at once introduced into Parliament, but by 1799 not a single one had passed. When a Committee was appointed to inquire into their merits, new proposals were brought forward by the opponents of docks to construct quays at Blackfriars and to rebuild London Bridge in such a way that vessels of five hundred tons could proceed to the new quays. But the Committee would have nothing to do with such proposals; the advantages of docks were too obvious, and the several bills before Parliament were seriously considered. The West India merchants, being a very influential and wealthy body, carried their measure through first and on the 21st August, 1802, the West India Docks in the Isle of Dogs, the earliest wet docks in London, were partially opened by William Pitt, the Prime Minister, the first stone having been laid by him in July, 1800. The docks were finally completed according to the original plan in 1805, the engineer being William Jessop. All ships

bringing West India produce into London were compelled to use these docks for twenty-one years from their inauguration.

In 1800 the Act for the construction of the London Dock was passed, and this was opened on January 30th, 1805. The engineer was John Rennie, and the dock had exclusive rights similar to those in the Isle of Dogs, all vessels bearing wine, brandy, tobacco and certain other produce being required to unload at Wapping. The East India Docks were the next to be constructed in London, the first stone being laid on March 4th, 1805, and the docks opened on August 4th, 1806, all East Indian vessels having to unload their cargoes there.

The Government had had to quiet the old interests by paying the proprietors of the legal quays £486,087 for their rights; and compensation amounting to £138,791 was granted to others having interests in the mooring chains in the river, the total amount paid out of the Consolidated Fund on account of these Acts for improving the Port of London being £1,681,685.

Some years later when the time drew near for the exclusive rights of the various docks named to expire, the merchants of London, realizing that many ships hitherto using the docks at Blackwall would come up to Wapping, decided that it would be a disadvantage to the port, if there were no increased accommodation and no healthy competition. In spite therefore of the opposition of the London Dock Company, in 1824, a bill was introduced into Parliament for the construction of the St. Katherine's Docks, and was passed. Two other bills for the formation of docks on the south side of the river also passed in 1825, and from that time to the present the dock accommodation of the Port of London has gone on increasing. The Victoria Docks was constructed at Plaistow Marshes in 1855 (this year being their jubilee), and the Albert extension giving these docks a length of quay totalling seven miles was completed in 1880. The Victoria Dock having cost far less to construct than the older docks and having much less capital, was able to reduce the charges upon vessels very much, so that the competition was fierce and the revenue of the older companies began to fall off alarmingly, and in 1861 a pamphlet was published anonymously, but evidently written by a shareholder in the London Dock Company, suggesting a working union of the older companies with the new. This was effected years later, and now the London and India Dock Joint Committee controls the London and St. Katherine's, the East and West India, the Victoria and Albert, and the Tilbury Docks. The last-named were opened in 1886.

To describe the various docks is of course out of the question in this article. An account of their present size, position and business can be found in almost any statistical encyclopædia. It would seem that having lasted a century, the work of the older docks is nearly done, for the tendency to build larger and larger vessels is gradually crushing out the smaller ships, save for coasting trade, and these large ships need such a draught of water, that they use the newer, deeper, and more convenient docks lower down the river.

CHARLES RAY.

Profit and Loss

By John Oxenham

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

John Burney, a London banker, discovers that his son has forged the signature of one of his customers. The lady whose name has been forged insists upon steps being taken for the arrest of the culprit. Being aware that his chief cashier, George Barty, is deeply in debt and being pressed by his creditors, John Burney promises that if he will declare that he committed the forgery, he will pay his debts, look after his wife and children, and, at the expiration of his sentence, give him £5,000 to start life afresh. Barty agrees, pleads guilty and is sentenced to ten years across the seas. At the end of four years he is permitted by the authorities to become servant to an explorer who is about to cross Australia from West to East. Barty dies on the journey, and the news of his death is taken to his wife who is supporting herself and children by keeping a boarding house. Many years later, Sir John Burney engages a young man to act as travelling companion to his grandson, Frazer Burney, who is mentally deficient. The companion is George Barty, son of the bank cashier. On the continent George Barty becomes acquainted with Mary Lindsay, an Australian girl who is acting as companion to an aged English lady. The Englishwoman dies, and Mary Lindsay prepares to return to England, but before the time for her departure arrives, Frazer Burney stabs George Barty, escapes to the mountains and is not seen again. Mary Lindsay nurses George Barty through his illness, and when he is able to travel they start for England together. At Paris George Barty meets Niel Felston, a young man who has gambled away his money at Monte Carlo, and is on the verge of committing suicide.

CHAPTER XI—(*continued*)

A MEETING OF MOMENT

They found Miss Lindsay a little further on, struggling with a fresh attempt at the view in front.

"I was afraid you'd got lost, Miss Lindsay," said George. "How goes the sketch? Miss Lindsay—Mr. Felston. Mr. Felston and I met down south. A match introduced us to one another again a few minutes ago."

Mary bowed and Felston raised his hat.

"It's beyond me," she said. "I can't get the bloom on the peach. It runs into fog."

"May I see?" asked Felston. "I dabble a bit in colours myself."

She handed him the book at once, and he looked critically at the unfinished sketch.

"It is very good, if you will allow me to say so, all except the atmosphere, and that is always difficult at this distance and on such a day. Permit me!" and he sat down on a stone alongside and picked up her brushes and paint box, and Mary sat leaning forward with her hands clasped on her knees and watched him.

He mixed some colours and held the brush suspended over the page for a moment, then turned to the next one.

"It is a pity to spoil that," he said. "It is all your own work and very good work. You want a reminder of that"—with a nod at Paris—"just as it is?"

"Yes," she said, "just as it is, just as all the people who used to live here used to see it from these windows."

He worked rapidly and they watched him with interest, Mary from the artist's point of view of causes and effects, George from several still wider points of view.

Felston was absorbed in his work and did not speak. He was tight strung, but his hand and eye had lost none of their cunning. Possibly he found it a relief to concentrate his thoughts on something outside himself. Mary's eyes followed every stroke and every rapid dab among the paints. George strolled quietly up and down the terrace pondering his new acquaintance, and coming back to look over his shoulder at every turn. He believed every word Felston had told him. The question was, how could he assist him as he felt a strong desire to do.

"It is not quite to my mind," Felston was saying, as he came back on his beat one time. "I am more at home in oils, but it gives an impression of the view——"

"It is delicious," said Mary. And to George also it seemed an exceedingly clever bit of work, rapid and impressionistic, but wonderfully true and suggestive.

"I shall prize it greatly," said Mary. "Will you please sign and date it? Then when you become famous——"

Mary sat and watched him

Felston glanced at George and laughed as he inserted his name and the date.

"Which way were you thinking of returning?" he asked. "Whereabouts do you want to get to?"

"We are at a small hotel garni in the Rue Michelette, number 17," said George.

"That's odd," said Felston, with his short laugh, as he looked at George. "I have lived at No. 16 for the last eight years. We can all go together—that is, if you don't mind."

"We shall be very glad of your company. We are pilgrims and strangers and find our way about with difficulty at times, and sometimes don't find it at all."

"We are always getting lost," said Mary. "It adds zest to one's rambles."

"Which way did you come?"

"Boat to Suresnes, then walked back along the river."

"Then, if I may suggest, we will walk through the park and take the boat at Sèvres. Have you seen the porcelain works? No? Then"—glancing at his watch—"we'll have time to do that too before they close!"

In the capacity of host, doing the honours to novel guests, his spirits rose considerably. George asked himself if it was possible that this was the same young man who had confessed to the idea of making away with himself an hour ago. He weighed him carefully as they went along, and came to the conclusion that his present high spirits were as genuine as the other ones had been. It was a style of temperament he had had little acquaintance with, and his interest in Felston deepened still more.

"You dine out, of course," said Felston, as they crossed the Pont Royal after quitting the boat. "Where do you generally go?"

"Palais Royal," said George.

"Oh, pfui! I can show you better than that."

"If you dine on the same scale as you breakfast we'd sooner not," said George.

"Ah!" he said, "that was an occasion. The last time I breakfasted there, there were twenty-five of us. It was the day I started for Monte Carlo. To-day I was renewing old memories and saying farewell."

"You are leaving Paris?" asked Mary.

"I was thinking of it, but I may not. I have not quite decided yet."

"It must be delightful to be able to live where you choose," she said. "I found a dozen places in Switzerland where I would like to live if I could earn my living with my brush."

"A year's study here would give you much of what you lack," he said, "and practice would do the rest. But it is not an easy matter to earn one's living by the brush nowadays. The big men make big money, the beginners starve."

"The year's study is out of the question anyway," said Mary. "Sometime perhaps I may manage it. It will be something to look forward to and work for."

"It must be a great thing to have some thing to look forward to," he said quietly.

When they came to the door of No. 16 he said, with an evident desire to further their acquaintance, "Won't you come up for a minute or two, and then I'll show you where to dine in the Quartier?" and they followed him up the rambling old staircase to the top of the house.

It was a large room, with two big north windows and little besides but a bed in an alcove, a plain deal table, and a couple of cane easy chairs, which creaked when you sat down in them and went on complaining at intervals for quite three minutes after you had risen. There were a couple of easels, one large and one small, and a number of canvases propped against the wall all in an unfinished state.

"This is the starving stage, you see, Miss Lindsay," said Felston cheerfully. "Bare walls and bare boards. The rugs and draperies come later, or not at all, as the case may be. I'll be back in three minutes if you don't mind taking charge of the establishment. You can criticise all my efforts to your heart's content." They heard him run lightly down the stairs, and George thought he could guess where he had gone and on what errand.

"He must be very clever," said Mary, as they looked at canvas after canvas. And clever undoubtedly they were. "But why does he leave them half finished?"

"Constitutional laziness, perhaps. Art students are a harum scarum lot as a rule. I suppose it is the absolute freedom that gives them too many opportunities."

Mary had stopped before a large canvas and was examining it intently. It was a very beautiful piece of work, but like the rest, unfinished. A youth in the garb of an Eastern shepherd had come strolling along a bare road, his sheep straggling behind. He had come to a parting of the ways, and at the dividing point sat two maidens, one dark, the other fair. The dark one, a most bewitching beauty, with laughing eyes and merry lips, her face and full voluptuous figure all aglow with enticement, had half risen, whereby her rich outer robes had fallen to the ground. Her hand was stretched to draw the shepherd into her path. The path ran broad and bright, with sunshine and flowers, and presently dippped over a smooth round knoll. In the distance along it other beautiful girls were walking with linked arms. The farthest distance was dark, as though behind the smooth round hill the sunlight faded.

The other girl at the parting of the ways was clothed in soft, white, clinging robes. She sat with her hands folded in her lap, and you knew that she would only look quietly at the youth and in no way constrain him. His choice must be his own. In the picture, as they saw it then, however, the white girl had no face. There was a great confusion of paint where the face should have been, as though more than one abortive attempt had been made on it and wrathfully scraped out. The path by her side was narrow and stony. There were thorns and briars in it. It trended upwards and hinted at climbing. There were flowers in it too, here and there among the thorns, and the far distance glowed with soft light. The young shepherd stood leaning on his crook undecided which path to take. His back was towards you and so his face was not seen. The muscles in his brown shoulders and legs were finely wrought, and he was a picture of hillside grace and indecision. His sheep were clumped at his heels with their mild eyes fixed on him, ready to follow wherever he led.

That is the merest outline of the idea of the painting. Some of you have seen it since. Some of you know whose face in due time took its place on the white girl's shoulders.

"A very obvious moral," said George, "and I should say a very fine piece of work, if only it was finished."

"Why *does* he leave everything half done?" said Mary, with a touch of irritation.

"Well, you see," said Felston behind them, "in that case there was a very good reason. I can't find a face to suit me. I've been looking for one for a year past. I've tried a round dozen, but they none of them came up to my ideas. I want the most beautiful face in the world"—he looked critically at Mary for a moment, and then added—"she'll turn up some time probably, then I'll finish it off. It's about the best bit of work I've done. Shall we go along to dinner now?"

He took them to a tiny shop lower down the street, where an old lady presided gracefully over a small stock of tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes, and also sold stamps. They had passed the place dozens of times. George had even bought stamps and tobacco there, and had been much impressed with the old lady's manner, which was as gracious when he bought a twopence-halfpenny stamp as when he invested in a two-ounce packet of tobacco. She was a very charming old lady, with white hair done up in little curls plastered to the side of her head, and a clean-cut white face which seemed to enjoy smiling.

"Ah, M. Felston! But it is long since we have seen you," she cried, at sight of them.

"The wandering sheep has returned to the fold, my dear Madame Buvard. We breakfasted this morning at L'Espaliers at St. Cloud——"

"Ah, *Mon Dieu!* L'Espaliers! Then without doubt you paid for it."

"Oh, yes, we paid for it without doubt, and through the nose as usual. So we've come to you to rehabilitate our pockets and our digestions. I have been telling my friends"—Madame bowed charmingly to George and Mary—"you give the best dinner in all Paris for the money.

But candidly, Madame, when I bring you two new customers it seems to me you should let me dine free—or make a reduction on the three——"

"But—my dear——" began the old lady helplessly, and then caught the twinkle in his eye, and added with an assumption of irascibility, "Go away, farceur. You are always up to your jokes. Pay me one quarter of what you pay L'Espalier, and I will retire at the end of the year."

"And where would we dine then? No, no, dear Madame, we can't spare you yet. Half the boys would die if you deserted them."

A customer coming in for a stamp, Madame wreathed herself in fresh smiles, and Felston led the way round the counter, and down a passage, to a long room with a table all down the centre. It was set to accommodate about thirty diners.

"Jour, Marie," he nodded, to a very pleasant-faced, white-capped girl who was finishing the table arrangements.

"Ah, M. Felston! And I feared you were dead."

"Not yet, *ma petite*. Almost at times."

"Why, what have you been doing all this time?"

"Wandering to and fro seeking something to devour."

"Poor thing! Did you catch her?" said Marie with a twinkle.

"No."

"*Mon Dieu!* but you must be hungry. I will get the soup," and she hurried away.

"We are early, so we'll take the fire," said Felston, and seated himself at the head of the table, with Mary on his left and George on his right. The room was plainly furnished, but guiltless of mirrors, and half-a-dozen chintz-covered sofas round the walls, and a cheerful wood fire on the big open hearth, gave it a unique air of homeliness and comfort.

"This is quite the nicest dining-place we've seen yet," said Mary, looking round with great content. "And the old lady is delightful."

"She is a dear old thing and very good to the boys. About thirty of them dine here every night, and they all swear by Madame Buvard. Some of them would not be here but for her. She's fed some of them for weeks, when they've been on the ramp and run through their allowances too soon. But she's never lost a sou by it,—on the contrary. Her husband was a colonel under MacMahon at Sedan, and was killed there. There's only one thing she hates and that's a German. I remember once a Bavarian student came in with the others. Madame flatly refused to serve anyone with anything till he left. He never came again. She keeps that picture,"—with a jerk of the head towards the fireplace,—"to fan the flames of her hatred,"—a large black and white, depicting France, ragged, wounded, half-naked, sitting crouched by a table, one bare arm round a shrinking child, the other holding in its nerveless fingers the pen of capitulation;—leaning across the table towards her, Bismarck like a bloodhound, Von Moltke like a wolf, others of the conquerors behind, all hard and keen and bitter as death.

"Horrible!" said Mary. "It's enough to take away one's appetite."

"Not when you've dined here once," said Felston. "The only thing that will take it away then is Madame's fare. We pay three francs, have five dishes, all always excellent and fitted like a Chinese puzzle, and the wine is unusual. I don't know how she does it. But she is an extremely clever old lady, and she arranges everything herself. She thinks out her menus as she sits in the shop. I've an idea she must have been 'grande dame' in her time, probably had a big house in the country and draws on her recollections."

Marie came bustling in with the soup, and chattered occasionally throughout the dinner with Felston, giving him scraps of news of his acquaintances.

Mary said she had not enjoyed a meal so much since she left home. And when Felston translated this for Marie's benefit, that smiling young person smiled more than ever and immediately went and told Madame.

Other young men came dropping in in twos and threes before they had finished, with a nod and a word of greeting to Felston, who seemed to be a favourite, and

a covert stare at Mary Lindsay's bright face.

"Shall we walk along to the boulevard for coffee?" said Felston.

"Can't we stay here?" asked Mary.

"We could, and I've no doubt they'd be glad to have you stop. But, on the other hand, after dinner they get noisy, and a lady is something of a restraint on their freedom,"—and she jumped up at once.

"Mademoiselle is charmed with your hospitality, Madame," Felston told the old lady, as George and he both tried to pay for the three of them.

"Mademoiselle is too kind," beamed the old lady. "She will be very welcome again."

"She wanted to stop here, but I wouldn't let her."

"The good boys do get a little lively at times," said Madame Buvard, "but they are not wicked—at least not here.—Now whose money am I to take, or shall I take both?" she laughed at the two would-be payers.

"Mine, Madame, assuredly, or perhaps we shall never come again," said George. "We are already under great obligations to M. Felston for bringing us to so delightful a place."

"It is well said," said Madame, and pushed Felston's money back at him. "Keep it, mon gars. No doubt you can find a use for it," and they strolled away across the bridge towards the boulevard.

When George had seen Mary safely up to her room that night, and heard the door locked, he and Felston returned to the studio. They managed to kindle a fire on the cold hearth, and Felston heaped on sawn logs till it was roaring in the chimney. Then they lighted pipe and cigarette, and sat in the creaking wicker chairs and talked.

"Well, has the bad fit gone?" asked George.

"For the time being, yes, thanks to you and Miss Lindsay. She is very charming."

"What are your ideas?"

"I'll pick things up again and have another try. But I'm afraid it's only a postponement of the evil day."

"I don't see why it should be. If you're strong enough to pick things up I don't see why you need be weak enough to drop them again."

"I'm very loose-strung inside. You can't understand it. The things that draw me like ropes probably wouldn't deflect your compass a single point."

"What would you say to London for a change?"

"I detest London, especially in winter. No, I'll try here. If I fail I can always end it."

"No, you can't, as I told you at St. Cloud."

"Ah, yes, I forgot. Well, that's all the more reason for tackling the matter in earnest."

"The question is—can you do that here? I suppose there must be people in Paris who work in real earnest. But they're not very evident on the face of things—except the waiters. Paris strikes me as the incarnation of frivolity and worse, and not at all the place for an inwardly loose-strung young man to work in real earnest. It's just a city of temptations,—the broad path," he said, with a nod towards the big picture, "and no lack of Delilahs to drag one down it."

"Delilahs lose their charm—except as models, and they don't keep 'em long even then. I doubt if I could paint a stroke in London. It gives me blue devils simply to look at people's faces in the streets."

"There are people and people. You can find mud anywhere."

But he could not induce him to the change of environment.

"My dear fellow," said Felston finally, "if you'd lived here for ten years you would understand. Paris works into your blood and becomes a necessary part of your life. Any other place is exile."

"Exile is sometimes beneficial."

"But torture all the same. As well die of Paris as of London."

"How will you manage?"

"I'll scrape along somehow till I manage to sell something. At Christmas there's £75 due to me, and good old Madame Buvard won't let me actually starve."

"Will you let me lend you that ten pounds we spoke of?"

"I didn't mean that, you know—"

"I know you didn't, but I mean this. I would like to help if you'll let me."

"It would possibly save my self-respect some knocks, but—. Any stipulations?" he asked presently.

"Certainly not. When I trust a man I trust him fully."

"It's more than good of you, Barty, but—I don't know. I tell you candidly I am not sure of myself. If the spirit seizes me I may kick over the traces at any minute."

"I'll take the risk."

"Very well," said Felston, after some consideration, "I'll accept it and we will see what comes of it. If I pull through, it'll be one to your credit. If I don't, you'll have lost ten pounds."

They talked on of many things. George told him his own ideas for the future, and Felston told him much of his past.

"I'm very glad you went out without matches this morning," said George, as they parted on the doorstep of No. 17.

"I'm half inclined never to carry a match again," said Felston.

CHAPTER XII

HOME, SWEET HOME

"How dismal London looks after Paris and the rest," sighed Mary Lindsay, with a little shiver, as their cab made its halting progression along Fleet Street towards Wynyatt Square.

It was muggy above and liquid mud below. The lights of the shops gleamed coldly on the greasy pavements and mackintoshed policemen and the hurrying crowds on the side walks, and Mary's spirits were as low as the barometer.

"It's different," said George, "but somehow it feels more genuine. There's a glamour about Paris, but it's all sham and outward show, and one has a feeling of hollowness about it. As if it might all collapse if you poked it with your finger. It's a mighty good thing one comes to see the good points in the place one has to live in."

But if the streets, and Wynyatt Square, and even the outside of No. 21 looked uninspiring in that dismal weather, all remembrance of them fled when the door flew open to George's lively knock, and Mrs. Barty stood there with the halo of home streaming out past her, and gave them hearty welcome.

"Come away in, my dear, I am very glad to see you," she said to Mary, and kissed the girl with such motherly warmth as was quite past her remembrance and almost beyond her knowledge. "We feel as if we all knew you like an old friend. Joan is waiting most anxiously for you. Let us go up to her at once."

And while George saw to the unloading of the cab, Mrs. Barty led Mary up to Joan.

Mary Lindsay never forgot that first sight of Joan Barty's sweet face,—the eloquent brown eyes shining like stars, the pure loveliness of the girl, the slim white hands stretched out towards her in eager welcome as to a dear friend, and, perhaps more than all, some subtle indication through it all that Joan's own anticipations respecting herself were amply satisfied.

"It is so good to see you home at last, dear," said Joan, "We have heard so much about you from George's letters, but I wanted you yourself."

"We have been rather selfish, I'm afraid," said Mary, when they had kissed and settled down. "But it was such a chance of seeing what one might never have the chance of seeing again, and oh, it *has* been so delightful."

"You did just right not to miss it," said Joan. "I've followed you everywhere on the map and in the guide books, but I want to hear it all again from yourself. When we've had tea we'll talk right on for a week."

George came up the stairs four at a time and burst in.

"Joan!"

"Dear old boy!"

No more, but it brought the tears close up to Mary Lindsay's eyes and made them very bright. Never in all her life had she tasted so sweet a draught of home, and her heart was very full.

High tea was set in Joan's room. She

vowed that she dared not let them out of her sight yet, lest they should whisk away again on some fresh enterprise. Just as they were sitting down to it Meg came beaming in from the hospital, with Jack Fairfax in attendance.

Mary Lindsay never orgot the sight of Joan's sweet face

"I happened to be passing the Hospital when, strangely enough, the door opened and a young lady came flying out and nearly knocked me down"—explained Jack.

"Curious!" said George. "I believe it's happened before."

"I believe they do that, you know, when they're short of subjects—patients, I mean—in the casualty ward."

"That's how you used to do when you were there, I suppose," said Meg.

"Oh no, it's only the pretty nurses who do it. They want their beds to look ornamental, you know, so they peep through the gates till an unusually good-looking man comes along. Then they fly out in a hurry on pretence of business, knock him down, break his leg, and it's, 'Hi, there! quick! casualty Ward!' and there you are!"

"Just you wait till we get you there,

sir, and we'll make you sit up, or lie down, behave yourself, at all events, and teach you not to libel your own nest. Think of a Barty boy saying such things of Bart's. He's not really bad, you know, Miss Lindsay, but he's a scribbler and given to romancing. Do you know, you two," she said, looking comprehensively at Mary and George,—" you made one very grave mistake in rambling about all over Europe in that way."

" And what was that ? " asked George.

" You ought to have taken an elderly chaperone to look after you,—a person of staid and steady character—ME ! "

" And left Bart's high and dry on the rocks ! We had too much consideration for Babylon, my child. Think what might have happened if we'd deprived it of one of its brightest ornaments and soundest pillars."

" Paris ! " retorted Meg. " Flim-flam ! You never even gave me a thought."

" We even spoke about you," said George. " I did my very best to prepare Miss Lindsay for this meeting, lest you should astonish her out of her senses."

" Wait till *you* break your leg," said Meg. " Tell me, Miss Lindsay, has he behaved well,—up to the Barty standard ? "

" He couldn't have behaved better," said Mary. " I am under such a load of obligation to him that I don't see how I'm ever to pay it off."

But Meg, with elder-sisterly eyes, thought it not unlikely that a way might discover itself sooner or later.

The " boys " forebore to intrude on the family gathering, but later on they came dropping in to pay their usual court to Mistress Joan, and to give George jovial welcome home, and to greet the visitor. Mary Lindsay had never seen so much high spirits and hearty goodwill collected in so small a space before. They were an unusually pleasant set of lads at that time,—may I not say it,—*moi qui vous parle*, as Felston would have said,—and there was no end to their jokes and laughter. Sister Lazarus—which was Meg's incongruous official title for the time being, that being the name of the ward she had charge of, and which the boys insisted on feminising into Lazarette—scolded them, laughed with them, talked to them like a small edition of her mother, and was a match for any number of the best of them. Now and again, however, she dropped into quiet, serious discussion with one or another on Hospital matters. And Mrs. Barty sat quietly knitting, with the star-shine in her eyes, enjoying them all, and not least of all the evident interest and enjoyment of the bright-faced girl who sat so quietly by her side.

She and Mary had a quiet little talk now and again in their backwater, which drew them still closer.

" I am so very glad you decided to come to us," said Mrs. Barty, one time. " You and Joan will be great friends, I know."

" Oh, I can't tell you how I feel," said Mary impulsively. " It is home, and friends, and more, oh, ever so much more ! My own mother died when I was four. But it was different. This is so delightfully homey."

" How lovely Joan is ! " she broke out softly another time. " George said she was beautiful, but I never imagined her like that. It is not just that her face is lovely. She seems to radiate loveliness somehow—"

" Yes," said Mrs. Barty, with her quiet smile, " I think that is just it. It is not all beautiful hearts that have beautiful faces. When you get them together you get a face that is out of the common. But—' The good is always beautiful, The beautiful is good,' " she quoted softly.

" Dear old Whittier," said Mary. " But I'm not sure that it's always quite true. Paris is very beautiful, but—"

" Whittier's perception of beauty goes a long way below the surface. I doubt if he would think Paris beautiful at all. He must be a beautiful old man himself, but I don't know that he is very good looking."

" It does one good just to sit and look at her," said Mary, following Joan with her eyes, as she passed slowly into the further room with Bob Macgregor's hand on her chair. He had just come in with

a small plant in a pot and they were discussing it earnestly as they went. "How they all seem to like her!"

"They are the nicest boys we ever had. If they could spoil her they would. They are all very good to her."

"They can't help it, I expect, and don't want to. She must be quite an education to them."

"Yes," said Mrs. Barty, with a quick pleased look at her. "I think she is."

CHAPTER XIII

GROPING FOR THE LADDER

It was decided for her that Mary should take at least a fortnight's rest before beginning to look seriously for another place. Meanwhile they were all to keep their eyes and ears open, and if anything likely offered it was to be carefully looked into.

George went up to Kensington Palace Gardens the day after his return. He found Sir John with his leg propped up just as he had left him, and looking as though he had never moved an inch since the last time they met.

He gave the old gentleman a full account of his stewardship, and handed over the balance of the sum entrusted to him for expenses. The old man was much affected when he began to give him the details of his grandson's death, of which Mr. Burney had told him little but the bare facts.

"Stay," he said, "his mother might like to hear also. She was very much troubled about it—more than I ever saw her before."

He squeezed the bulb of an electric bell which hung to the arm of his chair, and when the solemn-faced butler appeared, asked him if Mrs. Burney was in the house.

"She is at luncheon, Sir John."

"Tell her that Mr. Barty is with me, Buckle," and they sat and waited for her.

It was some time before she appeared, however, and George took himself to task for lack of charity in thinking that the details of her son's death seemed to be of less consideration to her than her luncheon. When she did come at last, she carried a handkerchief in one hand against contingencies, and her voluminous person scented the whole room. In the other hand she had some sweetmeats which she slipped into her mouth from time to time, in most ingenuous fashion, and munched contemplatively at intervals.

"I thought you might like to hear about poor Frazer, Julia," said Sir John. "Mr. Barty only reached home yesterday, and has come at once to tell us about him."

Mrs. Burney had sunk into the first chair she reached. She bowed to George, and slipped a sweetmeat into her mouth, and waited for him to begin.

He told them all that had taken place, softening the final unfortunate happenings as much as possible, and enlarging on the improvement he believed he had noticed in his charge towards the end.

Mrs. Burney shook her head dismally at times, and sniffed, and used her handkerchief, and ate sweetmeats, but she had nothing to say and asked no questions till he had finished. Then she asked—

"And he was never found?"

"He was never found. The villagers searched high and low for a week, and never came on a trace of him. The chances are that he fell into some crevasse and the end would be quick."

"It is very horrible," said the mother with a shiver. "I'm quite sure you did your best for him, Mr. Barty," and she dusted out the hand that had held the sweetmeats, with her handkerchief. "I'm sure we're very much obliged to you—and for coming and telling us all about it so nicely. Good morning!" and she got up and went out, George thought to get some more sweetmeats.

"My son said something about his having stabbed you, Mr. Barty," said the old man. "What was that?"

George told him the plain facts, and Sir John only nodded. He was not apparently much surprised.

"May I count upon you keeping the whole matter to yourself as much as possible, Mr. Barty?" he asked.

"I should naturally do so," said George. The old gentleman showed himself more generous than his people in Lombard Street would have given him credit for. He insisted on paying all the expenses of George's extended tour, and upon his

accepting a whole year's salary. "And not a penny too much for the anxiety and suffering you have had," said he. "Not a word, please, I insist upon it."

Perhaps he looked upon it in the light of a check upon any possible garrulity on George's part. From that point of view it was unnecessary, but George had no compunctions in accepting the money, which indeed had been thoroughly well earned.

He went down the street a richer man than he had ever been before, both in cash and experience. And a by no means unpleasurable part of the experience was the feeling that he was in the unique position of having eaten his cake and still possessing it. And it was poor Frazer Burney who paid for it all.

That same day he accompanied Mary and the late Mrs. Colonel Crest's trunks to the solicitors in Lincoln's Inn. The gentleman who had Mrs. Crest's affairs in hand was disposed to complain of the delay. George promptly headed him off, requested a receipt for the trunks, and the balance due to Miss Lindsay, gave her address at No. 21 Wynyatt Square, in case she should be needed for any reason whatever, and brought her triumphantly home again.

The next obvious thing to do was to get his foot on the first rung of that lofty ladder whose base rests somewhere among the sloughs of despond and the grimy purlieus of Fleet Street and the Strand, and whose top reaches up among the stars.

It is a beautiful ladder for those who are fortunate enough to find it. And fortune here, as in most other cases, means dogged perseverance and endurance, and the power of hanging on by teeth and toe nails, till the footing is secure, and the mounting becomes, not easier, but somewhat less precarious. The lower rungs are difficult indeed of accomplishment, but let him who has mastered them and got his head above the mists below, beware of slackening his grip for a moment, lest, treading a slippery rung, he find himself stepping down instead of up. For the atmosphere above the crowded first rungs is rare and heady, and at times a climber becomes so inflated with it that his head swells prodigiously, and he lets go with his hands, and forgets his feet, and tries a flight on that swollen balloon of a head, and ends disastrously.

Some indeed leap half way up the ladder at a bound, but their holding is uncertain, for strength is born of struggle and endurance, and the steady climber leaves them behind at length. And some are content to sit all their days on the lowest rungs in the mist. And some have tales of cruel clutchings and venomous stabs from below and alongside, and even of trampled fingers and kicks from above. And others have happier memories of unexpected hands slipped under tired shoulders helping them up the weary rungs. And few are quite without their visions of fair forms that beckon them ever on and up, and to some these are a sufficient reward for all the labour and the strife.

George's addition to the postal revenue at this time became quite an item at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Master Jack Fairfax enjoyed himself like a very Herod over George's innocents, and when he reluctantly and finally released them one by one from knife and shears, Joan copied them all out again in her very best copperplate. Then George made them up into nice neat parcels, and, after training his guns with circumspection and much shrewd advice from Fairfax, he fired them off here, there, and everywhere, at journals, magazines, and publishers, and prayed devoutly that some might reach the bull's-eye.

In due and natural course the return broadside came, and no shot failed to reach its mark then. For a time every refusal felt like a blow, and the postman's knock set his heart jumping in spite of himself and the "Pshaw! it's only some more come back," with which he braced himself to meet each fresh disappointment.

Of course he always had the lurking expectation of good news—Heart always has, no matter how sternly Head forbids foolish hope. But it is a pretty one-sided game when one man fires at twenty and misses every time, and the twenty all fire back and every shot goes straight to the mark.

I'm sure we're very much obliged to you for coming

"It's all right, my child," Master Fairfax would say, as he looked over the spent shells, with the matter-of-fact geniality of the adviser discussing the case which is life or death to his client. "I had it just the same. It's running its natural course. If the turn came too soon it might fly to your head and be dangerous. Put 'em all into fresh wrappers and we'll fire them off again. If at first you don't succeed, you know—well, neither does the next man, as a rule. We'll get there all right. Look at me!" For Master Jack was looking proudly down on the world from the lofty eminence of one whose first serial was running in a standard journal, and he could afford to smile at the dreary waits which had attended his first efforts.

"The stuff's all right, George, and good stuff finds its way in time. Readers and sub-editors—with exceptions, of course,—are awful asses and all that, full of conceit and badly-bought MSS., and empty of judgment, and so on and so on—at all events we're apt to think them so—but, all the same, they find out the good stuff in time, and they're always on the look-out for it. But new stuff doesn't get much attention to begin with."

"How is one to make a start if they won't look at it?" snorted George.

"You'll see we'll find an opening somewhere before long. And that one'll lead to others, and that to more, and so we'll go on——"

"If they'd only read them," dolefully from George.

"Oh, they do, my dear—sometimes—a page or two. Then they get tired. Don't I know it? Even if one does strike a good thing at the end of two dozen rotters, you're so sick of 'em all that you're apt to chuck it away with the rest. There's a good deal of luck about it. I've read a thing when I was tired or done up, or wanting my lunch, or pining for a smoke, and thought it drivelling rot, and picked it up again when I was fresh, or full and happy, and found it capital stuff."

"Humph!" from George. "The juice of a man's brain sacrificed to the cravings of a sub-editor's stomach. Abominable! What is literature coming to?"

"Coming our way in time, old man. Just bide your time and get on with the writing. It's practice, at all events."

Joan heartened him too. She wrote a straight up and down hand as clear almost as print. She copied and re-copied indefatigably for him, and even went the length of suggesting improvements at times, which is a risky thing to do and needs much delicacy. Trample on a writer's corns and feelings generally, as much as you consider good for him and amusing to yourself, but beware how you try to improve his precious words.

Joan's perceptions, however, in matters of style and balance were delicately true. A sentence that limped instead of tripping smoothly was a physical annoyance to her. A disproportion of space to value troubled her sense of fitness. George reaped the benefit, and so incidentally did she herself. Their discussions on such points had the effect of the burnishing brush on their intellectual silver and gold, and tended to the heightening of the lustre.

Joan and Mrs. Barty read aloud everything he wrote, the one holding the rough original, the other the fair copy, so that nothing should be missed out and no errors should have crept in. As a rule they were enthusiastic in their appreciation. If only they had been those stern arbiters of fate, editors or sub-editors, George's fortune would have been assured. As it was, while appreciating their appreciation, he accepted it at its proper value, and slacked none of his attempts on the less sympathetic world outside.

There was one matter that puzzled Joan considerably, and it was not till long afterwards that she understood the meaning of it. George from the very first declined to use his own rightful name in connection with his work. He wrote under a pen name, and Joan with an immense belief in his future, and keen on the family honour, could not understand why or see any sense in it.

"But why Guy Bertie, George? Why not George Barty?"

"I prefer it so, my child." said George, with an assumption of lightness which was not in him.

"But why? You're not ashamed of your own name, are you?"

"I've done nothing to be ashamed of yet, my dear."

"And you never will. So why not use it?"

"You must let a tender plant have its little sensitivenesses. I have thought a good deal about it, dear, and I think it is best so." For even the simple writing of his own name brought to his mind the horror of those words he had come upon at the British Museum—"The convict, George Barty." They had bitten into his soul and he would never forget them.

Their mother was not present when that matter was discussed. When Joan broached the subject later on, Margaret Barty understood in a moment that George had learned all about his father, and she wondered how and when.

"It is a matter for George to decide himself," she said quietly, "and I have no doubt he is doing what he thinks best. Many writers use pen-names until they get known, don't they?"

"Ye—s," admitted Joan, somewhat grudgingly. And presently added, "It will never quite feel as if it all belonged to us, and I was so looking forward to it all."

And there was a sigh in the mother's heart though her face was placid over her knitting, and perhaps the stars in her down-cast eyes were a little dimmed at the thought that her boy had reason to prefer another name to his own.

What a glorious December day that was which brought him his first gleam of hope! It was raining, snowing, and sleeting all at once. Wynyatt Square looked like a small slab of Siberia, and the atmosphere outside was so thick that George could not distinguish even his favourite chimney pots through the mirk.

It was the afternoon post and he ran down for the letters. He had got into the way of doing this since the greater portion of the delivery was always for himself, and he objected to the way in which the housemaid used to come thumping at his door, a quarter of an hour after the postmen had gone, with "Some more of your parcels, Master George!" in a matter-of-fact tone, as though it was the right and proper thing for them to come streaming back in that way, and only what was to be expected. It saved him pins and needles of impatience and a certain amount of self-respect, to go down for them himself, and it saved Sarah's legs and time, and she had ample occupation for both and was glad enough to leave the matter to him.

As he neared Joan's door on the way up again he would hear——

"Any treasure, George?"

"Only deaders, dear."

"Cheer up, old boy. There's a good time coming," and perhaps he would go in and have a few minutes chat with her, and then away up to his work again, a trifle depressed, but determined, through his set teeth, to get there all the same, in spite of the h'm—h'm—h'm's who hadn't the acumen to discover jewels when they were thrust under their very noses.

But this beautiful December afternoon brought him a letter, in addition to three returned manuscripts. He tore open the letter.

"45A BINYON'S COURT,
"FLEET ST., E.C.
"*December* 15, 18—.

"Dear Sir,—

"I have read the story you sent me, and think with a few alterations I could make use of same. If you will call here at your early convenience I shall be glad to go into the matter with you, and no doubt we can arrange satisfactory terms.

"Yours truly,
"ANDREW JOHNSON."

"Guy Bertie, Esq."

He rushed up the stairs with this to Joan's room.

"Ah! Something good at last by your feet," she cried, as he burst in.

"Hurrah! I knew we should get there at last, old boy. Which is it?" when she had hastily read the letter.

"Don't know," he panted. "Such a lot of them—go and see," and away to his room to find out which story had eventually found its way to Mr. Andrew Johnson of 45A Binyon's Court. When he got down again, five stairs at a time, his mother was gloating over that precious letter also. Joan would hardly let it out of her hands.

"It's 'One of Three.' You know, Joan, the Swiss story."

"It's one of the best. I do hope he'll take it. I wonder what alterations he wants. What does he publish?"

"Haven't an idea. I wonder if it's too late to go and see him to-day?" and he seemed inclined to start out then and there.

"I wouldn't go to-day if I were you," said Mrs. Barty. "Too eager a seller makes a bad market."

"And Jack will be here to-night," said Joan. "He'll be sure to know all about Mr. Johnson."

"Ye—es," said George, "I've an idea.—However it will perhaps be as well to wait."

Jack, when he eventually came in with Meg, whom he had, he said, overtaken between the hospital and Wynyatt Square, proved somewhat of a wet blanket.

"Johnson. Binyon's Court! Why, how on earth?—— I never put you on to Johnson, did I?"

"I've an idea it's one I sent on myself. Got his name from the Directory. What does he do?"

"Old soaker, publishes some half-penny rag novelettes or something of that kind. Not what we want at all. Just throwing yourself away, my boy. The price wouldn't be worth having, and the credit would be minus *x*. It pays to strike high and keep in the best class things."

"Trouble is to get into 'em," said George gloomily.

"My dear boy, you must keep your pecker up. It's as much a part of your stock in trade as imagination and expression."

"And you really wouldn't follow this chance up, Jack?" asked Joan mournfully.

"I wouldn't—except as a bit of experience. Go and see old Johnson by all means. Hear all he's got to say, get your MS. back, and say you'll consider it. Then stick him in a pigeon-hole for future use."

And when George found his way to Binyon's Court next day, and was ushered into the presence of Mr. Andrew Johnson, he decided that Jack was quite right, and that, judging from the aspect of Mr. Johnson himself, Mr. Johnson's publications were probably not quite what he would have desired his work to appear in.

He passed through a big, dirty, open warehouse down below, with a mob of dirty men and boys clamouring on one side of a counter for the attentions of a number of other dirty men on the inner side, who rushed to and from laden shelves at the back, and slammed bundles of flimsy literature on the counter with uncouth cries, and exacted money and wrangled over it furiously, and were apparently doing a large business with all the noise they could possibly make. He stood for some time behind the assertive crowd, and saw that he might stand there all day unless he exacted attention. So he passed along behind the mob till he came to the counter flap, raised it and passed inside, and grabbed by the arm the first man he could catch. He shook himself free and passed on. George caught another.

"Mr. Johnson—appointment," he shouted in his ear.

The man tried to free himself, found it was no use, dragged him into a corner, swung open a door, and stumbled in front of him up a mouldy, ill-smelling staircase. He pushed open another door, shoved George inside without a word, and hurled himself downstairs again.

The room George found himself in was small and stuffy. It was divided by an ink-spattered counter, across which leaned a big fleshy man, with a red face and several chins, and a general unwashed, unshaven, one-collar-a-week look about him. He was leaning over the counter talking to two little old men who looked round at George as he came in. Mr. Johnson was in his shirt sleeves as though it were midsummer, and the shirt sleeves were not clean, and were rolled back over a pair of massive, grimy arms. For still greater freedom in wrestling with literary problems and literary people, George supposed.

His manner was aggressive and overbearing, but would have carried more weight if he had been cleaner. He seemed quite ready, even anxious to throw something or somebody downstairs or out of window, if only they would give him the chance.

Divided by an ink-spattered counter across which leaned a big fleshy man

"—A bit brisker in the action," he was saying, in a deep growl, when George was pushed through the door by the man from below, "and stick to the highest circles, dooks and duchesses and such like. There's Purcell running a story with a princess in it, and it's hitting us, hitting us hard, I tell you. Couldn't you manage a couple of princesses? May as well go one better than old Purcell while we're at it——"

"C-can we manage a couple of princesses, eh?" asked one of the little men, and turned a quizzical little round face on the other.

"I guess they're as easy to handle as the others. Easier, because folks don't know so much about 'em," said the other little man.

"And see you get the atmosphere right," said Mr. Johnson, "and preserve it throughout. There's a great deal in atmosphere, and remember the action.—brisker, brisk as you can make it."

"W—within reason——" said the first little man.

"Hang reason!" said Mr. Johnson. "Hot and strong's the word for this kind of weather—hot and strong as you can make it. What'll you call it?"

"W—what'll we call it, Eb?" asked the first little man.

The second little man scraped his neck under his jaw reflectively with his first finger.

"Suppose we see how it shapes first," he said at last.

"But—hang it! I want a big ad. of it in this week's number. Call it—let's see—call it—The Something of Prince—what'll you call him—the Prince?"

"Prince Prassline," said the second little man.

"Prassline, Prassline—too like Vaseline," said Mr. Johnson.

"Say Praxaline."

"Praxaline, that'll do. The—the—what'll we say—of Prince Praxaline?"

"Disappearance, Degradation, Degeneration, Determination, Deprivation, Disintegration. Abduction, Abnegation, Abom—no, that won't do! Absolution, Evolution, Devolution——"

"M—mystery!" said the first little man emphatically. "P—plenty of breadth in mystery. All the others tie you up."

"That's so," said the second.

"Mystery's all right," said Mr. Johnson. "The Mystery of Prince Praxaline. That's all right. Let me have first three chapters by Monday certain, and remember—action brisker and keep the atmosphere. Now, sir," to George, as the two little men moved towards the door. "What can I do for you?"

"I came in reply to this letter about a story I sent you."

The two little men went out, and he heard them stumbling slowly down the mouldy staircase.

"Oh, ah—Mr. Bertie?"

"Yes."

"I see. Well now, let's see," and he turned to a table behind, and rooted up George's MS. "With a little trimming here and there, and a few alterations, I could use it all right if we come to terms. What would be your idea of terms now?"

"What do you usually pay?"

"Well, that depends of course on the—er—author's standing. It's about 7,000 words, I reckon," he said, turning over the pages.

"7,534."

"Call it seven and a half. Say ten shillings a thousand. That'd be three pound fifteen. How would that do?"

"It doesn't seem much," said George, very red in the face.

"Prices go up as you get known, of course. I can get all the stuff I want for ten bob a thousand, and more—any amount."

"As good as that?"

"As good as I need, anyhow. Well, what d'you say, Mr. Bertie?" and he turned to feel among the other piles of manuscripts on the table behind, as if to show that his time was of importance.

"What are the alterations you suggest?" asked George.

"Well, I want you to spring 'em all up three or four steps. Make 'em into dooks and duchesses, or at all events lords and ladies. My people like an atmosphere a bit above 'em, you see, and one has to play up to 'em, and it costs nothing anyhow. And then I thought p'r'aps you could

spice it up a bit towards the end. It's strong, I'll own, but it's restrained—a bit too restrained, to my thinking. You leave too much to the imagination. My people want the imagining all done for 'em. They're smart enough at catching on to a thing, but they want it all set out in plain black and white. Why, you don't even say out plain that they marry——"

"I thought it was obvious."

"Exactly! To me and you it's obvious enough, but my people like it said, and if you could work in a few lines about her dress at the wedding, and old shoes and rice and so on—you understand."

"I see. Suppose I take it home and look over it again," said George.

"That'd be as well, perhaps. And when you've just touched it up a bit, bring it in and your cash is ready for you. No waiting for twelve months with me, Mr. Bertie."

"That's an advantage," said George quietly.

"Bring it any time you like. I'm always here."

"Thanks. Good-day!" and his fingers were slipping squeamishly along the steamy wall of the dark staircase to prevent himself falling headlong over his stumbling feet into the maelstrom below.

CHAPTER XIV

PAR NOBILE FRATRUM

As George passed down the court he saw at the Fleet Street end, the two little old men he had seen upstairs with Mr. Johnson. As he drew near, one of them turned and saw him, and nudged the other.

"Well, how did you get on with the big man?" asked one of them with a smile, and they both looked up at him with their heads on one side like a pair of robins.

They were so very much alike—little round clean-shaven faces, little round bodies, soft crush hats, Inverness capes, boots, ties, and collars, all exactly the same—that he could not tell one from the other.

There was nothing at all objectionable in the way the question was asked. Rather it gave George the impression of a fatherly interest in an obviously new beginner.

"Not very well," he answered, smiling back at the expectant little faces.

"Ah?" they said simultaneously, and waited for him to continue.

"I should say Mr. Johnson is the kind of man that wants all he can get for as little as he can give," he said, in answer to their look.

"Th-that's him," chirped one.

"Bull's-eye first shot," said the other.

"W-will you come and have a-a——"

"A cup of coffee?" chipped in the other.

"Or anything else you like b-better," said the first, breathless and red in the face. "W-we thought we'd like to have a-a——"

"A little chat with you," said Number Two.

They looked so good-natured and so expectant, and their little ambush had evidently been so carefully prepared while they waited for him, that he could not find in his heart to disappoint them. Besides, the meeting promised to be amusing, and everything made for experience.

"I'll join you with pleasure. Where shall we go?"

"Q-Quills!—just across the road," said Number One, and they dived together under the noses of a pair of 'bus horses, narrowly escaped annihilation on the off-side as they came up, and perched on the opposite kerb with their eyes and heads straining round in search of him. With their flapping wings and little jerking legs they looked so like a couple of big sparrows hopping about among the traffic, that George could not restrain a smile. He was greatly relieved when he saw them safely landed.

"D-Dangerous place!" said Number One, as George issued from the rapids and joined them.

"You'll be getting run over some time, if you don't take care," said George.

"U-Used to it all our lives."

They dived down a court and he followed them, and bumped violently into

five different men with sacks on their backs, and bundles of books and magazines under their arms. They all had bent heads, and pencils in their mouths, and large pocket-books in their hands, the earnest consultation of which was the cause of their running into one another and everyone else they met. There was a ceaseless stream of these men in and out. They rarely spoke to one another and never to their victims, but from the continual movements of their lips they seemed to be muttering objurgations or prayers or incantations, or possibly it was only the names of books and papers they were hunting down. But there was an absorbed intensity of manner about them which set them above their fellows of the pavement outside, and imparted to them a kind of uncanny dignity. They carried the produce of many brains in their sacks and under their arms, and seemed conscious of it. As George bumped against them one after another, and was bumped into by the incoming stream behind, they seemed to him like so many Pilgrim Christians seeking a promised land; and, again, when he looked into their anxious eyes, he thought they looked like Wandering Jews condemned to seek for ever books that were out of print, books that had never been printed, books that had never been written, or books whose titles had forever slipped their memories.

When he had safely accomplished the passage, he found himself in a small square, two adjacent sides of which were occupied by a publisher's warehouse, which reminded him of Mr. Andrew Johnson's in its extreme busy-ness, but seemed to have less of the menagerie about it. The third side consisted of a public house, and the fourth was the bare back of a tall building. The winter light was fading already, though it was only mid-afternoon. The patch of sky up above was hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding roofs. But the lighted windows round its three sides made the little square as bright as Fleet Street outside, and, except for the continuous tramp of feet between the black mouth of the court and the open door of the publishing house, with an occasional divergence to the other open door opposite, it was very quiet.

His new friends went straight across to a door between two of the bright windows, and ran blithely up a staircase. On the third story was a door, on which was painted in big black letters, "Quills Club," and underneath that, in smaller letters, "Private."

The Quills Club did not seem to be exactly what one would call an aristocratic institution. As a matter of fact, the display of any tendency in that direction would have promptly terminated its existence. Its entrance fee was nil and its subscription small, and its membership might fairly be described as inclusive subject to approval. If, as happened occasionally, a newcomer obtained admission under false pretence of good fellowship which proved, under tribulation, to lie all on the surface and not even to be skin deep; if he could not stand perpetual plain speaking, and the most outspoken criticism, and occasional hard cracks, which, whether deserved or not, he was expected to take good-humouredly; then the Quills—or the Porcupines, as the members chose to call themselves—were apt to present their points at him, the atmosphere became uncongenial and unsuited to his peculiarities of health and temperament, and he speedily took himself off.

There was no liveried menial on the doorstep to whistle up cabs for the Porcupines. No buttoned pages to swing back heavy plate-glass doors. No heavy hall-porter to give you paternal welcome with one eye, while with the other he ran through the letters from the pigeon-hole marked with your patronymic initial, and handed you over three palpable requests for payment at your earliest convenience, while at the same time he informed you that the Duke of Belgravia had been enquiring for you and was at the present moment in the smoking-room with Captain Hawke. No ticker in the hall clicking off the latest prices, results, and news. No branching palms and Turkey carpets. Nothing of all these West End superfluities at the Quills. Just a comfortable meeting-place for genial souls,

sick for the moment of pens and ink, and paper and print, and the rumble and grind of the presses, and desirous only of food, and drink, and smoke, and much talk. The talk might, and indeed generally did begin, in growls and grumbles at outside powers and the world in general, but always came up by degrees to the Quills' level, and later on soared on the curling clouds to heights of hilarity, or, as the case might be, into strenuous discussions on matters with which the slow-moving world outside would not concern itself for days to come.

The furnishings were plain and comfortable to shabbiness. If they followed no regular scheme, and had palpably been recruited from here, there, and everywhere—salvage from the wrecks of other clubs, flotsam and jetsam of the auction rooms,—they had at all events the mellowing influence of time on their side, and especially in their seats and backs. If the leather of couch and chair was frayed and worn, the seats at all events were soft; marble-topped tables save washing bills; cork carpet collects less dust than Turkey; curtains only hold smoke and are easily dispensed with; and if windows are not plate glass and not too clean at that, why, you don't see much of them by gas-light.

Kerrison, of the publishing house down below, was president of the Quills at this time, and that for several sufficient reasons. In the first place, he had started the club himself and furnished it, and he was the owner of the building it occupied and occasionally paid rent for.

He was a big, jovial fellow, a bachelor, living in the rooms above, and delighting in the society of the younger spirits of the craft of which he was a lowly, but by no means unimportant, member.

Kerrison's name was, in its way, a power throughout the land, among the smaller booksellers and newsagents whose orders were not large enough to go to the big publishing houses direct. All they had to do was to tick off their weekly requirements on Kerrison's great broadsheets. Then he collected all the stuff, and shipped it to them in huge bundles tied up in the posters which were supposed to do duty thereafter on their showboards, but were generally too fatigued with their travels to do more than drop quietly into the waste paper bags. And his carts were unloading in bulk and loading again in detail, at the mouth of the court, all day long and all night long too. Kerrison's doors, in fact, were never shut except on Sundays, and they were open before dawn on Monday morning. In his bedroom up above he could hear the ceaseless bustle below, and now and again he dropped down, at unearthly hours and in unbecoming dishabille, to see if everybody was wide awake and doing his duty. It was commonly believed that the public-house belonged to him also, although another name appeared over the door, and that, between the publishing and the public, Kerrison made a very good thing of it. It is certain that the work of hunting up stray scraps of literature and carrying them about in sacks is extremely dry work, and that hosts of runners and little newsagents, who might just as well have gone elsewhere, showed a partiality for dealing at Kerrison's, which might or might not be influenced by the invitation of the open door on the other side of the little square. To give them the benefit of the doubt, however, to which every free Briton is entitled, Kerrison's business was well-organised, all orders were promptly filled, and the treatment accorded customers was as courteous and business-like as the nature of it permitted.

The Porcupines enjoyed many benefits from the proximity of his business. On the one hand their tables were supplied free of charge with all the ephemeral literature of the day and week, which afterwards went back to the publishing offices as "returns." And on the other hand the tavern was ready, at any hour of the day or night, to supply their other tables with any delicacy in season and within reason, so long as the demand did not go much beyond chops and steaks, and kidneys, and ham and eggs, and cheese and celery, and such like hardy perennials; and liquid refreshments were available in still greater variety.

The room George's new friends led him into was a long one, with windows at each

end and two fireplaces, evidently two rooms knocked into one. It ran through the building from front to back. The back windows gave onto one of the courts of the Temple and were much lighter than the front ones. There was no one else in the room, and the little men appropriated a table near the farther fire, and one of them rapped on it with a penny.

A girl of fifteen or so came out of a side room.

"S-Send your father, Pollie, I want some whisky and I don't like sending little girls for it."

The girl smiled, and a tall thin man, with stooping shoulders and a voluminous white apron, came out of the room and approached them, saying to each in turn, "'Day, Mr. Chubb! 'Day, Mr. Chubb!"

"'Day, Pook!" they said together.

"W-What will you take, Mr.——?"

"Barty is my name, George Barty. I'll take a cup of coffee, thanks."

"Eb?"

"Usual," said Number Two to the thin man who stood eyeing them mournfully. "Small Scotch for me, Pook, in a big glass. Big soda for Mr. Chubb, and a cup of coffee."

The thin man eyed them searchingly for a moment, as though trying to impress upon his mind which was which, and then nodded and went away. As soon as he had gone they quietly changed places without a word and as if moved by a common idea. George laughed internally at their odd little ways and the corners of his deep-set eyes wrinkled up.

"W-What are you laughing at?" asked the one nearest the fire, with a smile all over his own face.

"I'm afraid Mr. Pook will get you mixed," said George.

"I f-felt a draught over there. Eb's young, he can stand it. D-do you mind if we ask you a question, Mr. B-Barty?"

"Not at all. What is it?"

He felt pretty sure it would be as to the nature of his dealings with Mr. Johnson. He expected it would eventually lead up to a warning against that gentleman. Possibly, he thought, they feared him as a poacher on their own preserves.

"Well, it's this, Mr. Barty," said the other. "You're a young man from the country, come up to London to make a name and fortune by literature."

George's wrinkles meshed themselves hilariously. He nodded.

"In the park and at the theatre you've seen the prettiest girl you ever set eyes on. You've fallen madly in love with her. You can't sleep, and you can't eat, and you can't work——"

"How *did* you know?" gasped George, holding himself with a tight hand.

"Th-The question is, w-what are you g-going to do about it?" said the other brother quickly, and they both eyed him eagerly.

"Ah!" said George, "that's the question! What *am* I going to do about it?"

"Th-That's it!" and they both wriggled anxiously in their chairs, and never took their eyes off his face. He felt as he imagined a patient on the operation table must feel.

"It's an important matter, you know," said George. "At present I'm tramping the streets half the night, can't eat, can't sleep——"

"Ex-Exactly!" and they gave another anticipatory wriggle.

"Well," he said, with a gravity which his eyes belied. "I've naturally thought a good deal about it. And I've decided to write a book, a regular thumper that will set everybody talking, and I shall dedicate it to *her*."—He thought he noticed signs of disappointment in the eager little eyes. So he went on: "Then I shall write another book, a finer one still, and dedicate that to her, and then another, and another, each one better than the last, till there are ten of them. By that time her eyes are opened and she knows. *She* seeks an introduction. We meet, and——"

"And how old are you by this time?" asked the second brother uneasily.

"Ah, that's the difficulty. By the time we meet, she has been ten years married and has five children. She is stout, and a duchess, and the duke is a bad lot, and she longs for the sympathy of a soul above horses and baccarat——"

The two little men looked at one another, and the second one shook his head.

"The Duchess is all right, but she mustn't get stout, and two children are ample. She marries at seventeen, and we can break the Duke's neck when she's twenty-four, still young and beautiful, and you can marry her. I think we might make something of that, Chris, if we keep it down to their level. The Duke might pitch into you"—he said, with a meditative eye on George,—"and you knock him into pulp with your fists——"

"Easily," said George; "he's stout and puffy, and out of condition. I tap the ducal claret on Epsom Downs——"

"Capital!" said Number Two. "Description of race—His Grace and the Duchess going down by road—and coming back—he drunk and cursing her and you and everything else. That's all right!"

"W-We've done the Derby a good many times——"

"It's always a safe card. When you're in doubt run the Derby."

"I know. B-But——"

"It'll do all right, Chris. The whole thing's a bit above 'em, but the Derby'll get home. We'll cut the Duke's head open and send him home bathed in blood with a cloth round it. That'll fetch 'em."

Here the thin man in the apron appeared with a tray. He put down the coffee before George with an air of clearing decks for action. Then he looked doubtfully at the other two and finally put down the big glass, in which the whisky hid sportively, before the little man near the fire.

"Th-That's not mine, Pook. I ordered s-soda!"

"Ah!" said Pook soberly. "P'raps you wouldn't mind helpin' yourselves. I never can tell who's which," and he pushed the soda and whisky and the two glasses into the middle of the table and departed.

The little men laughed enjoyably. Chris, who had claimed the soda, emptied half of the whisky into the other glass, and the other one shot the cork of the soda bottle and filled the glasses side by side in constantly diminishing libations, the final ones being slow single drops.

"Folks say we're very much alike," said Eb. "I can't see it myself. Chris there is as different from me as chalk is from cheese, and why they should go mixing us up beats me."

He said it challengingly, and George replied, as he was expected to.

"You're just as like as two peas. Twins?"

"Bless me, no! Christopher is older than me, ever so much older——"

"Wo—One minute," said the other.

"Puts on airs, at times, and tries to boss me on the strength of that odd minute, don't you know," said the other, with a laugh that sounded at least forty years younger than himself. "He was in such a hurry to give first cry that he tripped over his tongue and he's been tumbling over it ever since."

"G-Gives me more time to th-think," said Christopher. "Your health, Mr. B-Barty!" and he took a pull at his glass, and the other brother nodded and did the same.

"Thanks. Yours!" said George. "You haven't told me your names yet."

"S-So we haven't. Ch-Chubb—Christopher," pointing to himself. "Ebenezer," pointing to his brother.

"Been long in London, Mr. Barty?" asked Ebenezer.

"Not very long, comparatively speaking. Twenty years or so."

"You should know your way about."

"Some parts. Fleet Street's not the easiest place to find one's way in."

"Th-That's so. It's a m-maelstrom and a q-quicksand and lots of snags," said Christopher.

"How did you get to Johnson?" asked the other.

"By a mere fluke. I sent out some stories on chance, got the names from a directory, and he asked me to call."

The little man nodded again and gazed at him inquisitively, with evident desire for more.

Christopher pulled out a little pipe from a leather case, an unusually handsome little pipe, richly coloured meerschaum, amber and silver. Ebenezer did the same.

"Smoke, Mr. Barty?" asked the latter. "Try some of this," and handed him a rubber pouch. George filled and

lighted up. They were both watching him without seeming to, like little dogs waiting for a deserved pat on the head.

"That's delicious," he said. "I never tasted anything quite so good. Own growing?"

"Own mixture anyway," said Eb. "It's the one thing that big brother of mine gives me a free hand in, our one extravagance."

"Aw-Almost!" said the elder, with a smile.

"Well, yes—almost," said Eb thoughtfully. Later on George learned what their other extravagances were.

"Th-Think you'll come to terms with Johnson?" asked the elder.

"No, I don't expect ever to see him again."

"How's that?"

"He wanted me to chop my story to pieces, make all the people into dukes and duchesses, drag in some wedding dresses, and take ten shillings a thousand words."

"It's not bad pay if you can do enough," said Eb, puffing slowly, and getting every drachm of enjoyment there was in the tobacco.

"But I couldn't. That story took me over a week to get right, nearer two perhaps. And it's a ripping good story."

"Then don't give it to Johnson It's like casting pearls before—you know," he nodded. "Johnson's things are for servant girls and shop girls and such like. Good stuff's simply thrown away on them. Pity it should be, but it is, and it's no good discussing it. What Johnson wants is rubbish, and pretty high-spiced rubbish too. I don't mean dirt, mind you——"

"The Mystery of Prince Praxaline," said George.

"That's it. The Mystery of Prince Praxaline. One hundred thousand words—thirty-three chapters and an epilogue. About a month's steady work. Perhaps a bit more as we've got others on hand. Fifty pounds! oh, it's not bad pay. Can we get along on £600 a year, Mr. Chubb?"

"We-We've managed on a good deal less in our time, Eb."

"Ay, we have that," said Eb, thoughtful again.

"The trouble is," he said presently, "if you begin writing that kind of stuff you keep on writing it, and it's no good you trying to write anything else. It grows on you and kills the better work you might have done. One learns one or two things in thirty years, in Fleet Street. We learned how little a day two men can live on when they have to, eh, Chris?"

Chris nodded and smoked on comfortably.

"B-Better join the Quills, Mr. Barty," he said presently. "Th-They're a good sort, and mostly good fellows. There's some among 'em can give you a helping hand."

"That's a good idea," said George. "What's the fee?"

"Pound a year, no entrance. Glad to propose you, and Chris will second. It's always a handy place to drop into, and quiet—in the daytime. It wakens up at night a bit. But every man that comes is in the publishing or printing, 'cept Bob Cato, and he's advertising. But he's a bit of a genius in his way, is Bob, and puts more brains into his work than most—if only he wouldn't muddle it up other ways. But advertising's a dreadfully dry business, I believe."

"W-Will you let me see your story, Mr. Barty?" said Chris. "W-We might get it into somebody's hands at once. S-Sooner you make a start the better."

"Certainly," said George, and hauled out his story and handed it across to the elder brother, who put his feet on the fender and began to read it at once.

"W-Why Bertie?" he asked.

"I preferred it. Innate modesty. You might keep it to yourself."

"C-Certainly. It's an advantage sometimes."

(To be continued)

Concerning the Difficulty of Reading

IN this puzzling and paradoxical world where not only one's friends but one's phrases take on disguises, where our virtues often wear dominoes, and our vices masquerade in shining white, it seems but the adding of another small paradox to the pile if one says that the general facility of reading has largely increased the difficulty of reading. Nevertheless the assertion is made in all seriousness, a seriousness indeed so profound as to threaten to be dull, and in full view, moreover, of well-filled book shelves and the latest Mudie's list. Dyspeptics have been known to turn with distaste from every sort of food, so the shelves or the list, it is just possible, may have something to do with it. Doctors, at any rate, who diagnose such bodily symptoms and solemnly pronounce "indigestion" are equally, unanimously, uncertain as to the cause or the cure. But since healthy folks of the ordinary type can no more live without reading than without eating, it seems worth while to look into matters a little and to discover whether in one direction at least this painfully increasing inability to digest human nature's daily food may not be due to bad cooking, or to a surfeit of the fare which these too many cooks provide. Words are the raw material for authors, as "all that is good for food" is the raw material for the other artists, and since it is undoubted that the widest-minded and the most able-bodied of us all has yet his fixed limitations, that pint pots, if we may be permitted the homely simile, can by no possibility hold quart measure, some consideration seems to be due alike from authors as from cooks as to the powers of assimilation in their customers, and some sort of resolution arrived at that minds and memories, no more than other vital functions, shall be clogged with unwholesome rubbish. It is Demos we know who in these days has to be purveyed for at popular prices, and that rather coarse eater likes snippets between meals, and the meals themselves of a sort which hardly appeal to a more delicately trained taste. Diffuse and decorated, or in extracts and condensed—whichever way it is offered, one may, of course, reject *plât* after *plât*, but there is after all hunger to be reckoned with, and the unwritten law which prescribes a *ménu à la Mudie*, and which, while permitting us to be fastidious and a trifle superior even, does not approve of our looking altogether ignorant of the things which are in season! And so we sip and taste, and the mischief grows, and if it goes no deeper at the least our mouth gets out of taste. Great, however, as is the difference in results when the material is manipulated by a *chef* or by a "plain cook," greater far and more startling is that difference when the medium which the artist works in is—type! To some of us it does seem nothing short of wonderful to watch the divers go down into the treasure deep of words and bring up indiscriminately the pearls or the shells. Of those who, more or less conscientiously, bring up some "real" mire too we do not here speak, only regretfully of those who now and again present to us the shells with something of the grace and the charm and the nameless iridescence of the pearl upon them. "Style" has a fascination all its own, hard to define, harder to resist, yet surely it is but a Frankensteinish feat to use that same spell which gave to happy readers an apotheosis of Dream Children, to evoke a haunting little legless baby baronet. One may make so many different things with a big box of letters. Occasionally, it must be owned, not only the cooks betray, but that the *carte* itself is misleading. After long and careful abstention from what is much advertised and hot i' the mouth, one may be led to try a manufacture labelled by the same hand, "simple," only to find samples of sentimentality, where the good man is good with a dulness, and the bad folks are bad with a thoroughness which is suggestive of the art rather than of the literature of one's youth, of the crudity of the 1d. plain and 2d. coloured gallery rather than of the finish of, say, Jane Austen's pen and ink. But a disappointment keener yet

is that when under the old delightful name a different brand altogether is given out. A disappointment tending almost to misanthropic results when one hopefully takes to the intimate recesses of one's own arm chair a group of people whom getting to know one would hesitate to include in a big "At Home." And especially when that same arm-chair has gratefully held the Heart of a Princess and kept its happy occupant a "Prisoner," who did not want to be set free. It feels a little like provoking the inconsequent question of the poor little Princess: "If the people have no bread, why do they not eat cakes?" if we ask "Why not leave the list then, and turn to the shelves?" But what we want is to keep our cakes, and to have our bread made better and wholesomer, our daily bread, and our periodical, and that intermittent supply which may go under the head of Fancy. We want less leaven in it all. Or, to drop metaphor and speak with a brutal plainness, we long for the quality to become somewhat less dreadfully out of proportion to the quantity of these latter-day novels. Why will our realists not realize that to be present to our senses a thing does not need to be naked? and the idealists not perceive that the "back of one's mind" is not always the best pathway to reality? —that there is an old-fashioned front entrance, and, with most of us, a skylight?

This at least is the practical conclusion at which we arrive: that we are all becoming dyspeptic, and that if the thing goes on, we shall have to take to rest cures or to wood carving by way of occupation for our leisure; for there is no doubt at all that the diet, the necessary mental diet which is nowadays provided for us by most of our novel writers, is producing serious digestive trouble, and is making of the very wholesome relaxation of light reading a more and more difficult exercise.

KATE MAGNUS.

Songs Learnt in Darkness

As birds in darkened cages learn to sing
Their sweetest song, list'ning with soul intent
To follow the oft-repeated flute note
Of th' unseen teacher, till in liquid tones
They catch his very trick, and warble back
A melody he scarce knows from his own.
So God doth, when He wills that we should learn
The songs in the night season that He gives.
Pale sorrow sets us by ourselves apart,
And draws a curtain 'twixt us and the sun,
That quenches light in darkness palpable
As fell upon the Egyptian land of old.
Then may we hear the voice mysterious,
Divine, that sings not in the day or sing
Unheeded, for we listen best at night.
With falt'ring tongue and trembling lips we strive
To learn His song, and when our voice has grown
Attuned to His, with joy of heart we know—
Songs learnt in darkness we shall sing in light.

LOUISA BALDWIN.

FIVE GREAT PAINTERS OF THE RENASCENCE

By Sir WYKE BAYLISS, F.S.A., P.R.B.A.

V. Correggio.

Correggio. *Signora! Signora! I cannot let you go. I must paint you.*

La Signora. *Why do you desire to paint me—Messer Allegri?*

Correggio. *Because, Signora—because you are so beautiful.*

IF I had to write a novel, in which Correggio should be the chief figure, I would begin it with these words. The scene should be laid in the painter's studio. Whether the lady visitor should accede to Allegri's request, by delaying her departure, would be determined as the story developed. But that the first and last desire of the painter was to paint things beautiful—and that this desire was the controlling influence which directed his Art—there should be no doubt. The conversation might indeed be carried a little further. "Let Raphael," he might say—"Let Raphael paint angels in heaven, and Michael Angelo devils in hell; as for me, I am content to paint women." "Is it not true then, Messer Allegri, that you paint angels sometimes?" "Ah, yes—but then, my women *are* angels."

It is not a novel, however, that I am writing. It is only a drama that is passing before my eyes—a drama in five acts—the drama of the Renascence of Art. Moreover, there are five great actors in the play, and for a little while we see them all on the stage together. Michael Angelo and Raphael are painting in the Sistine Chapel, and the Stanze of the Vatican. Da Vinci is visiting Rome for the first time, where he interests the Pope more as an alchemist than as a painter. Titian has taken the place of the Bellini as head of the Venetian School, and Correggio has painted his first masterpiece—the Madonna of St. Francis—for the altar of a church in the town where he was born, and from which he takes his name. Let us now see a little more of the *dramatis personæ* with whom these five chief actors played their several parts.

For this purpose I will ask the printer to leave for me a blank page, on which I may, as I write, sketch out in the form of a diagram, the position in which each painter stands to the Renascence, and the position of the Renascence in relation to the history of Art. See, I divide the sheet of paper into five columns representing the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Then I draw horizontal lines with my pen—measured, each according to the length of the painter's life, and placed in position according to the date of his birth. Above the line I write the painter's name. How they flock together, these painters! like birds migrating to the happy land where the sun shines. The diagram shows at a glance, more clearly than can be attained through any catalogue of dates and names, the rise and fall of the great Schools of which the Renascence is the centre.

But there are other names and dates, of profound interest to us, that we should do well to consider. We, as Englishmen, are now of the number of the nations which unite to render the tribute of honour to these men—but it was not always so. There are some historical coincidences which indicate our position in relation to the Renascence of Art. For instance, Da Vinci and Savonarola were born in the same year—1452. That interests us a

little now, as Protestants. But we began our Wars of the Roses just at that time, and did not trouble ourselves very much about the condition of the Fine Arts in Italy. By the time Lancaster and York had settled their differences we were busy with Caxton and his printing-press. One of the first books that came from Westminster Abbey, "The Game and Playe of the Chesse," was just in time to be given as a christening present to Michael Angelo! The pieces were being set, however, for a greater game than chess—a game at which nations should play—and for great stakes—to win or to lose. In 1483 Raphael was born—and Luther. If Raphael was not on our side, Luther was—and we won. Raphael won too, if we measure by the splendour of the painter's achievements. But while the Renascence of Art has perished, the Reformation has only just begun.

Had England then no part in the great revival of the Arts which made the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries so glorious? When Raphael died in 1520 our Henry VIII. was engaged with the French King on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." If the two Kings chatted together, Francis may have told Henry of the Italian Leonardo, to whom he had given Royal honours in the mortuary chapel at Amboise—and Henry may have confided to Francis that a young Dutchman, of the name of Holbein, was coming over to London to paint his portrait, and that he, Henry, had a great scheme for establishing a School of Art in England for the weaving of more cloth of gold. It is but a brief record that history gives of these things, but it serves its purpose in reminding us how nations, as well as Schools of Art, are made. Henry's scheme did not lead to much—at the time; but it bore fruit afterwards. We owe to it the possession of the cartoons of Raphael. They were designed by Raphael for the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, and had been worked in tapestry at Arras. Raphael had lived to see them in their beauty. But ah! what vicissitudes they have passed through. Within a few years of Raphael's death, Rome was pillaged, and the tapestries were carried as spoils of war to France. They were sold in the market for the value of the gold threads with which they were wrought. Such tapestries have only to be burnt up—like small republics planted on too auriferous a soil—and the little yellow heap left in the crucible will show how precious they are! But Raphael's tapestries were redeemed, and hang in the Vatican to this day.

In the meantime the cartoons, the actual work of Raphael's hand, have come to us. They had lain forgotten in the workshops of Arras for a century, but at last, acting on the advice of Rubens, Charles I. bought them for his palace at Whitehall. Better still, a little later Oliver Cromwell bought them for the nation.

The record therefore even in Art is not altogether against us. But there is still another curious coincidence worth noting. In the year 1534, in which the last of the five great painters of the Renascence—Correggio—died, the Papal Authority was finally abolished in England. Perhaps it is too much to expect a people to win the crown of Liberty—and the crown of Art at the same time.

But if we turn once more to the diagram we shall see a few names besides those of the painters, and a little procession of spires, and domes, and arches—pointed and round. The names are of the poets who were the contemporaries of the painters; the outlines are reminiscences of the cathedrals which were built during their lives. However much or little the Fine Arts may be affected by civil or religious strife, it is certain that the effect of Poetry and Architecture upon Painting is direct and lasting. The influence of Dante on Giotto can scarcely be overestimated. Chaucer and the Chapel of St. George's at Windsor—Shakespeare and the landscape painters of the seventeenth century—Milton and Claude—these are not chance associations of men thrown together by accident. The lives of Margaritone, Cimabue, Duccio, Giotto, Orcagna, Simone Memmi, Fra Angelico—cover the period of the building of the Duomo of Florence. The Minnesingers, and Meistersingers of Germany were the companions of the Architects, who created

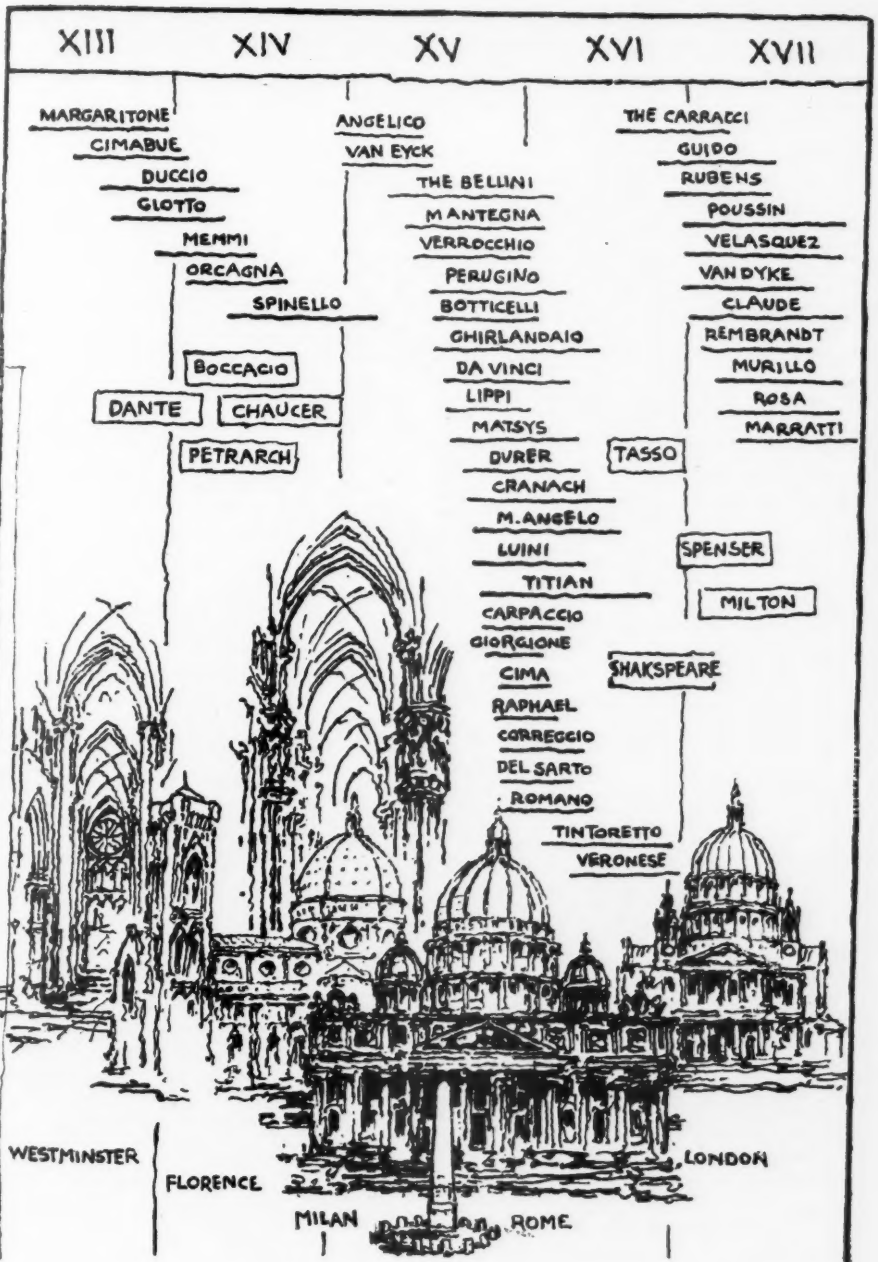


CHART OF THE COMING AND PASSING OF THE RENASCENCE.

Nuremberg. Chaucer saw the unfolding of the Rose in Lincoln Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. It is in each case the same force moving—but finding different forms of expression. For the army of the painters of the Renascence were almost to a man engaged in the building or decoration of cathedral churches.

And what an army! There were the Bellini, in whose school Titian learned the first rudiments of his Art. There was Mantegna, of Padua, who inspired Correggio. There was Perugino, the master of Raphael. There was Julio Romano, Raphael's favourite disciple. There was Ghirlandaio, the master of Michael Angelo. There was Andrea Verrocchio, the master of Da Vinci. Master and pupil—pupil and master—the roll-call still goes on; for the mantle of Leonardo fell on Luini—the painter of that wonderful fresco in the Church of the Angels at Lugano. Then there were Andrea del Sarto—the painter without a fault; and Luca Signorelli—whose strong work influenced even Michael Angelo; Lorenzo di Credi—distinguished both as a painter and as a sculptor; Lippi the younger—who completed the frescoes which Masaccio had left unfinished; Piero di Cosimo—eccentric, but full of genius; Squarcione—who died before the battle commenced, but inspired others with courage; Vivarini—one of the earliest of the Venetians to see the splendour of colour; Carpaccio—counted second only to the Bellini; Cima—who, for his mastery of drawing and composition has been called the Masaccio of Venice; Georgione—who, had he lived, might have been the rival of Titian. To these must be added at least two stars of the first magnitude—Paolo Veronese, and Tintoretto. How the roll-call lengthens under my pen; and yet it contains only the names of captains of the host, and is by no means complete. It suffices, however, to show that if our five great painters form a constellation, it is a constellation set in a heaven already full of stars.

What was the vital force which held these men together? What were the differences which separated them into schools? What were the principles of Art common to them all—which we may expect to find exemplified in all their works? What lies at the root of the vehement fault-finding and hysterical adulation which disfigures the writings of so many critics, who on other matters write sanely enough? Is it possible to see and appreciate the glory of each without being blind to the glory of the others?

Five questions—which can be answered only through a complete study of our five great painters. It is not enough to know that Da Vinci was a scholar; that Titian was a colourist; that Angelo was a dreamer; that Raphael was an "all round" artist. We have yet to see what it was that differentiated Correggio from the four, and yet placed him on an equality with each.

Now, four of our five questions are already answered. Leonardo da Vinci has taught us that the vital force which held all these Schools together was the recognition of our common humanity as the objective of Art. From the Christ seated in the midst to the traitor clutching the purse, he covers with his knowledge all that the classic, and medieval, and modern schools had attempted. Michael Angelo teaches us quite a different lesson, viz., that the differences which divide the Schools are the differences of the sentiments they seek to express. His Christ on the Throne of Judgment, and his Child-Christ caressed by Mary and Joseph are based on classic forms; but in spirit they are as far apart from the Greek as Christianity is distinct from Paganism. From Titian we learn the one universal principle in Art—that the highest cannot be attained without sacrifice—that the painter cannot make the best of two worlds—that if saints and angels are to be good flesh and blood, they cannot at the same time be celestial ether. Raphael has discovered to us—through his critics and admirers—that the restraint of perfect balance is, to minds which seek only a stimulant in Art, the one intolerable offence which can never be forgiven.

And Correggio. What do we learn from Correggio? In what relation does he

Photograph by *Mansell*

ANTONIO ALLEGRI DA CORREGGIO

From the picture in Parma Cathedral

stand to Michael Angelo and the rest? The battle of the Renascence had been fought; a battle against prejudice, reaching almost to superstition. And the masters had quarrelled over it. Michael Angelo called Perugino "a dunce"; and Perugino sued Michael Angelo in the courts for libel. It is not known how that suit ended; but the victory of the new movement was not doubtful. The expression of passion became established, not only as legitimate, but as one of the highest achievements of Art.

The victory then had been won before Correggio was called to arms. He did not come to do again what Michael Angelo and Raphael, and Da Vinci, and Titian had done. He came to give to their work the crown of beauty. Michael Angelo had shown that Art could express strength and passion without being brutal—Correggio showed that it could express sweetness and grace without being weak.

The story of Correggio's life is quickly told. Antonio Allegri—for that was his

real name—was born in 1494, at Correggio, a small town near Parma. He was of good parentage; and, being intended for one of the learned professions, was made to follow the usual course of study in rhetoric and poetry. At a very early age, however, he was brought under the attractions of Art. He learned its rudiments in the studio of Lorenzo—his father's brother—and its fascinations proved too strong to be resisted. The boy was allowed to pursue the bent of his genius.

But Correggio—for I will not take from him the name by which he has been known for four hundred years—Correggio never lost touch with the intellectual forces which had surrounded him in early life. An Academy, or Literary Society, had been founded in the little town; and was visited by professors from Bologna—just as in England many a local Institution is visited by men distinguished in science or letters. The friendships Correggio thus formed in his study of philosophy remained unbroken to the last.

But while Correggio was still a lad, the scourge of the Middle Ages fell on the little town—as it fell again and again on the Rome of Raphael, and the Venice of Titian. The family of the Allegri were driven out by the plague. They found refuge in Mantua—and there, when the plague was stayed, and they returned to their home, the young painter remained, given wholly to the study of Art. And this was the turning point in his life. Mantua was a great centre for the Fine Arts—containing many noble galleries of sculpture and painting; and it was there that Correggio received his first and deepest impressions. The "Master" of the school was Mantegna—a venerable senior, older than Titian, older than Michael Angelo, older even than Da Vinci. The Duke of Mantua had brought him from Padua, as his friend, more than forty years before the young Correggio came under his influence. Mantegna had time to assimilate the excellencies of many schools, and Correggio duly worshipped at his shrine.

But time moved quickly with the lad. At the age of twenty he was himself amongst the "masters"—painting his first great altar-piece, for his native town—the famous "Madonna of St. Francis," now in the Dresden Gallery. The Madonna is seated in a glory of light, with the Holy Infant upon her knees. It is the light of heaven—for as it melts into the twilight of our vision it takes the form of a company of angels, bending over her to gaze upon the Divine Child. On her right, at the foot of the throne are St. Francis adoring, and St. Anthony of Padua. On her left, John the Baptist, and St. Catherine with the sword. The wheel on which she was broken lies at her feet, for she has triumphed, and bears the victor's palm.

It is thought that in this picture may be traced the various influences which had controlled Correggio in his early studies. Some perceive in it a reflexion of Mantegna; others, of Da Vinci. That, however, is only the process of evolution in Art, as it is also in Nature. Not until the petals, are unfolded to the light can you discern the full glory of the flower. White and red roses begin by being very much alike.

And yet it is worth noting, that the subject of his first picture, as well as of his last—it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say the subject of almost every picture he ever painted—was a woman. There is one indeed—the picture by which he is best known in England—the "Ecce Homo" in our National Gallery, which shows that if his range of vision was limited it was limited by his own choice—not by any deficiency of virile strength to express passion at its highest and best. But the exceptions seem to emphasise the rule. In Mr. Compton Heaton's admirable "Life of Correggio" will be found a catena of his principal works. His chief frescoes are the "Assumption of the Virgin," in the Cathedral of Padua; "Diana returning from the Chase," in the Convent of San Paolo; "The Coronation of the Virgin," in the Choir of San Giovanni; the "Madonna della Scala," painted over the Porta Romana; and the "Annuciation," in the Church of the Annunziata.

Is there not one more? Yes—there is "The Ascension of Christ," with the twelve Apostles, the four Evangelists, and the four Fathers of the Church! What room is

Photograph by *Franz Hanfstaengl*

THE HOLY NIGHT

From the painting in the Royal Gallery, Dresden

there for women here? Look again, and you will see that the picture is made beautiful for ever by the introduction of a frieze of Amoretti dancing round the sacred dome.

The same thing is observable of his

easel pictures. Of the twenty-seven which are indisputably from his hand, fifteen are Madonnas, or Magdalens; seven are goddesses, or nymphs; three are of general subjects; and two only are of Christ.

And the reason is not far to seek. Correggio was an artist—pure and simple; and he painted that which was dear to his eyes. Correggio had no laboratory attached to his studio; he had no world of science or physics to conquer; the learning which fascinated Da Vinci did not fascinate him. Correggio was not a dreamer like Michael Angelo; he knew nothing of heaven or hell except what the priests told him; he did not sigh for the regeneration of the age. Correggio did not see the jewellery of light and colour as Titian did—nor had he the complete vision of Raphael. But he saw women, and he was employed by priests. He preferred the women. They have the advantage of being always beautiful, and in painting them he won the suffrages of the majority of our race. For there are more women in the world than men, and they know that they are beautiful, and that Correggio painted them beautifully. In doing this Correggio won also the suffrages of the minority.

How simple it all seems. How strange—that since the Greeks carved the statues of Venus, and Psyche, and Diana, and Juno, it should never have occurred to the artist that it was sufficient to be a woman, without being a saint—or a sinner. Correggio, during his early manhood, was greatly influenced by the general revolt against the superstitions of the Middle Ages. But there is no record of his having himself taken part in the spiritual conflict. Between the passionate appeals of Savonarola, of which he must have heard at least the echoes, but which did not move him—and the renewed Sale of Indulgences, for which he had only contempt, he seems to have found refuge—as when a child he had found refuge from the plague in a neighbouring city—in a kind of semi-paganism. He attempted to escape from what he felt to be the trammels of sacred Art, into the realms of mythology.

All this is finely wrought out in Mr. Heaton's book: and one of the incidents he records reveals, as by a flash of light, that the misgivings of the painter were not unknown even in the very arcana of religious life.

The nuns of a neighbouring convent were ladies of wealth and taste. They also, like Correggio, were tired of the everlasting alternative of sacred pictures or bare walls; and they commissioned the young painter to make for them a "house beautiful." But what should he paint? Not the old story of that Last Supper, which had so often figured in the refectory of a nunnery. The Lady Abbess would like something more up to date. He should paint something more enlivening. He should paint the story of Diana returning from the Chase. Correggio, it has been said, was "innocently and unconsciously a born heathen," and he revelled in the task set before him. The chamber was vaulted, and lighted only by two casements; but never again should it be considered a dull place. In the centre he painted an exquisite figure of the goddess. Diana is in the act of springing lightly into her chariot, which is drawn by two white doves. The wind plays kindly with her garments, revealing how beautiful she is. Round the chamber and over the vaulting of the ceiling, romp the Amoretti, lovely boys, in groups of twos and threes—such as Correggio alone knew how to paint. Let us hope that the Lady Abbess was as kind to the sisterhood under her care as she was to herself—and to us—in giving us this example of Correggio's work.

But time moves quickly with the "Allegri"—and fresh demands are made upon him for the altar-pieces he dislikes. The man who could paint such Cupids dancing round Diana, is thought to be the man to paint Cherub's floating round the Blessed Virgin. At last comes the great triumph of his life—the painting of the dome of the Cathedral of Parma. As in the case of Titian, in the Church of the Frari at Venice, the subject is "The Assumption." The design reveals in profusion all the finest characteristics of the painter. The dome has become heaven

itself. Gabriel the Archangel descends in a sea of glory to meet the "Mother of God." She, ascending, is borne on the wings of a countless host; and, following an idea taken from the early mosaics of the basilicas, Correggio has attempted to unite heaven with earth—the Church triumphant with the Church militant. Running round the dome at its base he has painted a balcony, or balustrade, within which stand the Apostles and Saints of the Early Church; their attitudes and gestures indicating the liveliest interest in the celestial vision. But is it a vision?—says Correggio. Is it not the reality? See, the young angels are all one with the figures on the balcony—watching and waiting like them; and in the mean time swinging incense, just as the little boys swing incense in the choir when Christ is said to be upon the altar. In certain lights you cannot distinguish the real incense as it climbs the walls, from the smoke of the burning of the censers of the heavenly host.

But the smoke of the burning of the real incense has had its effect. After four hundred years of it there is very little of Correggio's incense left—the picture is a mere wreck. It was lively enough, however, in its time; and from the first, stories have been told of it, some of which are too interesting to be forgotten. It is said that a working lad, who assisted in the preparation of the walls with the wet plaster necessary for the painting of fresco, remarked that "Messer Allegri's picture looked like a hash of frogs." Mr. Heaton suggests that this bit of rough criticism

Photograph by *Ed. Alinari, Florence*

AMORETTI, BY CORREGGIO

From the painting in the Borghese Palace

obtained celebrity because it expressed the unuttered thought of wiser men. To appreciate the point of the story it is necessary to realize the peculiarity, not only of Correggio's design, but of the favourite dish, which perhaps the boy understood better than the picture. The great company of men and angels are represented as ascending from earth to heaven. They are high over our heads; and looking up we see them foreshortened—their feet and legs being of necessity nearer to us than their faces. Now the point of the satire is this. In a "hash of frogs" the hind legs only are displayed in the dish—the rest is left to the imagination.

Does this echo of a caricature of centuries ago destroy the value of the picture to us? or lessen the glory of Correggio's genius in our eyes? The mason's boy had never heard of the "corregiosity of Correggio"—and yet his style curiously resembles that of Mr. Ruskin when he denounces Raphael's cartoon as "a mere decoction of fringes, muscular arms, and curly heads?" No doubt the boy thought that he had made an end of "Messer Allegri"—as Mr. Ruskin thought to have made an end of Raphael. And the Canons of Parma thought the same. They would have made a clean sweep of the work of one of the five great painters of the Renascence, had it not been for the intervention of another of the five. They appealed to Titian—and the verdict went against them. Titian differed from the monks—and from the boy—and from Mr. Ruskin. "If you were to fill the dome with gold," he exclaimed, "you would not do more than measure the value of Correggio's painting."

In 1519 Correggio married. But the lives of Antonio and Girolama are not so interesting as are the lives of some of the great painters. The "wolf" never watched at their door. They had law suits—which do not concern us; and then more money came—that was all. In the same year his sister was married also; and it is said that the "Marriage of St. Catherine," now in the Louvre—one of the loveliest of his pictures—was painted for her as a wedding present. The legends of his avarice and of his untimely death through attempting to carry home too great a weight of money—which the monks had insisted upon paying him in copper—have been proved to be fabulous, by the discovery of documents showing his final distribution of his possessions. In 1521 Correggio painted the picture by which he is best known in England—the "Ecce Homo" of our National Gallery—then followed the many lovely "Madonnas," and "Holy Families" which have carried his fame through all the galleries of Europe. But the quarrel with the cathedral authorities, notwithstanding the intervention of Titian, deepened; and with the death of his wife there fell upon him a great depression. He retired from Parma to his native village—where for the rest of his life he refused to paint any but mythological subjects. His "Jupiter and Io"—painted about this time, may have been the very picture Shakespeare describes in the "Taming of the Shrew."

> We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid,
> And how she was beguiled and surprised,
> As lively painted as the deed was done.

Correggio died in 1534. Time would fail to tell of the many splendours of sweetness and grace that came from his easel in the forty years of his life. As Da Vinci had reconciled Classic Art with living flesh and blood; as Michael Angelo, had reconciled it with passion; Titian, with colour; Raphael, with all these; so Correggio reconciled it with realistic beauty.

Let me revert for a moment to the little comedy with which I began. I compared the Renascence to a drama in five acts, with five great actors on the stage together. Without turning it into a tragedy, let us imagine that the five are all in love with the same enchantress. The first shall be a great scholar—with the intellectual force of a Da Vinci—a philosopher—a very "Prospero" in learning—

> Being reputed
> In dignity, and for the liberal arts
> Without a parallel—

He should talk to her of the embroidery in her hand, or of the book she was read-

ing—and she should take him as—her teacher.

The second lover should be a hero—with the high aspirations of a Michael Angelo—daring even to the imminent and deadly breach. His eyes should be lifted to heaven—and she should say—

> I saw his image in his mind,
> And to his honours, and his radiant parts
> Am consecrate. Let me go with him.

—and she should go with him—not as his Desdemona, but as his friend.

The third should bring to her the glory of the Orient—light and colour—such light and colour as Titian painted; but like the Prince in the "Merchant of Venice" he should let his mind dwell too much upon the quality of the caskets—

> Is it like that lead contains her? 'twere damnation
> To think so base a thought—

—and he should choose the golden.

The fourth, with the calm, serene, measuring eyes of a Raphael, should seem

Photograph by *W. Spooner & Co.*

THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE

From the Gallery of the Louvre

to look past her; and she—as if she also looked past him into the future, and saw the decadence coming, should say, with Coriolanus—

> My soul aches,
> To know, when two authorities are up,
> Neither supreme, how soon confusion
> May enter.

The fifth should look straight into her eyes—not at the embroidery in her hands, not at the book she was reading, not at the richness of her jewels, not past her, but straight into her eyes—remembering that, after all, the Muses were but women. Correggio, of course, had never read Shakespeare, but he had read Dante, and knew that it was "the drawing together of the eyes"—"the much longed for smile"—that alone overcame, or even so much as counted in love. Correggio was the first painter who painted woman for her own sake.

Is it a strange thing that simple beauty should be the last gift of the Renascence? Does it mean that beauty is the highest gift? or that when the highest has been attained decadence is of necessity at hand? As a fact the Decadence was at hand. Look again at my little chart of the lives of the painters. It will be seen that in the year in which Michael Angelo died there was scarcely a great master living in the world. Had all the stars, then, faded out of the heavens for ever?—

> The pleiads, Hyads, with the Northern Team;
> And great Orion's more refulgent beam;

Ah, no. As surely as the world goes round, one constellation is succeeded by another. Why—here is one more coincidence. The year in which Angelo died was the very year in which Shakespeare was born! and a New Renascence followed, of which we have not yet seen the end. Do we ask what will be the end? I am not afraid for the end. I am not afraid for Art any more than for Religion.

There are two main lines on which the evolution of Art may proceed. It may proceed as in the Renascence by the direct expression of passion—through the representation of human life and action; or, as in the modern schools of landscape painting, by the reflex expression of passion—through the representation of the world in which we live. How shall I illustrate in a few words the extreme divergence of these lines of evolution? or the difference of the aspect Nature bears to followers of the old and of the new schools of thought?

I will paint two pictures of the same subject—the renewing of life with the returning year. The first picture I will call "The Return of Proserpina." The second shall be "The Coming of Spring." It will be seen that the change from Mythology to Nature—from the Renascence to Modern Art—is like a transformation scene in a pantomime. The curtain rises—tableau.

We see Proserpina—as Titian or Correggio might have painted her—a beautiful maiden attended by nymphs, gathering flowers. On the left is her mother—the stately Ceres—in garments of green, which sweep across the foreground. In the middle distance is the grim figure of Pluto, in his chariot, from which Proserpina has descended. He looks at her sullenly, as though he half repented of his bargain, and meditated carrying her off again. More distant still we see Apollo, pursuing Aurora whose white horses are scarcely visible in the brightness of his coming. On the margin of a stream is bearded Pan, fashioning a flute—to the music of which the nymphs shall presently dance.

Slowly the scene changes. A modern English landscape painter brings his palette and brushes. There is a tremor in the garments of Ceres, and lo! a field of corn, with the breath of the wind upon it. The white horses of Aurora quite disappear in the pale mist of morning. Dazzled with the brightness of Apollo's coming, we close our eyes for a moment—when we open them again, we see the sun rising beyond the distant hills, and instead of his fiery steeds the patient cattle yoked to the plough. We look for Pluto and his trident, and behold! a lake—with a sail flapping idly in the breeze. We look for Pan, and there is nothing but a shepherd lad, crossing a brook, to help a company of girls who are gathering flowers for a village festival. Even the beautiful Proserpina we see no more; for the wind that

bent the tender blades of wheat, lifted her hair as it passed, and before it could fall again on her fair bosom she had become a may-tree.

I will leave it at that. The dynasty of the Old Masters came to an end with the close of the sixteenth century; and we are living in the twentieth. It is a long time since the painters of the Renascence made the world splendid with their religious and mythological pictures. How things have changed! The saints and the immortals—Christ and the gods—of them all, the only figure that remains to the artist is that of the Redeemer. Whatever the Churches may have done, Christ has never been driven out of the Studio. From the time when His first followers painted His face over the graves of the martyrs, and engraved it upon their sacramental vessels—to the time when He shall come again according to His promise in the same form—the Likeness of Christ has always been, and will be, the theme of Art. But who paints Jupiter now? or Apollo? or even poor little Proserpina—long ago vanished with the falling leaves of Autumn? And yet—as surely as the weavers of Arras wove Raphael's designs into the tapestry of the Sistine Chapel—so surely Art is still weaving—weaving—weaving into the warp and woof of our lives some pattern. What pattern is Art weaving for us? I see in it silken threads, blue as the azure of the heavens; cruel threads, crimson with the blood of many battle fields; threads golden with the promise of the future. I suppose the Creator can be approached through a may-tree, or a corn field, or a sunrise, as sincerely as through Proserpina, or Ceres, or Aurora. But of the Future of Art we know nothing—except that the new constellation will not be the same as the old.

Scenery near Grindelwald

The Tinker Child

A Cry from the Highlands

HAST thou no joyous days, poor tinker child,
Art always wandering thus, barefoot, forlorn,
One of the outcast wayward gipsy tribe,
Who roam at large over the country-side,
Or loiter by the highway in the hope
Of generous dole from pitying cottager,
Or slender alms from kindly passer-by ?

At eve returning to the dismal tent
Of grimy canvas, patched and weather-worn,
Slimly erected on the heath-clad moor,
Kindling with gathered sticks the ruddy fire
O'er which suspended hangs a rusty pot
Replenished with such store of meat or meal
As an itinerant forage has secured.

Impatiently the tinkers gather round,
And all with relish share the rude repast;
A hissing kettle at the boiling point

Yields weak infusion from " the pickle tea,"
So universal in the tinker quest.

Now cutty pipes are lit and circle round
While men and wives inhale, mid clouds of reek,
The subtle weed full of narcotic charm,
So dear to tinkers and to millions more.

The children, weary, overcome with sleep,
Sink quietly down upon a bed of rags,
And soon forget, in slumbers deep and sound,
The footsore hardships of a by-gone day.

Outside, the stars may twinkle, and the moon
Shed lustrous beauty over moor and glen,
But not infrequently a raging storm
With snow and sleet prevails the livelong night
It matters not, the tinkers old and young,
A motley throng of living human souls,
Nestle recumbent on the littered ground,
With straw for bedding, and for covering
Remnants of sacking gathered in the fields.

Kind sleep descending sheds a magic charm
Over the rude and hardy settlement
More potent than o'ertakes the slumberer
Who rests luxurious on a bed of down.

Night reigns supreme, until the gleaming East
Portends the advent of another day;
The cockcrow sounds *réveille* shrill and clear,
The lark ascending trills celestial notes,
The songsters of the grove, the lowing cows
Unite in raising morning's hymn of praise.

In sorry plight the abject tinkers rise,
Their ragged clothing and their copper skin
Need little toilet, so with scant delay
They snatch a morning meal, bannocks and brose,
Remainder bread, and milk from neighb'ring farm,
Not grudgingly bestowed for children's sake.

The frugal meal despatched, they lay their plans
Either to linger by the crazy tent,
Or sally forth regardless of restraint,
In search of labour or such rude employ
As may befit their age and aptitude:
At times the busy farmer calls for help,
And bids the tinker welcome to his fields,

At other times the oak plantations yield
Employment suited for a tinker throng;
And for a time the cheery welkin rings
With shouts of glad and noisy revelry.

TINKERS have their admirers not a few,
Who glibly picture with romantic brush
Their hardy life, their healthful, peaceful lot,
Roving in savage freedom where they list,
Scorning to lodge in civilized resort,

Despising house or cottage, hut or barn,
Like the red deer, intractable, untamed,
Children of nature roaming unrestrained.

Idyllic picture sadly incomplete,
Let candid limner sketch far other scenes,
In lurid colours but instinct with life.

The short-lived seasons pass, harvest secured,
Reapers and farm-labourers combine
In joyous festival and harvest-home.
Tinkers discharged, with ample wages paid,
Wander in idleness while money lasts,
Indulging tipsy saturnalia;
Fathers lie prostrate by the rough wayside,

Mothers with infants in their brawny arms
And cowering little ones about their feet,
Go blindly staggering along the road
In bitter savage mood, their money spent
Striving to reach the wretched settlement,
Where frenzied drunkenness asserts its sway.

What of the children all these days and months
When vile intemperance thus holds the field?
From infancy to childhood and from youth
To budding womanhood and youthful prime,
Their record one of ignorance and shame;
No moral precept taught, no fear of God,
Darkness Cimmerian over heart and brain,
Their sad condition meeting less regard
Than tended cattle on a thousand hills.
Can heathen lands present a sadder sight
More shameless in its utter infamy?

Sinning but sinned against, for no one cares,
Their rights withheld, their legal claims ignored,
A spectacle of ruined, youthful life,
Despised, neglected, left to live and die;
More blame attaches to the Civil Arm
Than can be laid at the poor tinker's door.

Must it be always thus? Is pity dead?
Are hearts impervious to the mute appeal—
Pathetic in its very artlessness?

Again, and yet again a cry has risen
From friends of tinkers to the Powers that be;
Thus their appeal in many varied forms—
Rescue these children from the dismal swamp
Of shame and ignorance in which they lie.
Restore their ravished birthright, plead their cause!
Place them in fair and honest rivalry
With Scotland's youth, to whom the right belongs,
Without respect of persons or of class,
To education in her fairest garb.

Duty thus recognised, justice secured,
It needs no second sight, no Highland seer
With eye prophetic brightly to foretell
A coming time, regretful of the past,
When wrongs are righted, prison doors unbarred,
And captive children freed, who long have lain
In galling chains of abject slavery.

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Pitlochry.

Parables of Jesus

V.—The Ten Virgins

S. Matthew xxv. 1-14 (R.V.)

THE parable of the Ten Virgins is one of the most beautiful and yet one of the most searching and solemn of all the parables. Deep as the meanings may be which underlie its details, its main lesson stands out with impressive simplicity, and as we read it experience and conscience are the best interpreters. The setting of the story is the picturesque ceremonial of a Hebrew wedding. When night has fallen, the bridegroom, attended by his friends, proceeds to the home of the bride, claims her, leads her forth with her own maidens to his house or to the place selected for the marriage feast. On the way the procession is joined by other maidens, who are waiting for it, and these all, with lamps or torches in their hands, often with music and singing, pass into the place of banquet. Our Lord speaks, as it were, from the heart of His own people, but the lesson He teaches are for all Times. Let us try to learn some of them as we follow the story step by step.

1. The Ten Virgins go forth to meet the bridegroom and await his coming, leading his bride, the prize of his love, with him. We take the Virgins to represent simply our human nature awaiting its true consummation. The universe itself is a traveller, journeying towards the fulfilment of a destiny, yet to be revealed. "For we know that the whole creation formeth and travaileth in man together until now." Science calls this strange and toilsome journey "evolution," and can tell us the story of its stages; religion calls it the slowly unfolding Purpose of God. Within this universal movement and expectancy man has his own place—he marches at its head. He is conscious in himself, in body, mind, and spirit, of his incompleteness, and in that very knowledge he finds the token and pledge of a completeness still awaiting him. However darkened by sin, deluded by mistakes, thwarted by manifold imperfections, he cannot silence that imperious "Forward" which he takes to be the voice of his destiny.

Ay, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp.
Or what's a heaven for?

Can we at all foreshadow that "Divine event," that completion of man and of the world, that "heaven" in store? In this question science of itself can give no answer: it can speak only of the present and the past. Philosophy essays to answer, and its answer has rich meaning for those who are capable of understanding its modes of thought and speech. But religion gives an answer definite and intelligible to all. It is that the great consummation is the passing, the return, of all things into God, or the union of man, and though man of the world, with God. And the Christian Faith, for vindication of its hope, points back to a Divine Revelation in which the final truth was shown forth. In Christ, the perfect unison between the world and man and God was revealed. His Spirit is in man and in the world, realizing age by age the union thus revealed. In a word, the great unfolding Purpose of God is in "the fulness of the times to sum up all things in Christ." The fulfilment of all that the Incarnation meant is the great consummation. This is, in the language of the New Testament, the coming of the Bridegroom for which the world is waiting.

Again, as in the movement of all things towards the great completion, humanity is in the van of the world, so necessarily the Church must be in the van of humanity. For the Church is the "body" in which the Spirit of the Christ dwells, through which as His "organ" (you will remember our thoughts about this in a previous paper) He carries out His great work of gathering all things unto Himself.

The Church is meant to be—alas! that it should so constantly fail in realizing its true meaning!—that section of humanity which is ever bringing all that is true in life and thought and feeling, "the glory and the honour of the nations" into union with God in Christ. Thus, in the parable the Bride is specially the Church, and the Ten Virgins, the friends of the Bride, are specially the men and women who, as the members of the Church, inspired by its Faith and sustained by its life, are ever working and waiting for the fulfilment of its purpose. The whole meaning of their life is that they have "gone forth to meet the Bridegroom."

Do you complain that these thoughts are too high, that we cannot attain unto them? that they seem indeed not thoughts at all but mere vague high-sounding words? Certainly they represent ways of thinking and speaking very unfamiliar to most of us. But, after all, they are the thoughts and words of the New Testament, especially of St. Paul. They were very rich and inspiring once, in the great days, for example, of the Church of Alexandria. Our modern Christianity loses enormously in depth and power because our religious perspective is so narrow and meagre. Yet it ought not to be difficult to translate such high themes into the terms of our experience. Do we not all know what it is, in quietly watching some sunset, to feel a strange yearning, almost a pain of yearning, for some Beauty which lies beyond? Well, there we had a momentary insight into the incompleteness of a world which has not yet realized its destiny. But more simply still—do we not all feel that there is a void in our life, which not all our interests and cares, all our loves and friendships can wholly fill? That the energies of our being are still desultory and uncertain, wanting clearness and decisiveness of purpose, that its deepest needs are still unsatisfied? And, if we are Christians at all, do we not know that somehow all this sense of incompleteness, this vague desire, shapes itself more and more distinctly into the one word "Christ?" Then, if this be so, we realize what our life is waiting for: we are likened unto the Ten Virgins who went forth to meet the Bridegroom.

2. They "took their lamps." The lamps were plainly the outward signs that they were a company awaiting a bridegroom. This gives us a clue to their meaning in the parable. If we are companions of the Bride, Christians, members of the Church, our "lamps" are the outward signs of our Christian profession—the religious habits which we observe, such as prayers, use of the Sacraments, attendance at Divine worship, or the good works which because we are Christians we try to do. These are all signs of that attitude of expectancy, that sense of incompleteness apart from Christ, which is involved in the Christian life.

They who say and do such things "declare plainly that they seek a country"—that there is a completion of their life for which they crave. That at least is implied, whether sincerely or insincerely, in the outward signs of Christian profession—in taking our lamps.

3. The lamp itself cannot shine: the light comes from the oil with which the lamp is filled. "The wise virgins" took the oil with them: the foolish forgot it. In spite of all discussions on the point, there is no real difficulty in interpreting the meaning of the oil. It is that inward spiritual life which alone can give reality and efficacy to the outward life of religion. Both in the Old and the New Testament the symbol of oil is associated with the Holy Spirit. St. John speaks of the Christian having "an anointing from the Holy One." In the ancient hymn of the Church we pray to the Holy Spirit "Anoint and cheer our soiled face with the abundance of Thy Grace." To have oil in our lamps is to have within and behind all our external acts and habits of religion an interior life of communion with God, in which distractions are removed, the channels between the soul and God are open, so that the Holy Spirit moves through them, fulfilling His work of perfecting the fellowship between man and God. It is to "walk in the Spirit," "to be in the Spirit." Without this oil of the Spirit our lamps have no light. We may be regular and conscientious in

our stated prayers, diligent in our attendance at Church, in our use of the means of grace. We may be students of the Scriptures, or constant readers of theological books, or experts in theological discussions. We may be intensely interested in Church affairs. We may be "excellent organizers," and full of energy in all sorts of good works. We may be very Marthas in our religious activities. But the one thing needful is lacking—the reality of personal spiritual life, in which withdrawn from everything external we are "acquainted with God," a personal relationship, as real and intimate as that which binds us to a friend. There must be the lamp—the outward visible "body" of our religion, the sphere of its witness to the world: but the lamp is useless without the oil—the inner spirit with its own personal hold upon God.

4. "While the Bridegroom tarried they all slumbered and slept." Our Lord speaks here of the inevitable times of reaction, when the first thrill of "going forth" is past, and for a long spell there are no unmistakeable signs of the presence of the bridegroom? Such times there have been often in the history of the Church, periods of pause, when no one seems to have an "open vision," no prophet speaks as one coming straight from the Lord before whom he stands, no great movement attests the energy of the Holy Spirit. Perhaps we in this generation have been passing through such a time of slumber. It is not a time, with all its merits, conspicuous for high hopes, great words, striking personalities, or constraining causes. We feel as if the stream of Christian life has somehow got locked in a backwater, and is in danger of becoming stagnant.

Such periods, again, there must be in the history of every soul. Probably only very superficial people or those who are, in the beautiful Scottish phrase, "far ben," escape this discipline of dulness. But even then the "wise" man will keep his oil by him: his soul will still be "waiting upon the Lord His God." However fruitless it may seem, he will never give up his times of quiet prayer and thought. Surely God marks the pathos of a dumb spirit's pleading. Perhaps when it is least expected a token of His Presence and power will come.

5. "At midnight there is a cry, 'Behold the Bridegroom!' Come ye forth to meet Him." Doubtless there is the thought here of the final coming of the Lord Christ in His glory. But it is not surely the exclusive thought. As Dr. Trench says, "While there is one crowning advent of the Lord at the last, He comes no less in all the signal crises of the Church, at each new manifestation of His Spirit." We spoke just now of the religious slumber of our own generation. But are there not signs appearing of a spiritual revival, voices whispering, perhaps, rather than proclaiming, but still audible, "Behold the Bridegroom!" There is a growing weariness of religious controversy, a sense of the hollowness of all our pushing and striving religious organizations, and of the urgent need of a recovery of the strength and fire of the Spirit. It may be that this conviction of our need is an advance-messenger of the Lord Himself, summoning us to come forth to meet Him in some new outpouring of His Grace. It may be that, for example, the quick and vivid temperament of the Celt in Wales has been the first to feel the new influence in the air. To the individual soul as well as to the Church there come these heralds announcing the approach of the Bridegroom. Whatever arouses within us some new sense of our need of Christ, it may be the weariness of ineffectual living, or the conviction of some sin brought home to the conscience, or an impatience with our petty inconsistencies and miserable surrenders to evil, or a clear vision of what our life might have of joy and liberty if we only made up our minds to have done with vacillation and whole-heartedly accept the mastery of Christ: all these are summonses to go forth and meet the Bridegroom. They may be heard also in calls to new and more strenuous acts of service in the cause of God's Kingdom or of His poor. I do not believe that any man with any sort of religious honesty can say that such messengers have never reached him.

6. But these calls when they come are

searching tests. "The foolish said unto the wise, 'Give us of your oil, for our lamps are going out.'" Surely these most pathetic words find an echo in many hearts at the present time. The foolish virgins were there in real desire to meet the bridegroom, only at the critical moment when they were asked to go forth the oil which they had allowed to exhaust itself failed them, and they found that their lamps were going out. Our aspirations in this generation are set Christ-wards, but there is little correspondence between them and our honest spiritual grasp or self-discipline. In the days of dulness we have allowed the inner spiritual life to get stale. It has become exhausted, and we have taken no pains to replenish it; and, as Richard Holt Hutton said, "If men come to Christ with exhausted natures they will never know what there is in Him." "A generation of which the most impressive characteristic is its spiritual fatigue will never be truly Christian till it can husband its energy better, and consent to forego many petty interests that it may not forego the religion of the Cross." Or, again, there are many men, warmly, perhaps enthusiastically Christian in sentiment, who are vaguely unsettled in their faith, who are ever asking questions and never taking time to answer them, in whose minds the old phrases of the Creed at once arouse a mist of qualifications, evasions, explanations. But a faith so diluted has no spiritual strength: it creates no power of spiritual venture; it is incapable of meeting great calls. When the Bridegroom's coming is announced it can only say to stronger, simpler natures: "Give us of your oil for our lamps are going out!"

7. "But the wise answered saying, 'Peradventure there will not be enough for us and you: go ye rather to them that sell and *buy for yourselves*.'" A profound and solemn truth lies hid in these simple words. The great crises and opportunities of life can never be met and used by borrowed spiritual power. Assent to other men's thoughts can never be a substitute for convictions reached by our own, and in times of testing convictions alone can stand the strain. In the last resort no man can deliver his brother's soul, so that he must let that alone for ever. We must buy for ourselves, buy the oil of clear faith and spiritual strength from the Spirit of God, and the price we must pay is our own personal thought and toil and prayer. While there is yet time, before the last great chance has come and gone, let a man be wise and go and buy. Let him, on his knees alone with God, face his sins and ask pardon, and set his will against them: let him resolve to have done with vacillation and postponement, and choose his side in the great contest between faith and uncertainty, God and the world. Let him in the stress of his own need lay hold of the power of God in Christ, even though he wrestle till the breaking of the day. Then and then only will he be able to be ready for God's call, to fulfil his destiny, and "go in with the Bridegroom to the marriage-feast."

8. "And the door was shut. Afterwards came also the other virgins, saying 'Lord, Lord, open to us.' But he answered and said, 'Verily, I say unto you, I know you not.'" The door was shut. There *is*, if God's great gift of free will be not a delusion there must be, ultimately, the close of opportunity. Some chance, though we cannot discern it, will be the last. You will notice that the poor foolish virgins still keep their first desire: the cry of their wishes is still "Lord, Lord, open to us." But there comes a limit to mere wishing—a time when it is proved finally futile. And to those who have to the end contented themselves with sentiments and aspirations and have postponed decisions and avoided convictions, the awful word is spoken by the just and loving Judge—"I know you not." When the close of opportunity has come He *knows* only those who have set their minds and souls and wills in prayer and sacrifice to the life-work of knowing Him. Surely there is nothing in all Scripture more solemn, more searching, than this judgment of mere good wishes. "*Watch, therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour.*"

C. G. STEPNEY.

ONCE upon a time there was a King who owned a mighty kingdom. Now he and his beautiful Queen had an only daughter who was the apple of her parents' eye. They were always talking of when she would be grown up and the joy she would be to them. But things in this life happen contrary to our expectations. The Queen died and there was great grief throughout the land, for she was a good Queen and had been much beloved. The King vowed he would never marry again and said his daughter should be his sole consolation. Time passed. The Princess grew prettier every day and her every wish was gratified. Many maids had she to do her bidding, among them was one who had been married and left a widow with two daughters. She had a pleasant face and was most agreeable. But while her speech was soft as silk her heart was full of intrigue and falseness. One of her schemes was to marry the King. Her first move was to humour the Princess and make her believe how happy she would be if she had another mother. This she was constantly harping on until the Princess quite believed it and asked who she thought would be the best wife for her father. To this the woman replied with words sweet as honey.

"It doesn't become me to offer advice in this case only let the King choose one who will be kind to our little Princess. Now if I were the chosen one it would be my one thought how to please her, and when she washed her hands one of my daughters should hold the golden basin and the other the towel." This seemed very nice to the Princess, who at last mentioned the matter to her father, saying how happy it would make her. But the King would not hear of it. Nevertheless, his daughter continued to press the matter until ultimately the King said—

"Well, my dear little daughter, if I do so, mind it will only be for your sake, because you wish it so much, therefore if it do not turn out so agreeable as you expect you must not blame me, nor come to me with complaints." The Princess was delighted and the affair was settled. The marriage took place. Meanwhile, the Princess had grown the prettiest girl in all the land, a contrast to her step-sisters, who were plain as a pikestaff, and very unamiable, so that nobody liked them. Suitors in plenty had she too, while her step-sisters had none. This angered the new Queen, who, however, did not let it be seen, but always appeared meek as a lamb. Amongst the suitors was one from a distant country, a handsome young fellow he was, and being so fondly attached to the young Princess, she promised to be his bride. This was another vexation to the Queen, for she had hoped to secure this young Prince for one of her own

daughters. She determined in her own mind that the marriage should not take place, and deliberated how to accomplish it. Only too soon an opportunity presented itself. All unexpectedly the kingdom was besieged, and the King had to go to drive back the foreign invaders. Scarcely had the King taken his departure than the Queen came out in her true colours. She was now as hard and cruel as formerly she had been kind and indulgent. Not a day passed without the Princess getting a scolding, and the Queen's two daughters were as bad as herself. Still worse was it for the lover. One day he was out hunting, and got separated from his companions. Then the Queen had recourse to witchcraft and transformed the elegant young Prince into a wolf. In the evening the huntsmen returned without their Prince, and you can imagine the state of mind the Princess was in. She wept night and day and refused all consolation. The Queen only smiled at her step-child's grief and inwardly rejoiced. One day when the Princess sat weeping as usual in her chamber the idea came to her to go herself in search of her lover. So she went and asked one of her step-sisters to accompany her in a walk in the forest. The Queen said at first no, her daughter should not, but afterwards gave in, counselling her to keep an eye on our young Princess. Very much against her will the step-sister went for, as she said, "what pleasure could it be to anyone to go with one who did nothing but weep?" So they walked on, the Princess always thinking of her lost love, the step-sister with anger in her heart. After awhile they came to a little cottage in the heart of the forest, and the Princess feeling thirsty said she would knock at the door and ask for a drink of water. Then her step-sister's anger burst forth: "Is it not enough that I follow you in this wretched wilderness but you must wish me—a Princess, to go to such a hole? No, indeed, my foot shall not cross the doorstep. If you will go, go alone." The Princess without hesitation knocked at the cottage and on being told to enter, did so. Inside was a very old woman seated on a bench, so old her head was all a-tremble.

"Good-day, dear Grandam," said the Princess in her sweet and kindly voice. "I am very thirsty; will you give me a drink?"

"With the greatest pleasure, my child," was the reply. "But," the old woman went on, "who may you be who come to my humble roof and greet me so kindly?"

"I am the daughter of the King, and am taking a long walk to try to forget my grief," said our Princess.

"And what grief can *you* have, my child?" asked the old woman.

"Ah," said the Princess, "I have lost my heart's best love and heaven knows if I shall ever see him again." Then she told her sad story with tears streaming from her eyes. When finished the old woman said: "'Tis well that you have come to me with your sorrow: I also have suffered much in my life and may be able to help you. As you walk from here you will pass a lily growing by the wayside; this lily is not as other lilies; it has wonderful qualities. You must pluck it—if you can. After that someone will come who will tell you what to do." Then they parted; the Princess, with many thanks, and leaving the old woman nodding her head. The step-sister waiting outside began to grumble at the Princess for staying so long. But as all her thoughts were on the lily she didn't heed the grumbling. With great joy she at last espied it, but when within reach and about to pluck it it slipped away and grew up at a distance. She went after it and tried again. But again it slipped away when she was about to pluck it, and vanishing for a second or two, re-appeared at a distance. So it continued until the Princess found herself in another part of the forest, and before her a high mountain on whose peak the lily appeared now more beautiful than ever before. Heedless of the stones and other difficulties she began to climb and went on climbing until at last she reached the top. Then putting out her hand she plucked the lily with the greatest ease. Placing it in her bosom she felt so intensely happy that she forgot all her worries and troubles. Suddenly she recollected her step-mother and thought how angry she would be at her staying out

so long. The sun was setting, the last ray rested on the mountain, and the forest lay black dark below. Only now she thought what if she could not find her way home. She grew sad at this thought and other sad thoughts followed—her lost love and her beloved father whom perhaps she would never see again! Yes, she was sad indeed! And meanwhile night was coming on and it grew darker and darker. So she sat down on a stone and wept.

"Good evening, my pretty maid; why so sorrowful?" said a voice close to her ear. She started and was much astonished, and no wonder for there in front of her was a little old man who nodded to her in a very friendly way.

"I may well be sorrowful," she made answer. "I have lost my heart's best love and now my way home, so that I fear I must remain in the forest all night and be torn to pieces by wild beasts."

"Oh," said the little mannikin, "cheer up, take my advice for I can help you."

To this our Princess consented, for she was feeling abandoned by all the world. The mannikin next took a tinder box from his pocket saying: "First, my pretty maid, you must make a fire." Forthwith she set about gathering all the dry wood and leaves she could find and made such a fire high up on the mountains that the flames flared up into the sky. Then said the mannikin—

"Now go and you will see a pot of tar, which you are to bring here." She obeyed, and the mannikin then said, "Now set the pot on the fire and when simmering put your lily in it."

This she did not at all like to do, it was such a lovely lily. But "Have you not promised to obey me?" said the mannikin. "Do so, and you will not regret." The Princess, with her head turned so that she could not see, threw the lily into the pot. Immediately there sounded low growling like the roar of a wild beast. Nearer and nearer it came, until the noise was so loud it seemed to shake the mountain. Soon there came a crackling of branches, the bushes bent, and out came a large wolf towards them. The Princess was very frightened, and would have fled, but the mannikin said, "Make haste, take off the pot and when the wolf approaches empty it upon him." And now something wonderful occurred. No sooner did she throw the tar upon the wolf than the whole skin fell off and there stood before her a handsome young man. And who was this handsome young man but her old lost love! Imagine her joy! With outstretched arms they stood, but neither could speak for joy. Then the Prince coming forward took her in his arms and embraced her, nor did he forget the mannikin, but turning thanked him from the bottom of his heart. After this the two sat on the mountain chatting lovingly as lovers do. The Prince told all about his life in the forest and the hardships he had endured, and the Princess told of her grief and the quantity of tears she had shed for him. Thus they sat throughout the night until the last star faded, and day awoke. Then with the light they, from their height on the mountain, espied the road that led to the Palace. And the mannikin, coming forward, said, "Look, my friends, do you see anything?" The Prince looked and answered, "Yes, certainly, I see a horseman on a foaming steed riding with great speed."

"It is a herald from the Palace to announce the coming of the King," explained the mannikin.

Now was the Princess overcome with joy. "Come, let us go to greet my beloved father," said she rising.

"Stop, not yet," said the mannikin. "Let us first see how things are." By now the sun was well up and its rays fell on the glittering Palace in the distance. "What do you see now?" continued the mannikin.

"I see many people coming out of my father's Palace, some going one way, some another."

"Ah," said the mannikin. "These are the courtiers and retainers. Some go to greet the King, others in search of you." Again the Princess arose and wished to go, but, "Wait," said the mannikin. Let us see more first." And he bade the Princess keep her eyes on the road where the King was expected."

"Now, my pretty maid, what else do you see?"

"A great commotion, it seems, at the Palace, and everything is being draped in black," was the Princess's reply.

"Ah," said the mannikin. "So your step-mother would have your father believe you are dead," explained the mannikin.

"Look, my friends," said the mannikin

"Let me go, oh, pray, let me go, that I may spare my good father this grief," exclaimed the Princess clasping her hands. But still the mannikin kept her back.

"Not yet," said he. "We must still bide our time."

Now the sun began to set, and a golden haze enveloped the land, but still our Princess with her Prince and the little old man sat on the mountain. Presently a cloud rose on the horizon, growing larger

and larger, and coming nearer and nearer and as it approached they distinguished weapons glistening, flags waving, helmets shining, swords clanking, horses neighing, and behind all the golden crown of the King. Picture the joy of the Princess and her eagerness to greet her father! But—

"Not yet—not yet," said the mannikin. "What more do you see?"

"Ah," replied the Princess, "I see my step-mother coming out and weeping bitterly; she is wearing deep mourning."

"That is for you," said the mannikin. "But let us see it through; what now?" he went on.

"I see men, my father's retainers, carrying a black bier. My father looks at it and—ah! he requests them to open it," answered he Princess, turning ghastly pale.

"What next?" questioned the mannikin.

"My stepmother and sisters fall on their knees before my father, stretching out their arms in appeal."

"And—"

"And," she continued, "my father draws his sword—the men put down the bier; they must obey."

"Ha-ha! ho-ho!" chuckled the mannikin.

But all was not over yet. After awhile the mannikin asked—

"What see you now, pretty maid, anything more?"

"Yes, I see my father and all his cortège coming this way," was the reply.

"So," said he mannikin. "Now go, and bring the wolf's skin that lies over there. Very good. Now take your stand on the edge of the mountain."

No sooner was this done than the Queen and her daughters passed below. "Throw the wolf's skin down," said the mannikin.

The Princess did as directed, and the skin fell on the heads of those beneath. Immediately all three were transformed into three ferocious beasts which at full speed ran off into the dark forest and were lost. Scarcely had this occurred than the King with all his courtiers rode up. On raising his eyes and beholding his daughter the King could hardly credit the evidence of his senses. He was transfixed, and thought it must be a vision. Then spoke the mannikin—

"And now, pretty maid, go and rejoice your father's heart."

This our Princess delayed not to have repeated, but hand in hand with her betrothed ran down the mountain. Throwing her arms around her father's neck she wept for joy. The King wept too, so did the Prince, but all for joy. All who witnessed it could not forget it. So much was there to tell. The baseness of the stepmother and her daughters, and the story of the Prince having been changed into a wolf, the grief of the Princess and how she had been helped by the good little mannikin.

"Where is he? I would thank him," said the King. But the mannikin had disappeared, no one knew where! So the King, the Prince, the Princess and the whole cortège returned to the Palace, and in a few days the nuptials were celebrated with great magnificence. I myself was present and on my return I met a miserable old she-wolf with two cubs, growling and hungry. Afterwards I was told they were the wicked Queen step-mother and her two wicked daughters.

CAROLINE CORNER-OHLMÜTZ.

The Shelf and the World

The Scene of "Waste Not, Want Not"—Athletics and Mr. Kipling—If Holland and England changed countries—"Max Havelaar"—Dutch Satire—A Visit to Bath—The Beginning of the End again—A Tract for the Middle-Aged.

I WAS reminded very forcibly the other day of a favourite children's book, as for the first time I visited Bristol and walked over the Clifton Downs. For it was on these heights that the famous archery party and review were held in Maria Edgeworth's story, "Waste Not, Want Not," in *The Parent's Assistant*. It was there that Hal spoiled his uniform; there that Lady Diana Sweepstakes curvetted and caracoled; there that the second piece of string gave the exemplary Ben the prize. No archery was in progress on the Saturday afternoon that I walked over these miles of table land; but most of the winter games could be studied. I watched football in both its varieties, and hockey and Lacrosse too. I suppose there were from twenty to thirty distinct matches in progress, all keenly contested and all keenly observed by large or small crowds of spectators.

One could not look at these swarming players and spectators, all under the curious dominion of the sphere, which has such a fascination for Anglo-Saxons, without thinking of Mr. Kipling's indictment. Muddied the players certainly were, but were they oafs? And what is an oaf? My dictionary gives "a dolt, an idiot, a blockhead," and I remember that the book from which I gained my first (and probably last) knowledge of history, made the neatherd's wife whose cakes had been burnt by Alfred the Great storm at that monarch thus: "You oaf, you lubber, you lazy loon!" Between the dictionary and the history book we thus get oaf clearly enough; but were these youths from Bristol and Clifton oafs? They seemed to me far too alert and resolute, and in far too good condition, to win such an epithet. They seemed to me to be preparing the way for endurance in performing feats of arms, which is, I understand, the ideal destiny for every boy in Mr. Kipling's cosmos, very satisfactorily. What Mr. Kipling, I believe, has never put on record is to what extent he considers games permissible. Are the strictly Saturday afternoon cricketers and footballers fools and oafs? May soldiers find any relaxation in such pastimes?

But there is no doubt that athletics can be overdone, and one never realizes the objection to them so much as when in a foreign country. I have spent some time recently in Holland, where no game is played. Never was such a country of natural cricket pitches, but there is no cricket. The Dutch youth do not even use the water, except in so small a way as to be ordinarily unnoticeable. The land is for the peasants, the canals are for the barges. What one is forced to wonder, in the midst of such a distracting scene of athletics as that on Clifton Down, is, Do we play too much or do the Dutch play too little? I suppose nations must go their own way. Certainly there is no sign that the Dutch are less healthy than we, either physically or morally.

Perhaps the quickest way to visualise the differences of nations is to imagine them exchanging countries. If the English, for example, were to move to Holland, the whole face of the land would be immediately changed. In summer the flat meadows near the towns, now given up to cows and plovers, would be dotted with cricketers; in winter with football-players. Outriggers and canoes, punts and houseboats, would break out on the canals. In the villages such strange phenomena as idle gentlemen in knickerbockers and idle ladies with parasols would suddenly appear. The trains would begin to be late; from the waiting-rooms all free newspapers would be stolen; drunken men would be seen in the streets, dirt in the cottages; and hundreds of newspapers would exist where now only a

handful are sufficient. If the Dutch came to England the converse would happen. The athletic grounds would become pasture land; the dirt of our slums and the gentry of our villages would alike vanish; and Westminster Abbey would at once be whitewashed. The contrast might be continued endlessly, but I have said enough. The Dutch, however, played golf before we thought of it, and in winter the nation is transformed. No sooner does the ice bear than they begin to glide and swirl and live their lives to the poetry of motion.

Apropos of Holland, I have been reading a very interesting Dutch story called "Max Havelaar," written in the early sixties to draw attention to certain scandals in the administration of Java. The political part of the book is dull, although Havelaar himself has some charm. The vital thing is Drystubble, the Amsterdam coffee broker and the nominal author, who is done with some true Dickensian touches. More striking, however, than anything in the book itself is the satirical quotation placed on its threshold, from an unpublished play. The passage runs thus:

Officer: My Lord, this is the man who murdered Betsy.
Judge: He must hang for it. How did he do it?
Officer: He cut up her body in little pieces, and salted them.
Judge: He is a great criminal. He must hang for it.
Lothario: My Lord, I did not murder Betsy: I fed and clothed and cherished her. I can call witnesses who will prove me to be a good man, and no murderer.
Judge: You must hang. You blacken your crime by your self-sufficiency. It ill becomes one who . . . is accused of anything to set up for a good man.
Lothario: But, my Lord . . . there are witnesses to prove it; and as I am now accused of murder . . .
Judge: You must hang for it. You cut up Betsy—you salted the pieces—and you are satisfied with your conduct—three capital counts. Who are you, my good woman?
Woman: I am Betsy.
Lothario: Thank God! You see, my Lord, that I did not murder her.
Judge: Humph!—ay—what!—What about the salting?
Betsy: No, my Lord, he did not salt me; on the contrary, he did many things for me . . . he is a worthy man!
Lothario: You hear, my Lord, she says I am an honest man!
Judge: Humph!—the third count remains. Officer, remove the prisoner, he must hang for it; he is guilty of self-conceit.

I wonder if the unpublished play had more in it on this pattern. It would be good reading.

While in the west country I visited, also for the first time, Bath. There are few English towns which I had wished to see so much as Bath, and now I have been there and by going have robbed myself of another anticipation! The next time I go to Bath I shall simply be going again, which is the most ordinary commercial-traveller kind of action. To be going to a place for the first time is the thing; there is romance in that. We entered Bath at night without the faintest knowledge of where we should sleep. That is the way! We left our bags at the station and walked into the famous town free, with everything before us. The Fates, who when treated in a gentlemanly manner are always kind (cruel only when hustled), directed our steps to an ancient hostelry by the Abbey, where there are four-post beds, and a row of bells in the lobby, and neat and smiling maids, and the faint aroma of hot spirits, and a larder in the passage with a gauze window filled with cold joints, and great fires. So far as I could afterwards discover it was the only inn in Bath with any old-world simplicity and generosity. Friends of the Austens might easily have been put up there, and since Bath to me meant the house of Jane Austen more than anything else—more than the realm of Beau Nash or the scene of Sam Weller's Swarry,—this thought alone would have commended it.

I would not live in Bath for a handsome fortune: to be so surrounded by hills, so pent by walls, would drive me mad; but it is a delightful place to spend two days in. I had no idea that it was at all like this. I had never thought of large squares and crescents in the manner of old Bloomsbury, built of a sad stone that could

hardly be dirtier if it were in London. I had thought of Bath as cheery and bright. Nor did I know that the spring on which the town's prosperity is based was a hot one, or that the water which I drank at a price per glass identical with that of beer was going to be so painfully reminiscent of the water handed to one by the dentist. Nor was I prepared for the charm of Pulteney Bridge, surely the best artificial bridge, the best consciously planned bridge, in England; nor for so vivid a relic of the past as the Roman baths. What I could not bring my imagination to reconstruct was the glittering Bath of Beau Nash—of "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "The Bath Comedy." I could not get my mind to dwell on any old Bath between Miss Austen's day—it was exactly a hundred years ago that she was living at 6 Sydney place, which is unchanged since she left it,—and the Romans. But I was glad to be there, and to walk about its discreet streets looking for the records of illustrious inhabitants; and I was even more glad to climb to the top of Beechen Cliff and be once again on high ground.

I said something last month, from my own point of view, about the beginning of the end, our first distinct realization that we are not immortal. To some it comes early. To others it may hardly be consciously pondered at all even in old age; but it hits the normal thoughtful mind between thirty and thirty-five, the duration of the first grand irresponsible period corresponding nearly exactly to that of a human generation, thirty-three years.

It seems that in this life nothing can happen until the hour strikes. Heaven knows there is a sufficient supply of admonition to youth, pressed down and running over, to render him wise as the serpent; and yet every one must make his own discoveries. It is not counsellors but facts that perform the awakening feat. And even certain facts that we might have supposed powerful in the extreme do not effect it. Marriage, one would say, is a fact that should give pause, if any crisis can. But does it? We marry long before the awakening age, and seldom does that sacrament evoke the menace, the foreboding. Society has agreed that we shall marry light-heartedly; the thought that every child is yet another sentient human being subject to ills and frustrations, regrets and doubts, and finally to the conqueror too, never penetrates our complacent heads. It seems that only a surgical instrument (a scythe) can get such knowledge into the skull of youth. Knowledge of the seriousness of marriage, the irrevocableness of it, comes later, with all the other crowding discoveries; but not until the end has begun. At first a wife is but a sharer of life's fun and irresponsibilities; children are jolly little beggars, more expensive, perhaps, than kittens and puppies, and more to be considered when in distress, but otherwise not seriously to occupy the mind. Marriage, is in fact, merely a good-humoured ratification of the youth of two persons rather than the awakening of either. It starts as a compact of pleasure, in spite of the church, of Dr. Ibsen and Mr. Hardy. As a high road to the great discovery of the beginning of the end it hardly counts, although when the discovery has come it may be a terrible fortifier. The awakener is almost invariably the Reaper himself.

One older than I has written to me, continuing last month's melancholy thesis. "Perhaps," he says, "the saddest thing of all that we shall find in this second half of life is the impossibility of making new friends. We shall discover gradually but surely that the last friend that a man makes is his wife. It is not that we shall meet no one to whom we are affectionately drawn; but that we hesitate to give our love with the old careless freedom. We have grown critical, and so have they. It may also involve us in too much emotion: we must be protected. For we have noticed that where we love we suffer or are liable to suffer: death, illness, or disaster occurring to any of our dear ones would hurt us, and we want to be as secure as possible, as free from grief. Security is what we need; we are old enough to appreciate it; it is our due Security. Have we not given of ourselves very

abundantly in the past? It is the time of reward, of harvest, now. So we shall no longer let our tendrils twine blindly as they used, in the old days, before we knew we had to die, round this heart and that; we shall clip them and restrain them. We have learnt the hard truth that every being that we love is but another joint in our armour through which the arrows of Fate may penetrate. O dread discovery! O blessed early years that keep this craven thought at bay!

"Again, we have, although we suspected it not, fixed habits; and so have our new acquaintance. Perhaps if we alone were thus handicapped we might strike up one of those old intimacies; the others might give way. But mutual sacrifices are too much to ask at this late day. An interest in a young man may now and again overtake us, or we may be the object of admiration and even imitation by some pleasant boy; but there is no permanency there: friends must stay in their own generation. And so we shall make no new friends, and cling instead to those old ones who are pleasing to our wives, or to whom our wives are pleasing. We discover that the special aptitude of youth to make friends is that youth is trustful. Only by being trustful can one discover whether a friend is worthy or no; for a friend is one to whom one may confess ill of oneself without fear. With us trustfulness is giving way to suspicion. We have given up the luxury of confession.

"If there are no tracts for the middle-aged it is not because the middle-aged are perfect; for the beginning of the end brings many dangers. Youth was liable enough to err, but youth also was malleable, impressionable; it could be played upon. But we, we are growing cool and hard. We are like to become calculating, and what is more horrible than that? We were selfish enough before, Heaven knows, but we are like to be selfish now in a more elaborate way. We who are beginning the end ought to watch ourselves very narrowly all the time, lest evil befall us and our old age is unlovely. But probably we shall not."

Thus far my friend. There are no tracts for the middle-aged, he says. But surely he has written one.

E. V. LUCAS.

Lucerne

Photograph by *T. & R. Annan, Glasgow*

A Child's Portrait by William Dyce, R.A.

Princess Joyce

By Keighley Snowden

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Stephen Merrall, the blind mill-owner, delights in sitting at the window, facing the wide expanse of open country, listening to his daughter Joyce describe the scenery which he looked upon for the last time fourteen years previously. Joyce, when a mere baby, was the cause of his blindness, but by his command she had been brought up in ignorance of the fact. When the story begins she is fifteen years of age, beautiful, and admired by George Marlowe, a lad of sixteen, who sends her a valentine. But soon he departs for Leeds to earn his living.

CHAPTER VII

A WORM I' THE BUD

JOYCE had passed her eighteenth birthday, and still was fancy-free. But who shall tell her fancies? Lighter than summer clouds, and flitting shapeless, they peopled quiet hours. In her look, one saw them mirrored.

Such a look will tell that the violets are peeping,
Coming the rose: and, unaware, a cry
Springs in her bosom for odours and for colour,
Covert and the nightingale; she knows not why.

Louis Knight's desire of her dawned at the first putting up of her hair. He watched her with a new interest; and she wore a spell with every graceful movement, plain word, and pleasant glance. He, too, was "unaware."

Knowledge of it came to him at the Mill one day, in the simple situation that

she stood with some companions near a spinning-frame in motion—in no danger, but so thoughtlessly happy that he warned her. As she thanked him, he saw her beauty like a dazzling light; and so trembled, at the peril his imagination conjured up, that presently he left the party. The very possibility of peril had been unreal, or at least inconsiderable, for there were guards. This he told himself. But just because the occasion was so slight, he could not mistake the nature of his emotion.

No joy made it pleasant to him, once out of sight of her. He worshipped with a very distant reverence, an instant apprehension of trouble. He retreated to the office, where Stephen sat. Of all men living, it seemed to Louis presently that none could have a much worse right than he to pretend to the character of her lover.

Five minutes later she came gaily, demanding his escort to the engine-room; and, as he turned to go with her, she asked—surprising him—if he was unwell. He found some reply which seemed to admit that he might be so, and made light of it. Her concern was very sweet, however.

Louis did not go up to the house that night. The being unwell was his excuse. But neither did he sit as usual with his mother.

It was an August evening. The moor on Joyce's unlit hill attracted him, and there, among quiet heights, he found a place to think in. He was alone with the waste. Grouse bragged all about him under a clear sundown, and a fresh wind stirred the ling. He sat down with an extraordinary sense of fatigue.

Louis had to look at his position as the confidential servant of a patron who had "made" him, and whom he could not in any sense betray. He had not the smallest reason to be squeamish; but he did not forget, and never could forget, the poor estate from which the blind man's liberal trust had raised him. What he wished to be clear upon was not the question whether he might aspire to his benefactor's daughter. Modesty kept the thought of marriage from his mind. It was the question whether he could now continue to be that benefactor's habitual guest, with such a secret in his bosom. Loyalty bade him stifle and quite expel it, while Love said confidently, "You shall be for ever unhappy." He was no unpractised ruler of his own spirit; but all the strength of his will in a full-breathed effort did not serve to turn out Love.

He rose imagining the door shut: his traitor eyes took in the sunset's charm religiously, and Love was back by the window! Back and pleading hard.

Why should he so deny himself? What harm in worshipping, since God had made her so? To harden his heart and she so beautiful—was it not a kind of profanity? Why, she was very pure; her life was holy, and her being so. Worship appeared to his mind's mood as a high duty. What forbade it, then? How did this offend?

He recanted with an infinitely light heart. Reverence what was fair in her he must, and ever would, while life remained in him.

And see her often? Somehow, still, a sensitive conscience winced.

But what was bound to happen happened. He went to the house as aforetime for friendship's sake, and felt on wretched terms with himself as a double dealer. Next evening, he met her glance of solicitude with dropped eyes, and a flush that, by itself, might have looked like annoyance.

"Are you better?" she asked. "We're out on the lawn, Louis. I heard the gate, so I ran to tell you."

His "Oh, yes, it was nothing," she took with a pleasant nod as she spoke; but continued, he thought, to scrutinise him.

In hiding his own feelings, Louis, however, was marvellously successful—he scarcely said a word for an hour on anything she talked about. His manner was so indifferent that Joyce felt vaguely hurt, as if he set her back as a child again. There was only a ten years' gap between their ages, but to a girl of eighteen that may seem a generation. When the lover is grave (and undeclared), it always does so.

That was the true bar to Louis Knight's happiness; as a suitor he would soon have felt it. For a girl left out by older men—unless conceited and a precocious flirt—is not provoked to appear as old as they are, but goes her own brave way. She leaves them out on her side also. Joyce was hurt, but not too deeply, and only hurt because he disappointed her. He had been very nice. It had seemed just the other way between them; he made her feel that he thought her quite grown up and wise.

Joyce liked him. After her father, he was the only man she much admired. She had taken, indeed, her father's view of him. Sometimes she wondered, in her private mind, why Louis had no one whom he loved. Her notion was that he never had time to think of it; and that seemed a pity.

So, liking him, she felt no pique, and her eyes met his, as always, without self-consciousness. Her mother was seeing to supper; her father left them for a minute or two; and she spoke to him pleasantly.

"I think you're like me, Louis; you're annoyed at not being well always! Aren't you? I mean when I can't do what I want to do."

She lay back in a canvas camp-chair, her womanlike hands in her lap, the palms upward. Again he saw her in a radiant mist. She was wearing a very simple white gown of muslin; they sat in the glow of late sunlight; and he heard the air full of quiet bird-talk, as if in a pause of expectation.

"Not annoyed," he said. "But helpless—yes. One wants to do too much sometimes."

"Father says you always do."

"Ah, for him! Nobody could, I think."

"No! Could they?"

The sweet meaning greyed her face's brightness. He thought her like an angel when she looked so.

Neither broke the musical silence for awhile; then she said quietly, "I shall never leave him," and the young man's heart gave a leap—homage, and the thought that he should not lose her. Happiness welled through him. In the orchard, a blackbird's mellow pipe was the bold and inward cry of it.

"Nor I," he answered, his voice more resonant than common. "It is too rare a thing to have known him. And you," he would have said devoutly: but that addition was forbidden.

"I knew you thought so," she smiled.

He asked her how she knew.

"When you speak to him I can hear. You feel as I do, nearly. Isn't he brave and patient?"

"None like him."

It was "the hour of sisterly sweet hand-in-hand;" they sat in great content together. His troubled mood forgotten, he saw her beauty now with clear eyes, as one admires a flower.

And he found it exquisite. A sleeping pleasantness that never left her face, a smiling dawn, had shaped the cheeks' soft fall to the vivid, sensitive mouth, sweet in repose with slightly parted lips. Her grey-blue eyes were wistful then; one saw deep into them; and the brows' fine pencilling was boldly arched, and gave to the eyes' romantic search some strength of sober meaning. They promised sympathy and pity; yet did so as if she mused upon the joy there is in being kind. At a word this joy illumined her, as though it were always felt. It gave her the pure and dainty colour that deepened in quick flushes, and one would have said that it shone from her clear pearl brow.

A face so sweet and impressionable is rarely stamped so firmly. The extreme delicacy, the look of fine culture in its modelling, went with strong features; the nose was high; the face's oval broadened to the ears and temples, and swept to a boldly rounded chin. The brow rose sheer, the hair like a chaplet about it.

"I wish I hadn't grown up," she said. "I was much more to Dad at one time than I am, though he won't let me say so."

"How can you know that?" said Louis quickly. "We aren't able to tell. Don't you think those people who are liked best know least about it, except the being happy? . . . You are always happy, you know."

"I'm very happy. It makes me anxious," she smiled. "Do you know that queer feeling—as if it couldn't last?"

He looked at her curiously. Two days ago, he would have laughed at the girlish fancy.

"You don't," she divined. "That's because you are so good. I'm not good at all. I'm restless, and impatient—and miserable."

He did contrive to laugh at this. "You've just told me you are happy! How do you manage to be both?"

"I knew you'd not believe me; but I mean, when—"

Joyce did not know, however, what she meant, and came to a full stop there, laughing herself. But her eyes were moist.

A great longing invaded him, and he rose, not master of himself. Was it love she needed? He turned half away from her, hearing the blackbird again, and aware of a silvery sky of fleecy and iridescent high clouds. He had to hide a pang that searched him.

"I'm fearfully foolish." She sounded vexed with herself.

"No, no," he said. "You're good.... What a lovely night this is!"

CHAPTER VIII

BY THE FORELOCK

How was it that Aunt Selinah, who had had but one brief love affair, knew the position of things? She did, that very evening. "Stephen," she said, "that man's in love with our Joyce!" The man in question had made a quiet exit, leaving as soon as Joyce had said, Good-night.

Stephen's mouth came open, as if he were listening to his own thoughts. They suggested a soft answer which stirred up wrath. "Who wouldn't be?" said he.

"Who wouldn't be?" cried Aunt Selinah. "Wouldn't? Stephen, you talk like a great fond thing." She sat very upright, and her grey curly head gave a jerk. "You may find a satisfaction in that, but if you think anything of yourself at all, you'll think twice."

Grace intervened.

"I don't see any difference in Louis," she said. But she had stopped sewing, and looked a little more properly anxious than he did.

"You wouldn't," her sister-in-law assented. "I never could tell *you* things. But when was I ever wrong about a thing of that kind? Never! Louis Knight's perfectly silly as he sits there. And though it's not my business, I think you make a deal too much of that young man, considering what he could do if he turned nasty. There! now you know it. Thank goodness, it isn't too late to prevent Joyce being a goose."

"Come, Selinah," said her brother. "You'll excite yourself and have a bad night."

"That's nothing you need worry about, Stephen. I shan't be there to waken you. I have to feel an interest in your child because she takes after me, and you ought to be thankful. Grace, you're a fool."

Mrs. Merrall stretched a seam, and Stephen put his finger-tips together.

"You're not going to tell me," the old maid continued with an unexpected touch of snobbishness, "you'd be content to see her marry a clerk ten or fifteen years older than herself; for I call that sort of thing sinful, especially when the man's a clay image."

She waited in vain for an answer. When Aunt Selinah's friendly interest rode the high horse, most people stood as It ran away with her.

"You don't mind? Pr'aps you think she's made of porcelain. You expect to keep her at home, I dare say,— Stephen, what are you worth?"

"Worth, Selinah?" He smiled provokingly. "Well, that's hardly for me to say, is it? Suppose you tell me what you think of me."

"I ask what you're *worth*," said his sister grimly.

"Oh. How much I possess, valued in pounds sterling. Well, that takes a little figuring out. Shall we say £40,000 as a going concern?"

"And more. You're the richest man in the Worth Valley; and if we knew all, I dare say you're richer than some people in Aireley that make a great puff and ado.

He turned half away from her

I won't say Louis Knight thinks about that. He's a lamb. What I say is that he can't marry Joyce Merrall; and you'd better tell him so, before he begins to lose his appetite and see visions. He didn't make much of a supper, Grace. And for goodness' sake make an effort and get Joyce about a bit. She's as soft as a butter cake. It isn't your new-fangled teaching, Stephen, that'll make a silly girl into a woman, but her own sense when she sees what the world's like. I had to find things out for myself, and nobody got the better of me, I can tell you. Such coddling!" Aunt Selinah sniffed, and hitched a little forward on her chair.

"Joyce goes where she pleases," Grace said, bridling, "when the work's done. But she likes to be at home, Selinah."

"Just so. You think her very tame and biddable, I know, Grace. But there you are—so keen about bed-quilts and table-centres that you can't spare a thought for your child's future. I don't forget the conversazione. You sat making shirts. Why don't you go to Leeds or Bradford for a month—or up to London, in the Season? What's the good of friends and relations?"

However shrewd these counsels may have been—it depends, perhaps, upon the purpose—such things were scarcely done in Aireley. One read of them in books. The Conversazione, held on four nights of winter at the Mechanics' Institute, was the one social public function in a twelvemonth.

"You expect her to find a husband at sales of work and tea-fights. My goodness!" Aunt Selinah's shrug and compressed lips were eloquent.

> "Thy little flock in safety keep,
> For lo! the wolf is nigh!"

—she quoted mechanically.—"If there is one thing more than another that makes me bilious and jumpy, it's your 'congregational life.' The inanity of it! It'll send me to the wrong place when I die, I know very well. I'm not sure I wouldn't prefer that."

"Selinah!" Grace reproached her.

"It's true, and when it's true I don't see why I shouldn't say it. I told our esteemed Minister so. 'Like a little heaven below!' The smiling, spoony joy of everybody makes me wicked. 'Well, Miss Merrall,' he came up to me rubbing his hands—it was that very stupid evening with a magic lantern in the Holy-land, the magic all wrong. 'Well, my dear Miss Merrall, *so* pleased to see *you* here. These occasions are so recreative and congenial, are they not?' 'If you ask me,' I said, 'I'd sooner see a play.' He looked sorry he spoke. 'Let me get some new ideas and see new faces.' 'Ah, well,' the dear man sighed, 'we have to consider the young people.' Upon my word, Stephen, they talk as if children grew in cucumber frames and mustn't be let out. Molly-coddles, that's what the system produces; soft pockets; and then you wonder to see 'em make fools of 'emselves. Humph! They're ready made. What with views upside-down and the unleavened lecture, I broke a bottle of lavender-water . . ."

"Of course," said Aunt Selinah, resuming her thread, "if you're hoping for a sweet young man in a shiny black coat and a halo, very well. I've done."

There was a restful space of silence, and Stephen Merrall went to his pianoforte. "The fact is, Selinah," he said as he raised the lid, "we haven't begun to think about it."

She rattled on.

"Well, there's this about Joyce—she'll either be in love or out of it. Just realise that, before you play me out. She'll know her own mind, you may be sure. I always did. I don't say I'm very much afraid of Louis Knight; he isn't picturesque; but I thought it just as well to mention his tender flame. They see a good deal of each other as you manage things."

Then she rose, and pushed the dog from his place before the fire.

Her long, thin face, with the aggressive brow and beak, was redder than usual: the truth being that this peppery old maid had a very lively affection for her niece. She would have dearly liked to take in hand the business of "bringing Joyce out;" and her last penny would have been cheerfully spent upon the enterprise. She was saved a disappointment. Her theory that Joyce resembled her was

a kind delusion, not to be realised by any process of education.

"As I remember him," said the blind man, pondering on her word "picturesesque," "he was a surly, underslept-looking boy, with hair that wouldn't lie down."

"It's snod enough now," she rasped, "and he can look very pleasant. If he'd be surly I'd like him better. He lacks imperfections, Stephen. I won't call him a prig, because he's absurdly modest; but if he weren't he'd be unendurable. He gives me the fidgets. If you can tell me how to make him laugh—laugh, mind, not look happy—I'll be much obliged to you."

"You're a key too sharp for him," Stephen said humourously.

"I daresay; I am for most people. But there! I've no patience with young men that take so much pains with their manners. Why does he shave himself?"

They laughed, Merrall heartily; and so, for once in a way, did Aunt Selinah, whose mirth was a droll succession of snatched hilarities.

"I own Louis Knight puts me off my balance, poor soul," she said finally. "He's a social offence—an unmarried man with nothing better to say for himself than smile at the fire. I want to ruffle his topping. I'll do it!"

"To be sure. The lad's afraid of you, that's all."

"Afraid? He patronises me!"

When she was gone, Stephen rose from the piano and stood pondering. "Poor Selinah!" he said. "Her disappointment soured a kind heart; and yet—she's very amusing."

The mother looked up at him. "Do you think she's right about Louis?"

"When she doesn't understand him?"

He came and sat down again, and Grace stitched on. Each waited for the other's word, but neither answered. The little gilt timepiece ticked away, the old dog snored, and the fire made a merry flicker. It was the blind man who broke the silence, speaking very deliberately though lightly.

"If it were so, I should be glad, Grace."

"Eh, Stephen!" she exclaimed. "You couldn't do without her."

CHAPTER IX

TOWN MANNERS

JOYCE was at her window doing her hair one day, when she saw George Marlowe coming up the lane. Apart from the surprise, he interested her immensely. George was stylishly dressed and had a small moustache, but she knew him by his walk and way of looking about him. She instantly recalled the valentine and smiled; he looked superior to the folly of having ever sent it.

"I wonder if he's got a sweetheart," she thought. "He's very smart."

She kept behind the curtains, and saw him look at all the windows as he passed. Somehow his eyes were bold, although they swept the house quickly; and, hidden though she was, a blush came into Joyce's cheeks.

He was wearing a light grey suit, a broad-brimmed hat of white straw with a blue band, a wondrous lavender necktie, and yellow shoes; and he carried a walking-stick and gloves. She wore gloves herself, but, as a rule, on Sundays only. Her mild criticism was that he looked very "townified" and quite a man—older than his age, which was nineteen. While going by, he put the gloves in his pocket and took out a cigar case. She noticed that he held up his chin to draw the first long puff, as if he enjoyed it. Her father and Louis did not smoke.

Joyce finished her hair and put a blouse on, wondering if it was pleasant to live in Leeds. She decided that she would not like it.

To her the town seemed a very big and busy place. There were fine shops, a theatre where she had seen her first and only pantomime, and a Town Hall where, more recently and memorably, she had heard Albani sing one Christmas in "The Messiah." But Leeds was a sooty and very noisy place, and all Leeds people did not talk in a homely way. Unpleasant things were the coarseness of some poor people there, and the harsh look and flashiness of other people. She did not feel comfortable in the streets.

Downstairs, the girl found Betty much

excited about some bad behaviour on the part of Rags.

"Barkin'! I niver heared nought like it; I'd to fotch him in by t' collar. An' yesterda', he made a fuss of a ragabrash beggarman chap, wi' windy hoiles like a flaecraw. Look at his tail waggin'! Ah, y'owd graceless! . . . But I think that young man flourished his stick."

Joyce guessed; and, laughing, asked if Rags had barked at George Marlowe.

"Nay, wor *that* George Marlowe? Why, he s'ouldn't don sich fine cloathes, then. Dog took him for some outlander."

"What wonder?" said Joyce's mother, instantly on guard. "They don't see much of him at home."

That was a terrible censure, Leeds being not much more than twenty miles off. But, then, consider the case.

In going to Leeds, George Marlowe had been cheerfully turned loose by a father unlike Joyce's. He was self-reliant enough after a free boyhood, and he had some craft by nature; he would "keep his end up," said the manure dealer. George was doing so. If his people grumbled, it was because they did not see things from George's point of view.

Home had no great charms for him. For his brusque old money-making sire he had, indeed, a liking, much warmer than he knew; but his only intimacy with this free-handed tyrant had been that of an occasional rude thrashing. Correction was administered suddenly, in the handiest manner practicable at the moment. Even this had ceased for him at thirteen. Marlowe *père* was stout; and George's emancipation came when he dodged a hurtling chair once, and, remarking with great impudence, "Well aimed, Governor," snatched his cap and ran. For his mother, unfortunate woman, George had no love at all. She was dull, and reticent, and mistrustful; and her timid conventional goodness did not, of course, appeal to him.

He was launched, then. He worked in a slubbing dye-house, and dyers are rough. He attended evening classes at Yorkshire College, and, having pocket money, was in favour with a fast young set.

These discreditable students, a small minority of the non-residential college, sought such cheap adventures as the streets and Woodhouse Moor afforded after class, or Roundhay Park on Sundays. With a little honesty, it might have been well enough. But the sport went beyond valentines. George degenerated. However, Marlowe senior had good reports from the chemical works of his lad's cleverness; and for the rest he was content to have given the young rascal fair warning.

"If yo' get in a scrape," he said when George left home, "think on, yo'munnot come to me to get yo' out on't. I'll pay your lodgin'-bill an' find yo' i' cloathes to wear, an' 'low yo' a pound i' t' week spendin'-brass. So now yo're on your own, George."

After three years of it, George was home for a holiday, refreshing himself with rustic sporting men and poachers, and finding sport of another kind at moorside inns with the servants. There he was a gay young dog with admirers. They found him generous. "He taks after th' owd man," the opinion was; "an' yet, for all that, he's a gentleman." Which qualification meant that he dressed well, put on airs, and only spoke the dialect for gamesomeness.

Joyce, despatched to Aireley on a shopping errand, met him on the little station platform. He was grown up, decidedly; for he raised his hat and came to speak to her without hesitation.

"Good morning, Miss Merrall," said he. "You're quite a stranger."

She was conscious of flushing and feeling awkward. But she answered brightly, with an effort at composure: "You mean that you are." Ought she to give him her hand, she wondered.

"Yes, it's my fault," he smiled. "Fact is, I didn't think you'd remember me."

"Oh, yes!" protested Joyce. "You shot one of our pigeons, you know!"

And then she was positively taken with a little panic—because she did not know just how to end the conversation. She glanced at the train—which stood there waiting, Ousenup being a terminus station—and held her hand out.

"I'm going to Aireley," he said; and his eyes questioned her.

"Oh, then, we can ride together."

She said that crimsoning, because there seemed to be nothing else for it. So George Marlowe opened a carriage door for her. Fortunately, it was that of a first-class compartment.

"I ride third!" cried Joyce. In her confusion she hastened down the train without seizing the opportunity to say good-bye. She chose a compartment nearly full, however, and there her natural assurance returned at once. She could sit without feeling it necessary to pay much attention to him; and George, who had no mind to do his flirting publicly, said hardly a word while the twenty minutes' journey lasted. She could not guess, when he paid his fare to the ticket collector, that he had left Ousenup solely for her company.

The case was even worse. After twenty minutes' contemplation of her pure and fresh beauty, George Marlowe was hot in love with it, if not with her.

They got out; and once more, being unpractical, Joyce lacked an expedient for getting rid of him.

"Are you expecting somebody?" he asked.

"No. I have a little shopping to do."

"May I escort you?"

He smiled more than she liked, as if he knew she couldn't say no. And the situation — the affected word "escort" even—was new to her.

"If you care to."

"Thanks," he said. "I've missed so much through being away, you see."

"I'm sure you must be dull in Leeds," she answered sincerely.

"Dull as an owl. Do you come to Aireley often?"

"Not very."

Somehow, what he said as they walked up the town clashed with his good looks. But Joyce thought better of his looks than she had expected, remembering the rough boy he was; and it was the first time she had walked with any one, either of his sex or of her own, who seemed to be specially well dressed. If he had put her quite at ease, she might have been pleased with him. She blamed herself, however; she did not know "town manners."

Unjudged, he continued a ready flow of commonplace, until at the first shop-door she said good-bye. Then he held her hand a little, his eyes twinkling.

"Shall I see you sometimes?"

"I don't—I daresay you may," she said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Miss Merrall."

As she entered the shop she did not know at once what it was she wanted there.

"Dad," said Joyce that evening, "I saw George Marlowe to-day. . . . I don't think I like him much."

And she told him what had happened—but briefly, as it only seemed to merit. He had to infer the young man's boldness, and her own behaviour.

"What is he like, Joyce?"

She thought awhile. "Everything he has on looks new," was the best she could find to say; "and he talks—like a man."

"Well? I haven't seen him, you know. What is his face like?"

"Oh, how can I tell you!"

Her embarrassment troubled him.

"Does he look like his father, or his mother?"

"Both, I think."

"Honest and kind?"

"Kind, yes; that is, he's pleasant."

"Not honest, then?"

"I—I don't know. His eyes sparkle, rather. I couldn't tell what he was thinking. . . . I mean——"

"Yes?"

"He had two thoughts at once. One about what he was saying . . ."

"And one about my sweetheart? Or himself, was it?"

Joyce laughed, and, laying her hands upon his shoulders, kissed her father on the brow, repeatedly. "Perhaps he had three thoughts," she said. "He has a little moustache, and wears cuffs and gloves and a stiff collar! He smells of tobacco, and some kind of scent. There!"

"Bless me!" said Stephen Merrall. "Quite an adventure, Joyce."

"It was bewildering."

They laughed together. She still sat sometimes on her father's knee; and now she put an arm round his neck.

CHAPTER X

LUCK OF THE WEATHER

Two days later, Rags was taking her for a walk in the cool hour after tea, before the mill "loosed."

He did so frequently. Having come to an age when exercise was needful to his health, Rags made a point of it, she said. But whether Rags or his blithe young mistress most enjoyed these expeditions, it might be hard to say. They were made, as a rule, in one direction, by one or other of half-a-dozen ways—up between the steep banks of highland where the valley ceases. There is wild sweet ground there, stream-channelled, tortuous, rock-set; hill-top farmsteads perched above the gullies; and at last the streams lead up to untilled land where mosscrop flowers like cotton-down, and bilberry brightens all the knolls and rises.

Rags loved the water. He went splashing through it, nosing the banks and stones for unknown traces. She enjoyed the air where larks were singing, the fresh, moist air of the hollows, sun-slanted, the great dry breath of the moorland when she reached it.

Joyce climbed rapidly with ease. Sure-footed, light of limb and light of heart, she never thought of pausing but to pluck some flower or laugh at the dog's diversions, which delighted her. The paths broke out on rugged land, high ragwort growing yellow; or climbed to the grey farmhouses; or, being unbeaten, grew too faint to follow. She gave no heed to them. The hills were all familiar to her, foot and eye. This blocked-in valley split and twisted up, much chamfered by head-waters past or present; she knew each secret turn of them, shy nesting-place, green sop, bleak alder-bank, rough scree, and haunt of particular wild-flower; where not to go in rainy times, where frost wrought marvels, from which bold head and dingle curve she could see the house hilled-in below, or the top of the mill's tall chimney.

She cried the wet dog on, sharing his curious hunt. "Good Rags! Sniff, old boy! Something's been round that stone, hasn't it?"

The higher ground was a desolation, in which her eager spirit revelled—a tossed and broken moor far spreading into haze. Stone-getters had come and gone there; a gutted house in ruin, strangely new, stood out upon one quarried ridge; a road went by it, leading nowhere. All life had come to a queer cessation. But over the rushes came a sweet wind streaming, curlews cried, and the long grey leagues of sun-warm heather waited.

Some confident joy of expectation thrilled her, a little strangeness at the heart of it. She fell to walking quietly, and sang—

> "From the eyes of Heaven above us
> Fall the trembling golden starbeams
> Through the night, and all my being
> Turns to love and tender longing."

It was her maidenhood singing, unconfined. The sky and the virgin waste-lands know our secret, and hear it without a thought.

But, even as she sang, Joyce grew aware of an anxious stillness all about her, and a livid cast of the light; and, turning, she saw the dale deep blue for thunder. The house was already shadowed; weak sunlight slanted on the hillsides near.

She began to return, and soon was running. Rags trotted close beside her.

From her mother, Joyce inherited or had learned a dread of thunderstorms. She saw sheet lightning flicker in the clouds' deep bosom, and caught her breath; a panic of indecision struck her, whether to make for the nearest farm or still run on. At all events she must keep to the road, though it wound about deplorably. In rain the streamsides would be all impracticable.

She ran herself out of breath. Against the fallen wind the storm came up apace; but a stitch in her side obliged her to walk. Just then, with a little swirl of dust, the first big drops came. She started forward. A white flash blinded her, and crash fell the thunder about her head. It resounds at all times imminent and awful among these hills. Her fright was extreme; and, quickly drenched, her thin blouse clinging to arms and shoulders, her hair falling, her daintiness all

bedraggled, she fled without a thought of the downpour.

Half-way down there was a barn by the roadside, with a spacious porch. She reached it, panting and weak, as another crackling flash and detonation stunned her; and reeled into the shelter with her eyes covered.

There she sank upon the flags in a corner, and the dog, unnoticed, licked her face. Joyce, indeed, was half-unconscious with terror and a sense of suffocation. But there, too, George Marlowe sheltered quite unmoved, and her sudden appearance, a huddled and quivering figure, surprised him with a quick pleasure.

He was not of a nature to be keenly sympathetic; he could not imagine such extreme trepidation. But at any rate her half-drowned plight appealed to him. He at once took his coat off. She looked up when he spoke to her, but did not answer; and he put it over her shapely arms regretfully, with an eye on the dog, who only whimpered. Joyce shrank a little; not well aware, of what he was doing.

Having done it, he felt very sorry to see her so hapless and so scared. At the next flash she exclaimed; and he was promptly down on his knees with an arm about her.

"It's all right, Miss Merrall," he assured her. "Don't be frightened."

She disengaged herself; wringing his fingers, her eyes wide.

"It'll soon be over, it came so suddenly. You aren't cold, are you?"

Sobs began to convulse her in spite of a frantic effort to control them, and in the end she was hysterical. For the storm was clamorous; raged for a time with one incessant flutter driving past the porch, and crash upon deafening crash.

"It's nothing, Joyce," he kept on saying. He held her tightly, pulling the coat well about her. Rags sat shivering, with uneasy whines now and then.

At length the storm was rolling away beyond the hills, even to her apprehension; and she found her self-respect again. "Please let me go," she said. He saw her flushed, indeed, for sudden shame; and as she spoke with unexpected dignity and decision, he freed her in the moment of surprise.

Joyce found then that she was wearing his coat. "Oh," she cried, "you shouldn't have done that!" It touched her.

He was on his feet almost as soon as she was, begging her to keep it on. "I'm all right," he said. "I'm as warm as a toast, I am indeed, Miss Merrall. I didn't get wet. You *must* keep it on till you can start."

He looked so suppliant that, to avoid a struggle about it, she yielded, turning away to go and look up at the sky.

"It'll soon be over," he said again, following her.

She cried, "Oh, I hope so!" and then, with an effort, thanked him. "But I shall never forgive myself for letting you see me so silly," she flamed.

He had behaved very well, however; and he added to her obligations by saying, in the most boy-like way, "Oh, that's nothing. My sister's just the same."

"I can't bear thunder," she explained.

At a distant afterclap her eyes grew large again; but she did not retreat from the door, or look at him. He had an uneasy feeling that Joyce would owe him a "grudge."

"I'll go for a shawl," he said on a sudden; and, disregarding her cry of remonstrance, he ran to a neighbouring farm and brought one.

There was no more lightning, and Joyce had time to feel pleased with him. What should she say for herself, after laughing at George Marlowe's clothes and declaring she did not like him? He had been kind. One's first experience of gallantry—who does not remember the pride and strangeness of it? The stir at her breast, still tremulous from its commotion, was curiously glad; and when he came back with the shawl she had a smile for him.

"Oh!" she cried, "now you're wet yourself!"

"Not to speak of. Besides," he ventured, "I'd do anything for you."

She blushed—divinely!—and was not at all vexed.

"May I?" he asked, grown bold.

"What?"

But when he came to kiss her, she

repulsed him in alarm. "If you are rude I shall dislike you very much," she said; and he saw she meant that.

"Oh, well! Give me the coat!" he huffed.

She handed it to him with a chilling "Thank you," and the tears stood in her eyes.

Then he laughed, which undid all.

She put the shawl on and held out her hand, with a proud mind. He did not offer to take it.

"Good-bye," said Joyce then. "I'd rather walk home alone. Thank you very much for what you have done."

George was too much astonished to follow her.

(To be continued)

A Jersey Maid

The Collier Revivalist

EVAN ROBERTS, the young collier evangelist, has made his influence felt in every hamlet and town, and pretty nearly every business place and home in South Wales. Is it not remarkable that he, a young, unknown, and, comparatively speaking, unlearned man, should in so short a time have brought about in his native country what may be termed a "bloodless revolution?" What is the secret of his extraordinary power? Many attempts have been made to answer this question, but up to the present only very limited success has attended them. Very few people, for instance, get beyond this general conclusion, "It is the Holy Spirit working through him." And, really considering the man, the limited period he has been at work, and the striking character of the results of his mission, it is no wonder that the "faithful" account in this way for what has happened. On the other hand, the non-believer ascribes the young collier's power to personal magnetism. In this connection it may be recalled that Roberts, in an alleged interview with a London pressman, stated that he possessed magnetic influence. Since then, however, he has described it as "nonsense" to attribute his success to personal magnetism. At the same time, he has admitted that no watch will keep time with him.

A brief description of his personality and methods, and a short review of his career will help the reader to understand this extraordinary young man, and afford material for an interesting character study. First, then, as to his appearance, there is a suggestion of intellectuality in the lines of his pale face, and of nobility in the smoothness of his high forehead, but so far as outward indications go these qualities do not appear to be present in a greater degree than in dozens of people one meets in the ordinary way of life. About his eyes, however, there is something peculiarly impressive and winsome. They are bright and keen, but not objectionably so, being softened by a sparkling joyousness and kindliness. And when added to this, his lips curl into a sweet childlike smile, altogether free from sarcasm or artificiality, he is irresistible. One seems to catch something of the joy of living merely from watching him walk about in his breezy, springy way.

As to his preaching it cannot be called preaching in the sense in which the word is usually understood. It is simple, direct common-place talk about the fundamental truths of Christianity, truths with which his hearers are already familiar, but there is something so child-like and winsome in the way he gives utterance to them that they have a new and striking meaning for the bulk of his auditors. There is nothing of the firebrand about Roberts. On occasion he can be stern, and even commanding, but for the most part his speech is as quiet and softly persuasive as it is simple.

But there are times when his emotionalism, which as a rule he keeps well under control, overmasters him. Then he ceases to speak altogether, and, falling prone on the pulpit, sobs like a big child. As a rule there is no warning of these paroxysms. One moment he is speaking quietly, and the next in the throes of a paroxysm of grief that awakens sympathetic sobs in many of his listeners, and makes even the least emotional move uneasily in their seats and clear their throats.

As to his personal appearance, he dresses plainly in black. He is tall, slender, and graceful. A thick wisp of wavy hair falls in a gentle curve over his brows, and then turns upwards. His nose is rather prominent, but otherwise there is nothing remarkable.

Let us take note of a few of the leading incidents in the life of the young revivalist, so that we may the better understand him. He is the son of a miner, one of a family of eight children, and was born 26 years ago, and educated at the National School, Loughor. Before he was twelve he had left school and commenced to work in the pit with his father. Always inclined to religion, he was at the early age of thirteen received into full membership of the

Moriah Calvanistic Methodist Church, Loughor. On the evening of his reception he heard an address that strongly influenced his subsequent life. It was a venerable deacon who spoke, and the burden of his deliverance was an exhortation to his hearers to remember Thomas of old, and take care not to be absent when the Lord came. Young Roberts took this advice seriously to heart, and for many years missed scarcely a single service at the chapel, attending as many as four a week, and at their close walking a mile to attend County Council evening classes. Not only was he careful not to miss a chapel service, but he read his Bible, too, with much assiduity, as well as religious books, particularly those giving accounts of revivals or missionary enterprises. The fascination books of this kind had for him may to some extent explain how he came at the age of 16 to pray daily for a religious revival in Wales. That prayer he continued without intermission until the revival came.

How firm was the grip religion had upon him is illustrated by the following quaint statement of his: "Sometimes as I went to the evening services in the chapel I saw companions playing with the boats on the tide, and I was tempted to join them, but I said 'No, remember Thomas; he was absent when the Lord came. I *will* have the Spirit.'" The emphatic way in which he pronounces that word "will" is an indication of strength of character.

But, punctilious though he was in his religious observances, he was not so completely absorbed by them as to be dead to everything else. For instance, he took an interest in the labour movement in so far as it affected colliers, and he several times acted as a delegate of his branch at Miners' Lodge meetings. Besides this, he occasionally sought to express his thoughts and feelings in poetry, and some of his poems, written in Welsh, were published in a widely circulated local paper. This resort to poetry was only one of many indications he gave of a restless spirit, and an unsettled state of mind. Another was his determination, arrived at in his 25th year, to quit the colliery. Having been thrifty, he was enabled to do this, and to apprentice himself—this in his 25th year—to his uncle, a blacksmith, to whom he paid a premium of £6.

But this change of occupation did not bring him the peace of mind which he was apparently seeking, and which he hoped would come to him if he got out of the pit, and we soon hear that he has determined to enter the ministry, and has returned to his parents' house to begin the necessary studies.

It was while at home preparing himself for entry to the ministerial college that he had a most remarkable vision. As he lay in bed one night he felt himself being conveyed into space till at last he came face to face with God, and had what he describes as "four hours' glorious communion with Him." For three months he had this experience nightly, and then the spell was broken on his removal to Newcastle Emlyn College to qualify for the Calvanistic Methodist ministry. A month passed without his once seeing this vision, and then he was confined four days in bed with a serious cold.

During this illness he prayed day and night, and on the fifth night, having risen from bed, was asked if he would like to go to a prayer meeting. No sooner had the request been made than young Roberts felt the Spirit come upon him, and, to use his own words, "so irresistibly did He come, that, bathed in perspiration though I was, I rushed to the chapel without my coat." No doubt that was a mad thing to do, but, as he says: "I wanted to pray for power to the young women evangelists who were come to the prayer meeting from New Quay, lest the people should rely upon them." This fear that congregations should rely on the personality of the revivalists is one of his leading characteristics. Often since then he has fled incontinently from meetings he was conducting because he felt the congregations were relying upon him and not upon the Spirit.

On the day he went to the prayer meeting referred to his heart had been hard. "I could look at the Cross without feeling," he said, "and I wept for the hardness of my heart, but I could not

weep for the Cross. I loved the Father and the Spirit, but I did not love the Son." This attitude is rather difficult to understand, and it seems to be rather a peculiar religious experience.

His feelings during the next few days are also noteworthy. His hardness of heart was not softened at the prayer meeting, and he was much concerned about it, mentioning it to a railway guard on his way to Blaenannerch. "I am like a flint," he said to the guard, "just as if someone had swept me clean of every feeling." When he got to Blaenannerch he found a prayer meeting going on at a house, but he did not go in because he did not want them to talk about his venturing out when he had been so ill. There was another reason. He wanted to speak to a girl friend, whom he calls Mag Phillips, about the state of her soul. And when he did speak to her he said "You pray for me, Mag and I'll pray for you." This the young people did.

Evan Roberts
Photograph by London, Berry & Co., Aberdare

Previously the young women from New Quay had tried without success to influence him, leaving him at last with the remark "We can do nothing for you." To this he repied "No; I have only to wait for the fire. I have built the altar, and laid the wood in order to be prepared." Following this he had periods of great joy followed by spells of intense melancholy. During this time his oft-repeated prayer was "Oh, Lord, bend me."

Then, one Sunday at Blaenannerch, where he had been staying a few days, he went to a meeting feeling, as he puts it, "ready to burst." As one after another prayed he put to himself the question, "Shall I pray now?" "Wait a while," counselled an inward voice. And as he waited he felt a living force coming into his bosom. "It held my breath and my legs shivered," he says, "and it grew and grew till I was almost bursting. My heart overflowed. I should have burst if I had not prayed."

The manner of his coming to pray was this: he was profoundly impressed by the verse in which God commends His love, and at length he fell on his knees, and the perspiration poured in streams down his face and body. So great was the sweat that it gave him the impression blood was gushing forth. His condition excited the attention of members of the congregation, and a lady went and wiped his face. Meantime he cried in agonised tones, "Bend me! Bend me! Bend me!" At last he was bent, and a great wave of peace came over him, and he tells us he was filled with compassion for those who would have to be bent on the day of judgment.

This thought it was that induced him to devote the remainder of his life to the salvation of souls, and to desire to go and preach salvation throughout Wales. He communicated this idea to others, and after due discussion it was agreed that he and others should go through Wales, and that he should pay all expenses. "I am willing to pay for the privilege of preaching God," he said. This decision was a momentous one for Wales, for it was followed by the spread of the revival

spirit to every town and village in the South of the country.

As to the other seven who agreed to Roberts's plan, they are still in the work, and have proved valuable auxiliaries, but they have all been overshadowed by the remarkable and almost unaccountable influence exerted by Roberts. The latter, as well as the majority of those who have come in contact with him, attribute it to the Holy Spirit. His one great object throughout has been to say and do only what the Spirit prompts him. He has broken preaching engagements at the last moment "because the Spirit has warned him not to go," and when he has been importuned with a request to go and speak at a given place he has invariably replied "I will pray about it, and if the Spirit bids me I will come." Similarly he does not prepare his addresses, but speaks only when the Spirit prompts him, and then says that which comes uppermost.

As to his theology it is admirably summed up in the following declaration: "I have not come here to frighten you with a discourse on the horrors of everlasting punishment. I believe the love of Christ is a powerful enough magnet to draw the people. Denominationalism does not enter into my religion. Sectarianism is melted in the fire of the Holy Spirit, and all we who really believe become one happy family."

I cannot end this estimate of an extraordinary personality without a reference to his modesty, humility, and childlikeness. "I don't come here to glorify myself," he has often told congregations, and he has proved by his acts that that is the fact. His constant endeavour has been to sink his own personality and his gentleness and kindliness are attested by the way in which children who come in contact with him immediately love him. They follow him about and are overjoyed if allowed to touch his hand or even his coat.

R. H. BREWER.

A Song of Springtime

Sing a song of Springtime coming o'er the sea,
Blossom on the hawthorn, nests in every tree;
April-green the woodland, blue the skies above,—
Oh! pipe and play
Dull care away,
Sweet Spring's for youth and love!

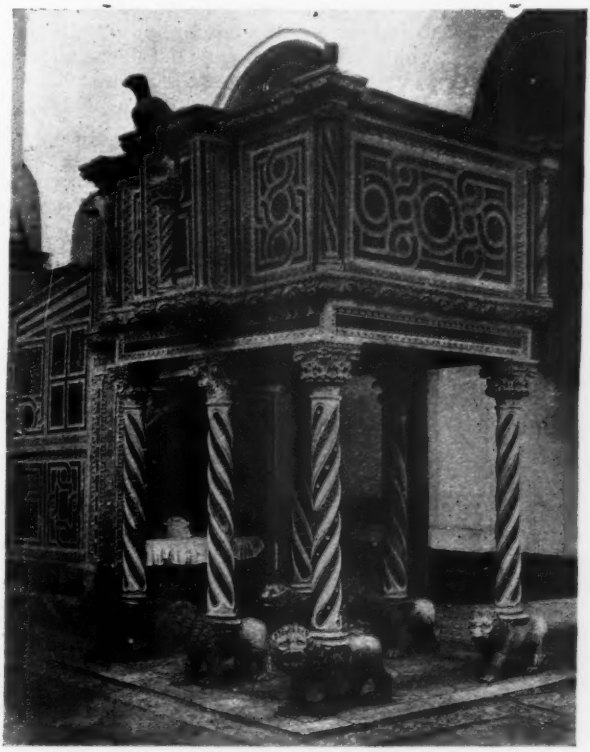
Sing a song of Maytime, Summer coming soon,
Daffodil and daisy ere the rose in June;
Laughter on the hillside, gladness in the plain,—
Oh! joy and mirth
In all the earth,
For Spring is here again!

Sing a song of Lovetime, kisses when we meet,
Sighs and soft caresses, whispers low and sweet;
Winter's left behind us, Spring has come anew,—
Oh! all the year
Is Spring, my dear,
If loving hearts are true!

MARY FARRAH.

La Bella Francesca

FRANCESCA is an "authorized guide," that is to say, she is supposed to charge a regular fee and share it among her companions in the profession. But Francesca is a leading spirit, and is generally the first to hear the distant murmur of carriage wheels and the clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard mountain road that winds up from the sea near Amalfi. If she is not engaged at the moment she is the first to greet visitors to Ravello as soon as they reach the Piazza, with its quaint old marble fountain and life-like lionesses standing on the brim as though to guard the waters from pollution. She trips down the steps with outstretched hand and sunny smile of welcome. She is pleased to see them, and feels strong in her conviction that they will only be too glad to avail themselves of her offer to conduct them through the two famous old churches. She knows every point of interest in them, and, being an unconscious artist, feels a deep pride when strangers appreciate the beautiful pulpit in the cathedral dedicated to San Pantaleone, and founded in the eleventh century by Niccolo Rufolo, Duke of Lora. This pulpit has six twisted marble columns, supported on six lions' backs, and ornamented with mosaics and sculptures. The duke also presented the church with a basalt eagle for a reading desk. Francesca has been told that this reading desk is the most beautiful in the world, and she has no doubt about it. She has another to show which is covered with mosaics to represent the adventures of Jonah. At one side he is being calmly swallowed by the whale, but in the next scene he has reappeared; he is gazing about him once more and bending over the jaw of the good-natured looking monster. The fine old bronze doors, the work of Barisano, an artist from Trani, have to be examined, and then Francesca tells the visitors of Nicholas Breakspeare, Adrian the Fourth, the only Englishman who ever filled the Papal chair. He said Mass here in 1136 when the church was filled by nobles from Amalfi with 36 Knights of



Pulpit of Ravello Cathedral

Malta to swell their ranks. To those tourists who only see with purblind eyes, she rattles off facts and dates in a perfunctory manner. She knows when what she has to tell will make no lasting impression, still she must give them their money's worth, they must not go away saying that "La Bella Francesca" does not know her business. She has reserves of information, legends and tales of romance for those who have ears to hear, but not to be wasted on every passer-by. We had nearly finished our round and were approaching the old palace that once belonged to the bishops of Ravello, in which the English Pope stayed when he visited the town. We knew that Charles the Second of Anjou had lived there and Robert the Wise, but their stories were outside Francesca's domain. She asked if we had noticed the ruins of Massanniello's Cottage on our way from Amalfi, and told us of the valiant deeds of the poor fisher lad who was able to sway thousands and turn their maddened cries into silence by a gesture of the hand after he had gained his victory and forced the Viceroy of Naples to remove some of the hateful taxes under which his townsmen laboured. How it was owing to him that those in authority were not torn to pieces by the angry mob. Then her voice grew very soft and tender as she told how his strength failed and his reason almost gave way, how the people for whom he had done so much turned against him when they had gained their ends, and finally how the Cardinal whom he had trusted and reverenced as one would a deity and whose life he had spared with the Viceroy's, allowed, if he did not instigate, the assassins' attack. So he died, deserted by his friends, betrayed by those whom he had saved. He was no sooner dead than the people, awakened once more to a sense of gratitude, gave themselves up to lamentations for what they had lost. The poor remains were borne about the city and consigned to earth with much pomp and ceremony, but the brave spirit had escaped beyond their power to honour or degrade. His memory has not faded, it lives on fresh and green in many an Italian heart, and his story is still told as we heard it from Francesca, in the neighbourhood where he lived and spent himself to relieve the poor and oppressed. The girl's face glowed with enthusiasm as she finished speaking.

"But perhaps the Signori knew already?" she said suddenly, after she had shown us ruins that bring one back to the Saracenic times, and pointed out the many styles of architecture that mark the passage of the centuries. Grecian, Byzantine, Roman, and Gothic. We saw Moorish arches and columns that have survived through all the vicissitudes of time, and still stand in melancholy grandeur to guard the sleep of the men who raised them, or died in the many wars that devastated the country side. Founded in the sixth century, the majestic ruins of Ravello still bear witness to the generosity and culture of the people who inhabited them. We can still trace their palaces, factories, and hospitals encircled by the massive walls that saw so many kingdoms rise and fall.

"You seem to know a great deal, Francesca," we could not help saying. We were so much surprised and impressed by the wide range of her learning and her sympathetic interest in all she told. "Was it your parish priest who taught you?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "antiquities do not interest him. If we give him something of what we gain for the poor, that is what he cares for most. He tells us not to mind what strangers say, because they are generally outside our holy church."

"But do you not find them bad?" we asked.

"Oh, no," she said. "They are very kind, and they are so rich. Still the "forestieri" bring trouble sometimes. Ah, we have sorrows here, Signori, and many a poor girl carries a sore heart. You could not understand, you are so tranquil, but here we love and are loved with much strength. If our men grow angry or jealous their love turns to hatred, and we cannot save them from their passions."

Francesca's eyes seemed to burn with a sort of pride, though she brushed away a tear with a hasty gesture.

"Have you suffered too?" we asked. "You look so bright and gay."

"You have made me talk too much, and then one remembers, but it is enough. What could the Signori care for the troubles of their guide?"

"Tell us, Francesca, we can understand, for the heart's language is the same all the world over. You loved—perhaps you love still, and all may be well in time."

"You are kind," she said. "Well, I will tell you what I always keep hidden in my heart. I loved Antonio ever since he used to walk by my side to school and carry my dinner with his own, that we might enjoy it together in the shade of the olives. The days were all happy then. We would marry when he could earn his day's wage, and I should have saved many *soldi* to buy the great bed that would help so much to furnish our little house. Visitors were often ready to buy the fruit or flowers I offered them, but I became a guide as soon as I was old enough, for one can make more by that, though one is obliged to share the money with the others. They never made so much as I did, so they were jealous, and always watched to see if I kept any. During this time, my Antonio worked as errand boy at the Palazzo Rufolo. Of course he gained little, but he loved the flowers and tried so hard to learn how to care for them as he carried water or swept the paths, that the English lady made him one of the gardeners at last. Then he wanted to marry me at once; but I was proud, and I thought '*No*, I will never go to him without my portion.' No one shall say of me that I had no dower. Antonio was angry. He said he did not want my 'dot,' and that I could not care for him if I would keep him waiting so. I did not mind much then when he was

Moorish fountain in the Piazza, Ravello

angry, because I always thought what pleasure I would have when I could go to him and tell him I had saved enough. I was working so hard at my spinning, I went to bed late, and I was up before dawn, but times were bad, the season was over and few visitors drove up to the Piazza. At last one day an English Signor arrived, and instead of going away when he had seen the town, he sent his luggage to an hotel and stayed there many many weeks. Every morning he wanted a rose for his button-hole, so I brought it to him and wished him good-day. He was painting the cathedral from different points of view; he often showed me the oldest parts, and those which had been least spoiled by restoration. He used to search out the remains of the city walls and tell me of the grandeur of the town in the old days when it had 36,000 inhabitants instead of barely two. He told me many things that one cannot learn of here and that the other guides do not know, how the bishopric was founded by Pope Victor the Third at King Roger's request as a reward for their attachment to the Normans. He taught me how they quarrelled over the little river Dragone which flows into the harbour of Atrani, and how the Amalfitans contested their rights to it, but King Robert took the side of Ravello, and made a decree in their favour. He told me that another quarrel broke out two hundred years later between Ravello and Atrani for the right to fish on the Castiglione beach, and Ravello had to pay 31 ducats a year for it, and to hand over a tenth part of the fish they caught. He explained how the foundations of churches and monasteries were laid here, where Art found shelter from the barbarians, and purified the traditional forms of Paganism. And much more the kind English Signor told me, for he said that so I would make a better guide and gain more. He gave me a piece of gold one day, it was towards my 'dot' he said, but the other guides saw it and were jealous. They tried to get it from me, and when I would not give it they called me names, and I was forbidden to act as an authorised guide for a whole month. He did not know this and he wished for a model for his picture. He said it wanted just the touch of life I would give it if I could stand for him in the shadow of that archway. What could I do? I could no more act as guide for a month. Wicked people told my Antonio how I had received the money. Then he watched and saw me stand by the English Signor while he worked at his painting, so he came to me in the evening and told me that he would not marry me. He said he had been ready to take me without one *soldi*, but as I preferred the Englishman with his riches I had better keep to him. I was distracted. I could not say one word, so I let him go away, and he does not know that it was for his sake that I took the piece of gold. I was given another for the picture, but what is the use of anything since my Antonio believes what they said of me? I have my portion now, but I have lost my love. That is poor Francesca's story, Signori, that is all I have to tell."

We bade her good-bye sorrowfully, and turned our steps towards the Palazzo Rufolo. As we walked through the beautiful gardens and looked from the wide terraces over the blending views of mountain, vale, and sea, our attention was fixed on the young gardener who accompanied us, and wondered if he might be the Antonio of whom Francesca had told us. We spoke of her without pretending to guess at his identity, but we managed to give an accurate version of what we had heard in the hope that we might be the means of clearing away some of the doubts and fears with which the poor youth's mind was clouded. He listened attentively, and a new light came to his eyes as we spoke of Francesca's love for her betrothed and her grief at his doubting her.

"He might have known that she loved him only," we said. "She had to stand for the picture so that she might gain her share of money to furnish their cottage. "Don't you think that he ought to have forgiven her?" we asked. "What had she done wrong?"

"Perhaps she never explained," said the gardener. "Perhaps the man did not know she was having her picture painted. He only saw her talking to the Signor

and was jealous and angry. Perhaps he will go and ask her to forgive him now."

* * * * *

On a sunny day in January three years later we found ourselves once more in the neighbourhood of Ravello. Our horses climbed the winding road, and our thoughts wandered back to the time we had spent there. As we came to the last bend in the road, we read a placard announcing that the tarantella would be danced on application at the little vine-covered cottage that nestled before us in its grove of orange trees. Another moment and two figures dressed in gala costume stepped out. With a cry of joy they came forward to open our carriage door, and bid us rest awhile in the shade of their porch. A tiny maiden held out a bunch of narcissi and anemones in a small fat hand, while she clasped the other round her mother's neck. We had no difficulty in recognising " La Bella Francesca " and Antonio. They have had their portraits taken by many a wandering artist since, and Francesca is still the best guide in Ravello. No one now dares to dispute her right to keep any present she may be given beyond her regulation fee, for every one knows that Antonio is there to guard his little wife, and make her forget those few sad days when he had doubted her.

A. S. DENNEHY.

A Song in Simple Addition

When you were only seventeen,
  And I was twenty-two,
The grass, methinks, was always green,
  The sky was always blue ;
No cloud appeared upon the scene,
  No shadow on the view
When—ten and seven are seventeen,
  And five is twenty-two.

Now you are more than seventeen,
  And I than twenty-two,
The grass is oftener brown than green,
  The sky more grey than blue ;
And heavier on my arm you lean
  Than you were wont to do
When—ten and seven were seventeen,
  And five were twenty-two.

Though twenty years to seventeen
  You add, and twenty, too,
Though sight, alack ! is far from keen,
  And curly locks are few,
Your heart is still as fresh and green,
  As tender and as true,
Now—forty, say, and seventeen
  And five is sixty-two !

A. D. HARRIS.

The Inner Workings of an English Cathedral

A YOUNG American girl once said to a Canon of an English Cathedral "Now, say, Canon, *you* are a Canon, but what is an Honorary Canon?" The Canon reflected a moment: "An Honorary Canon," he said, "has a stall without a manger." The reply, though witty, probably did not enlighten her greatly, until he proceeded to explain that both Canons and Honorary Canons have special seats, called stalls, allotted to them in the choir of the cathedral, but that only the Canons receive any emolument.

Not only American visitors, but Englishmen themselves, have a very vague, if any knowledge of the exact functions and the relative standing of the various dignitaries and officials connected with a cathedral establishment. Indeed, few of the visitors to a cathedral understand the differences between Canons and Minor Canons, or realise what are the specific powers of the Bishop and the Dean.

Anyone who has ever so slightly peeped into the management of such a building, or who has cast a glance over the many books and accounts kept by those in charge, cannot but be impressed by the business-like working and methods by which a cathedral is run. There is a law provided for every contingency that may occur, an answer ready to every question that may be raised. If this were not so, confusion would take the place of the calm and peace always associated with cathedral life.

The management of a cathedral is in the hands of no one person, but is directed by a body. Neither the Bishop of the diocese, the Dean, or any member of the cathedral, has the right to issue an order on his own authority. Many people imagine that the Bishop or the Dean can make or unmake at their pleasure. This is not so. The ruling body of a cathedral is the Dean and Chapter, the latter being the name given to the Canons. All meetings of the Chapter are held in the Chapter House, from which building this body takes its name. The name of Chapter House arose from the fact that in olden days a Chapter of the Orders of the Monastic Order to which the cathedral belonged used to read aloud there every morning. The Dean presides over every meeting of the Chapter, having an equal vote with each of the Canons; it should be noted that his vote is of no more importance than that of any of the Canons, the majority carrying the day. This fact disturbs the common belief that the Dean is a kind of king in his own cathedral. At Chapter meetings all business connected with the cathedral is discussed and voted on, all orders being issued in the name of the Dean and Chapter. No matter is too minute for their consideration, as they even issue notices forbidding the public to walk upon the grass of the Cathedral Close! In fact, the Dean and Chapter may be summed up as the managing body of the cathedral. A record is kept of each meeting, so that at any future time there can be no dispute as to what decisions were arrived at.

The Bishop, who it may be remarked, is bishop of the diocese, not of the cathedral, has no executive power in the cathedral, although the name cathedral is simply a statement of the fact that here is the Bishop's cathedral or throne, which he occupies when visiting the cathedral. In many cases he is obliged to ask the permission of the Dean and Chapter to hold an ordination service or any special function in the cathedral. In the event of any complaint being made to him with regard to illegal practices, or any flagrant breach of law, he would visit the cathedral and call a meeting of the Dean and Chapter. He would then hear all the evidence and decide the case, in short, acting the part of arbitrator. But with the ordinary conduct and workings of a cathedral he has

no power of interference. In looking over the records of Chapter meetings one often sees the minute of a *request* from the Bishop for special forms of prayer to be used, or some suggested change in the service, which *request* the Dean and Chapter are always pleased to grant.

There are two kinds of cathedrals in England, cathedrals of the Old and the New Foundation. The adjectives have no reference at all to the antiquity of the cathedral or the date of its foundation, but to two classes of cathedrals which date from the Reformation. The cathedrals of the Old Foundation are those which were once served by secular clergy, *i.e.* not belonging to any monastic order, such, for example, as St. Paul's. Those of the New Foundation were originally served by members of a monastic order, as for instance the cathedral Church of Christ, in Oxford, which was built for the small monastery of St. Frideswide. At the Reformation all monastic institutions were abolished, and the cathedrals in connection with them were put upon the New Foundation, thus becoming cathedrals precisely similar to the others. The two forms of foundations may be distinguished by the fact that in the cathedrals of the Old Foundation there are Canons, Residentiary and Prebendaries, but in the cathedrals of the New Foundation there are Canons and Honorary Canons.

The Dean, the chief dignitary of a cathedral, presides as has been said at the meetings of the Chapter, and must reside at the Deanery for eight months out of the year. By the statutes of Henry VIII. he is compelled to preach on three or four Sundays during the year, and these are the only times he is entitled to preach. But as a matter of courtesy the Canon in Residence generally asks him if there is any particular services at which he would wish to preach, although the Canon himself has the first claim while in residence. The Dean's income varies from £1,500 to £2,000 in different cathedrals, in addition to which there is an official residence called the Deanery, often a very expensive house to keep up.

Attached to most cathedrals there are four Canons, but in a few, six. At Canterbury, Durham and Ely there are six Canons, and at Winchester and Exeter five. They are in most cases men of distinction and high ability, and are usually appointed by the Crown or the Bishop of the diocese. At St. Paul's for example, three of the canonries are in the gift of the Crown, and the fourth in that of the Bishop. Each Canon is bound to serve in the cathedral for three months during the year, during which time he is called the Canon in Residence. Throughout his residence he is the executive officer of the cathedral; he arranges the services, chooses the preachers, and is generally appealed to in all the daily questions that arise, upon which his decision is absolute. If any serious complication spring up he would probably confer with the Dean and ask his advice, but the power to give an order lies in the hand of the Canon in Residence. Of course this only applies to matters of daily routine, and not to important changes or orders which must be put before a meeting of the Chapter. He preaches once every Sunday while in residence. In addition to his ordinary duties a Canon usually has a specific office. One Canon is elected by the Dean and Chapter as Vice-Dean, and acts as Dean in the absence of the Dean himself; another will be elected Receiver General, and a third, Treasurer. The Receiver General receives all the income of the cathedral, and in turn hands it over to the Treasurer, who distributes the money to the various persons or departments connected with the cathedrals; there are generally two departments called Domus and Fabric Fund. The Domus provides for all the expenses of the cathedral services, including the stipends of all below the rank of Canon. The Fabric Fund is devoted to the restoration and preservation of the building. Sometimes this fund is some thousands of pounds to the good, but then some necessary and extensive restoration may at any time absorb the balance in hand.

The property of the cathedrals, whether held by a corporation or by private individuals, was in 1840 ordered into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners,

who re-endowed each cathedral according to its requirements. Each Chapter was given its choice of either a fixed yearly income to be paid by the Commissioners, or land which would then produce the allotted income. Those who chose the latter by no means chose the better part, for agricultural depression in England has considerably depleted the income of the cathedrals of Canterbury, Winchester, York, Rochester, Salisbury and others.

Photograph by *J. Thirlwall, Hereford.*

Hereford Cathedral

At Oxford and Ely cathedrals the majority of the Canons hold professorships in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and at Oxford, Christ Church cathedral is almost more a college chapel than a cathedral in the ordinary sense of the word. In some cathedrals the Canons are also Archdeacons of the diocese, the head of the diocese being the Bishop, so that the Archdeacon is his *oculus episcopi* or eye of the Bishop. If anyone should ask what are the duties of an Archdeacon there is only space here to repeat the well known jest, that an Archdeacon performs archideaconal functions.

The stipend of a Canon varies from £600 to £1,000, and usually includes a residence. But in some cathedrals such as Ripon, York and Chichester, only one house is provided for the Canons, so that the Canons and their households go in and out in a Box and Cox style. This is the occasion of much friction between the several Canons' wives, who can never agree amongst themselves as to who is responsible for papering, or who should replace a carpet. This serves to vary the monotony of cathedral life, for though its peace and quiet seem at times very alluring to the busy outsider, it must be admitted that the world goes round very slowly within the cathedral precincts.

The place where the Canons reside is called in some cathedrals, the Close, hence the expression, "close" residence, often applied to a Canon's period of residence. In other cathedrals it is called variously the Precincts or College, not as so many people style it, *the* College. Where each Canon has a separate residence the newly appointed Canon succeeds in some cathedrals to the house of his predecessor, the junior Canon being not seldom the happy occupant of the best house. The office of Honorary Canon was created in 1840. In Cathedrals of the Old Foundation, the Prebendaries are the equivalent of Honorary Canons. The number of Prebendaries or Honorary Canons never exceed thirty, and generally falls considerably below that amount. At

St. Paul's we may mention, there are thirty. The office of Honorary Canon was created for the purpose of giving the Bishop an opportunity of conferring an honour upon distinguished clergyman of his diocese. They have no duties or authority in connection with the cathedral, but are generally invited to preach once a year by the Canons in Residence. The distinction of being an Honorary Canon, as before mentioned, carries with it no emolument, but gives the right to occupy a stall.

Minor Canons are attached to each cathedral, and vary in number from four to six, two of whom have to be on duty at every service. They are usually appointed by the Dean and Chapter. It is the duty of the Minor Canons in turn to sing the services, in short they may be fairly likened to the curates or assistant clergy in a large parish church. The essential qualifications for the position are a good voice and a competent knowledge of music. Their stipend is not large, being generally from £150 to £200 a year, but it is a desirable position, because it generally leads to preferment to one of the livings in the gift of the Dean and Chapter.

As a rule in cathedrals of the New Foundation one of the Minor Canons fills the office of Precentor, in addition to his other duties. The Precentor is responsible for the musical conduct of the services, the singing of the choir, and the selection of the music for the different services. It need, therefore, hardly be added that he must be an accomplished student and judge of church music. The office of Precentor carries with it an annual stipend of about £100.

Another office filled by a Minor Canon is that of Sacrist, his duty being to tend to everything concerned with the altar, such as the necessary changes of altar frontals, the flowers, and the providing of the elements for Holy Communion. In olden days the Sacrist's house was often a portion of the cathedral building, having a window opening into the cathedral itself, from which the Sacrist could watch the altar and see that the lights were duly burning thereon.

In some cathedrals of the Old Foundation the Minor Canons form a separate corporation called the College of Vicars Choral.

One of the reasons why we should be glad that the cathedral revenues are large, is that it enables the Dean and Chapter to make due provision for the proper performance of elaborate church music, such as cannot be heard at the ordinary parish church, where there is either a voluntary choir or one not very highly paid. Equally fine and sometimes finer singing can, however, be heard in such college chapels as those of Magdalen College, Oxford, and King's College, Cambridge, which are of course supported from the College endowments. In many cases there is a school and dwelling house for the cathedral choir boys, presided over by a master, where the choristers receive in addition to their musical training a thorough general education, such schools for example existing at Worcester and St. Paul's. The playground of St. Paul's Choir School is probably unique, consisting as it does of the roof of the school house covered by what we may call a huge iron cage. It will be seen from what has been said that the position of a choir boy in an English cathedral is one to be greatly coveted, the boys receiving an admirable general and musical education free. It may be questioned however, whether the boys are always as devout as they look, attendance at two or three services a day being apt to be looked upon merely as a matter of business rather than an act of worship. The men in the choir are variously called singing men, lay clerks, and occasionally vicars choral, and are paid a regular salary for their services. There is an unfortunate tendency for the services of these singing men to be retained long after their voices have seen their best days. Deans and Canons also sometimes outlive their usefulness.

Among the minor and less ornamental officials of a cathedral are the vergers and beadsmen. The vergers are so called because they carry a virga, a rod, one usually preceding the Dean, and one the Canons, in the cathedral. When the Dean or one of the Canons has occasion to leave his stall during the service, say

to proceed to the lectern or pulpit, a verger with his virga in hand bows before him, and then ushers him to the appointed place, a quaint and picturesque function. A verger has been known to go to sleep at the post of duty with disastrously comic results. Their virgas are flippantly called pokers. The function of the verger is precisely similar to that of the official who carries the mace before the Speaker of the House of Commons, and before the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of a University. These maces, or virgas, are frequently interesting works of art and of great antiquity.

In some cathedrals even these minor functionaries hold their appointments directly from the Crown. The Dean and Chapter recommend the person they think most fitting to fill a vacancy to the Home Secretary, who obtains the King's Sign Manual for the appointment. They equally cannot be dismissed, however disgraceful their conduct, without the anthority of the Crown. This is about equivalent to employing a steam-hammer to crack an egg.

One occasionally hears the question "why should there be so many churches in a city that already possesses a cathedral?" The life and work of a clergyman attached to a cathedral differs vastly from that of his brother cleric who may be the vicar or curate of a parish church. In the latter case the due observance of ceremony and beauty in the services of the church is almost equalled in importance by the parochial work. His time is fully occupied with visiting his parishioners, praying at the bedsides of sick persons, relieving the poor and organising local charities. Therefore, though the church services are not neglected, he cannot make the preparation of his sermon, or the choosing of the music, his only consideration. In a cathedral there is no "cure of souls" charged to the care of the cathedral clergy. They have no parish work, no visiting, no obligation to relieve the poor; their parish, so to speak, being contained within the walls of the Close. It should be remembered, however, that the Dean and Canons of a cathedral have for the most part served as it were their time in parochial or other work, their appointment coming not seldom late in life when they have already borne much of the heat and burden of the day. Though their berths are indeed no sinecure, they afford them that leisure which is so grateful to the man of letters and so necessary to the student. English literature would be the poorer without the many scholarly works which the quiet life of a cathedral close has enabled their authors to put forth.

A visitor who looks round a cathedral in the ordinary way is doubtless struck with its beauty, but seldom realises the thousand and one little details of its management that engross the time and energies of the cathedral authorities. Listening to the beautiful singing of the choir, and watching the lights burning on the altar from his seat in the nave, he is filled with reverence, but also with a feeling of aloofness, a sense as though all this was outside and far from him, just as one can be touched by the loveliness of a summer moon, but is not warmed to any glow of communion. He feels as though the cathedral had been dropped down from the Heaven above, and the white-robed clergy passing to and fro before the altar were mysterious and unearthly beings; the chanting choir boys seem more like angel visitants than ordinary healthy lads who will rush forth eagerly with loud talking and laughter when the service is over. The whole seems to be fittingly expressed in the words which echo along the vaulted roof, "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be."

Yet the wheels of the cathedral have to be oiled and kept running, just as a house of business must be well organised and systematically managed. It is as though one visited a sumptuous house of which one saw only the drawing room and dining room, but took no heed of the kitchen and its staff of attendants. Surrounded as a cathedral clergyman's life is by much of poetry and romantic memory, it has nevertheless its prosaic side and comes into contact with the ordinary dealings of everyday life.

FLORENCE TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

Profit and Loss

By John Oxenham

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

John Burney, a London banker, discovers that his son has forged the signature of one of his customers. The lady whose name has been forged insists upon steps being taken for the arrest of the culprit. Being aware that his chief cashier, George Barty, is deeply in debt and being pressed by his creditors, John Burney promises that if he will declare that he committed the forgery, he will pay his debts, look after his wife and children, and, at the expiration of his sentence, give him £5,000 to start life afresh. Barty agrees, pleads guilty and is sentenced to ten years across the seas. At the end of four years he is permitted by the authorities to become servant to an explorer who is about to cross Australia from West to East. Barty dies on the journey. Many years later, Sir John Burney engages a young man to act as travelling companion to his grandson, Frazer Burney, who is mentally deficient. The companion is George Barty, son of the bank cashier. On the continent George Barty becomes acquainted with Mary Lindsay, an Australian girl who is acting as companion to an aged English lady. The Englishwoman dies, and Mary Lindsay prepares to return to England, but before the time for her departure arrives, Frazer Burney stabs George Barty, escapes to the mountains and is not seen again. Mary Lindsay nurses George Barty through his illness, and when he is able to travel they start for England together. On arriving at London they go to George's home, where they are welcomed warmly by Mrs. Barty and her daughter, Joan. After calling on Sir John Burney, and giving him particulars of the manner of his grandson's death, George Barty settles down to endeavour to earn a living as a writer. At length, after many disappointments, he receives a letter from a publisher inviting him to call at his office. He goes, and as he is coming away, not well pleased with his interview, he is addressed by two elderly little men, twins, whom he had seen quitting the publisher's office as he entered. He reciprocates their evident desire to be friendly.

CHAPTER XIV—(*continued*)

PAR NOBILE FRATRUM

Other men began to drop in, in ones and twos, and George noticed that most of them had a cheery nod for his new friends. The elder was too busy to pay them any attention, but the younger labelled them one by one for George's benefit.

"You see the gloomy-looking man there in the corner? That's Joyce of the *Jester*, sub-editor, a decent chap. He'll brighten up when he's had something to eat. Does most of the jokes off his own bat they say. The man he's growling to is Kerr of Winans, the printers. They do the *Jester*, so he and Joyce always begin with a scrap whenever they meet. Just let off a bit of steam, you know, they're good friends enough at bottom. The little chap with the light hair at the next table is Jermyn of the *Courier*; does their books and literary tittle-tattle. Writes books himself and doesn't let any one forget it. Smart, but too light for the post. Uses it as a climbing-pole."

"Who's the dark man just come in?" asked George.

"Ah, that's John Baird. We don't often see him now—too busy. He was manager with Pilkins and Sharman, the big wholesale publishers. Had some row with them and left, and started a paper on his own account—tough business starting a paper. It's telling on Baird—a good fellow, and works mighty hard."

George eyed the man who had started a paper on his own account with much curiosity and a little awe. He was a tall, good-looking fellow of, he judged, thirty-five or forty. His hair was dark, but showing signs of frost about the ears. He looked energetic, but at present tired. He called for coffee and lit his pipe, and exchanged a word or two with the man next to him.

"What's the paper he's started?" asked George.

"*Round Table.*"

George knew it and looked at its proprietor with fresh interest. It was one of the papers he had sent a story to and it had not yet come back. It was not yet a deader, and while there was life there was always hope.

"If you'll excuse me for a minute or two I want a word with Baird," said his companion, and went across and received,

as George saw, a warm grip from the dark man.

Christopher Chubb turned just at the moment.

"Hello, wh-where's my l-little brother gone?"

"He's talking to Mr. Baird over there."

"B-Baird! The v-very man I want. D-Don't often see him here now. Come along and I'll introduce you to him. He's a g-good fellow."

"How are you, J-John?" to the proprietor of the *Round Table*. "I want to introduce a y-young friend to you. Y-You're always on the look out for new b-blood, I know. Mr. Barty—Mr. Baird. P-Put that in your pocket, John, and read it yourself, or g-get the wife to," and he handed him George's story.

"How have you managed to make two such good friends, Mr. Barty?" said Baird. "Brother Eb was whispering Barty in one ear, and here comes Brother Chris singing it into the other. And somehow—it seems to me—" he was turning the leaves of the MS. casually as he spoke, and then raised and looked at it more closely. Then he smiled.

"I remember. I think you settle a dispute for me, Mr. Barty. I've had another story from you, isn't that so?"

"Yes; I sent you one by post."

"My wife said the handwriting was a woman's. I said it was a man's. It was a good story, too, but as a story it might be either man's work or woman's, as women write nowadays."

George's heart was thumping and the colour was in his face.

"The story is mine but the handwriting is my sister's. So you are both right," he said, and Baird laughed.

"It's about the nicest kind of writing I've come across for a long time past. I wish everybody wrote as well. It's almost as easy to read as print. I'll be very glad to look over this one as well and then I'll let you know about them both. I should tell you at once, though, that I can't afford to pay very much yet. Later on—well, we'll see."

"Why, I'd be delighted to——," began George, very red indeed.

"To let me have it for nothing for the *Round Table*. That wouldn't be fair. We're beginners like yourself and it's uphill work at first all round. But we pay what we can, and we'll pay more as soon as we're able to."

"Chris," said the younger brother, "there's Kettler just come in. We'd better have a few words with him about that new story he wants," and they slipped off to the newcomer.

"How do you come to know them?" asked Baird.

"They were good enough to speak to me," said George, and explained how he had met the brothers at Johnson's.

"They're the best-hearted little fellows in the world," said Baird through his smoke. "I doubt if anyone will ever know all the good they do, and the helping hands they hold out to all sorts of people. They write the trashiest penny novelette stuff by the ream—just seem to turn on the tap and out it flows—but some people want it, and they make quite a fair income. They've been going to begin saving for the last ten years so as to retire. Chris, that's the elder, is crazy to have a garden of his own. Eb, the other one, wants to keep poultry. But they give away so much that I doubt if they'll ever manage it. I'm not sure if they ever go to church, but they're the finest pair of practical little Christians I ever met. Possibly you thought their advice about Johnson was suggested by self-interest, Mr. Barty——"

"Oh, no, I'd finished with Johnson before they spoke to me."

"Well, that's all right. But they're quite right. It couldn't possibly pay you in any shape or form to have your stuff in any of Johnson's rags. What on earth was he going to do with it?"

"Well, he wanted me to adapt it to his requirements. Make all the people dukes and duchesses, and that kind of thing."

"Bring it down to his level, in fact. It is so easy to drop, and so hard to come up again. You can't reach too high. I doubt if a man ever plucks his top branch—this side the grave anyhow—but the higher you reach the higher you'll get—if you climb steadily and don't

How have you managed to make two such good friends ?

fall. Where were you educated?" he asked suddenly.

"University College School."

"Under Eve? A very good fellow. And since?"

"I've been on the Continent for some months lately, rambling round in Switzerland, and the Riviera, and down the Rhine."

"Lucky boy! That's all to the good. Do you know anyone in the literary line?"

"Only Jack Fairfax of the *Scalpel*."

"I know him slightly. He'll make his mark, I think. That thing of his in *The Week* is really good. How do you come to know him?"

And before he knew it George found himself telling everything—well, almost everything—of the little there was to tell about himself, as freely as if he had known John Baird half his life.

John Sinclair's name cropped up.

"I know him," said Baird. "He has been good enough to advise me in several little matters. Lawsuits are hateful, but one cannot escape at times. Sinclair is the very finest man I know for commercial law though he's not a lawyer. I always feel towards him as a rich old maid does towards her doctor, better as soon as I set eyes on him. Yes, he's a good man to know. Are you thinking of joining the Quills?"

"Our friends the Chubbs were advising me to."

"It's pleasant to have a place to drop into out of Fleet Street, and you rub shoulders with a great variety of men here in a friendly way. It has its advantages and you're the kind that will make friends quickly, I should say. I've not had time lately to come much myself, and I've distinctly missed it——"

"Hello, Mr. Baird! It's a treat to see you here. Up to your eyes in work, I suppose, and no time for play. It's a deuce of a business starting a new paper nowadays. How do you find things?"

"We're getting on, but it's uphill work, as you say. How do you like the paper?"

"The stuff you give is first-rate. Paper and print might be better——"

"Yes, we're not as well served there as I would like."

"How's circulation?"

"Improving—slowly."

"Ads.?"

"Very difficult, yet. Cato keeps our spirits up, however, and says they'll come all right."

"Never heard of an ad. man who didn't. But Cato's about as cute as they make 'em, and he ought to be able to pull it off. Old friend of yours, isn't he?'

"We've known one another a long time. I'm satisfied he's doing his best."

"I'm not at all sure, you know," said the other confidentially, "that the stuff you give isn't just a bit too good. Folks nowadays seem crazy for scraps, and the scrappier the better. It's wonderful how some things go. Look at that new thing, *Dewdrops*. 200,000 a week, and practically every word of it filched from other papers."

"I'd sooner sweep a crossing than steal other men's brains," said Baird quietly.

"Yes, I know. But, all the same, it's those folks make the money."

"Dirty money. I'd sooner be without it."

"It'll be a question soon if honesty's the best policy nowadays or not."

"It depends entirely on your standard of success. If you want money by hook or crook it's possible you may get it quickest by swindling, if you don't happen to land in the Old Bailey. If you've happened to preserve a bit of old-fashioned belief in the advantages of a clean conscience, why, then you're apt to doubt if dirty money is worth the getting."

"Quite so, quite so. It's a matter for each man to decide for himself."

"And occasionally for the law to decide for him. By the way, Kerrison, Mr. Barty here would like to join us. Put him through all right, will you? Christopher and Ebenezer Chubb brought him in."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Barty. No-one will say nay to a man introduced by Mr. Baird and Brothers Chubb. I'll just take your name and address to enter on the roll, and you can come in any time you want."

He was a big, good-humoured looking

man, was smoking an excellent cigar, and seemed on the best of terms with himself and the rest of the world. He inscribed George's name and address on the back of an envelope, nodded cheerfully, and strolled away to talk to some one else.

"He's perfectly right," said Baird, puffing thoughtfully. "The race gets hotter every day, and it does seem as though the india-rubber consciences had the best chance. Commercial morality is on the down-grade, Mr. Barty."

"That's a bad look out."

"A very bad look out, and it's not easy to see where we're getting to. The moral fibre of the community at large is flabbier than it was twenty years ago. Men do now without wincing what they looked askance at then."

"And what's the remedy?"

"Hard to say. Adversity, perhaps—catastrophe to individuals and the nation at large. Prosperity is a hot-house where ill weeds mature."

"And yet we all hope for it and strive for it."

"But if we don't get it cleanly it's worse than useless."

Here the brothers came smiling back.

"W-Well? Got to know one another other?" asked Christopher.

"We've made a beginning," said Baird.

"I s-saw you introducing Mr. Barty to Kerrison. Has he d-decided to join?"

"Yes, he's put my name down. I'm very much obliged to you both for bringing me here. It was uncommonly good of you."

"N-Not at all. L-Liked the look of you. D-Don't as a rule like the look of people. B-Better inside than out."

They insisted on introducing him to two or three other men—Sennit of the *Globe*, Dukes of the *News*, Gibbs of the *Telegraph*, and others.

When he groped homewards through the fog, he was in such exceedingly high spirits that he came near to singing with glee, and the folks who ran into him detected it in his voice as he apologised, and imagined he had been enjoying himself in quite a different way.

CHAPTER XV

FIRST RUNGS

GEORGE banged the door of No. 21 on the fog and sped up the stairs to Joan's room on air clouds. He found his mother and Mary Lindsay there also as he expected, Mary with her hat and cloak on as if she was only just in. They all looked up hopefully. Happy the man who has three such pairs of eyes to welcome his coming. Their faces were full of questions. Joan voiced them.

"Good news? Mary thought you'd got lost in the fog, as she nearly did. Mother was getting anxious. I was the only hopeful soul in the house. Now tell us all about it, right from the beginning. You've been eating bread and salt with Mr. Johnson and making up to him."

"No, Jack was right. Johnson's no use, but I've found a bit of the end of the ladder, I do believe, and I've made such heaps of new friends that I can hardly remember all their names," and he sat down and told them all that had happened as far as he could recall it.

"What dear little men!" said Joan, "but I like John Baird best. That strikes me as a good afternoon's work, old boy!"

"Good? It strikes me as the best afternoon's work I've ever done. And how did you get on, Mary?" They all called her Mary. Neither Joan nor his mother, who knew every tone of his voice, failed to detect the softer inflection which came into it when he spoke to her, and neither found any fault with it, for they had come to love the girl for her own sake.

"Where do you think it is?" she asked, smiling across at him, but with a certain gravity behind the smile.

"No idea!" and then—he seemed to see it in her face—"not the Burney children?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" and his under jaw shot out with an expression of chagrin. "But you're not really thinking of taking it?"

"Yes, I am. We've talked it all out, your mother and Joan and I, and we've come to the conclusion that it's worth trying at all events."

"It'll be a very trying post, I should say, if they're as bad as their big brother. And I'm afraid they are."

"They're all quite small yet, but no doubt they'll be somewhat difficult. But the terms are unusually good."

"They should be. How much?"

"£100 a year Day work only, one day off and one day on, and I can live here. They have special trained nurses for the night."

George nodded slowly. The terms were certainly unusual. He knew the work was unusual too. But the idea of Mary being able to remain a member of their circle made up for much.

"You can always leave if you don't like it," he said at last.

"Yes, I'm afraid they're used to that. I shall try and stick to it. I feel very sorry for those children."

"I don't suppose they understand their lack," said George. "Frazer was always perfectly happy so long as he had enough to eat and drink and smoke. Who did you see?"

"It was a governesses' agency the advertisement took me to. They asked some questions and sent me on to Kensington Palace Gardens. It was Mrs. Burney I saw."

"Was she eating sweetmeats?"

"She was quietly chewing something all the time. I thought perhaps she'd caught the American trick of chewing-gum. There was a really nice American girl at the hotel at Nice, when I was there, and she chewed away from morning till night. It used to make my jaws feel tired just to look at her."

"And what did you think of Mrs. Burney?"

"I would hardly venture an opinion yet. She did not strike me as intellectual."

"You're diplomatically safe there. She is not intellectual. It's a question with me if she's even reasonably intelligent."

"Well, from what she said, I judge I shan't have much to do with her, and anyway it's not catching. Almost the only question she asked was whether I could come at once."

"I'm not absolutely sure that it's not catching. It's certainly horribly depressing. One was quite enough for me. I can hardly imagine what four at once would be like."

"Four Frazers would have been impossible. Four little children are different," said Joan.

"Mary will just see how she gets on with them," said Mrs. Barty softly, over her knitting needles; and then, with a quiet smile at the girl, "We'll all watch her carefully, and if we see any signs of infection she needn't go any more. If you should succeed in softening their darkness, my dear, it will make you very happy."

"Yes, indeed," said Mary earnestly.

"Did you see the children?" asked George.

"Yes, she took me up to the schoolroom right at the top of the house, and left me there with them and the other governess. She was older than I am. The first thing she said, when Mrs. Burney had gone was, "How soon do you start?" and I said I would come to-morrow, and she said, "Thank God!" She's had them every day for a fortnight, and that must be killing. I stopped all afternoon and had a cup of tea with them, and she is to be there to-morrow to break me in."

"She was just telling us what the children were like when you came in. Do go on, Mary," said Joan.

"The eldest is a girl, Evelyn," said Mary, looking at George. "She's twelve. Then come two boys, Gordon and Lancelot, ten and eight. The youngest is Gwendoline. She is five, I think. They are very pitiful. They looked up vacantly when their mother and I came in, and stared at me all the time, but really I couldn't tell if they comprehended me. They never took their eyes off me till Miss Graylie told them to go on with their work. Then they turned stolidly to what they were doing and went on with it. She says they have to be told everything they have to do. Their minds are useless. But they seem to do what they are told, so that's one good thing."

"What can you possibly teach them?" said Joan.

"It's more a question of amusing them,

He sat down and told them all that had happened

or at all events keeping them occupied and out of mischief. Miss Graylie said they would sit for hours sometimes doing nothing but look at the wall if she would let them, but it gets on her nerves."

"It would drive me crazy," said Joan.

"So she does her best to keep them busy. And at other times they are so restless they can't settle to anything."

"And what work can they do?" asked Joan

"They were doing Kindergarten things when we went in, with beads and chips, and the smallest girl had letter blocks."

"Can they read?"

"No, none of them."

"How awful!"

"Do you have to take them out?" asked George.

"Yes, each day if possible, either walking or driving, but walking from preference as it does them more good."

"That will be the most trying part of the business."

"Miss Graylie says they're quite quiet and docile when they're out. They are rather frightened and do just what they are told."

"Well, I'm bound to say I don't envy you, Mary," said George. "They've got decidedly the better bargain."

"Being able to live here will keep my spirits up to normal. I am very well satisfied with my day's work."

But he shook his head doubtfully. "We'll keep an eye on you, as mother says, and the moment we see signs of dumps, out you come," he said.

"Every woman is entitled to a headache now and again, or a fit of dumps," laughed Mary, as she got up to go to her room. "If I feel very bad I'll do my best to hide it."

The hopes which his introduction to John Baird had kindled in him, drove George to his work with renewed energy. The pleasure of writing for the very work's sake is great, but appreciation from the outside is a wonderful fillip. To George's healthy young mind the foot of the ladder of fame rested securely on the *Round Table.* He could almost feel his toe on the bottom rung, and already in imagination saw himself skipping up the steep incline two steps at a time.

Jack Fairfax's characteristic comments on the whole matter, when he came in a night or two later, were also encouraging.

"Baird is a first-rate chap," he said. "and he'll deserve all the success he can make of the *Round Table.* He works like a horse, they say, and so does his wife. They turn out a capital paper, and it's bound to catch on if they can only hang on long enough. Baird himself knows all the ins and outs of publishing, and he's coming out well as editor too. Perhaps that's Mrs. Baird, or both of them together. She writes, I believe. The little Chubb men I don't know, but I've heard of them and everybody seems to like them. I think I'll join your club, too, old man. Nothing like mixing with your fellows. The study of mankind, you know, and all that kind of thing."

"All right, meet me there any day and I'll introduce you to Kerrison, and any of the other fellows that I know," said George, with the mature air of an old club man opening his own particular pasture to a fledgling

It was a full week, however, before the much-hoped-for letter from Baird arrived, and Mary Lindsay had by that time settled down into the narrow routine of her new and well-paid, but by no means comfortable, duties. She was, however, filled with a fine energy and compassion, and night and day her thoughts were given to her poor innocents, who had everything that money could buy, except only the one thing without which all the money in the world was less than nothing.

"Every time I see them," she said, very soberly, to Mrs. Barty and Joan, after her second day there, "I thank God for giving me the use of my brains."

Baird's letter simply stated that the writer would be glad to have a chat with George any evening, after seven, except Tuesdays, at the office of the *Round Table* in the Strand.

George had been up again at the Quills two or three times, and had met the brothers Chubb and some of his other new acquaintances, but Baird had not been there since.

It was a Thursday evening when the letter arrived. He clapped on his hat

and coat, gave them the word in Joan's room, and sped away through the mud to lay hands on his ladder.

He knew the office. He had inspected it from the outside the day after he made Baird's acquaintance. He climbed the stairs which were dark and uneven, so that his foot never seemed to come down quite where he had expected it to do. Coming to a door he tapped on it, and being bidden to enter, did so, and stood observant.

A stained wood partition and counter held him at bay, but at sight of him, John Baird gave a welcoming "Hello! Hello! Come away in!" and flung up the flap and drew him in by the hand he was shaking.

"Extreme eagerness in matters literary always implies youth. Time will come, perhaps, when you will have editors running after you."

"Happy day!" laughed George.

"Nell, this is George Barty. Barty—my wife, the guesser of half the conundrum you set us."

"Good handwriting is such a treat," said Mrs. Baird, as she also shook him warmly by the hand, "and one gets so sick of bad. If ever I get into Parliament I shall bring in an Act for the compulsory use of typewriters."

"Invent a new one first that won't cost above five pounds," said Baird, "and make them all buy that one and we shall do well."

He went through the counter and shot the bolt of the door, and then drew a curtain along a rod hung up near the ceiling, and so shut out of sight the more work-a-day portion of the office.

"We use this as parlour-workshop after hours," said Mrs. Baird. "It's a great advantage living over your work and not having to waste time going to and fro. Take that chair, Mr. Barty, and draw up to the fire."

"So long as you like your work," ventured George.

"Of course," she said brightly. "But everybody ought to do the work they like best. That's the work they can do best."

"What a very queer world it would be if they did," laughed her husband, drawing up another basket chair and filling his pipe. "Won't you light up, Barty? Fortunately my wife likes smoke. Theoretically you're right, my dear, but practically it's impossible. Quite half the world is doing work that it hates, and believes it could do the other half's ever so much better if it only had the chance."

"I suppose so. That's what makes people look so unhappy. I'm glad we've found our right groove anyway, John."

"We are among the fortunate ones. And here's another. Isn't that so, Barty?"

"I'd sooner make a little living by my pen than a very big one any other way. The work itself is a delight."

"That's right," said Mrs. Baird, with an emphatic nod. "That way good work comes. Will you have a cup of coffee, Mr. Barty?"

There was a small kettle singing on one flat side-hob of the little old-fashioned grate, in which lumps of wood were burning with many coloured flames, and a coffee-pot on the other. She slipped out of her chair on to her knees to tidy up the hearth with deft touches of a small brush, tapping, and patting, and smoothing, and apparently tickling the fire as though it were a dear old friend whose comfort she was seeing to.

Very sweet and graceful she looked, half kneeling, half sitting, and now and again holding up the little brush as a screen against the too ardent response of the old grate, while she turned to speak to one or other of the two men. Her face was not exactly pretty, George thought, and then, as the coloured flames leaped merrily and lit it up, he thought he was wrong, and that she was very pretty indeed. Anyway she had large, dark, thoughtful eyes, and her face was full of quick expression. She looked clever and he remembered that Fairfax said she wrote. She looked, too, as if she had been hard at work all day. Her hair had fluffed loose in places, as if she had not too much time to devote to it, but somehow it did not detract from the pleasant look of her. She wore linen over-sleeves up to her elbows which contributed to her workmanlike aspect. Altogether he decided that he liked her very much.

"We must have a kitten, John," she said suddenly.

"What is home without a kitten?" laughed Baird.

"Exactly! It's only half a home. The grate's all right, and the kettle just fits, and you're all right, but the finishing touch is a-wanting."

"We'll put an advertisement in the paper.—"Any person with a stray kitten to dispose of can hear of something to its advantage by communicating with the editor. Payment not so much an object as a comfortable home." Cato will insert it for you at half rates. If the owner requires payment promise her a bound volume of the *Round Table*, and say you'll call the kitten King Arthur."

"Or Guinevere, as the case might be," said Mrs. Baird, "and Launcelot would be more appropriate than Arthur."

They chatted over their coffee—of the Quills, and the Chubbs, and various writers, and then Mrs. Baird cleared away the cups, and said:

"Now, John, Mr. Barty is on pins and needles about his stories. So the sooner you get on to them the better. And, by the way, is it Bertie pronounced Bartie, or is Bertie only a pen-name?"

"I wish to write as Bertie," said George, "but I foresee that I may have to work as Barty. If you will keep the Bertie to yourselves for the present I would be much obliged."

"Most young writers are greedy of personal fame," smiled Mrs. Baird. "It is refreshing to come across a modest one."

Baird got up and went to one of two roller-top desks near the window, and came back with George's two stories in his hand.

"You must know, Barty, that my wife, is chief literary adviser here. If she were not listening, and likely to strike for a rise in her salary because of it, I would say that I consider her discrimination in literary matters is uncommonly sound and true. I attend mostly to the business side, but the literary department we combine on. Now we have both of us read these two stories of yours, and we are agreed that they are good—for a new beginner, remarkably good. But you can make them better yet. They are so free from the faults one usually finds in new work that I'm inclined to think you've had someone blue-pencilling them already. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, Jack Fairfax was good enough to go over them and rip out all the best adjectives and so on. He seemed to enjoy it," at which Mrs. Baird laughed out.

"Well, now," said Baird, "if you will take our advice, you will take them home, and put everything else on one side, and just devote a whole week to them. Condense, revise, re-write. The stories, as stories, are original and good. The style you can improve on, mostly in the way of sharper cutting. Where one word will express it, don't use two, even though they sound nice. You may just as well start on a high level as a lower one. Let us have them back when you think you've got them right, and if we think so too, we'll use them. As to payment I can't offer you more than one pound a thousand. Later on, when we get into smoother water, rates will improve, as I told you the other night. At present times are a trifle rough with us, and we've got to cut our coat according to the cloth at our disposal."

"I can't tell you how much obliged I am to you both," said George gratefully. "I'll cut and polish them to the very last letter, and if you still find them not up to the mark, I'll do it over and over again till they're right. I'm open to everything you can tell me."

Baird turned over the leaves. "My wife has been picking at them with that vicious little pencil of hers by way of indicating points open to improvement. I hinted that she was taking liberties, but she said that if you were what I said you were you would take no offence at it——"

"Offence! I can't thank you enough, Mrs. Baird," said George, turning to her. "It's more than good of you."

"I hate touching another person's work as a rule," she said, "some folks are so very unpleasant about it. But I felt as if you would take it in good part——"

"I should think so, indeed."

"You know Switzerland?" she asked.

"I spent some time there this autumn —" and, by degrees, he found himself telling them some of the experiences of that unique journey he and Mary Lindsay had taken together, and little Mrs. Baird seemed to derive great enjoyment from his account of the adventure.

seemed to him to be compounded of quiet hopefulness, steady determination, and something not far removed from sadness and weariness. It was a smile very typical of John Baird at that time. By degrees George came to associate it with him and always thought of him smiling in just that way. First steps are pro-

Very graceful she looked, halt-kneeling, half sitting

"We're going to live in Switzerland some time," she said wistfully.

"Or in the Channel Islands——" said her husband.

"Or Scilly——" from Mrs. Baird.

"Or on the Clyde——" from Baird.

"I'd like to make a heap of money," she said, gazing into the fire, "and travel all over the world and then——"

"Meanwhile the trouble is to make both ends meet," said Baird, with a smile which remained in George's memory.

He could not quite translate it, but it verbially difficult ones, and the first steps of a small newspaper proprietor are strewn with peculiar thorns. Baird was fighting his battle with set teeth and it showed in his smile.

There was a sound of light feet on the wooden stairs and a tap on the door.

"Robert Cato," said Mrs. Baird, as Baird went to open the door.

"How do, John? 'Evening, Mrs. Baird!" said the newcomer, as he came briskly in, and nodded to George as though he thought he must know him also.

"Saw your light, so knew you were in."

He was tall and slim, and very alert and active in his movements. His face, clean-shaven and rather thin, with prominent northern cheekbones, was shrewd and full of intelligence. His eyes were keen and quick, with a touch of predatoriness in them, George thought. He had a very engaging smile which lit up his face constantly. In fact he rarely spoke without smiling. It was part of his stock in trade, essentially a part of himself and genuine enough. But it was quite different from John Baird's sober smile, which came up from the depths, while Cato's was of the surface. It seemed to George that Cato's pleasant mobile mouth would go on smiling in just that same engaging way even under defeat, while the alert brain behind the watchful eyes was revolving new plans, and that, if the defeat were final, he would retire in the best possible order under cover of his smile.

And he was not far wrong. Robert Cato was the cleverest advertising canvasser in London at that time. A free lance, because his methods were his own, and he would submit to no control even for the sake of a certain salary. He had served his time in the offices of several of the best advertising firms, his quick intelligence had assimilated all he had learned, and his all-round knowledge of advertising matters was unequalled. He made a very good income, and as a rule spent it all as quickly as he made it. In actual age he was perhaps three or four years older than Barty. In knowledge of the world, and the men one met there, he was twice George's age and something more.

George was struck by the fastidious neatness of his costume. He found that this was as much a part of his stock-in-trade as his pleasant smile and engaging manner. Summer and winter Bob Cato always wore a tasteful flower in his buttonhole, and the tan kids he carried in or on his hands were perennially fresh and striking. Whether business was good with him or bad, his outward appearance at all times betokened prosperity, and the cigars he carried, and smoked, and was generous with, carried conviction in their flavour.

"Well, Bob? Any plunder?" asked Baird quietly. "You know Mr. Barty, I think. Quills both of you, aren't you?"

"Ah," said Cato, with another pleasant nod at George, "I've been rather neglecting the Quills lately."

"Been too busy making money, or spending it, Bob?" asked Mrs. Baird.

"Bit of both," he smiled in reply.

"Got anything for us?"

"It'll come soon. Bound to come. I can smell *Round Table* ads. in the air. But it's a dickens of a job getting 'em right on to the lines. You're putting out a capital paper, John. Keep it up and we'll get the ads. all right in time."

"While there's life there's hope," said Baird, with his own quiet, tired smile. "This any good?" lifting a slip of paper from his desk and handing it to Cato.

"Who brought this in?" asked Cato, with a depreciatory curl of the lip.

"Fellow named Woodman."

"I know him. Red beard, looks as if he drank too much."

"That's the man. I've seen him about Fleet Street for a long time."

"Paid him?"

"No. Told him to come back tomorrow, as I made it a rule to verify all orders brought in by outside canvassers."

Cato nodded. "Stick to that, my boy. You won't see him again. It's a stumer. I'm rather surprised he should try it on you. He's a pretty hard case, but I didn't know he'd got down to the swindle pure and simple."

"What an abominable thing to do!" said Mrs. Baird hotly. "Here have I been exulting in the thought of a whole half page being let for the next six months, and it turns out nothing but a fraud."

"Might have been worse," smiled Cato. "Some folks would have paid him his commission on the nail. New papers especially seem to think that the taking of the most ordinary precautions is a sign of weakness, and so the stumer flourishes. New papers are always in such a deuce of a hurry to get on."

"It's generally a case of getting on or getting off," said Baird.

"Well, you know, advertisers are business men, and they want to make sure a paper has come to stop before they go into it."

"They can easily make it a certainty by going into it."

"Quite so, but that's not their end of the business, you see. But I've got close on another page for next week——"

"Good boy!" said Mrs. Baird.

"That makes three pages inside, and the covers are not so bad. If you'll keep the paper up to its present level, I'll undertake to have six inside pages filled all the time, within the next six months."

"Do your best for us, my boy," said Baird quietly. "We want all we can get." No one but himself and his wife knew how desperately hard it was to keep a brave front to the world, when every week the paper still showed a deficit, and would continue to do so until the revenue from advertisements was at least twice as much as it was then.

"You're not in the advertising line, Mr. Barty?" asked Cato, with his engaging smile.

"No, I'm for being a writer if I can manage it."

"Much the pleasantest end of the stick, I can assure you. Sometimes I think I was meant for that end myself, but unkind fate drove me into advertising, and advertising I shall be to the end of the chapter now, I suppose."

"You put as much brains into it as some people do into their writing, Bob. That big ad. of Gray's in the *News* was yours, wasn't it?" asked Mrs. Baird.

"Yes, that was mine. Startler, isn't it? They gave me £50 for it and the placing of all the ads."

"You make heaps more money than you would by writing," said Mrs. Baird.

"And spend it ever so much quicker too," said her husband.

"It does run away," said Cato cheerfully. "But you see that's how it is in the advertising business. It comes in lumps—sometimes—and you have to spend a good deal to keep the pot boiling."

"How do you mean?" asked Mrs. Baird.

"Oh, heaps of ways. You have to keep on good terms with people who can help, and it all costs money. Gray's manager and his wife were dining with me at Krasnopolsky's last night. Then we went to the Gaiety. It cost me five pounds. To-morrow night I've got to feed another man. Oh, it soon goes I can assure you."

"It's a good thing for your wife that you're not married, Bob," said Mrs. Baird.

"A good thing for Mrs. Bob. Perhaps not so good a thing for Mr. Bob," said Baird.

"Best as it is," said Cato. "An advertising man belongs to his business."

CHAPTER XVI

HELPING HANDS

GEORGE BARTY'S lot could hardly have been cast among more propitious surroundings for the bringing out of the very best that was in him. And, at the outset of a young man's career, environment is a factor of consequence.

An atmosphere more congenial to the cultivation of the truest literary spirit than that of the shabby little office-of-all-work of the *Round Table* it would have been difficult to find. It was an atmosphere of unremitting hard work, but withal of work in which the labourer found extreme delight, and a sure reward, apart from any profit which might some time accrue. They rejoiced in their work simply for its own sake. Mrs. Baird, perhaps to a greater extent than her husband, for to him fell, naturally, the coarser contact with the matter-of-fact world outside—the world of printers, and paper-makers, wholesale agents, and so on. And broad as were his shoulders, both bodily and spiritual, it often needed all their solidity to carry his burden and the necessarily cheerful face at one and the same time.

To George, in his extreme innocence, the position of proprietor of a paper was an elevation with a halo. He came in time to learn that halos conceal many a thorn, and to realise the fact that, in the beginning, the proprietor of a paper must win his way, inch by inch, and step by step, with the sweat of his brain and brow, just as any other man must, who

begins at the bottom and has no long purse to dip into. He came, indeed, at last, to believe the newspaper man's lot the harder. For his work, if he undertakes both the management and the editing, as John Baird did, is never done.

It was too much for any man, and, but for his wife's unfailing help, Baird never could have come through it. As it was it took much out of him. On the other hand it also put much into him. Hard work kills no man, worry kills many. It was not till he began to worry that the work began to tell upon him.

The Bairds knew exactly what they wanted, and that was to turn out the very best paper they could compass within the means at their disposal. As a simple necessity of business they kept in closest possible touch with matters literary, and Mrs. Baird, especially, was possessed of a clear critical faculty and a divination for sound work which amounted to an instinct.

She came of a scholarly family. Her father was a north country vicar, who, in his lonely parsonage among the hills, devoted all the time that could be spared from the care of his wide-spread parish, to high thought and graceful expression in paper and print. His erudition had won him high esteem but little emolument. Life at the parsonage had been of the very simplest and plainest, and yet of the fullest and widest. In all her father's work Ellen had been his untiring and devoted assistant, an omnivorous devourer of books—a book up there *was* a book, and so to be read, no matter what it was about—and a scribbler before her hair was up. Then her father died—her mother had died when she was a girl of ten—and she went out governessing. In London she and John Baird came together, and they had been married five years when George Barty first met them.

John Baird himself had been for many years manager to a large firm of wholesale publishers, in receipt of a good income, and had he been content to occupy the position of an honoured subordinate, might have gone on so to the end of the chapter. But that business could offer him no higher position. The partners both had sons coming forward, and after due consideration, and much consultation with his wife, they determined to try their fortunes on their own account, and to put the best years of their life into work for themselves rather than for outsiders. The fight itself would have its own delights. If they won, the reward would be all their own. If they lost, they could but begin again. They clearly foresaw the risks, but, at the worst, Baird could go back to wholesale publishing. He was a man of standing in the trade and many would be glad of his services.

He had a couple of thousand pounds laid by, and on this he started the *Round Table*. With fair luck, and all the brains and work he and Ellen would put into it, he considered he ought to pull through on that. Six months after he started, however, a spell of bad trade struck the country; business generally was slack; advertisers pulled in their nervous horns; even the big journals suffered; among the smaller the mortality was large; newcomers were like lambs born out of season. Baird grew somewhat apprehensive as to what the future might hold for them.

It was only a question of hanging on, he knew. His practised hand told him that his little journal was making its way, slowly but surely, in public estimation. If advertising had been normal he would have turned the corner by this time. But advertising was far from normal, the corner was not yet turned, every week's issue depleted the slim exchequer still more, and John Baird's quiet smile barely hid the anxiety that was in him.

Between John and Ellen Baird, and sister Joan, and would-be-brother Jack Fairfax, George stood a fair chance of being licked into shape, and little chance of being spoiled. With all a beginner's appreciation of his own work, he was possessed of large common-sense and a keen desire to turn that work out in the very best possible shape. He accepted all their criticisms with high good humour and turned them to profitable account.

Jack slashed away at redundancy of any kind, with a special eye to adjectives.

Joan's critical ear would pass nothing which did not flow smooth and clean when she read it aloud. Ellen Baird insisted on the use of the one and only word which expressed his thought exactly, made him invest five shillings in a second-hand Roget's Thesaurus, and drove him to the diligent study thereof whenever he got into a corner. As their friendship grew, she criticised his work with a freedom and perspicacity which made him her debtor for life, and went a long way towards making him what he became.

Between these various millstones his work was ground fine, and the result of his tribulation was a clean-cut, forcible style which was somewhat remarkable in so young a writer. But then, not many beginners have advantages such as these. And fewer still, perhaps, would have had the sense to make such good use of them.

He worked away at those two stories for the *Round Table* till even Mrs. Baird could find no flaws in them. The day the first one appeared was a white-stone day in Wynyatt Square. Joan and Mary and George himself knew it almost off by heart, but, from the number of times they read it over again in print, you would have thought they had never set eyes on it before, and that it was the most wonderful story ever printed. And so it was to them, and it looked altogether new and different in print, and they each tried to look at it from the point of view of those thousands of other readers who were only now admitted to this high privilege. And they wondered how this and that point would strike them, and how it would strike them as a whole, and whether those little finely-shaded touches would be missed, and finally, when he knew every letter of it, George began to wonder whether after all it was as good as he had been thinking it.

He was somewhat reassured, however, when the boys read it and expressed their approval. And when Jack Fairfax came in with Meg, and said it really didn't read half badly, thanks to the dressing-down he had given it, his spirits rose again.

So Guy Bertie's little bark was fairly launched on the stormy waters, and he looked forward to the future voyaging with all the eagerness of youth and inexperience.

He stopped the indiscriminate flight of his fledglings, and gathered them all into their nest, and tackled them one by one, and wrought at them, and re-wrought, in the light of his later knowledge, till they hardly knew themselves, and he hardly recognised them for what they had been, though he knew them only too well.

Each story, as he finished it off to the best of his powers, he passed on to Joan, who read it to Mary and Mrs. Barty; and then on to Jack Fairfax, who played Roman father to it; then, after further corrections, when he approved of them, he carried it to Mrs. Baird and begged her to read it when she had time.

"I'm not asking you to take it for the *Round Table*, Mrs. Baird," he would say. "But if you would just run your eye over it, when you've got absolutely nothing else to do, and dig your pencil in where you don't like it, I would be so grateful."

And Mrs. Baird would laughingly pile the MSS. up on the already well-tenanted top slab of her desk, and when that very rare time came when she had a few minutes to spare, she would look over one of the stories and pencil a note in the margin now and again. And more than once she said to her husband, "This is uncommonly good, John. I think we ought to have it," and some they kept, to George's great content. But often Baird would quietly say, "We can't afford to pile up too much MS., Nell, and besides it's hardly fair to Barty. The wider market he finds outside the better for him," and she would reluctantly let it go, with a word or two of commendation scribbled on a scrap of paper inside, which commendatory scraps George Barty treasured as things of price.

The office of the *Round Table* did not know many leisured moments, but the Bairds had taken to the boy and they liked both him and his work. Time came when he was able to repay them, in part, for the helping hand they had held out to him at a time when judicious criticism and a word of commendation were of infinite service.

He stuck to his work so religiously that

"You're q-quite a stranger, Mr. Barty"

he found little time for visiting the Quills Club. Once or twice, however, as he sped to or from the office of the *Round Table*, he bumped his way through the stream of intent-faced men and bulging sacks flowing in and out of Kerrison's, and dashed up the stairs to see if any of his friends were in. And each time he found Christopher and Ebenezer Chubb, sitting at the marble-topped table nearest to the back window, busily writing. That is to say, Chris did the writing while Eb sat and watched, and interjected a word here and there, and carefully read the finished sheets as his brother pushed them over to him. A murmur or a grunt passed between them at times and sufficed to convey their ideas. It was Eb's duty to devise thrilling situations in unceasing continuity, and while Chris elaborated each scene in a page of neatly written MS., Eb was busily scheming out the next. Every page had at least one thrill in it, and at times the little men gurgled amusedly over the inventions of their active little brains. But whenever George broke in on them, they pushed their work aside and drew out their pipes as an indication of their readiness for a chat. It was generally mid-afternoon when George called there, and they had the rooms to themselves, for the Quills only woke up towards evening when the work of the day was over.

"You're q-quite a stranger, Mr. Barty," said Christopher, the first time George found them there.

"I'm working over all my stuff," said George. "Bringing it up to top notch."

"Ah-ha! Mrs. B-Baird's standard!" said Chris. "Sh-She's the cleverest little woman I know. If you can satisfy her, you'll do."

"She's been most awfully kind to me and so has Mr. Baird. I can't thank you enough for introducing me to them."

"Sh-Shade better than Johnson!" said Chris, with a gurgle.

"Oh, Johnson!" with much scorn.

"How's Prince Praxaline getting on?"

"Dandy!" said Eb. "Most extraordinary young man ever I came across. Doesn't know who he is yet——"

"N-Neither do we. W-What on earth *are* we going to do with him, Eb?"

"Hanged if I know. He's a mystery with a vengeance. I can't see through him."

"Have to k-kill him, I guess," said Chris contemplatively. "R-Read your story in *Round Table*, Mr. Barty. K-Kind of thing I'd have liked to write myself if I hadn't to w-write for a living. How's the *Round Table* going? Haven't seen B-Baird for weeks. Was looking w-worried last time I saw him."

"He's got too much to do," said George. "They're at it early and late up there."

"L-Lots of worry in a new paper. 'Specially when you do it all yourself. But John Baird's a man. He'll pull it off if it's to be pulled off."

"The paper's going all right. It's the advertisements that bother him."

"Ads. are the very deuce when they don't come——"

"And some papers have heaps without any circulation at all," said Eb. "There's old Bownes. I don't believe he prints a hundred copies more than he needs to send round to his advertisers, and yet his rag's full to overflowing, and good ads. too."

"How's it done?" asked George, with interest.

"Dear knows. Lying, I suppose."

"But that kind of thing can't go on for ever."

"Been going on as long as I can remember, and shows no signs of giving out," said Eb.

"It sounds rascally," said George.

"It is," said Eb. "Queer business, advertising!"

"B-Big a mystery as P-Prince Praxaline," said Chris. "Be k-killed some time."

(*To be continued*)

Hartley Coleridge

"IT were well for great authors, poets, philosophers, scholars—may be also for divines—if their memory lived only in their works"; thus wrote Hartley Coleridge, in his *Biographia Borealis*, 1833, p. 65. And decidedly "it were well" if certain critics had but subscribed to the poet's argument, as far as it applies to himself, rather than appear to make his "memory live only in *their* works." Under the circumstances, the best that may be hoped for such is that they will not so live—as far as the Coleridge question is concerned. It is better, one would think, that a poet's memoirs be left unrecorded than become the medium for disseminating erroneous ideas; as for instance, the following:—

Photograph by G. P. Abraham, Keswick

Hartley Coleridge

First, the poet's name was *not* "David" Hartley Coleridge, in spite of Canon Rawnsley's persistent preference for that formula. It is a fact that these names had been originally chosen—and that the first was, very soon afterwards discarded. Hence the parish registers of Crosthwaite, Keswick, show that he was baptized, at the age of six years, and given the one christian name of Hartley.

Next, the poet's birthplace was *not* "Clevedon," Bristol, Mr. J. K. Hudson's assertion notwithstanding. True, it is that Hartley's brother, Derwent, in his otherwise perfectly detailed *Memoir*, gives the honour to Clevedon; but an author of half a century ago, who had to dig up every atom of his materials, and one of to-day with modern works of reference to fly to—these are totally different matters.

The eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was born at Kingsdown, Bristol, September 19th, 1796.

Again, the poet was *not*, on any occasion, occupied in "schoolmastering at Dryburgh." He, almost certainly, never set foot in the place, though the late W. E. Tirebuck made the statement quoted. The year 1837 found him at Sedburgh, acting as temporary assistant schoolmaster, and from March to June (inclusive) of the year following, at the same place as relieving headmaster.

And, finally the poet did *not*, after De Quincey's removal, "occupy Dove Cottage," not at any time, save, as Wordsworth's and De Quincey's guest, though he had two places of residence during his stay in Grasmere. Hartley spent his last ten years at Nab Cottage, Rydal, from whence De Quincey had, time ago, wooed and won his bride. Therefore, the assertion in *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, by the late Sir Leslie Stephen, is incorrect.

In passing, it may also be noticed that the poet's one volume of verse published

during his lifetime, in 1833, is ignored by Mr. Hudson, and Derwent's 2 vol. 1851 edition of the verse-remains were, so it would seem, equally beneath the notice of William Tirebuck. After this, one may be very thankful that poets do, indeed, "live in their works"; especially so with Hartley Coleridge, whose efforts are—himself; the concentration of his very being into that genius by which he is immortal. His poesy is the language of spiritual longing, the soul-ache of infinite desire, the yearnings of a pious retrospect. Without doubt, he is, next to Shakespeare, the sweetest of sonnet-writers, and, in that form of composition, may be favourably compared with Wordsworth. Indeed, for delicacy of charm, he is the superior; while as to grace, tenderness, sincerity, pathos, and easy flow he stands almost without a rival. As the greatest living authority on this subject has declared—

"Hartley possessed a mind of extreme refinement, in which beautiful thoughts seemed to spring up without any effort, and all his literary work was in the highest degree elegant and symmetrical. . . . His poems are full of graceful beauty and are much too good for oblivion. . . . His sonnets are among the most perfect in the language."

Photograph by *G. P. Abraham, Keswick*

Nab Cottage, Rydal

The younger Coleridge had both the innate modesty, and self-consciousness, born of true poetic fire. His *Dedicatory Sonnet*, "Father and Bard Revered," in the *Poems* of 1833, opens, with fitting diffidence—

. . . My little art of numbers.

Some pages further on he is again alive to circumstances, and modestly declares—

No hope have I to live a deathless name.

On the other hand, however, the voice of inspiration asserts itself and dares him to silence.

Let me not deem that I was made in vain,

he cries; and then, with impulse, rising still higher—

. . . My ship was fraught
With rare and precious fancies, jewels brought
From fairy-land. . . .

Closing finally, in "The Use of a Poet," by—

A thousand thoughts were stirring in my mind.

And so on.

The leading traits, reflectiveness and resignation, are traceable in almost every poem, particularly the sonnets, and express that high wrought temperament and fine spirituality in which the poet stands unique. One or two instances are specially noticeable—

I loved thee once, when every thought of mine
Was hope and joy—and now I love thee still,
In sorrow and despair:
A darkling fire, faint hovering o'er a tomb,
That but itself and darkness nought doth show,
Is my love's being.

Together must we dwell, my dream and I—
Unknown must live, and unlamented die,
Rather than soil the lustre of that face,
Or drive that laughing dimple from its place,
Or heave that white breast with a painful sigh.

These, and a hundred more (for Hartley wrote nearly twice that number of sonnets, elegies, and lyrics), may be referred to as embodying those distinctive characteristics spoken of. The following copyright pieces are given, in further evidence of the same, by permission of the poet's nephew, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge.

Sonnet.

Could I but harmonize one kindly thought,
Fix one fair image in a snatch of song,
Which maids might warble as they tripped along;
Or could I ease the labouring heart, o'erfraught
With passionate truths for which the mind untaught
Lacks form and utterance, with a single line;
Might rustic lovers woo in phrase of mine,
I should not deem that I had lived for nought;
The world were welcome to forget my name,
Could I bequeath a few remembered words—
Like his, the bard that never dreamed of fame,
Whose rhymes preserve from harm the pious birds;
Or his, that dim full many a star bright eye
With woe for Barbara Allen's cruelty.

(The copyright of this sonnet was infringed some years ago.)

To——

Sweet Innocent †—a new year's day to thee
Was no mere sign, but a reality.
And I, who do not in my heart despise
All that some think old-fashioned fantasies,
Think the good token one for thee alone,
Though thy sweet helplessness may part atone
Of evil things that the past year had shown.
But thou may'st be a pledge of hope renewed,
Reward a trial born with fortitude
To all that love thee, pretty flower and gem:
Oh, may'st thou make the new year glad to them.
'Twas well for thee thou wast not first alive
In that ill-omen'd number forty-five;
Year of intestine war, sedition, treason,
Of discontent with such a little reason—
Be thou the swallow of a milder season.

New Year's Day, 1846.

† The little daughter of one of Hartley's Ambleside friends.

On Infancy. A Fragment.

Where dwells the Soul through all the dateless years
Ere the doom'd moment of the Infant's birth?
Comes it a stranger from the radiant spheres,
A naked exile to the shores of earth?

Or was it e'en from nature's natal day
A life in wood, or wild, or sunny stream,
That like a dream would lightly pass away
And still return, a many coloured dream?

Or slept the Spirit in the Almighty mind
Among the forms of fair and awful things,
High in eternal light and love sustained
Beneath the shadow of the Seraph's wings?

Or is the Babe, that feels the hard cold air,
And feeling weeps, so helpless and forlorn,
Abandon'd clean by nature, bald and bare,
That shrinks as if unwilling to be born?

Is the poor Babe a shape without a soul,
A thing of sinews, membranes, humours, nerves,
Whose Being is mere pain, the niggard dole
Of a pernicious power, which barely serves

To cause the little trembling heart to beat,
The countless pulses to preserve their time?
And in a little breath and vital heat
The elemental cause of thought sublime?

Vain is the searching quest that backward goes
To trace the current of our mortal life,
Unseen the fount from which our being flows,
And all our study is but toil and strife.

Pass but a month—the Babe has learn'd to smile,
No more its life is only pain and cries;
Its mother marks full many a simple wile
And finds fond meanings in its laughing eyes.

Photograph by *G. P. Abraham, Kerwick*

Wyke Cottage, Grasmere

Yet many a tear the careful mother sheds
When dubious ills assault that life so frail,
The feverous summer's beam alike she dreads
And the chill whistle of the winter's wail.

Mute as the statue bending o'er the tomb
That seems to watch the endless sleep of death,
She views the slumbering cherub of her womb
And notes the varyings of his honied breath.

* * * * * *

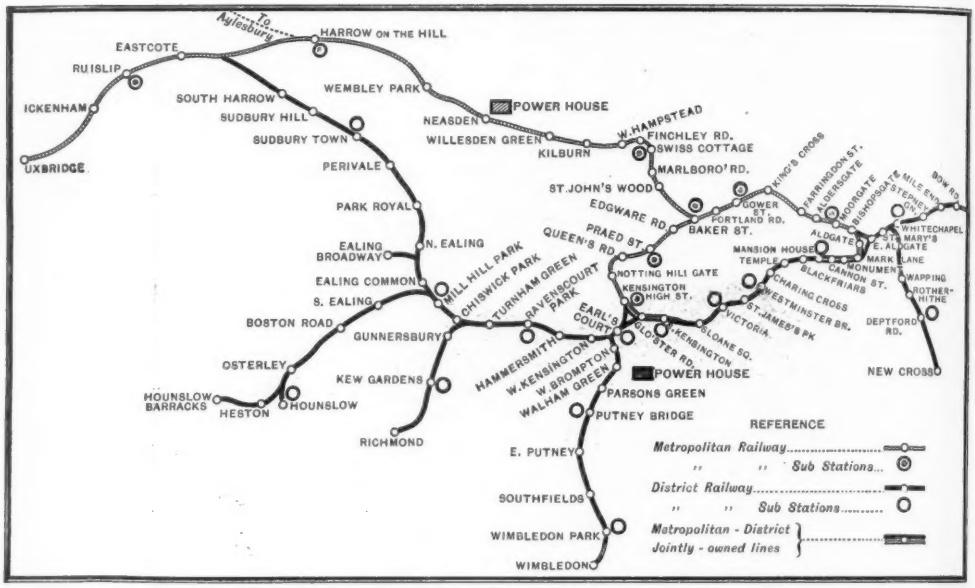
Yes; we do differ when we most agree;
For words are not the same to you and me;
And it may be our several spiritual needs
Are best supplied by seeming-different creeds;
And differing we agree in one
Inseparable communion
If the true life be in our hearts; the faith,
Which not to want is death,
To want is penance, to desire
Is purgatorial fire,
To hope is paradise, and to believe
Is all of heaven which earth can e'er receive.

(This poem was given by the author to Lady Richardson.)

Hartley Coleridge died at the comparatively early age of fifty-two, "untimely old, irreverently grey," as he described himself.

W. BAILEY-KEMPLING.

The Electrification of the Underground Railway



Map showing the Metropolitan and District Railway in Greater London

THE great question agitating the railway world at the present day is. will it pay to electrify ? Before any change from the present system of motive power is made the result must promise either a more economical method of transportation or the provision of such additional facilities that the volume of traffic will be increased. In short, the crux of the problem is the production of an increased net revenue ; will electrification produce this ? The Directors of the Metropolitan and District Railway Companies have decided in their case that it will, hence, the mammoth task of conversion which has been proceeding slowly, but surely, and almost entirely hidden from the public gaze, for the period of three years.

Before proceeding to actualities, let us see how the Metropolitan-District railways came to be built.

Just sixty years ago the overcrowding of the London streets and the consequent difficulty and danger of locomotion had become a theme of agitation in the metropolis. Numberless plans were propounded for the relief of the over-gorged ways in connection with the vehicular circulation of the streets. New thoroughfares were formed and fresh channels of communication were opened, but all to no purpose. In the year 1846, however, when Parliament was being asked to consider the extension of existing railways into the metropolitan area, there arose a projector who proposed, as an alternative, to relieve the traffic of the streets by subterranean means. This bold individual was Mr. Charles Pearson, Solicitor of the Corporation of London. Mr. Pearson suggested several routes which " arcade " or shallow subway railways might follow, radiating from a Grand Central Station in

Farringdon street, and in the end a scheme was propounded "to encircle the metropolis with a tunnel, which was to be in communication with all the railway termini, whether northern, southern, eastern, or western, and so be able to convey passengers, from whatever part of the country they might come, to whatever quarter ot the town they might desire to visit, without forcing them to traverse the streets in order to arrive there; and also to connect with the docks, the river, and the vaults of the Post Office, so as to accelerate the mails, and take all through traffic, not only of passengers, but in a still more important degree, of goods, off the streets."

A Company, styling themselves the Metropolitan Railway Company, were formed to carry the above scheme into effect, and their Act of Parliament was passed in the Session of 1853.

However, the project hung fire till 1860, and the plans had undergone considerable alterations when, in that year, the Great Western Railway Company having subscribed £200,000, with the view of obtaining accesss for their traffic to the city, a start was made with the first section, extending from Bishop's road, or Paddington Junction, as it was then called, to Farringdon street. The first section, 3¾ miles in length, was opened for traffic on January 10th, 1863. So great was the success of the Metropolitan Railway from the very day of its inauguration, that in the next session of Parliament there was such an influx of bills for the proposed formation of railways in connection with the new form of transit in the metropolis, that a Committee of the two Houses were formed to take the whole of the Metropolitan schemes into consideration. Accordingly, after deliberating upon the matter, the Legislature advised the Circle plan, together with various extensions; and another Company, the District Railway, were incorporated, on July 29th, 1864, to construct the railways necessary to complete the southern part of the circle.

It would be too long a business to attempt to describe the slow progress of the Circle and the growth of the extensions into the suburban area which were carried out by the two companies in the course of the ensuing forty years.

Although the business of the Metropolitan and District Railway Companies steadily expanded, the conditions of steam traction on the underground sections hindered it from being developed to a commensurate degree.

The faults inherent to steam traction must be placed under two heads. First, it created a sooty, sulphurous atmosphere, most deterrent to passengers; and second, it possessed certain technical defects, which precluded the attainment of economical working, and circumscribed the traffic capacity of the lines.

The great possibilities offered by electric traction towards solving the transit problems in which steam had failed to give satisfaction began to be realized in this country with the steady, expeditious, and economical working by electric power of the City and South London Tube Railway, opened in 1890, and the Liverpool Overhead Railway, opened in 1893. In 1897 the District Company obtained Parliamentary sanction to work their railway electrically, and in the following year the Metropolitan Company followed suit. In 1899 the two companies experimentally equipped and operated electrically the short stretch of line from High street, Kensington, to Earl's Court. The system adopted was the "third rail" and direct current, as employed by the City and South London, Liverpool Overhead, and Waterloo and City Railways. The experiment proving satisfactory, a joint advisory committee of the two companies were appointed for the purpose of determining the system to be adopted on the Inner Circle. As the trains of each company run round the Circle, it was manifest that only a uniform system would meet requirements. At this juncture a serious rift occurred between the two companies. The District engineers announced themselves satisfied with the direct-current system, while those of the Metropolitan Company embraced a system of three-phase alternating current, proposed by the Ganz Company of Buda-Pesth, as giving promise of increased efficiency,

economy, and convenience. Negotiations of a complex nature followed, but as neither company would give in to the other, Parliament provided for the appointment of a special tribunal to hear evidence, and to report to the Board of Trade, which of the two systems should be adopted for the Inner Circle.

In the summer of 1900 the Central London Railway was opened, and as it offered a shorter route between many points served by the Circle, it soon effected an alarming diminution in the number of passengers carried on the Circle. But the passengers whom the "Twopenny Tube" filched away from the "Underground" were not wholly attracted by the shorter route; a large number withdrew their patronage simply because they preferred the absence of sulphurous fumes and the increased speed, cleanliness, and comfort of the tube railway.

In the autumn of 1901, the "Underground" companies realized that further delay in setting about the electrification of their railways would be attended with disastrous results. Accordingly, they got the special tribunal to work, and after a great deal of expert and other evidence had been heard, the arbitrator, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, K.C., M.P., delivered his finding. He advised the adoption of the Direct Current or Standard system, basing his recommendation on the ground that it was well tried, whereas the Ganz system, so far as a line carrying heavy traffic was concerned, was only experimental.

The Metropolitan Company at once decided to abide by his decision, and, moreover, resolved to adopt the direct-current system for all their lines to be electrificated.

Both Companies began the necessary works in the year 1902, and these have been actively proceeding ever since without the slightest interruption of the ordinary heavy traffic, though on the Circle at least it was only possible to instal the track equipment and the conductors at night, after the trains had stopped running.

Before describing the works of each Company separately, the electrical equipment of the permanent way may be explained, as this is the same for both.

It consists of two conducting rails; the bare one running down the centre of the track being the return or negative conductor, and the protected one at the side, the "live" or positive rail. Both are supported on vitrified porcelain insulators, which will absolutely prevent stray currents from causing electrolytic damage in disturbing telegraphic and other electrical instruments; and to provide electrical continuity are connected together by flexible strips of copper, called "bonds." The "live" rail throughout its length is protected by projecting boards, which should suffice to render it safe from all but wilful tampering.

The generating station of the Metropolitan Railway, situated upon land adjoining the Company's engineering works at Neasden, is one of the largest in the world owned by any one railway company, and is representative of the latest forms of electrical generating and controlling plant. From the 5,000 h.p. Westinghouse steam turbines to the smallest measuring instrument, everything has been designed and carried out on the most modern lines, and with the one end in view of providing a reliable and efficient service in the most economical way.

The greatest amount of interest in the generating station, both to the engineer and the layman, centres round the steam turbine generating units, which are of 5,000 h.p. each. This type of prime mover represents the latest thing in steam practice. In the popular mind it is identified chiefly with marine work, but this is by no means the limit, or even the greater part of its sphere of usefulness. It is now adopted in almost all the large electrical power stations of this country and America, and one may predict with confidence that before many years have passed the inherent advantages of the steam turbine will probably place it far ahead of its rivals to all classes of power work.

Coupled direct to the prime movers are Westinghouse electrical generators, each having a capacity equal to about 14,000 h.p. and capable of supplying 17,000 h.p.

to the track during the "rush" hours, when it is estimated 48 trains per hour will be run on the Circle. They generate a three-phase alternating current, which is delivered at an electrical pressure of 11,000 volts in order that it may be transmitted over long distances with a minimum expenditure in cables. The three-phase high-tension current is led to one of the three switch-board galleries, where it is metered and passed on to the main omnibus bars of the station, flowing from thence to the feeder cables connecting the power-house with the various sub-stations.

The main switchboards are at once an impressive and a beautiful sight. Here the entire output of the station is controlled and measured by the means of Westinghouse switch-gear and instruments, and the latter, mounted upon panels of polished marble, possess a strikingly artistic appearance.

In the interests of the operators' safety all the high-pressure switches are mounted in separate compartments remote from the switch-board panels, their control being effected from this point by aid of electrical mechanism.

Leaving the power station, the next item of interest is the feeder cables which transmit the high tension alternating current to the various sub-stations, there to be reduced in pressure and converted into direct current.

Interior of Neasden Power Station
Westinghouse Turbo-Generators

These cables are laid as follows: When the track is on the surface they run alongside in wooden troughs filled up solid with pitch; and when it is in tunnel or between masonry walls, they are contained in steel conductors, which look like organ pipes, carried along both sides of the walls.

There are in all five distant sub-stations, a sixth being placed in the ground floor of the power-station at Neasden. The

former are situated as follows: Ruislip, Harrow, Finchley Road, Baker Street, Gloucester Road.

Other sub-stations, situated at Bouverie Street, Euston Road, and Moorgate Street, will come into service later as occasion requires.

The operations that go on in these sub-stations are interesting and important in the extreme. The high-pressure alternating current with which they are fed is metered, as such, by special instruments, and then passes through switches that operate in a bath of insulating oil, to the main omnibus bars of the sub-station. From these the current flows through more switches to the lowering transformers (the function of which is economically to reduce or transform the pressure), and leaving them as alternating current at 370 volts, passes through further measuring instruments to what are called rotary converters.

These latter, termed "rotaries" by the engineer, must needs always remain a hopeless puzzle to the lay mind, and suffice it to say that they combine the functions of a motor and a dynamo in one machine, and convert the alternating current that they receive to a direct current at about 600 volts—such as is used to operate the trains. The power that they deliver in this form is conveyed by cables through various switches and meters to the third rail, and picked up by the trains by means of "shoes" suspended from the motor cars. Each motor car has three shoes, which are fixed to a wooden beam underneath. One of the two collecting shoes, according to the direction in which the train is travelling, is kept pressed down by springs upon the "live" rail, and so collects the current, while the third shoe similarly makes contact with the negative rail in the centre of the track, thus forming the terminal of the circuit.

The rolling stock is, of course, the section of the railway in which the traveller is most interested, and it may be safely said that even the most critical will have no fault to find here. Compared with the somewhat gloomy and dirty carriages that one has been used to under the old *régime*, the new cars are indeed a delight. No expense has been spared to render them bright and comfortable, and nothing appertaining to high-class rolling stock has been left out. The seats are arranged both transversely and longitudinally, and sliding doors at the ends and patent swing gates allow speedy access to the platform.

There are two classes, the first, non-smoking, being upholstered in art green moquette, and the third in buffalo hide, while the first-class smoking is carried out in green leather. Every precaution which modern engineering skill can devise has been taken to prevent fire.

The Westinghouse Multiple-Unit control system is used, and instead of locomotives there is a motor car at each end of the train carrying four Westinghouse motors of 150 h.p. each. This represents the latest and best practice, and gives greater accelerating power and less vibration and thumping than the locomotive system.

The Westinghouse Unit-Switch system of control consists of an arrangement of compressed air cylinders and electro-magnets, and the movement of the master controller, a comparatively small piece of apparatus, operates in correct order all the switches in the turret controller, carried under the car, allowing any desired speed to be quickly and economically attained, and preventing automatically every mistake in operation that the motor man can make.

Should the motor man from any cause, such as accident or sudden illness, let go his handle, the current is automatically cut off and the train comes to a standstill.

On January 1st, 1905, the Metropolitan Company began operating trains electrically between Baker Street, Harrow, and Uxbridge; but the system could not be extended to their part of the Circle, viz., the northern part, amounting to about 7¾ miles, as the District Company were behindhand with their share of the works.

The total route mileage of the lines being electrificated by the District Company is 27¾, of which only the southern part of the Circle, viz., from Gloucester Road to Aldgate, 5½ miles in length, is "underground."

However, the District Company were the first to operate electrically a portion

of their system. On July 6th, 1903, they opened their extension from Ealing Common to South Harrow, 6¼ miles in length, with an electric train service, the power being derived from a small temporary generating station at Alperton, containing the plant which had been used for the jointly-conducted experiments between Earl's Court and Kensington in 1899.

The District Company's Generating Station, in Lot's Road, Chelsea, is the property of the Underground Electric Railways of London Company. It is the largest in the world, for not only will it supply energy to the underground and surface lines of the District, but also to three tube railways, and any outside purchaser in want of power. These tube lines, which cut across the Circle at various points, are as follows: (1) Baker Street and Waterloo, with extensions to Bishop's Road, and the Elephant and Castle, length 5 miles; (2) Great Northern, Piccadilly, and Brompton, from Finsbury Park to Hammersmith *viâ* Holborn, whither a branch runs to the Strand, total length of line, 10 miles; and (3) Charing Cross, Euston, and Hampstead, length 8 miles. Communication between the various tubes and the District system proper will be established as follows: The Baker Street and Waterloo will interchange traffic with the Great Northern, Piccadilly, and Brompton, at Piccadilly Circus; and the Great Northern, etc., will link up with the Charing Cross, Euston and Hampstead, at Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square, and with the District Railway, near Hammersmith. It should be explained that by the Act of 1902 the Brompton and Piccadilly Circus Tube, as promoted by the District Company, and forming part of the District Deep Level scheme for an express route underneath the existing line between Earl's Court and the Mansion House, took over the powers, rights, and undertaking of the Great Northern and Strand Tube, and the name was changed to the present one. It was then decided to proceed with the Deep level scheme only as between South Kensington Station and Hammersmith, or, rather, the new

Motor Car of Train on the Metropolitan District Railway
(Sprague Thomson-Houston Multiple Unit Control)

station of Baron's Court, west of Earl's Court, where the tube railway comes to the surface, and lies parallel to the District line.

All that has been said of the Neasden Power Station also applies to the District Company's Station, save, of course, that everything connected with the latter is on a much larger scale. The British Westinghouse Company have built and nstalled the whole of the steam turbo-generating units, eight in number, which are direct-coupled to 3-phase alternators, the normal capacity of each set being 7,500 kilowatts. When completed, the Chelsea Power House will have a normal output capacity of 60,000 horse power, with a very considerable margin for over-loads.

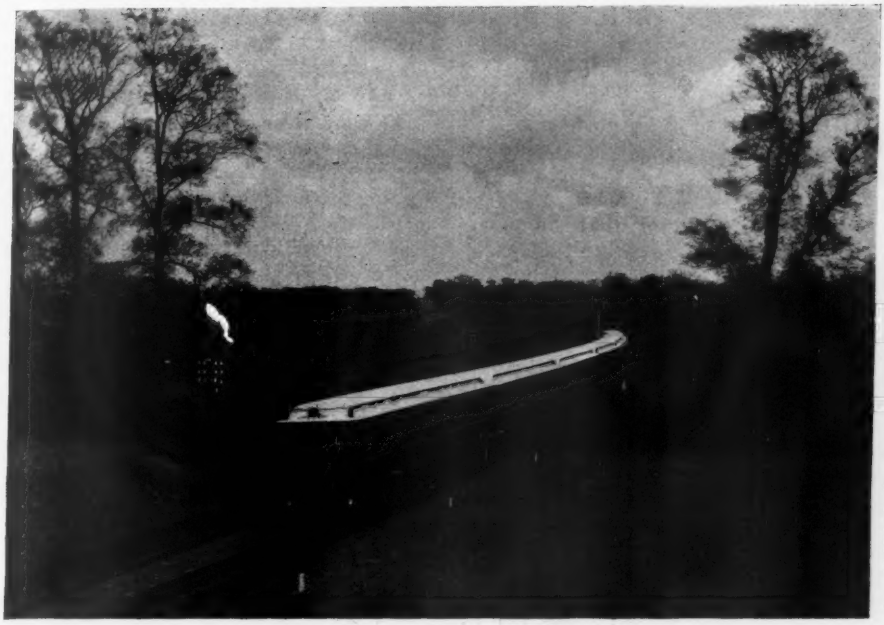
A most important and extremely interesting department of both Generating Stations is the mechanical coal and ash conveying plant, which feeds the boiler furnaces without the necessity for handling the coal after leaving the Company's barges or trucks. Similarly, the ashes are mechanically dealt with. At Chelsea the coal will be delivered from barges, passing through a lock on the Thames into Chelsea Creek. Two overhead electric cranes straddle the wharf, and each drops a grab, which lifts out a ton of coal at a time, and passes it on to the mechanical coal conveyer. The latter apparatus consists of a large number of coal receptacles hinged on to an endless chain, running the entire length of the boiler-house over the cold storage bunkers, that hold 15,000 tons apiece. It should be understood that at Neasden the same conveyer mechanically deals with the coal and also the ashes, returning below the floor to the ash cellar, while at Chelsea there is a distinct railway line running with a sustained procession of trucks for the purpose. From the bunkers the coal slips through the shoots into the furnaces, 140 feet below, and while doing so is mechanically weighed and recorded, so that the quantity of fuel consumed by each boiler can be observed at all times. At Chelsea the approximate amount of coal to be consumed per day is 800 tons. There are no less than 80 mammoth water-tube boilers, arranged in batteries, eight boilers to a battery, and each boiler is fitted with mechanical-forced draught stoker, which regulates the supply of coal to the furnaces.

Lastly, this vast Power House contains nearly a mile of switch-boards, arranged in three galleries, and is equipped with four lofty chimneys, each 275 feet in height.

From Lot's Road the 11,000 volt current —the highest voltage yet used commercially—will be delivered in bulk to Earl's Court, and thence radiate through 64 pipes, embedded in concrete, to the 23 sub-stations, where the pressure will be reduced by transformers, and then converted into direct current at the line pressure of about 600 volts by Westinghouse rotary converters. Fourteen of the sub-stations serve the District lines, and nine the tube railways which the affiliated Underground Electric Railways Company of London control. The outposts of the former are located at Sudbury, Hounslow, Kew Gardens, Wimbledon Park, and Deptford.

The District Company have carried out their own track-equipment, which has already been described.

Turning to the new rolling stock, 60 trains, or a total of 420 cars, are being built. Each train will consist of 7 cars, made up of 3 motors, one at each end and another in the centre of the train, and four trailers. The motor car for the end of a train has a luggage compartment as well as the motor-man's compartment, while the type of motor-car for use in the centre has a motor-man's compartment at each end. This arrangement permits of a seven-car train being split up into two or three separate units, according to traffic exigencies. The cars are 50 feet long, 12 feet 4 in. in height, and 8 ft. 4 in. wide inside. The seats are nearly all arranged longitudinally, and there is a broad corridor down the centre. It will be noticed that in addition to the gate platforms at both ends, the cars have sliding doors in the middle. The latter, however, can only be opened from the outside, and will be reserved as emergency exits. After a series of trials with experimental trains, the District Company decided to entrust the British Thomson-Houston Company, of Rugby, with the entire contract for the



A District Trial Train running at 40 miles an hour

train control equipments. Accordingly, the motor cars are provided with the Sprague Thomson-Houston Unit control system, which permits the same manipulation of the train as of an ordinary tramcar, and gives the motor-man direct control of all the motors on the train at all times. Each motor car carries two motors, of 175 horse-power each, geared to the two axles of the bogie truck.

In view of the more strenuous conditions caused by the increased density of the traffic planned, the "Underground" lines, and the whole of the remaining part of the District Railway, will be equipped with electro-pneumatic automatic signals, whereby the strain on the signalmen inseparable from such a service is abolished, and the safety of passengers is thus rendered independent of the personal equation. In addition, an automatic "stop" prevents trains from over-running "home" signals. This consists of an iron arm between the track rails, actuated by a compressed air motor acting in unison with the adjoining signal motor. When the signal goes to "danger," this arm is elevated to a position in which it engages with a cock on the air brake system of the train, and thus the brakes are instantly and automatically applied, if, for any reason, the driver should over-run the signal.

Lastly, the "underground" lines intend thoroughly to cleanse their tunnels, and are reconstructing their stations, with concrete platforms, and the entire abolition of woodwork, in order to eliminate all risks of fire.

H. G. ARCHER.

Parables of Jesus

VI—The Talents (*S. Matt. xxv.* 14-30)

THE parables of the Ten Virgins and of the Talents are so closely connected both in the order of S. Matthew's narration and in their own inner meaning that we must pass at once from the former to the latter. Last month the parables of the Ten Virgins taught us the necessity of keeping the inward spiritual life true and fresh. It was a call to spiritual renewal. Now, we are to learn from the parable of the Talents that a real spiritual life must manifest itself in vigorous and efficient service. The true object of "salvation," of inner rightness with God, is not to save one's own soul, but to do God service; it is not that we may be secure, but that God may be glorified. We are saved in order that we may serve: and if we refuse the service we may lose the salvation. Many a spiritual "revival" has led to disappointment and even shame because this elementary truth has been forgotten.

In this parable, as it has been truly said,* "Christ represents Himself to us under the figure of what we should call an exacting man of business of the best type." Such a figure may at first sight surprise us. But our ordinary human experience teaches us that it must be true. Strictness is the truest kindness. An indulgent master demeans and spoils his servants. A strict master honours and raises them by entrusting even the meanest with a definite responsibility, and expecting him to fulfil it. So God's justice is part of His love. Because He loves He trusts: He invests His servants with the honour of responsibility; and because He trusts His claims are high and His demands exacting. His love gives responsibility; His justice demands efficiency of service. We dishonour God if we think of His Love as a mere tolerant good nature; God would dishonour us if He accepted indifferent and casual service.

* "Bishop Gore's Charge to the Diocese of Worcester," p. 1.

The central figure in the parable is the idle and timorous servant. Our Lord often surprises us by selecting for special warning those whom the world would be ready to excuse or even to admire. Here we would expect Him to select one of those to whom great opportunities were given as His example of the abuse of trust. As for this obscure servant, with his one poor talent—he is respectable, he is honest, he is neither wasteful nor fraudulent; he is only distrustful of himself, diffident, and unambitious. Surely he might be excused. But no: it is just he who is sent into "the outer darkness." His very diffidence is turned against him—if he was not large-minded enough to understand his Master's purpose, or brave-spirited enough to make ventures in His cause, at least his very fear might have impelled him to be active (v. 25). It is true that God's claim is always in proportion to the opportunity He gives: that to whom little is given of him little shall be required. But the lesson of the parable is that that little shall be required exactly and with interest. Are there not thousands of quiet, respectable men and women, who shelter themselves behind the obscurity of their lives and the smallness of their endowments, and never venture forth under the pressure of a great ideal, and contentedly believe that God cannot expect open and strenuous service from them? It would never occur to them that they of all people were in special danger of the doom of the outer darkness.

Consider, first, our use of natural gifts or endowments. It is by a true instinct of interpretation that our common English speech has borrowed from this parable the word "talents." The phrase is itself a good sermon. It teaches us that these natural endowments are given to us by our Maker and Master on trust that we shall improve them, educate them, put them out to trade; and this, not for

our own sake only, but for His glory. It is this thought which gives to all true education a religious value and sanction. To educate ourselves is part of the duty which we owe to God, and any education in which men wilfully stop short of the best, fullest possible, is not religious education. Religious education is not merely instruction in religion; it is the utmost development of our faculties of which we are capable for the glory of God. Life is, therefore, one long continuation school, and every true servant of God must be one of its scholars. I may most confidently say that no one who reads these pages is without some natural gift or capacity, however humble, some special taste or aptitude of mind or body. If it be only one, it is a talent with which we are to trade that it may be increased. Christian people have special need of the reminder that the development of natural talent is an integral part of Christian service. For on the cross of Christ human life was not crucified, but made capable of consecration. Christ came that we might have life, and have it more abundantly. It is worth while to think that among the questions of the great day of account not the least disquieting to religious people may be those which ask what they have done with the natural talents committed to their charge.

2. Consider, secondly, our use of spiritual endowments. Here, again, we cannot honestly plead that we have none. The very instinct of religion is itself one—one which raises the humblest man to a point in the scale of creation immeasurably higher than the noblest animal. It is this instinct of religion which we are asked to strengthen and deepen by care and thought and effort. Is it not true that the average Englishman is sensible of the need of hard work in every other sphere of life except religion? Elsewhere he is strenuous and active: there he is curiously indolent. He seems to think that religion requires nothing more for its sustenance than occasional feelings or a few acts of dutiful observance. It is true, of course, that its source is the Spirit of God, but in this, as in all His gifts, the Spirit of God requires the co-operation of the Spirit of man. It is true that we are inheritors of the Kingdom of God, but it is only by the output of thought and will that we realize our heritage. Let us apply this truth to two necessary parts of religion—study and prayer.

(1) *Study.* How many of us can say at this moment that we are engaged in some definite study of a Book of the Bible or of a section of Christian doctrine? Are we not apt to take some limited point of Christian truth—the tradition in which we were brought up, the presentment of Christian doctrine to which we are accustomed, it may be the truth which first appealed to us—and "bury it in the earth," keeping jealous guard over it, almost suspecting any addition to it! But there is no Christian truth, however simple, which would not, if only we thought it out and "traded" with it, lead us by its own kinship with them to other truths, wider, deeper and, higher. We must "follow on," by thought and study, "to know the Lord." Otherwise we stand in danger of losing even the talent which we had—and what was once a truth becomes, often without our knowing it, a form. "For unto every one that hath shall be given; but from him that hath not even that which he hath shall be taken away."

(2) *Prayer.* No one surely can deny that he has the instinct of prayer. Even among the least religious it proves itself to be, in times of anxiety or sorrow, almost invincible. In its simplest form it is a gift most wonderful—a token of the kinship which, deep-set in the very elements of being, binds the children to the Father. Yet how little trouble we take to improve our power of prayer, how feeble are the ventures of faith or perseverance which we throw into it! We know the excuses which are ready upon our lips, "I find my prayers so difficult, so unreal. I have no power of imagination, or thought, or expression. If God expects from me eager and fervent prayers, He is asking for bricks where He has not given the straw." It is the very plea of the slothful servant; and, like him, we are content merely to keep the talent, to be

satisfied with some routine of prayer as a duty for the day. But are we to expect that we can compass a thing so wonderful as converse with God without patient and persevering effort? Let us lay the truth to heart, that what God values, in prayer, what He most certainly rewards, is not the immediate fervour of feeling, but the loyal setting of the will towards Himself. We are often nearest God when we *feel* Him least. For prayer which perseveres in spite of dryness of feeling is for that very reason a real venture of faith. As such it earns its interest, the interest of added strength of will, clearness of purpose, peace of conscience. The mere act of prayer, if only a sincere will is behind it, is as it were a hand stretched out in the darkness to God. His Hand will meet it even if we do not feel the grasp. To one who was in trouble because of the want of any felt satisfaction in prayer, a wise man said: "If you have not gained a sense of the Presence of God, you have gained the next best thing, a sense of His absence." To realize the desire for God, is to have that hunger of the soul which He is pledged to satisfy, and this of itself lifts a man far above the mass who neither know the joy of God's presence nor feel the pain of His absence.

3. Consider, thirdly, and chiefly, the use of our opportunities for active service in the Kingdom of God. There is no question that by our baptism our life stands under the pledge of service. It is not the privilege of the few, but the duty of all. The living Christ is ever in the van of all efforts to rescue and redeem the world, and every Christian must be there at His side. He cannot be "in Christ" sharing his victory without being "with Christ" sharing the toil of His service. No man can be in the true sense a Christian who does not know and keep some definite place in the labours of Christ's Kingdom. For some Talent, some opportunity of influence, some chance of work we all possess. God never set any man in any part of His universe without setting some opportunity of service at his side. Whatever it may be, we are to begin there and work in a great spirit.

What is wanting is not the work, but the vigilance to see it, the readiness to welcome it, the eagerness to do it. Men are so apt to plead—"I am so unimportant; my gifts are so few; I am beset by temptations; I find it hard enough to keep my own life straight." But such excuses only echo the plea of the slothful servant; and they lead to the outer darkness. Or, when we have undertaken some work, we are so easily depressed and discomfited. "The difficulties are too great; the failures are manifest; there seems to be no result; it is not worth while to go on struggling with the impossible for ever!" Thus, we lose hope and energy and vigilance for new chances, and readiness for new ventures, and sink back into some mere routine of duty, where at least we are within the region of the possible. But in God's sight the worth of our life is never the success which it secures, but always the spirit which it puts forth. We are better men if we fail in a high endeavour than if we succeed in a meagre one. The great thing is to be up and doing, to be strengthening the world's hard upward course, and resisting its easy downward course, by the resolute output of faith and effort.

There are many signs that we have come to a time in the history of God's Kingdom when it is just the acts of quiet, individual, personal service which are specially needed. We have too long entrusted the work of the Kingdom to particular classes, such as the clergy, to schemes and societies, and all sorts of public organizations. The comparative failure of these public and official efforts must compel us to summon a power higher and stronger than any which they possess —the power of personal influence. Never was charity so widespread and enthusiastic, but alas! at least in our great cities, it has done almost as much to degrade as it has done to raise the poor. And why? Because it has neglected the one really strong power of uplifting—personal care and thought and persistence. We are anxious, in the midst of endless controversies, as to the future of religious education in our schools. Is not this very anxiety meant to send us back to God's own appointed

school, the Home, and to His own appointed Teachers, the parents, that we may make both efficient?

Here then it is—in this region of small things and personal efforts, of single talents—that we are to make our ventures of faith. There is no truth more wonderfully borne out by experience than that the one talent when put out to trade in a spirit of faith and prayer grows in value. Almost all the great movements which have revived religion and relieved the poverty and suffering of this world have arisen from small beginnings used in a courageous and faithful spirit. To come to a humbler level, could any opportunity of service seem less than that of a poor mechanic, condemned for long years to his bed by a distressing and incurable illness? Yet I have known such a man make his sick-room the centre of a remarkable and wide-spread spiritual influence among all classes of men, and collect in a single year, while he himself for his own wants depended partly on poor relief, more than one hundred pounds for the work of Christ's Church. These surely are the servants whom the King delights to honour. There are two surprises—one may venture to think—which await us in the day when the Lord returns to make His reckoning with His servants. One, the place of honour given to plain, simple men and women, who put a great spirit of service into humble opportunities; the other, the open and tragic shame of multitudes of feeble, self-centred, respectable lives, who buried their talents in dull and complacent routine. In the spiritual world, the path of ease and safety is the path of peril; for, in the noble words of Samuel Rutherford, "the safest way, I am persuaded, is to tyne (or lose) and win with Christ, and to hazard fairly for Him; for heaven is but a company of noble venturers for Christ."

If—but only if—we are thus trading zealously and eagerly with our talents, 'hazarding fairly for Christ," then even we can venture sometimes to look forward to the great words of the Lord of Life, words in which life on this scene finds its crown and consummation, words whose very sound is music in the march of duty—"Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Even here, as bodily exercise sends a glow of health and delight into all the limbs, so resolute and brave-hearted service brings into the very midst of toil and stress a deep sense of joy—the joy of one who knows that what he does is infinitely worth doing.

And if there be any worker in the world who can sing a song of courage it is the fellow-worker with Christ; for he, above all men, knows that "his labour is not in vain in the Lord." Yet, after all, these moments of joy are but foretastes of that which is to come—rather, airs cheering and inspiriting, reaching us in the plain from the high lands where the joy of God is the abiding atmosphere. When the time comes, it is into that joy of his Lord that the faithful servant is ushered, the joy of "heaven" of the life where God's will is eternally done. His Purpose eternally fulfilled, His rest eternally assured. As Leighton beautifully said:* "It is but little we can receive here, some drops of joy that enter into us; but there we shall enter into joy, as vessels put into a sea of happiness." It is a thought which we can only dare to frame for ourselves in the pauses of resolute and unceasing service; but when it rises before us, the thrill of expectancy which it arouses sends into all the labour a spirit at once of ardour and of peace. The other day I received a letter from a stalwart labourer in dockyard and church, whose terse words I would pass on to my readers as a summary of all that makes work worth doing and toil worth bearing—"Cheer up, dear sir, there is rest ahead: we shall soon hear the 'Come up' and the 'Well done.'"

C. G. STEPNEY.

* Quoted by Trench, p. 278.

Among the Wild Flowers

A LAVISH summer paints our gardens in colours of Oriental splendour. We love this brilliant wealth of colour, and love the summer too for bestowing it. But, also, because it is given to man to be keenly alive to the effect of sudden contrasts, how good it is to turn away for a day and spend the time among the shyer flowers of field and wood.

We gather the wildings of the spring, but, for the most part, we leave untouched the wild summer flowers: for these—and we take them from their green setting, loose too much of their charm.

The Rock Roses in our gardens are beautiful enough, but they have not the same Nature-look about them as some I know growing down a sunny lane. They can never get quite that look if garden-planted, and I willingly take my long walk to see them, as they grow with only Nature's handling. So yellow, so full of sunlight, the garden Rock Roses are never quite so dear as these wildings. Sun-lovers, of course, they are, as their name Helianthemum declares! It is not only the sight of them pleases me, but the year through there is the memory of them as I see them in the June sunshine. I like to remember them, just as Wordsworth loved to make memory pictures of Daffodils—

> "In vacant or in pensive mood
> They flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude,
> And then my heart with pleasure fills
> And dances with the Daffodils."

Long Purples

We do not need to be told the month that Ophelia wove her garland. Four kinds of flowers composed it—Crow Flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and Long Purples. The first three might have been plucked through many months, but the Long Purples are flowers of May days only, for they are the Purple Orchises of our woodlands that flower with the wild blue Hyacinths. Shakespeare gives them the most pleasing of their old-fashioned, homely names, for sometimes they were known as "Dead man's hands." Indeed, an old writer has tried to read the emblematic significance of flower language into this wreath of wildings. "Crow-flowers," he says, "is a species of lychnis. The English name is meadow lychnis, or meadow campion. It is sometimes found double in our own hedge-rows, but more commonly in France; and in this form we are told by Parkinson it was called Fayre Mayde." This then is his rendering: "Fayre Mayde (crow-flowers) stung to the quick (nettles) her virgin bloom (daisies) under the cold hand of death (long purples,) or dead man's hands."

Ah these old-world names how good they are by which to know the flowers! But the old names are many of them passing into the limbo of a forgotten past. No longer are the wild plants sought by every villager for the making of cordials and medicines. The old books of herbs

and simples grow dusty on the shelves, and men pay their weekly dole into the doctor's club instead of seeking their own remedies for simple ills. Philip Millar, in his "Gardener's Kalendar," in one month alone, makes a list of over one hundred—"medicinal plants which now may be gathered for use." It is worth noting that for the most part these are wild plants, and that he speaks of them by their familiar names. But unsought as they are now-a-days, the less showy of the wild plants are often also unnamed by the country folks: these do not know their botanical names, and the old homely ones have, in many cases, passed with a generation that has gone. There is much to read behind the old names, something of old-world thought, and manner, and of old-world sentiment. There is a distinct pleasure in being able to give the old-fashioned names to the wildings as we pass them by; these names often put us on closer and more familiar terms with them. Who is there who comes upon the sturdy upstanding Erysimum will ever view it in the same light if unable to hail it as "Jack-by-the-Hedge" or "Sauce Alone"? And it adds to the pleasure if the April woods show amid the wild Wood Anemones a clump here and there, of "Good King Henry," or "All Good," as sometimes this Mercury was called. It is welcome if only that it bears these old names.

Wood Anemones

The arum, too, has an extra charm if we can give it the quaint old title of "Wake Robin"—the name that goes so much farther back into the past than the still familiar "Lords and Ladies." You may pick a handful of the wild plants within the space of a few yards—Archangels, Chivers, Henbit, Fluellin—but call them by these names, and few now-a-days will identify them.

The summer day that you spend among the wild flowers may well be when Purple Loosestrife is in blossom. The royal wilding of July and August is this; and our English streams would miss much if the sister flowers—the Loosestrife and the Meadow Sweet never flowered along their banks. There always seems to be the spell of mystery beside the spell of beauty in *purple* flowers — in the June Foxgloves first, and then in the August Loosestrife. Purple flowers should always be in the half shade to love them best, and the low sun should catch them under the woodland tree, or under the willow branches by the stream side. For as it is with the one, so it is with the other, they grow in beauty as the day grows, and it is when the shadows lengthen and the sun shines on the purple that they are loveliest. You must know the lanes, and water-ways, the hills, and meadows at all hours rightly to know the many phases of beauty the flowers pass through; there is the beauty of the hour as much as the beauty of the season.

There is a bit of colouring that almost is held sacred by Englishmen—golden grain, and red Poppies between the corn stalks. Thousands of miles from England the sight speaks of home, and a man's heart softens to it. But there is another

pleasure the sight may yield us—a bit of literary association that is full of charm. It speaks to us of Keats; we may think of corn and Poppies in his words, and feel tempted to hold the "poppied corn" sacred to his name. How he loved them—these red Poppies, and time and again makes mention of them! "Sacred dittany and Poppies red"—he has, and again,—"through the dancing Poppies stole a breeze most softly lulling"—and yet again—"when I wandered from the poppy hill." If we think of it we may well be grateful to the Poppies and those other flowers that grow amid the corn; for much of the sentiment and beauty of the cornfields had been lost if no flowers grew there.

It is one of the subtler pleasures of the day to come upon some of the rarer of our wildings: the great patch of white, in some green hedge way, which at close quarters resolves itself into the wild Guelder Rose in blossom is something to be remembered with gladness.

In this neighbourhood the Meadow Saxifrage is not very plentiful, but on that account is the greater pleasure in the finding. I know only one spot, the warm

Wild Pinks

green shoulder of earth between two gravel pits where may be found growing wild the tiny rose-coloured Pink; and only one bank that gives us the *yellow* flowered Nettle. But for each of these, to see them in their beauty, an expedition is made. The sight of them has so much of pleasure in it, that it were a pity to lose it.

Woodruffe

The kind of people who pass along and never notice the Wild Pink or the Saxifrage at their feet are those who are prone to regard all the lesser wild flowers as weeds. These little guess that their garden flowers have many near relations growing wild; that England can boast her wild Campanulas, wild Erigerons, Mignonette, Iberis, Cinerarias and Dianthuses, to mention but a few.

Old customs are woven about many of our wildings, and the sight of Woodruffe may remind us how on St. Barnabas' Day (June 11th) garlands of this plant were hung in churches and houses, and that on this day of—

"Barnaby Bright,
The longest day and shortest night."

it was so hung, and put into the wine drunk, "to make men merry."

That idea of hanging up garlands of flowers on certain days was a very delightful one, and Midsummer Eve—the Vigil of the Nativity of St. John Baptist—Stow tells us was another of these occasions—"on this night every man's door was shadowed with Green Birch, long Fennel, St. John's Wort, Orpine, White Lilies and such like, garnished upon with garlands of

beautiful flowers, had also lamps of glass, with oil burning in them all the night."

Superstition has not left our wild flowers untouched. The possession of Fern seed was supposed to have the magic power of making him who carried it invisible, provided it was gathered on Midsummer Eve. Orpine flowers were called "Midsummer Men," and were stuck into pots on this same saint's eve; and whether the leaves turned to the right or left, so might a maiden tell whether her lover was true or false. It was believed that the seeds of Henbane had a curiously irritable effect upon human beings. A certain married couple, we are told by an old writer, discovered that invariably they quarrelled if they sat in "the best parlour." At last they decided that the room was bewitched, but when later they discovered a head of Henbane seed they recognised this at once as the irritating cause.

And then there is the *history* of our wild flowers, the story of individual plants through the world's long ages! Some of these stories are marvellously interesting, and the knowledge of them adds wonderfully to our love, and indeed our reverence for them.

I do root up the Dandelions that grow in my garden, but never without a twinge of conscience in the doing, for in greater degree than other flowers they have the mystery of time upon them. Long ages before the earth bore her Roses and her Lilies on her broad breast, Dandelions grew. They belong to the earliest of all the orders of small flowering plants. But Dandelions have not always been as we see them now; they have passed through many stages since those ages gone by when they were possessed of five petals arranged in circular form as at first they appeared. And there is to remember, too, about the Golden Dandelions—the Lion's Teeth—that their seed is carried hither and thither of the wind. A wanderer on the face of the earth is the Dandelion—wide apart as Japan and India, America and England it is to be found, and somehow this fact makes us look upon the yellow flowers with the affection that we bestow on those things that have the touch of mystery upon them.

F. M. WELLS

Wild Linaria—Toad Flax

No Conspiracy

THE Honourable Peregrine Donne is a young man who plays Providence to many of those persons from all parts of the earth who make haste to be rich and then rush upon London. He is in fact a maker of marriages to London, since he knows on the one hand all the young men who have titles and nothing else, or who expect titles and nothing else, and, on the other, all the charming gold-fish who swarm to England from overseas. These he brings together, and he says he has made as many marriages as a Gretna Green blacksmith, or a Chaplain of the Fleet. He is as naughty as a schoolboy, as wise as an owl, as good-looking as our imperfect civilisation permits him to be, and as poor as skim milk. All the newly rich think him perfect; he delights in their quaint solecisms, at the same time that they adore his joyous laugh and his social standing; and he has very narrowly escaped marrying several of their daughters himself.

It is just a year since he was engaged in trying to play Providence in a really difficult case. The contracting parties, as the lawyers say, only in this case he could not contract them, were a terribly rich woman from New Zealand with a pretty niece and his own particular friend, Lord Eustace Benison. Mrs. Adams's wealth was so great that it was even alarming to think of, and she was even more vulgar than she was rich.

Eustace Benison was one of those persons who are so delightful that no one is envious of them. His only fault was that he entirely declined to know people of the kind of Perry's *protégés*. Perry would have been very glad to do him this good turn because he was such a charming fellow to borrow from. But since he no longer had much to lend, he was losing his usefulness, though not his charm. An arrangement with this little niece, Perry clearly saw, would meet all requirements of the case, his own as well as his friend's. But Eustace firmly declined to be arranged. He merely said that he had never met Mrs. Adams and her niece and he never meant to. Perry pointed out, almost with tears, how it was for his own good, and entreated him to remember the hundred happy marriages which he had already arranged.

"Verulam drinks, Charlie Bentinck can't live with his wife," Eustace began, counting on his fingers, "Lady Alison always has her unspeakable relations staying with her, poor old Chalmers is getting a —"

"All their own fault!" cried Perry. "Can *I* help all that? I did my best. But this little girl, I assure you——"

Lord Eustace shook his head and walked out of the Club.

At this stubborn point in the affair Perry almost despaired. He was thinking it over one morning as he walked across Kensington Gardens to lunch with some rich people whom he was intending to transplant to the side of the park which he considered the right side, thinking how hard it was to be thwarted when he wanted to do good, when he saw on the ground before him a little oblong white thing. He passed it by, and then it seemed to call to him from behind. He stood still and said to himself that it was absurd; then he said, "Why not?" and then, "One never knows," and turned about and picked it up. It was Eustace Benison's card.

Looking round, he saw under the trees not far away Eustace himself, sitting with a delightful girl. He only saw the back of her head, but he could tell that she was delightful—by Eustace's sitting with her, for one thing.

"So that is why he won't have Mrs. Adams and her niece," he said to himself, and stalked on.

He was extremely angry with Eustace, and he said that it was most sneaking of him not to bring forward this very excellent reason and fight fair. He almost made up his mind that he would not try to help him any more.

As he went on, twirling the card in his angry fingers, he passed Mrs. Adams's house. A sudden thought darted through

He saw Eustace sitting with a delightful girl

him. He stood still again, and again he said, "Why not?" and added, "It would serve him right!" Then he hesitated no longer, and went and dropped the card into Mrs. Adams's letter-box, and almost ran away like a little boy who has pulled the bell. As he went he said to himself in a justifying tone, "*She* won't know what's right, morning or afternoon, letter-box or not. And it may prevent him from throwing himself away on an unknown penniless girl. It's for his good, and it's a noble thing to do it in spite of his stupid obstinacy."

As he came back from his lunch he met Lord Eustace. Eustace looked at him for a moment and then said—

"I saw you crossing the Gardens this morning. And now you know why I can't think of Mrs. Adams and her niece."

"Ass," said Perry quietly.

"It's hideous, it's impossible, to think of marrying for money when you have met such a girl as that."

"There are as many charming girls in the sea," said Perry, with some stiffness, "as have ever been taken from it. Who is she?"

"She is the daughter of a clergyman in the country, and she is staying in London with a relative."

"Oh," was all Perry said, and he groaned in saying it. "A penniless parson's daughter when there is a bankful of money you could have—nothing less than a bankful."

"Money!"

"Oh, of course," said Perry; "we all despise it." A minute after he said again, in a tone of great sadness, "Ass," and went mournfully on his way.

Later in the afternoon they met again at a house where they were both calling. Eustace went up to Perry and said, as though he was continuing a conversation—

"And I mean to marry her and no one else."

Then he walked to the other side of the room and felt magnificent. While he was still feeling magnificent a very fat and grand woman came up to him and put out her hand. She had large hands and small gloves. Besides that she had a large mouth and small eyes, and her voice was large and her "h's" very small indeed.

"I am so glad to meet you, Lord Eustace," she said. Her smile spread all over her face in fat wrinkles. "It was so kind of you to call on me."

He wondered if she were mad. Her eyes sparkled queerly, but he was not in the mood to humour her.

"I am afraid that there is some mistake," he said as kindly as he could.

"Ain't you Lord Eustace Benison?"

"Yes—I am—at present—" He was so much bewildered that he was not able to make any stronger assertion.

"Oh, of course you'll be something else some day." In this she was wrong, but she did not know her Peerage. "But if you're him now there's no mistake."

"But——?"

"Because I'm Mrs. Adams. So, you see, it's all right!"

He shrank. "Still I don't understand," he stammered.

"I'm so sorry that my niece is not with me, but you must make each other's acquaintance soon."

She was not mad. He saw that plainly enough. He wished she had been. He felt that she was thoroughly determined, and his doom seemed to march upon him, and he saw the air full of horrible wedding-rings.

"I have allowed her to go to the Guildhall with my maid. She is ridiculously fond of pictures. Are you fond of pictures, Lord Eustace?"

"Yes—Oh, no, *no!*"

"Then I shall tell her she is wrong. But when can you come——?"

"Shall I get you some tea?" he asked suddenly.

He took her down to the tea-room, which was full of struggling people. He found her a seat in the densest corner. He gave her tea and the richest cake he could find, and then he went downstairs and found his hat and walked straight out of the house.

At the next place to which he went he met Perry again.

"What is this abominable conspiracy? What have you done?"

"Done?" said Perry. "Done?"

'You have told this terrible woman that I have called or am going to call on her."

"I've done nothing of the kind!"

"I tell you once for all that I shall marry no one in the world but Miss Cynthia Dawn, and——"

Something like lightning flashed over Perry's face. He slided swiftly away into the crowd, with his handkerchief nearly all over him. "Cynthia Dawn!" he said to himself, chuckling and choking. "Cynthia Dawn! Ha! Ha!"

From here Eustace walked along Knightsbridge. Between Hyde Park Corner and Sloane Street he met Mrs. Adams, also on foot. She came straight up to him and held out her hand again.

"I am in luck," she cried, smiling as a pleased codfish might smile. "Don't hurry away. I've plenty of time. I was just thinking that if you came to dinner—"

"Pardon me," he said, "but this is my omnibus."

He heard a murmur of "Which night—" and then, "mine too," on the air behind him, but he sprang upon the omnibus and ran upstairs.

Then the 'bus slowed down, and looking over, he saw that Mrs. Adams had hailed it, and was running, actually running, to catch it. He trembled before her determination, but she did not attempt to mount to the top. She knew what was impossible to her when the question was one of weights and measures, though there was nothing else in the world which could set her a limit.

When the conductor came up to take the fares, Eustace asked him where the omnibus went to, for it has to be confessed that he was not much acquainted with omnibuses. He was one of those young men who have so little money that they cannot travel in omnibuses or in third-class carriages as very rich people can afford to do.

"Whitechapel, sir."

"Well, I'll go to the end," Eustace said gloomily. "I suppose I can get back in time for dinner?" He knew that only a determination equal to her own was worth anything to-day.

The conductor looked at him very hard as he gave him his ticket, turning to look at him again as he went downstairs.

Inside Mrs. Adams had settled herself in the corner next the door. She knew that he could not get off the omnibus without her being able to catch him, and her plan was to pay penny by penny as far as it might be necessary. In this way she paid fourpence, and still he had not come down. She was carried through strange and dreadful places, and she wondered what his business there could possibly be. At last the omnibus stopped, and everybody got out. She watched the people come off the roof, and he was not among them. The conductor looked at her. "Don't go no further, lidy," he said.

"Where are we?"

"Burdett Road."

She got out and stood on the pavement and stared at the top of the omnibus. It was empty.

"Will you oblige me by looking under those seats up there?" she said to the conductor.

"Lorst anythink, lidy?"

"A—gentleman." The stalwart woman really stammered, and missed in her confusion the wink which passed from the conductor to the driver.

She had never been baffled before. She almost thought she was going to faint, and she wondered if you could send a conductor for brandy. She gave him half-a-crown when he came down again, and then she got into the omnibus once more and said, "Home," in a feeble voice.

This is the reason why Lord Eustace was not there. Directly he had paid his fare it became clear to him that this omnibus business was time-gaining of the poorest kind. He knew that she meant to catch him as he got down, and he knew that he could not prevent it. The only hope was that her determination would not hold out till Whitechapel. He lighted a cigarette and resigned himself. At the corner of Park Lane there was, of course, a block, and they stood still in a horde of omnibuses and other vehicles. A hansom was next to him, so near that he could almost look through the hole in the top of the driver's hat; but gradually, as the

press thickened, it was squeezed further on and an omnibus going the other way came so close to them that the two advertisement boards just did not touch as they stood side by side. Here an idea came into his head. It was so simple, so easy, and it would outwit her completely. He stood up, he put one leg over on to the other omnibus, then the other, and the thing was done, just at the moment before the 'buses moved apart. It was so simple, so easy, and it had outwitted her completely. He wondered that everybody did not change omnibuses in that way.

Then he found that the wind of his luck had set in the right quarter. The girl on the seat in front of him looked round, and it was Cynthia Dawn. In the seat with her was an elderly plain woman. He supposed that it was the relative with whom she was staying, but he loved her too much to mind that any more. He leaned forward and spoke to her. She looked at him with her delightful eyes, and the red came into her cheeks.

Then she said to the woman, "Griffiths, will you go behind and let this gentleman come here?"

He moved into her seat in wonder. He had not thought her well enough off to have a maid. "I am so happy to see you," he said.

"I am very, very unhappy," said Cynthia.

"Tell me, dearest."

"Because—because my aunt told me at lunch that she has realised her ambition at last, and has found a husband for me. Whatever she means to do she does. She said it was better not to tell me who it was. I have never dared to tell her about you, and I would rather die than marry him!"

"You shall never marry him," said Eustace. "We will outwit her."

"Before she came over she wrote to my father and said she would take me for this season, and if I married as she chose she would leave me all her money, but if not, not a penny."

"Over—money?" faltered Eustace.

"Yes, she is horribly rich. But I shall never have it, because she couldn't choose a nice man, and then I shan't marry him. She isn't my real aunt. My uncle married her in New Zealand."

"New Zealand?" he asked, holding hard to the seat in front.

"Yes. She hasn't anybody belonging to her, and she came all that way to find me. When I hate her I say that to myself a hundred times."

"Angel!" murmured Eustace.

"Do you know I saw her just now in a Whitechapel omnibus. I can't think where she can be going."

"Whitechapel omnibus?" said Eustace faintly. "Who—who is this aunt?"

"Her name is Adams. Don't let's talk of her. She frightens me. Are you going to Lady Sallien's to-night?"

"Yes." Then he sat up. "Cynthia, you must introduce me to this aunt of yours to-night."

"Eustace, I daren't! She will find out and send me home."

"Yes, yes, it must be done." He made a big swallow. It was a dreadful pill, but he took it. "The sooner the better," he added. "Let me get it over."

Cynthia sighed. "O, I am afraid," she said.

"*You* have nothing to be afraid of, dearest," he faltered.

"And I don't like you to suffer for my sake."

"I can bear horrible things for your sake," he said grimly.

"She said at lunch that when I had married the man she has chosen she shall go straight home to New Zealand and never come back. She says the English are not warm-hearted enough for her."

After a short silence, "My darling girl," said Eustace, "I am longing with all my heart for to-night."

CONSTANCE COTTERELL.

In Quest of Salmon in Glencoe

HUNDREDS of tourists make pilgrimage to Glencoe as each Summer comes round. Yet of these only a small number concern themselves with the fact that the river, which carries the waters of Loch Triochatan to the sea at Invercoe, holds sea-trout and grilse, with an occasional salmon. The majority are drawn thither by the historical interest associated with the Glen itself.

In a district abounding in natural beauty, its own wonderful scenery gives the Glen an outstanding place. Few parts of Scotland can shew a more imposing array of mountains. Among these members of the Alpine Club find excellent training ground. Those hills, too, are as varied as they are beautiful. A long serrated ridge guards the northern side of the valley. The other flank is blocked with "stacks" of rock (no other word just describes some of the heights), long angular ridges like the comb of a roof, peaked hills, and rugged precipices at once the ambition and the despair of the mountaineer. Hoarse-voiced cataracts have cut deep channels down the mountain side, dropping in places a sheer hundred feet, and rolling tons of rock and gravel into the valley below. Around these barren heights the golden eagle sometimes floats heavily. The "gled" searches the hill-sides for spoil. Raven and hoodie-crow rejoice in their desolation. Now and again a few ptarmigan flit from slope to slope. Deer have banished sheep from much of the land, and find a home, seldom disturbed save in the shooting season, in the corries. Of human population there is but little; and what there is clings to the lower and more fertile ground.

The Glen is ever beautiful with that sad beauty peculiar to Highland scenery.

Sometimes sun and wind drive all vapours away, and every ragged peak stands boldly out, clear-cut against the sky. Then the sightseer stands silent in presence of a vast panorama of mountains. Sometimes the wind moans softly, and the air is full of drizzling rain; mist-banks sink noiselessly down the hillsides, hiding the bare tops, and throwing a soft shadow over the lower ranges. Sometimes the mist floats in crawling eddies round the valleys and goes creeping in smoking trailing wreaths along the steeps. Then, indeed, Glencoe is plunged in gloom. A sense of mystery pervades the place. All is not revealed to the onlooker. He hears the sighing of the wind-spirit and the deep murmur of the river at his feet. There is a sound of many waters from unseen torrents, and if he has any poetry in his nature, the genius of the place whispers to his soul. He is reminded that not upon its magnificent scenery alone is the reputation of the Glen based. The memory of a foul deed of shame attaches a pathetic interest to the spot, an interest that will outlive many centuries, for the dwellers in these quiet places, if slow of speech, are long of memory. There, in the dark of a February morning in 1692, many of the glen folk were treacherously massacred, and if the majority made good their escape by almost trackless ways over hill and moor to fastnesses where their assassins dared not follow, yet not a few perished in the mountains as well as those whose blood stained their own hearthstones that dreadful morning.

A Bridge Across the Cona

It was not, however, to revel in scenery or for historical research that I found myself in Gloomy Glencoe early one September. Rumour had whispered the merits of the Cona Water, and attracted me to that weird Glen of sad memories. I have an ambition to kill at least one fish every season, and seeing that the year before had been blank, I was doubly anxious to grass a salmon on this occasion. From Ballachulish, having forwarded our luggage by coach, my wife and I cycled to Clachaig. It was scarcely a cyclist's day, but ideal from the angler's view-point. Half a gale from the south-west was bringing along showers in regiments and army corps, and a grey plaid of Scotch mist hung low upon the hills. We entered the Glen proper at Invercoe after passing through the dirty village where the quarriers live. The road runs between rows of small houses, and one wonders whether children or poultry predominate by the wayside. At Invercoe the road crosses the river and turns sharply to the right up the Glen. One gets into a perfectly bewildering array of hills, from the Pap on the left to Bidean nam Bian the giant on the right which towers like a king among the rest. The river near the bridge looked very tempting, and all one's angling nature rejoiced at the beauty of some of the lower pools. Two miles of cycling brought us to Clachaig, a tiny wayside inn in the very heart of the Glen.

Of the six guests who monopolised the whole available accommodation three were anglers. One of these was a well-known artist and naturalist. While at times his sketch-book was in evidence, it had often to make way for the fly-book, and the rod was oftener in his hand than the pencil. The second was a clerical friend whom we named "The Bishop." The third was the writer. Each was

intent upon slaying a fish, and fortunately the rain-storm which convoyed us to Clachaig had swollen the stream, and brought a few fresh-run fish up from below.

The Cona is a short river. From Loch Triochatan to the sea it measures barely three miles, and the upper waters above the falls are barred to fish of the salmon kind. They cannot leap the obstacle. It would be easy to overcome this difficulty and make the barrier passable. Indeed, traces of blasting are visible on the rocks, but the work was interrupted when another day would have changed an impassable fall into an easy ascent. Consequently the fish get no further. Up to this point they have a fairly easy run. The stream is a clean, swift-flowing one, broken in its upper portions into deep, narrow pools, and long, shallow runs. It flows over a clear gravelly bottom. The upper section is easy to fish; but from the head of the gorge it descends swiftly through a long ravine full of trees where fishing is hardly possible. Woe betide the angler who hooks a salmon in the neck of this stretch, if his victim persists in going down stream. Except the tackle is strong enough to frustrate its intention, the fisher himself is likely to be the ultimate sufferer. Below the gorge are several excellent pools, the only difficulties being trees on the banks.

Upper Falls on the Cona

The third after our arrival proved the red-letter day of our visit. On it each of us killed his fish. A little fresh rain had brought the river up again, and no one was surprised when at lunch-time the "Bishop" appeared with a fresh-run fish of six pounds weight. The artist and I looked lovingly at the azure and silver of the grilse, and thought sadly of our own fruitless efforts. A strong afternoon sun and no wind put fishing out of the question until later on. The artist sharpened his pencil and turned a fresh leaf in his sketch-book; for my own part I smoked a meditative pipe and longed for tea-time. As soon as that light meal was ended we made for the river, my brother angler going down-stream to the reaches below the gorge, while I confined my attention to the piece of water between the gorge and the upper falls.

"Nothing venture, nothing have" was being exemplified in my case. On the easier pools no fish would notice my lure. It was necessary to risk something, and the pool at the throat of the gorge became my last chance. It must be a case of trusting to fortune if I got involved in anything active and heavy. My wife, whose faith in my abilities had been shaken by two blank days, accompanied me, and together we approached the doubtful spot. Standing on the rocks above I began to cast, and within five minutes was fast in an energetic fish whose gleaming sides, as it leapt clear of the surface, shewed how recently it had left the sea. My rod was a trouting one with specially stiff top, which on a former occasion had sufficed to grass a fifteen-pounder, and provided the tackle touched no sharp edge of rock it could be depended on. My aim, accordingly, was to wear out the fish as rapidly as possible, and prevent it rushing down-stream.

But for a time the fish seemed bent on following the current. In spite of all my efforts it made its way down into the second pool, where it spent a few minutes investigating every corner and ledge. Several times it tried to go further down, but risking everything I held on, and dragged its head up-stream again. Our argument was conducted very energetically,

and the wearing out process at last had the desired result. All this time my wife had been an interested spectator. When the critical period for using the gaff arrived, her services had to be enlisted. To reach the water side one must climb down over some slippery boulders, and creep cautiously along the steep rocky slope which rose like the edge of a bowl out of the pool. Towing the fish, now quite spent, into a quiet eddy, I handed over the rod to my assistant with instructions how to act if the exhausted creature should take a fresh lease of life. Gaff in hand I made the descent. Approaching the fish I reached the weapon out over its back. A sudden jerk: and at one movement the sharp point was deep into its flank, and it—scooped out, walloping clumsily on the sloping rock. In less time than the telling takes, my fingers were through its gills, and I was stumbling up to the rock platform above. It was a comely little fish, just six and a half pounds in weight; but to me it was equal to the lordliest salmon that ever ascended Tay or Tweed. I had been waiting two years for it.

In modest triumph we made our way back to the inn as the evening shadows were darkening. There the artist met us, likewise in radiant spirits, for he had slain a twelve pounder down below. The day had come to a perfect close. Three angling hearts were glad.

Gloomy Glencoe will ever be gloomy Glencoe to one who has breathed the spirit of the place. In sunshine or rain its towering hills rising up steeply on all sides seem almost to weigh one's nature down, so gaunt, so mysterious, so unhuman do they appear. One cannot help thinking of them as silent sphinx-like monuments of the innocent who once perished there. But when the Cona Water has proved kind, and the joy of slaying a fish is associated with the Glen, one carries away a pleasant memory in spite of the sense of desolation.

B. B.

The Head of the Gorge

SOME have never felt it, they are more to be pitied than envied. Others feel it so acutely that their eyes fill with sudden tears. This old Spring fret is a modern product, doubtless due to the universal spirit of unrest, but it is full of *verve* and enterprise such as our more contemplative forefathers never knew. Not any of the old poets, not Thomson, Goldsmith, or Wordsworth, not even Wordsworth—though he wandered lonely as a cloud and immortalised the daffodil for all time, knew anything about "The Old Spring Fret." Wordsworth was full of peace and vernal delight, but that was all; his soul was at rest and, happy, he had no desire to hasten over the hills or restlessly to wander far away.

There is a lack in modern poetry that never used to be there; the old sentimentality has gone, giving place to a more robust tone, better fitted, perhaps, to the modern strenuous life of which so much is heard; nor is it without a pathos of its own, though the words at times are somewhat hard, and the Miltonian reader who opens a book of latter-day verse may well ask, as he scans the uncouth rhythm and notes the curious jangle of sounds, if this can still be poetry? Milton knew all about the flowery May, who from her green lap throws the yellow cowslip and the pale primrose,—his green dream of the front of the year could never be bettered,—only it was not Rudyard Kipling's dream. It was happiness, pastoral happiness pure and simple, unmingled with any fever of living or wild unrest. Comparison between the two poets in two different ages born were impossible, not to say sacrilegious, for Milton's verse is Biblical; and yet the voice of the flying day has a powerful charm of its own, and Rudyard Kipling, writing of the Spring, wrings with his pathos the very heart he is bidding rejoice—

> Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting winds are loose—
> Now the smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;
> Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues,
> Now the Red Gods make their medicine again!
> He must go—go—go away from here!
> On the other side the world he's overdue.
> 'Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you
> And the Red Gods call for you!

The sap is rising and the sky growing clear, and it becomes difficult to longer sit still. Four walls feel cramped and roads fenced with rails on either side seem circumscribed. And yet the very man

who longed so passionately to be off longed in even more heartfelt language to come home again: the bourne was different, but in either case the spirit of Spring was the same. He was in India, satiated with the everlasting Eastern Summer; the instinct bred in the bones of the white man must assert itself, however, and, man being seldom content, what should he do but fall a-hungering after the shrill winds and old grey weather of home?

I am sick of endless sunshine, sick of blossom-burdened bough,
Give me back the leafless woodlands where the winds of Springtime range—
Give me back one day in England, for it's Spring in England now!
Through the pines the gusts are booming, o'er the brown fields blowing chill,
From the furrow of the ploughshare streams the fragrance of the loam,
And the hawk nests on the cliff side and the jackdaw in the hill,
And my heart is back in England 'mid the sights and sounds of home.

The least imaginative person can see that ploughed field, and the man who is abroad, for fear of instant home-sickness, shuns the verse. The echo of Browning is caught with a dexterous touch and the long lines suggest just such a Spring as every Englishman bears in his mind. Robert Louis Stevenson was another who heard the Red Gods call; he had been hearing them all his life and even as a child only yearned to be gone. More especially when the wind and the sunshine chased each other down the high streets of his native town, and the hills beyond grew blue once more as the snow melted beneath the Spring sunshine.

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;—
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats;—

He went, but that was later on; and he found the island, just as he had always dreamed that he should; and then he longed to come home again: that was the worst of it. "The old Spring-fret" makes a man restless at times; restless and impatient, so that the narrow hedges of convention are more than he can "thole." For the same reason W. E. Henley, shut up within the walls of the Old Infirmary in Edinburgh, found his imprisonment no longer endurable when the Spring-time came. He of all men understood with a terrible understanding the intense pathos of the "old Spring-fret." If it unsettles the man who can open the door and go out abroad, it is agony to the unfortunate who is handicapped by Nature, and Henley was not the sort of man to feel anything lightly.

There's a lift in the blood—
O, this gracious and thirsting and aching Unrest!
All life's at the bud,
And my heart, full of April, is breaking My breast.

The caged lion or the skylark caught by a schoolboy and thrust behind bars might understand these lines, but scarcely the ordinary person. And Henley never got resigned, his instincts were too strong, he felt it quite as much at the end of his life as he had at the beginning when he lay a helpless sufferer prone in the hospital ward. He knew Spring had come though he was unable to go out and enjoy it, so he wrote instead, finding some vent that way for his feelings.

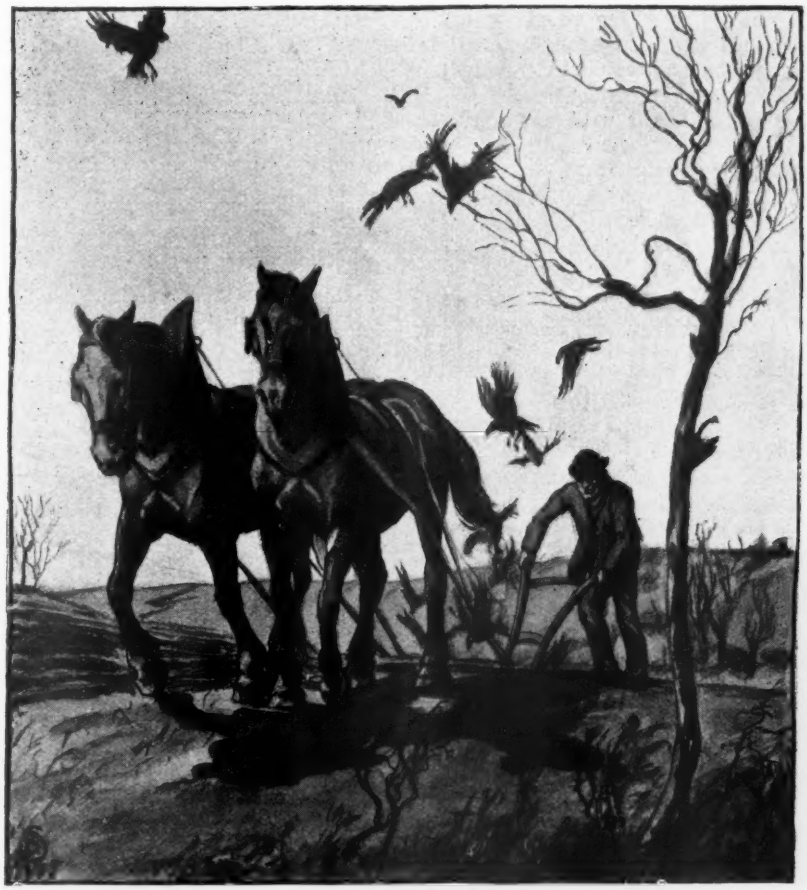
Laughs the happy April morn
Thro' my grimy little window,
And a shaft of sunshine pushes
Thro' the shadows in the square.
Dogs are tracing thro' the grass,
Crows are cawing round the chimneys,
O, the Spring—the Spring—the Spring!

It was in the hospital at Edinburgh that he first met Robert Louis Stevenson, and here he went on writing of the Spring as he knew it must be in the open country outside the gates of the city. Perhaps Robert Louis had told him of the long turnpike road between his home on the hills and the city, how he had walked in that morning, and how warm and dusty and green the land had appeared. Henley thought it all over after they had gone; he could imagine it all only too well.

It's the Spring,
Earth has conceived and her bosom
Teeming with Summer, is glad.

Vistas of change and adventure
Thro' the green land
The grey roads go beckoning and winding
Peopled with wains, . . .
It's the Spring, . . . and I sicken,
Impotent Winter at heart.

Henley's life has yet to be written, but he lets out the secret here and there, and when he does so, reveals himself more intimately than any biographer will ever be able to do. He should probably have been a great explorer; the exploring instinct is born in every child. They begin to explore as soon as they can walk—that is to say, if the grass is dry and the weather warm enough to let them loose in the garden, for these things have to be considered in early youth—and when they grow up there are some of them who never lose the instinct, but as soon as the Winter goes and the grass is dry again, they want to be off just as they did in the old days, though they were not then allowed to stir further than the garden walls. Mr. Wilfred Blunt's Spring melancholy was in a vastly happier vein—



"From the furrow of the ploughshare streams the fragrance of the loam"

Oh! for a day of Spring,
A day of flowers and folly,
Of birds that pipe and sing,
And boyhood's melancholy;
I would not grudge the laughter,
The tears that followed after.

The passing sadness of a happy man is no intolerable pain; it was not all sunshine, but he took the rough with the smooth, and was glad enough of either; for the best armour against melancholy is a practical understanding of the joy of life. It was different with Emily Brontë, painfully different; she could never have laughed at her woe, least of all in the Springtime. She was an exile eating her heart out for home, so that the soft winds when they came almost made her sob aloud. She knew so well how the bleak Haworth country would be looking; had she only been there, in a glance she would have recognized all the happy signs of early Spring. Her banishment could be more easily borne during the dark days of Winter, but in Springtime when the birds were singing it became insupportable.

"It was Spring and the skylark was singing!"
Those words they awakened a spell:
They unlocked a deep fountain, whose springing
Nor absence, nor distance can quell.

The most reserved person must be confidential sometimes, if only to inanimate paper and pens, and Emily Brontë found some relief at last—

Awaken, o'er all my dear moorland,
West-wind in thy glory and pride!
Oh! call me from valley and lowland,
To walk by the hill-torrent's side!

Blue sky, chasing clouds, and shadows on the moorland, no wonder Emily Brontë was sad! Autumnal grief may easily be morbid, but there is no morbidity in "the old Spring-fret." It is the sign of youth, not literal youth, but eternal youth, the heritage of some chosen few who never grow old in their minds, no matter what their bodies may do, but who are always ready to set off again when the old physical pain comes over them at sight of the buds and leaves they are yet so glad to see. "He must go—go—go away from here;" the trouble being when the gates of adventure are barred and the explorer who longs to slip down below the horizon must possess his restless soul in peace. It is the first Spring sunshine that is so intoxicating; by the time the roses are blown men have become staid creatures again, ready to sit down and wait, and do nothing without previously counting the cost. Meanwhile the soft shrill winds are piping, and the people who understand find their best relief in preparing themselves for action of one sort or another, only praying in Rudyard Kipling's own words that there may be nothing to check their headlong career,

'Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you
And the Red Gods call for you!

The Shelf and the World

Mr. Andrew Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy*—Two Gentlemen—*The Weans at Rowallan*—An Irish Family in Mischief—A Child's Book of 100 years ago—Question and Answer—The Beginnings of High Spirits in Juvenile Literature—*Holiday House* and the *Fool of Quality*—The Genesis of an American Library—Rules for Immortality.

THE colds incident to Londoners in the month of February have few compensations—but I must count it one, with me, that my retirement to bed made it possible to read undisturbed Mr. Andrew Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy*, which seems to me to be one of the greater books of recent years. In order to analyse the chief figures of Shakespeare's chief tragedies with sufficient understanding and sympathy one must have something approaching the Shakespearean mind oneself, although on the critical and not the creative side. It is not too much, I think, to say that Mr. Bradley is thus equipped. A very fine "tact of humanity" is found in the pages of this wise and serene book, wherein most of the temptations that beset men and women come under patient and apprehending consideration. Captain Burney's remark (which so pleased Lamb) that Shakespeare was "so much the gentleman" was profounder than at first sight one might think. It needs a gentleman to judge a gentleman, and Captain Burney (if he ever had the patience to read Shakespearean criticism—which I doubt—and could have read this book) would, I think, have found Mr. Bradley "so much the gentleman" too.

Not the least interesting thing about Mr. Bradley's pages is their quiet acceptance of Shakespeare as a writer who always knew exactly what he wanted to do. Mr. Bradley uses the phrase "confidence in Shakespeare" (indeed confidence in Shakespeare is the basis of the book), and by taking this view of his author's consciousness it seems to me that he makes Shakespeare so much the greater. Mr. Bernard Shaw has lately been lecturing against the mistake of treating Shakespeare (as in certain heightened eulogies) as if he were something divine or miraculous; but Mr. Shaw does so to draw attention the more crushingly to the dramatist's limitations and errors. Mr. Bradley does so in such a way that Shakespeare's shining powers become even more glorious, and what there is a tendency to consider accidental inspiration is shown to be the deliberate purpose of genius.

Another new book which I have been reading—no whale this time, but a minnow—is *The Weans at Rowallan*, by Miss Kathleen Fitzpatrick. As the title and the author's name should suggest, the book describes a family of children in Ireland; and the result is to me almost wholly delightful. The children are five in number—two boys named Mickey and Patsy, and three girls—Jane, the principa figure, Fly, and an adorable youngest called Honeybird. There is also an old servant named Lull, a very cross gardener named Davy, and a handy man and coachman named Andy Graham. To these *dramatis personæ* one ought almost to add the awful name of Almighty God, for such is the simple and unquestioning piety of Honeybird that she makes God a participator in most of her adventures. The book describes the plights into which these warm-hearted, impulsive and originally-sinful children are involved: their doubts and fears; their quarrels and reconciliations; their humour and seriousness; and all with perfect sympathy, much fun, and a style a model of directness.

The book can be compared with Mr. Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age*, but it is less literary and less wilfully and charmingly symmetrical; and with E. Nesbit's stories of the Bastable family, but it is truer to life and less intentionally facetious. The chapter called "Jane's Conversion" would never, I think, have been

attempted by either of those writers. After Mr. Kenneth Grahame I have not enjoyed a book of child life so much as this since Miss Isabel Fry's *Uninitiated;* or a work of Irish humour so much since the *Experiences of an Irish R.M.* One of Miss Fitzpatrick's stories, "An English Aunt," is indeed worthy to stand beside that riotous collection.

In reading *The Weans at Rowallan* one has to remember that the children are Irish, and neglected at that, and that the country is Irish and rather wildly Irish, and to remember also the history of the family. Taken as a series of episodes in the life of an ordinary family suitable for literature, the book might easily offend by its lapses here and there into something very like brutality. But it is the history of a very special family living under very curious conditions. A good book anyway.

Chance has brought me the completest contrast to *The Weans at Rowallan* in a little example of the more artless kind of children's book of a hundred years ago which has just been lent me, in which information or instruction is introduced either with less dexterity or with more (I am not quite sure which) than in any such work that I remember. The story is about two sisters, Sophia and Mary. Sophia is grave, Mary is sprightly; they have no mother, only a father, the typical wise father of such literature, and Mrs. Hartop, the typical governess. Neither their father nor Mrs. Hartop can say or do a foolish thing. At the beginning of the story Mrs. Hartop's daughter in London is taken ill, so that Mrs. Hartop has suddenly to "throw herself into a chaise" and go to her. The two sisters have therefore to retire to rest without being put through the customary evening catechism. Sophia, distressed at the omission, insists upon a certain number of questions being asked and answered, when they are in bed, and the following naive dialogue ensues:

Sophia: Which of us shall begin to question the other?

Mary: You may, if you please; only be as concise as possible to-night, and question as long as you like to-morrow.

Sophia: Oh! fye, Mary; you would not behave in this manner if Mrs. Hartop was present!

Mary: If Mrs. Hartop had been with us, questions, answers, and prayers, too, would have been at an end, and you and I tucked snug in bed before this time.

Sophia: Shall I begin now?

Mary: The sooner the better; only do not ask many questions; and you may make them as short as possible.

Sophia: On whom was the first honour of knighthood conferred in England?

Mary: Athelstan, the King's nephew.

Sophia: Which of our kings?

Mary: Alfred, to be sure.

Sophia: In what year, and at what epoch of time did that circumstance take place?

Mary: What antediluvian-like questions! Why not carry your researches farther back, and enquire what occurrences took place before the flood? You might as well do that, as ask me for years and times in which things happened before the conquest of England by William of Normandy.

Sophia: As my pupil, Mary, I expect a proper answer.

Mary: Eight hundred and eighty-five, of the Christian Era. Does that answer afford you satisfaction, my dear little grave catechist sister?

Sophia: In what king's reign were silk-worms first brought to England, my dear volatile sister?

Mary: James the Sixth, of Scotland, but first of that name in England. Do you expect Anno Domini?

Sophia: Certainly! do not be so trifling.

Mary: Well then; in the year sixteen hundred and nine, those wonderful little productions of nature were first imported into Great Britain.

To-day we can laugh at such ponderous pleasantry as this, and enjoy the book and its companions as specimens of an obsolete primness never to return. But how if *The Weans at Rowallan* could have been projected, with all its freedoms and theological humours, into a normal English family in the year 1805? One cannot conceive the outcry that would have been raised. Yet to-day we see that the children in it are thoroughly sound and engaging, although perhaps a little out of hand. How the literature of childhood will have developed beyond this by the year 2005 one cannot imagine.

I suppose that the first important book to depict children naturally, and without condemnation, as high-spirited creatures, was Catherine Sinclair's *Holiday House,* published about sixty years ago. There is a fresh and genial realism in that pleasant story which I do not find in

anything earlier, if we except the chapter in *The Fool of Quality*, published in 1766, in which the boys play the practical joke with the needle in their tutor's chair. But *The Fool of Quality* was in advance of its day in several respects.

I may be very ignorant, but I have only just heard of the James Carleton Young Library, and now that I have heard of it I cannot forget it for more than a few minutes. The world has many interesting libraries, from the copious Rylands library in Manchester to that slender collection of slim treasures in a strong room at Rowfant: from the packing cases of the late Mr. Ashbee, which the British Museum authorities have not yet unpacked, to the three or four otherwise empty houses in Camden Town where I am told the editor of *Notes and Queries* keeps his many and diversified tomes; but no collection is more curious than that which Mr. James Carleton Young is steadily amassing in a mansion in Minneapolis, Minnesota, U.S.A.

Mr. Austin Dobson, in some well-known verses on his library, after enumerating his favourites—Burton and Rabelais, Horace and Montaigne—adds,

> The others I never have opened,
> But these are ones I read.

So far as I can gather, the James Carleton Young books must consist entirely of "the others;" for they are entirely the work of living authors. But the best thing I can do is to quote from the two documents which Mr. Young has prepared to describe the genesis of his library and the principle of contributing to it.

Here is his story of the concepton of the idea—

> A number of years ago I made frequent journeys in Europe afoot. One of these excursions through Attica occupied several weeks, and wearied with my tramps I rested in Athens. I shall never forget that beautiful day in June, when musing on the Acropolis I received the first inspiration to form my library.
>
> What a pity, I thought, that the wonderful sculptures of ancient Greece are scattered over all Europe. The Elgin marbles are in London. The Vatican, the Louvre, the palaces of Florence and many other places hold these wondrous treasures. How glorious it would be for struggling Greece, if in her beautiful and historic capital, Athens, one building held all these priceless creations of marble. If they were housed in a wonderful temple modelled after the Parthenon, what countless thousands would journey to view them! What wealth they would bring to the land! Then I thought of that other greater art, the one most glorious of all—Literature. Then and there I made a resolve that I would devote my life to forming a library, which would be the most adequate tribute I could make to the Art of Literature. I propose to place under one roof in the beautiful city of Minneapolis, which I love, all the best books of the living writers of every country in the world, no matter in what language written. Each volume is to be inscribed by the author in a characteristic manner. . . .
>
> In the different countries I have a committee composed of literary critics all of whom occupy the most exalted position in the world of letters. These various committees select with care the best literature of their country which shall be entitled to a permanent place in my library. The manuscripts of an author whose books are admitted will also be most acceptable. For these manuscripts special cases will be made.
>
> When I can determine all the requirements and the space desired I propose to erect a fireproof building in the city of Minneapolis, to make a permanent home for this collection. Custodians will be provided, and the public, under reasonable restrictions, will have access, for I believe it to be a duty—in this case it will be a pleasant one—to allow the people to have the benefit and joy of mingling with the greatest intellectual life of the present age. It would be supremely selfish for anyone to keep such priceless treasures to himself.

That explains Mr. Young's very comprehensive and interesting scheme. But before passing on to his second document, which with the other has been placed at my disposal by a literary friend (for no invitation to contribute to the library has reached me personally), I ought to say that Mr. Young writes thus agreeably of the fretful brothers of the quill:—

> After an active business life of twenty-seven years, I am convinced there are no more noble, unselfish, gentle people than they who write our literature. My experience in every case has been that the greatest have been the most amiable. Once in a while some little soul has displayed a wealth of vanity and egotism, and taken far more trouble to refuse than an acceptance would have required.

The second document contains instructions to the author who has been honoured by a request to contribute to the library. It runs thus—

> In order to avoid errors and misunderstandings, I have thought it advisable to state clearly what is necessary, under the adopted rules, to entitle a book to a place in my literary collection. It must have an assured place in literature. It

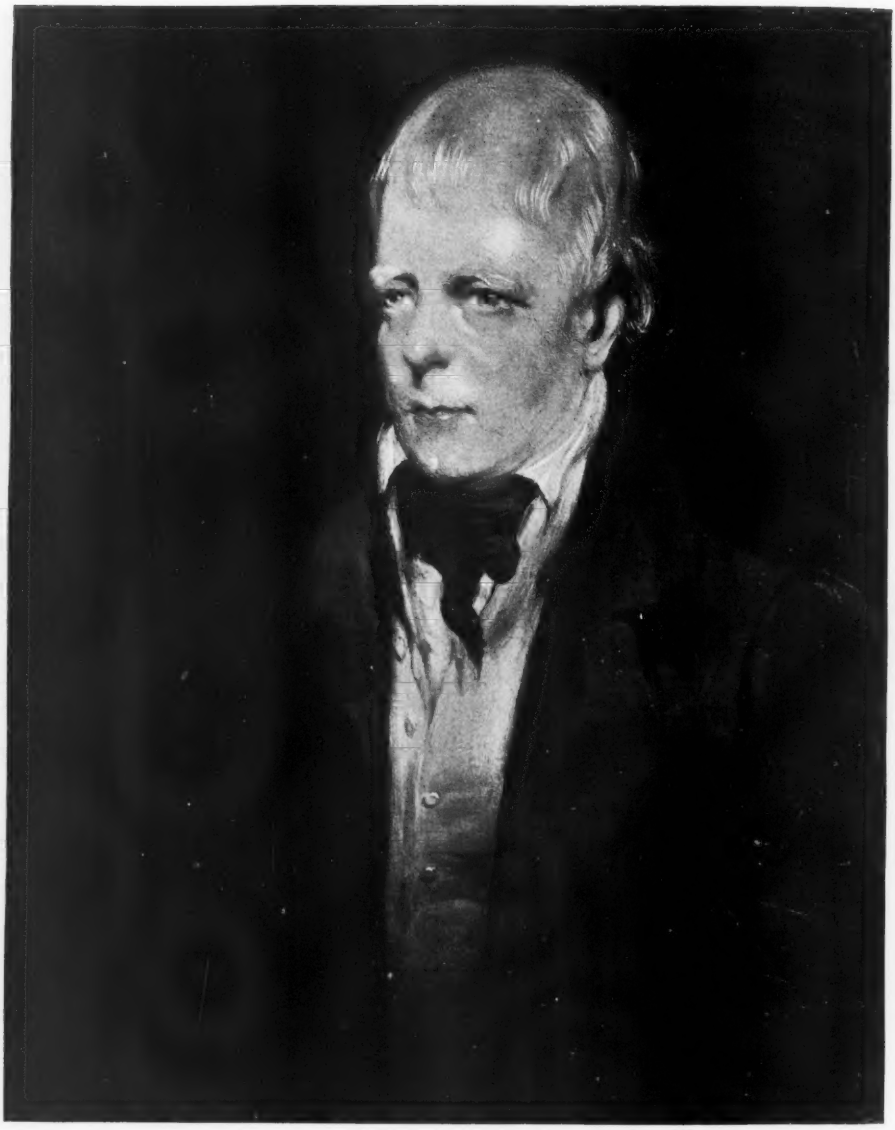
is required that an inscription be written in the book, not on a slip of paper inserted. When the paper will not take ink an indelible pencil can be used. The inscription should be dated and signed with the author's name in full, the initials not being sufficient. An autograph, even though accompanied by formal presentation or compliments, does not meet the requirements. A favourite quotation from the book will be quite acceptable. A sketch by the author or illustrator will always be greatly appreciated.

If the writer be a poet, it is desirable to have a poem written on the fly leaf. A novelist should write of the manner he conceived his plot, or concerning the principal characters: an historian, something of the history he relates: a biographer, of the life of his subject: a traveller, of the lands he visited: a theologian, of the religion he advocates: the philosopher and scientist, of the facts or theories they promulgate. In a general way, something should be written about the book or concerning it, so that it becomes at once unique, and has attached to it forever the personality of the author.

I have not seen a catalogue of Mr. Young's library, and therefore have no opportunity of judging of its value; but I cannot think of many living authors in this country whose works, even with autograph inscriptions obeying all the Minneapolis rules, would lend to a collection of books more than an element of questionable interest. Our few great intellects are quickly accounted for, and there then remain a fair portion of interesting minds whose inscriptions would certainly be neat or amusing. After that the deluge of mediocrity, which must of necessity be the principal part of any library that purposes to deal only with contemporaries and to be extensive too! I wonder if any effort has yet been made by the controllers of the library to obtain an autograph copy of Mr. Andrew Bradley's Shakespeare book. But Mr. Blank's new novel (his thirty-eighth) I suppose is on the shelves already.

E. V. LUCAS.

Breaking the Soil



Photograph by *T. & R. Annan, Glasgow*

SIR WALTER SCOTT
By Sir John Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A.

The Greatest Library in the World

IT may well be imagined that a national storehouse of literature, containing upwards of two million books, such as that found under the roof of the British Museum, is a remarkable and priceless possession. Its foundation, growth, the machinery, or system, involving labour, skill and cost, by which so immense and unrivalled a collection of books is obtained, sifted, sorted, kept in order, and arranged in such a manner as to be readily available for use, furnishes an interesting and instructive story.

The Library is simply one section of the British Museum, and originated with the collection of books, some 40,000 volumes, the property of Sir Hans Sloane, which, with the rest of his wonderful museum, was acquired by the nation in 1753. The entire hoard was valued at about £80,000; but, by the terms of Sir Hans's will, it was offered to the Government, for the public use, at one-fourth of that sum. The benevolent motives prompting this munificent gift are revealed in the testator's own words: —"being fully convinced that nothing tends more to raise our ideas of the power, wisdom, goodness, providence, and other perfections of the Deity, or more to the comfort and well-being of His creatures, than the enlargement of our knowledge of the works of nature, I do will and desire that for the promotion of these noble ends, the glory of God, and the good of man, my collection in all its branches may be, if possible, kept and preserved together."

It comes somewhat as a shock to present-day notions—especially in the light of these pious words—to learn that the Government, having decided to avail themselves of the proffered advantage, proceeded to obtain the requisite funds by means of a public lottery. This was authorised by a special Act of Parliament, in which it was laid down that a sum of £300,000 should be raised. Of the proceeds, £200,000 were to be awarded as prizes, and the remainder, after defraying the cost of the lottery, was to be applied: To the purchase of the Sloane collection, and of the Harleian Manuscripts; for the provision of "one General Repository" for the reception of these two collections together with the Cottonian Library—which was already public property; and the creation of a fund of £30,000, the interest on which was to be used to meet the working expenses of the new establishment. The Act also appointed a body of Trustees.

Sir Hans had desired that, if possible, the collection might remain at his Manor House at Chelsea; but the distance from the then centre of London was deemed to be an objection. Accordingly, various places were considered, among others Buckingham House, on the site of which the royal palace now stands. The price asked for it—£30,000—proved, however, prohibitive. Ultimately, Montague House, Bloomsbury, with its surrounding grounds, comprising seven and a half acres of land, was purchased for a little over £10,000. Great alterations were carried out in adapting the old home of the Duke of Montague to its new purposes. These cost another £13,000; and, combined with the housing and other arrangements, occupied nearly five years. Consequently, it was not until January, 1759, that the new Museum was opened to the public.

A pleasant corner room in the converted mansion, overlooking the gardens and the fields beyond, was allotted to readers. The number was at first very small; only five for the month of July.

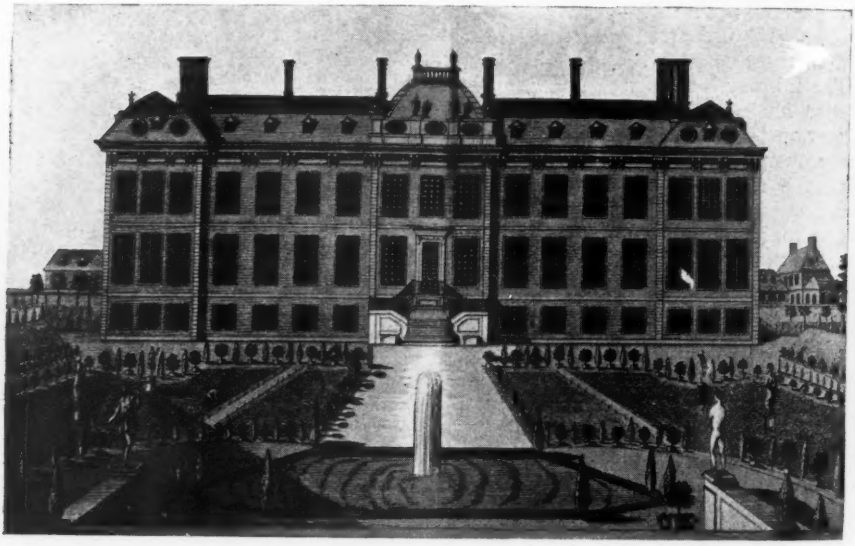
Two years before the Museum opened, the nation received a donation from George II., consisting of the old Royal Library which had been accumulating from the reign of Henry VII. It consisted of exceedingly rare and costly volumes, some fine specimens of old bindings, and included the books of Cranmer and Isaac Casaubon. Accompanying this royal gift of 10,500 books, came also a large number of manuscripts.

The next substantial addition to the department was a noteworthy set of 33,000 tracts relating to the Civil War, which were presented by George III. in 1762, and

have been since known as the "King's Tracts." They were got together under particularly trying circumstances, and at no small personal risk, during the troubled days of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, by a bookseller named Thomason. Many were printed surreptitiously. Some seventy-three remained in manuscript "which," we are told, "no man durst then venture to publish without endangering his ruine."

The King and his party knew of the existence of the collection, but every effort was made to keep the knowledge from the Roundheads, and varied were the subterfuges adopted by the worthy bookseller to ensure their safety. We are told that, "to prevent the discovery of them, when the Army was northwards, he packed them in several trunks, and, by one or two in a week, sent them to a trusty friend in Surrey, who safely preserved them, and when the Army was westward, and fearing their return that way, they were sent to London again; but the collector durst not keep them, but sent them into Essex, and according as they lay near danger, by timely removal of them at a great charge, secured them, but continued perfecting the work." Afterwards, a fictitious sale to the University of Oxford was resorted to, so that "if the Usurper had found them out, the University should claim them, who had greater power to struggle for them than a private man."

Charles I., wishing to consult one of the pamphlets, sent to borrow it; but so fearful was Thomason of losing it that, not until His Majesty had promised "upon the worde of a Kinge" to safely return it, would he consent to part with the book.



Montague House in its original state

The King had finished with it, when he chanced to let it fall into the mud. Calling two officers to him, he charged them "as they would answer it another day" to return the book "to him from whom they had received it" with all speed and safety. Particulars of the incident were entered by Thomason on a page of the tract which still bears the marks of the accident.

The bookseller is said to have refused an offer of £4,000 for the collection. At his death it was offered to Charles II.; but the purchase was never completed; the books remained in the possession of the collector's family down to the time of George III., to whom they were finally sold for £300.

The beautiful and choice library bequeathed by the Rev. C. M. Cracherode, in 1799, added another 4,500 volumes to the Museum store. These included exceptionally valuable editions of the classics, besides some splendid specimens of bindings and numerous bibliographical rarities. One little gem may be mentioned—an exquisitely-bound copy of "The Gospels in Anglo-Saxon and English," which originally belonged to Queen Elizabeth, to whom it had been presented by John Fox, the Martyrologist, who edited the work.

Mr. Cracherode's noble example was followed by the bequest, in 1820, of the very interesting library of Sir Joseph Banks, comprising a rich assortment of works on natural history, voyages, travels, etc.; in all, some 16,000, besides his magnificent herbarium. The bequest was, however, subject to a life interest; so the books did not come into the possession of the Museum until some seven years later.

In 1823, the truly regal library formed by George III., in the acquisition of which he is reputed to have spent £2,000 a year during his long reign, was presented to the Museum by his successor, George IV. It consisted of no less than 65,250 volumes, some 20,000 pamphlets and a superb array of maps and topographical drawings and prints. The books were elegantly bound, and included many of the rarest productions of the press. Several were printed on vellum, and there were numerous large-paper copies.

A curious tale is told concerning the royal gift, which, if gossip says rightly, was no gift at all. George IV., being in pressing need of money, had arranged to sell the books to the Emperor of Russia. The matter reached the ears of a scholar, who strongly protested to Lord Sidmouth, then Home Secretary, against the scandal of allowing such a priceless collection to leave England. On the remonstrance of Lord Sidmouth, if the story is to be believed, the King agreed to "present" the books to the Museum—provided the value of the roubles they were to have fetched was made up to him in pounds sterling. This was done; and in due course the library was transferred to the Museum as the King's "gift to the nation."

Photograph by *Chester Vaughan, Acton, W.*

The British Museum, from the West

Meanwhile, the other treasures at the Museum, as well as its books, had altogether outgrown the space allotted to them in old Montague House. The arrival of the King's library rendered the provision of a new building, large enough to receive it, an absolute necessity. Accordingly, it was decided to build an entirely new museum, the design of which was entrusted to Sir Robert Smirke. Gradually the existing galleries rose on the site of the old mansion and grounds. The east wing was the first to be completed; and here, in 1828, in the magnificent saloon on the ground floor, the King's library was installed. When, subsequently, the northern range of galleries was added, its ground floor was also allotted to the department. It contained special rooms for the Cracherode and the Banksian libraries.

By the year 1845, Montague House had entirely disappeared; and two years later saw the new building completed. The quaint old gateway and the adjoining walls, however, remained another three years, when they were replaced by the present handsome railings. The cost of the new building amounted to three quarters of a million of money.

With the exception of the library of George III., by far the most important accession was the collection of books bequeathed to the Museum by the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville. Gathered and preserved with the exquisite taste and scrupulous care of an accomplished bibliographer, it embraced many of the most coveted and precious books in the world. These numbered 20,240 volumes, which cost upwards of £54,000; and it is supposed that the sumptuous bindings cost another £56,000, thus making the money value of the gift over £100,000. In the codicil to his will, dated October 28th, 1845, bequeathing the books to the nation, Mr. Grenville explains: "A great part of my library has been purchased from the profits of a sinecure office given me by the public, and I feel it to be a debt and a duty that I should acknowledge this obligation by giving that library, so acquired, to the British Museum for the use of the public."

We now come to an effective means of adding to the literary wealth of the Museum, which, under the Copyright Act, is entitled to receive a gratuitous copy of all printed matter published in the United Kingdom. This right originally pertained to the Royal Library, but was transferred to the Museum by George II., when he presented that library to the nation. Established in the reign of Charles II., and confirmed in that of Queen Anne, this right was placed on its present footing by the amended Act of 1842. In early days, as may be supposed, the obligation imposed on publishers was but laxly complied with; but the Museum authorities were quick to see the wisdom of strict enforcement of so enriching a privilege. As may be gleaned from the following figures, which are taken from the latest returns available, it now plays a prominent part in strengthening our national library.

During 1903, the additions to the department comprised 27,370 volumes and pamphlets (including 127 atlases, etc., and 1,405 books of music.) Of this number, 5,901 were presented, 13,904 received under provisions of Copyright Act, 376 by Colonial Copyright, 581 by International Exchange, and 21,918 by purchase. The total number of articles received, exclusive of newspapers, during the year was 108,123.

Specially rare or sumptuous books are kept under lock and key, and only permitted to be inspected in the inner Reading Room of the Museum, known as the "Large Room."

The collection of early printed Bibles is probably unsurpassed, and includes Cranmer's Bible and all the editions of the Great Bible. There are numerous examples, too, of those remarkable for their startling printers' errors and for the curious renderings of the translators. In the "Breeches Bible" we read—"Then the eies of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed figge leaves together and made themselves breeches" (Gen. iii. 7); the "Treacle" Bible—"Is there not treacle at Gilead?" (Jer. viii. 22); the "Place-maker's Bible"—"Blessed are the place makers; for they shall be called the children of God" (Matt. v. 9). In the "Vinegar Bible"

the " Parable of the Vinegar " appears in the chapter heading to Luke xx. Then there is the " Wife-Hater " Bible—" If any man come to Me, and hate not his father . . . yea, and his wife also " (Luke xiv. 26); the " Bugge," the " He " and the " She " Bibles.

In this strange category, the " Wicked " Bible, however, holds first place. It is so called from the fact that the word " not " is omitted from the seventh command-

The King's Library

ment. According to Lowndes, the printers were called before the High Commission, heavily fined, and the whole edition destroyed. Nevertheless, four copies are known to have escaped, of which the Museum has one, the value of which must be enormous. Supposing a copy ever came into the market, it is by no means impossible that it would fetch £1,000.

The legion of gems in this great granary of literature makes it puzzling to select examples. By common assent the " Mazarine " Bible is looked upon as the most valuable printed book. It is the earliest book printed with moveable type, and is so called because the first copy which attracted attention was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarine. But the famous Mainz Psalter is nearly, if not quite, as valuable, for, at the Thorold sale, a copy fetched £4,950—the highest price ever paid at an auction for a single printed book; and £4,000 was recently paid for the Westerholt-Gysenberg copy.

Again, there is the precious fragment of the first edition of Tyndale's New Testament. It was in the press of Quentell, at Cologne, in 1525, when the translators were obliged to fly to escape persecution. Of the whole 3,000 copies struck off, the Museum possession, it is believed, is all that escaped destruction.

The collections of Caxtons, of books printed on vellum, and of the early editions of Shakespeare—including the four folios—are all of immense value. The first edition of " Love's Labour Lost " cost a little under £350, and the 1596

edition of "Venus and Adonis" £315. The first edition of Hamlet (1603) was originally bought for a shilling by a Dublin bookseller who sold it for £70. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, the next purchaser, gave £120; and ultimately the Museum bought it for a still higher figure. In another case, one of Coverdale's Bibles was rescued from a pork butcher's shop, where it was being used to wrap up some of the smaller delicacies that were being retailed. The price paid for it was ten shillings. Later, it passed into the hands of a second-hand bookseller, who disposed of it to the Rev. W. L. Yates for £5 10s. 0d. This gentleman had the whole repaired and rebound, and subsequently presented the volume to the Museum. As a matter of fact, the price paid by the reverend gentleman for this relic—considering its damaged condition—was far beyond its real value. Perfect copies, however, are rare—even the Museum does not possess one—and should be worth at least £60.

Still more sensational is the story told by Dr. Maitland, of the Grenville copy of "The Bokys of Haukyng and Huntyng," printed by the schoolmaster-printer, the contemporary of Caxton. At the close of the eighteenth century the library at Thonock Hall, the Gainsborough seat of the Hickman family, was overhauled by some ignorant person who cast out all books without covers. One of the gardeners, by permission, selected from these any which took his fancy, and, amongst others, was the volume in question. After remaining in his family some forty odd years, it was sold by his son's widow, with nine pounds' weight of other books, to a pedlar for ninepence. The pedlar in his turn sold the lot for three shillings to a chemist at Gainsborough, who eventually parted with it for two guineas. Later, Stark, the bookseller, acquired it for seven guineas and sold it to Mr. Grenville for seventy or eighty guineas. Even at this price, to-day it would be considered a bargain, for, in 1882, a copy changed hands at 600 guineas.

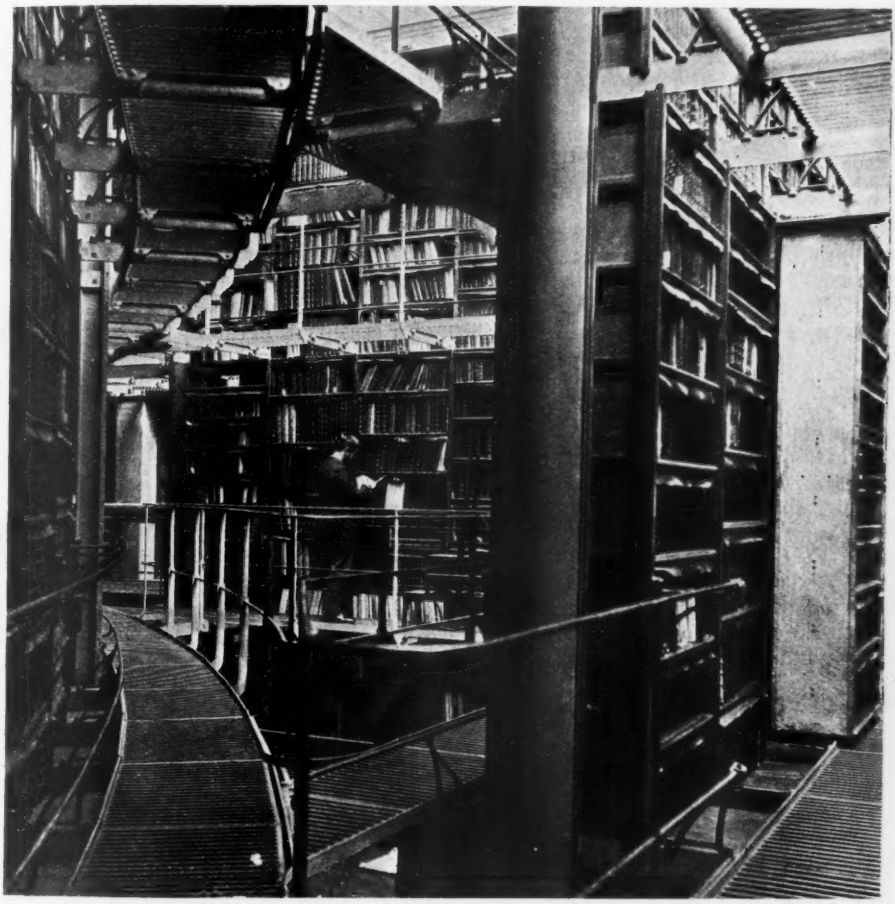
The printed catalogue of the library is a monument to the industry, skill and thought of those who conceived, planned and carried out the gigantic undertaking. It forms an unique accomplishment in the history of the world's great libraries, and with it will for ever be associated the name of the late keeper of the department—Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B.—for it is to this eminent scholar and bibliophile, more than to any other man, that the nation is indebted for this inestimable boon. Previous to 1881, the catalogue was in manuscript, and had by that year become a veritable library in itself, consisting of no less than 3,000 huge folio volumes. The saving of space effected by the use of printing has been enormous. Twenty odd years, with their thousands of thousands accessions, have since rolled by, and yet at the present day the volumes of the catalogue do not reach one third of that number.

The fundamental rule of the catalogue is that the titles are arranged alphabetically under the names of the authors, whenever these appear in the titles or in any other parts of the books. Some day, perhaps a subject catalogue may supplement the existing one. In the meantime, the readers are under a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. G. K. Fortescue, the present keeper of the Printed Books, for his serviceable "Subject Index of Modern Works added to the Library for the Years 1881-1900." All the books are most carefully classified and placed, according to their subject. There are ten great classes which have a total of 515 sub-divisions. As a general rule, every book bears the number of the press to which it belongs, the letter of the shelf, and, generally, a third mark indicating its place on the shelf. Thus, a book marked 12,236, aaa, 7, would be found in press number 12,236, on the shelf lettered aaa, and would be the seventh book on the shelf. For economy in binding, several pamphlets are bound together, and, being numbered according to their place in the volume, we get a fourth mark which is given in brackets. Every periodical has its own distinct number; and the music is marked in much the same manner. Newspapers are classed according to country, year of publication and size; and the volumes for each year are numbered throughout. For maps a very elaborate system of classification is adopted.

Roughly speaking, there are about forty miles of shelving in the library. In order to cope with the tremendous work of supplying from this mass the books asked for by the readers, the entire library is divided up into seven sections, each having a small staff of men who get out the books required from within their respective boundaries. The books are then collected by boys—whose prior duty is to distribute the tickets filled up by the readers—and taken into the Reading Room, whence they are conveyed to the users. Some idea of the magnitude of this supply service may be gathered from the figures for the year 1903, which give the number of visits of readers as 233,674, and the number of volumes issued as 1,587,231.

It may be wondered how space has been, and will continue to be found for the constant and ever-increasing flow of accessions, and the ever-growing army of readers. It must be admitted that the problem has not been an easy one to solve.

By the close of the first half of the nineteenth century, the provision of more space had become of vital necessity. The readers too—who had been shifted from



Behind the Scenes in the British Museum

one quarter to another, in the vain hope of dealing satisfactorily with their increasing numbers—were in a state of open revolt at the total inadequacy of the accommodation afforded. The difficulty was greatly accentuated by the fact that the whole of the Museum ground was now practically covered, with the exception of the inner quadrangle. Many schemes were propounded, some impracticable, some too costly. At length in April, 1852, a most ingenious plan was suggested by Sir Anthony Panizzi, then Keeper of the Printed Books, for building in the vacant quadrangle a circular reading room, and surrounding it with galleries for the reception of books. The plan was approved by the Trustees, and in due course the present universally-admired room, with its spacious dome, together with the adjacent library, was constructed under the skilful direction of Mr. Sidney Smirke, the architect to the Museum. It was opened to readers in May, 1857.

The entire building covers a plot of ground 258 feet long by 184 feet in width. In the centre, as already mentioned, is the reading room, which has a diameter of 140 feet and a height of 106 feet, and contains ample and comfortable seating accommodation for 458 readers. Surrounding it is a network of galleries in concentric circles, four storeys high, and angles and straight corridors in three storeys. This is known as the New Library. Throughout its interior there are no walls; all the divisions being formed by double book-presses, in which the books are placed fore-edge to fore-edge, with only iron lattice intervening.

The New Library was designed to hold one-and-a-half millions of volumes. It would now have been over-crowded but for the invention and introduction, a few years ago, of the sliding press. This consists of a light iron framework, fitted with shelves, having books on both sides. It is suspended, in front of the ordinary press, on wheels which run on iron flanges, and can thus be drawn forward and pushed back as required. A glimpse of one is seen in our illustration of the south-east angle.

This timely invention staves off the immediate need for space; but further extension is inevitable. Foreseeing this contingency, the authorities, in 1893, learning that the leases of the houses, which then enclosed the Museum on three sides, would shortly fall in, negotiated with the ground landlord, the Duke of Bedford, with a view to acquiring the property; and it was eventually purchased for £200,000.

In addition, land has been secured at Hendon, where a repository, for storing minor newspapers and other little-used printed matter, has been built.

Thus provision has been made, it is hoped, to meet the requirements of the Museum and Library for the better part of a century. Perhaps, too, long ere this time elapses, much of the rubbish, which now does duty for paper and ink, will have crumbled into dust, and so automatically further space will occur. But, failing this, and unless the experiment at Hendon proves a success, vast and imposing possibilities open up to the dreamer.

Peering into the dim future, one sees in imagination the presses which now divide the New Library from the Reading Room, and the galleries and presses which now fill it, all swept away, and the whole space added to the great domed apartment; the antiquities deported to some new and grand Museum of Antiquities—as was done with the Natural History Collections; the Prints and Drawings added to the National Gallery; the collections of Ethnography and China and Glass shifted to the Victoria and Albert Museum; and the entire Bloomsbury building converted into one colossal library of books and manuscripts, where, by means of pneumatic tubes, books and tickets will speed more rapidly to and fro than at the present day. Whether this premised evolution shall or shall not be actual, Time only can show.

A. W. Jarvis.
R. Turtle.

Princess Joyce

By Keighley Snowden

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Stephen Merrall, the blind mill-owner, delights in sitting at the window, facing the wide expanse of open country, listening to his daughter Joyce describe the scenery which he looked upon for the last time fourteen years previously. Joyce, when a mere baby, was the cause of his blindness, but by his command she had been brought up in ignorance of the fact. When the story begins she is fifteen years of age, beautiful, and admired by George Marlowe, a lad of sixteen, who, however, is soon sent to Leeds to earn his living. Three years later, Louis Knight, Stephen Merrall's right hand man, falls in love with Joyce, but thinks it would be presumption for him to aspire to marry her. Then George Marlowe returns and renews his friendship with Joyce, but before long she is seriously displeased with his behaviour.

CHAPTER XI

GEORGE MARLOWE CALLS

JOYCE'S pride had brought about a strange thing. Satisfied with his own behaviour, George Marlowe resolved in five minutes that he would lead a better life; and, if his notions of what this change involved were hazy, one should make allowances. He might have made use of his opportunity without repenting; it was so plainly the correct thing to call next day, with a polite enquiry about Joyce's health.

Hazy those notions were, deplorably; but the impulse came to him strong and clear. He could not fail to see—it might have been plain to a simpler mind than his—that Joyce Merrall was a great and wonderful chance thrown in his way by Fortune. It was not for this, of course that any one could blame him; business acumen is rare at his age, except in the street arab—who sometimes lacks only steadiness to be a great man in England. And in the moral life, as in an illness, one important thing is to "get the turn."

"If I can bring it off," said the boy with great determination, "I'll run straight, so help me Bob I will. I've done with mashing and boozing about; it doesn't pay a man any how. I say, won't the governor be suited!"

He was on terms with himself of a rather coarse familiarity; but it promised well that he did not forget the amends he owed for liberal treatment.

"And the mater. Hang it, she means well. I'll go to chapel and all—see if I can't make up a lot to her. I shall have to do it! Joyce is such a good little dear, bless her! . . . Ah," said George, "they don't know what they do for a man. One thing—I'll never deny her what she wants, if it breaks me!"

At Wake House, then, he called; confounding Betty with the unaccustomed sight of a visiting card. Grace Merrall, for whom the card was respectfully intended, lost her head a little too. In a visiting card seen for the first time, there may be something neatly business-like which, in private life, is formidable. She took her apron off, told Betty to show him into "the room," and hurriedly made a toilette.

"Good afternoon," she began, not liking his looks, but saying her duty, "I'm glad to see you, and thank you; Joyce has told us what you did for her."

"Oh, don't mention it," said George in his best manner. "I hope Miss Merrall took no harm."

"No; she doesn't soon catch cold. . . . Will you sit down?"

It was a Saturday, and Stephen came home to find his wife engaged with the visitor. He relieved her; the more readily as an opportunity of judging this confident youth was welcome. George felt himself at home, however.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Merrall," he said heartily. "I've always thought it was a pity about your being blind. Mrs. Merrall says you never complain, but I know I should. I hope business is all right."

"Yes, thank you," said Stephen, smiling. "Let's see, you're in Leeds, aren't you? Learning dyeing."

"Oh, yes, *I'm* doing very well." George hesitated, and then plunged. "It's in

my line, I think. I can hit a colour, some way, every time nearly," he explained, "and get it with stuff the boss daren't use; cheaper, you know. The great thing they're wanting is mordants for anilines, that'll really fasten them. I've found two or three, already."

"That's capital."

"Well, it's got to be born in you. I don't brag about it, though it sounds like it. . . . You know my governor. He's clever. He's all there," said George.

"Yes, I know Mr. Marlowe. And what sort of friends do you find in Leeds? Plenty of nice people?"

It was not a comfortable question; but, having reformed, he told the truth in a burst of conscientiousness. "Well, not so far, not what you'd call really nice. I mean to look out, though."

"That's right. We don't see much of you at Ousenup."

The implication did not trouble him. "It's very kind of you to say so," he said alarmingly. "I'll call oftener if I may, sir."

"Let me see," Stephen fenced. "You've not been home for eighteen months, I think."

But Mrs. Merrall returned to offer him tea. George said, well, yes, he didn't mind a cup, and so preceded her to the living-room, where Joyce was "pouring out." Joyce's conscience pricked her for stinted gratitude, and a little thrill of pride at his call had touched her. She looked very sweet, he thought, as she asked him about sugar and cream. For his own part, George behaved adroitly; he addressed his easy conversation to the heads of the household—wondering which of the two had the whip hand.

The subject was town against country.

"Oh, I think there's no comparison," he laughed. "There's so much going on in a town, and you feel freer. Of course, at first," he tried for a note of modesty, "I didn't know my way about; but that's passed off. I do as I like now—I mean I can do, you know. I can go where I want and keep my own. If ever you come, Mrs. Merrall, I'll show you round."

Of course, he underestimated these good folks' discernment. Fair intentions played him false, putting him off his guard a little. He enlarged, and Stephen had less and less to say. His dislike of the lad's vulgarity was deepening to weariness, and he smarted for his wife and daughter. If he intervened, it was to save all three.

"Ah, well," he laughed at last, "you musn't run us down to your new friends. We're simple folk, you know." And he rose.

But the visitor did not think of going. When Louis Knight came in, an hour or so later, he found the egregious youngster there; and George, relieved of the blind man's cross-examination—which had by that time turned him inside out and found some holes in the lining—made up to Joyce.

He did so with a facile friendliness that amazed the newcomer unpleasantly. So far as Louis could hear, he told her tales about dogs, poaching dogs and others, to which she listened with a lively interest

"They're as cunning as you or me," he was saying. "Oh, I could tell you lots more like that." And he went on to do so with enthusiasm.

This intimacy of Miranda with Caliban—Louis thought of the names freely, not as labelling his opinion of young Marlowe—was a woeful thing to see. Her lover's heart beat dismally, confusing his ears for Merrall's talk; and now, at all events, that sure observer, blind though he was, knew how it stood with Louis.

"But you must keep your dog in," George was heard in a pause. "He'd be killed in a minute."

Then Stephen spoke to him. "Well, George Marlowe," he said, "we're going to talk a little business now. I hope you'll enjoy your holiday."

Joyce reddened, Louis looked down his nose; but the boy was not abashed.

"Oh, I beg pardon," said he, and got up. "Well, I've had a nice time, and I'm much obliged for your hospitality. I'd like to drop in again some time, if it isn't asking too much."

"Well," answered Stephen, "we're a very quiet household, and——"

"That's what I like!" George assured him with great heartiness.

"I mean that you'd be rather out of place, I think, in our circle."

It was said in the blind man's quietest way, and in a tone not hostile. But, even so, it was far from subtle; and George understood so well that a chill went down his back.

"Oh," he said, and stood very docile.

"Good-bye; and thank you." Stephen rose to shake hands.

"Well, good-bye. Good-bye, Mrs. Merrall, then. Good-bye, Joyce." There had been no introduction to Louis, so to him the boy said nothing.

"Remember me to your father," Stephen added pleasantly. "Give George Marlowe his hat, Joyce. The shawl you borrowed so kindly was returned this morning, and I think we've all recovered. Good-night."

Joyce said good-night again at the door, not unamicably.

Success had been so easy and delightful that George could overlook the snub. It had not hurt, it had only surprised him; nor did he consider that it blocked his prospect of happiness.

"I stopped too long," he thought. "But she knows what I stopped for, if he doesn't. *By!*" said George. "She's a picture."

Perhaps it was success unmerited, perhaps exhilaration, that set him off to the Moorcock Inn, where strong temptations haunted. At all events there was no debate; he quite forgot "the turn." The Moorcock is a snug, plain place of sanded kitchens, clean, well-victualled, hearty, out-of-the-way. On Saturday nights you are sure of a rouse there; it beckons men from far; and George, who had found it out the week before, was not in doubt of his welcome.

With a foaming pot on the table he cracked, at his own expense, a sort of joke.

"Well, chaps," said he—the dialect may sound facetious—and raised the ale and nodded round. "Here's good-bye to t' Moorcock, an' mony on 'em!"

CHAPTER XII

KNIGHT-ERRANTRY

It happens most unhappily in Yorkshire, that some, who jest in dialect while knowing English well, are gross. They talk it as the negro "'verts"; and a folkspeech full of antique charm, that interests even Oxford, is vilified extremely. In the same humour George drank his ale.

Meantime Louis sat late with his friend, who laid all manner of friendly snares in hopes of a declaration.

It did not come—Louis did not even see the snares in question. The sole direct success of Stephen's skill was to keep him there till midnight, and so arrange, unwittingly, that he should help George Marlowe home. For himself, he went to bed perplexed, and found a wakeful pillow.

Louis, in crossing the dale, heard scraps of drunken song ahead of him, now rising high, now maundering; all on a cheerful theme, it seemed, but most incompetent. He came upon the singer wayfallen. The night was pitch black; nothing in George's speech betrayed him; and, when the Good Samaritan asked his name, George asked him if he knew his father.

"Who is your father?" Louis inquired; and George said once more: "Do you know him?"

Louis laughed and struck a match.

In the spectacle a drunken boy presents there is nothing funny. Louis forgot all about his jealousy, his sharp dislike, and his pleasure at Stephen's handling, instantly upon seeing the limp, pale scapegrace propped against a wall.

"All right," he said. "I know you. I'll get you home."

"You're a b—brick!" said George. "What's your name?"

"Knight. Don't you know me? We met at Mr. Merrall's."

The effect of reminding him was to start the foolish song again; and this time Louis recognised it.

> "There's pret lil girl 'at *I* know!
> *You* know!
> We *all* know!"

—sang his rival.

Louis's disgust and indignation were greater than any one else's could have been. He held off a little. When the droning ceased, however, he lifted George to his feet and got an arm about him; and so, with occasional bruises from the walls that grazed his shins, being low and

roughly built, they stumbled through the darkness. The boy laughed at accidents convulsively, and Louis tried to think of something else.

"You won' tell Miss Mer'll," George pleaded. "You're good sort, bu' rather quiet." He hung on to Louis's shoulder, compelling a halt. "Joyce," he confided, gloomily, "thinks lot of you. I'm goin' to pull up an' marry her, be happy ever after."

The time for this appeal was unfortunately chosen. It was more than Louis Knight's charity could do to keep his arm round such a devotee, and George went down. But he had to be put in a place of safety. Louis got him home, knocked, heard some one coming, and left the sorry boy in a heap on the doorstep.

That encounter decided things for Louis. He held no more debate with himself than George had done about the Moorcock. Till some days after, indeed, he did not know that his mind had changed.

Joyce had seen enough to guide her too. As she now considered, George was coarse, and thought too well of himself, and took great liberties. Her mother's opinion went with hers.

Stephen kept his own unspoken, except to agree with them. He wished to have Joyce's confidence whatever happened.

What did happen showed her the young pretender in a new phase, and one sincerely interesting to her. He was ashamed and ill after the excess; on Sunday night he came to chapel. A very persuasive preacher, talking charitably and frankly from his own experience, there took hold of him; and George was out of spirits for days. Joyce caught his wistful look as the chapel emptied. On Monday, while she was buying stamps at the little post office down the lane, he came in for some cigarettes, and they left the shop together.

"Good-bye, Miss Merrall," he said, with a downcast air. "I'm not good enough to be seen with *you*."

Joyce thought he resented the snub. "Oh, I'm sure father didn't mean that!" she cried. Her quick sympathy was all awake in a moment.

"No, it's me that means it," George said with ungrammatical meekness—and walked away!

Her father, too, was a little touched by the incident, and disposed to repent of his coolness. He said, "I hope he'll mend, Joyce. We shall see, shan't we?"

It was in these circumstances that she happened upon him again while out walking, and fell into the talk that made trouble.

For, in spite of his heroic abnegation, George had been at considerable pains to put himself in her way. His fear was, that self-reproach had made an end of his chances. He saluted shamefacedly; and she saw that he wished to speak.

"Oh, George, I'm sorry you're so unhappy!" she cried, and laid her hand upon his arm.

As the worst of his woe was over, it may be counted a grace in George to have blushed. But he took his cue all the same. He stood looking at the grass, and conjectured, very dismally, that it couldn't be helped.

"Don't say that," she implored him. "I'm sure, if you try, you may be as good as any one."

He looked, if anything, still more glum, and after a long pause blurted out, "I can't see that it matters!"

"Oh, but it does!" cried Joyce, distressed.

"Not to anybody else."

"How can you say so? It matters to me, a great deal. I've thought of your sad face on Sunday night and Monday ever since."

He looked a quick surprise, unaware that his face had told such tales. She was really a bit fond of him, then, his vanity said. He went on harping on the useful string, with both hands deep in his pockets.

"If I cared it might be different," he grumbled to a world all grey. The sun shone brightly, but not, it seemed, for him. "I don't care enough in myself."

His face belied him, so Joyce said, "Oh, yes, you do! You wouldn't be saying so if you didn't, would you? Why, think!"

Whereupon he stood first on one foot, then on the other, and applied himself to boring a hole with his heel.

"It's because you care that you feel so

cast down, as if you couldn't care," she argued, eloquently.

"It is because I love you," said George.

The shock to Joyce was extreme, almost as if he had struck her, or burst out laughing.

"Oh, you mustn't!" she cried. "I'm not going to marry, ever."

"Not marry?" Her accent of intense meaning startled him. "Why not?"

"Because of father."

mise, but to tell the brutal truth to that pleading face. And perhaps he did not realise the truth.

"Well," he reddened again, "if you'd rather."

"Oh, yes!" Joyce was hurt, but too much concerned for him to show it. "Would you like," she asked him after a pause, "to turn back with me?"

His chance might not be done for, after all! He went with her accordingly; and if ever a moonish hypocrite was

Louis forgot all about his jealousy

A flush came slowly into his face, and then a sickly smile, unpleasant to see, ike a sneer.

"I may as well chuck it, then."

"Yes, yes!" she said, divining what he meant.

"Right O!"

He spun round in the hole his heel had made.

"But—but you won't give up trying to be good!" she stipulated, quickly.

He hesitated, not to give her the promise helped by any sweet girl's homily, he should have been translated.

When she told this story, Joyce left out one thing. She did not say what reason she had given George Marlowe for refusing to hear love talked about. She only gave the reason again to her father. Stephen had heard it a hundred times; she would not marry. He had often kissed her for it before. But now he did not say, as usual, "We'll see about that."

He was troubled.

He had no right, he thought, to assume George Marlowe insincere or fickle, and none as a Christian to discourage Joyce in some well-doing. But he spied a real danger in it, a possibility of her pleasant life being spoiled. Joyce's delicate true instincts were all against any friendship with such a booby, and they might now be hoodwinked by a friendship on this footing. She would condone so much for what seemed more important to her. She would lightly pity, and therefore underestimate, the boy's quite hopeless faults of breed. Whether he lived a good life or not, she would inevitably be drawn to him, and made unhappy if they still saw each other often.

What if he proved a very persistent love-maker? Stephen stood with his arms about her, and sought for the right word to say.

"How long," he asked, "is he staying in Ousenup?"

"Another week, Dad," she said.

"Ah." He kissed her again. "I hope you've done him good, little missionary."

She was silent.

"Some seed fell by the way-side, some in stony places, some among thorns, you know."

"And you think——?"

"No; only that we mustn't take things too much to heart. . . Go now, and help your mother with the supper, dearie."

CHAPTER XIII

LOUIS TAKES UP THE GAUNTLET

THERE was a party of Stephen's Merrall's friends that night; and, after supper, the talk turned upon theatre-going. Among Nonconformists in the Yorkshire Dales, that subject is discussed or left alone, on simple lines; and the general view continues to be, that the theatre does more harm than good, and ought to be shunned for example's sake, even when offering moral plays. But two of Stephen's guests had seen that week, at Bradford, a religious drama then much talked about. The argument waxed hot.

They were accused of "eating things offered in sacrifice unto idols," and exhorted to remember St. Paul's doctrine on the subject: "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth."

"That play," replied the heretic-in-chief, who taught in a Sunday School, "'ll make nobody offend. Ye're talking about theatres, I'm on plays. We might as well talk about reading, when every man can pick his own books. If all good folk read nought but their Bibles, every other book printed 'ud be a bad book. When I paid a shilling to see that play, I thought I did a duty; and I think it yet!"

"Robert, thou makes me angry," said the accuser. "Every book's separate, isn't it? How'd ta like one o' thy scholars to see wheere thou went, an' git th' habit o' goin' theere regular?"

Louis was for liberty; Stephen sat in his favourite pose of joined finger-tips, and listened with a smile. Not until they had talked themselves to a stand, a hostile and implacable silence rather painful, did he quickly ask for a description of the play in question. Then he sprang a surprise upon his wife.

"Mother, you're going to Bradford to-morrow. Take Joyce with you, and stay for a night at the theatre."

Grace urged a difficulty—which he had, apparently, foreseen. She was to visit a sick friend in a nursing institution, with a permit for one person only. "I shouldn't know where to leave her in the afternoon," she said.

"Why, Louis 'll see to that," he answered. "To-morrow's market-day, you know." (That was to say, Louis, too, would be in Bradford.) "Louis, you might like to stay late yourself."

It was then that Louis, falling in with the little plot, caught himself in a mind to make the most of his opening. He felt an overweening eagerness—unmistakably a quick delight of purpose. This brought, however, the thought that, if he meant to be something more than a friend, he must speak first with his employer. He bade good-night before the others. He had to see his way; and the excitement which that necessity caused was urgent.

He met Joyce with her mother soon after high market, and took her out to Manningham Park.

"You're not vexed, Louis?"

She was deliciously light-hearted, breathing all the joy of a glorious summer day and a rare experience. Louis saw this exquisite joy radiant on her pure face, and could not speak to her; because the only words that would have voiced him truly were, "You are a spirit, and I worship you, love you." Dared he think that any of her joy was for him?

They sat by the lake, a stiffly artificial sheet of water with banks of concrete, and iron seats all round it on a gravelled walk. There were children sailing boats, and many visitors besides themselves. But Joyce's eyes were on the dancing leaves, the rippling water full of light, the unclouded sky. She sank back with a great sigh of happiness.

"Isn't the world wonderful!"

He thought so indeed. The chiefest wonder of the world sat even by his side. "More," he said, in a low tone, "than we shall ever tell each other."

"Yes; I meant that! I try to tell father; but oh——!"

Her face had for a moment the grey look he knew, troubling him; and during a long ten minutes they both kept silence.

"I believe," said Louis, at last, "somehow, I've never thought much how happy life may be for one."

She saw his eyes fixed upon the water, and wondered at him, as she had often vaguely done before. He had kind, brown eyes not unlike her mother's. His confession told her nothing new; he was always so busy about her father's affairs. But the aquiline strength of his profile pleased her. Poor Louis!

"If you could teach me," he turned to her—and broke off. "Tell me what you are thinking just now. Will you?"

Her eyes fluttered and fell. "It wouldn't help you."

"Still, tell me."

"But—it was about you." The dear colour in her cheeks mounted.

"Ah, then I won't ask."

An impulse of frankness made her speak nevertheless. She said, "I was feeling glad you'd thought of that."

"Being happy?" How his pulses laboured!

"Yes."

Had she looked at him quickly, Joyce must have seen the ardent secret in his eyes. But when she did look, raising hers anxiously, to see if he took her plainness amiss, he had himself in hand. He was pale, but he smiled.

"No, it doesn't help; but I'm glad you told me," he said simply.

His quiet way of taking it made her feel as if she had spoken very boldly; he was so much older than she was. "You seemed so content," she began to explain, going deeper, "and you are so good—that I thought you ought to——"

"Ought what?"

"You ought to be married, I thought." She brought it out with her serious expression, looking straight at him, though she flushed.

"If I could marry you!" would have been so easy to say, that Louis felt a stab of bitterness. He turned his head. In this tampering there was poor pleasure; yet her girlish kindness uttered the sweetest things his ears had heard from a woman. The bitterness was, not that he must hold his peace still, but that, if it had been more than kindness, she could not have said those things.

"You're not vexed, Louis? You don't think I'm a busy-body? I didn't want to say it, you know."

"No, no!"

A shiver went through him as he pulled his wits together. He heard himself say in his ordinary tones, as if somebody spoke for him: "It isn't every man who can find a wife, Joyce, that's all."

"Oh," she said, "I'm sure no one has refused *you*, Louis!"

"No, no one has refused me yet."

He rose from the iron seat, and the smile he gave her in saying, "Shall we walk through the park?" made Joyce very sorry for him. She put her hand within his arm.

She was thinking of George Marlowe, too, how he had looked when she refused him. But he was not nice, like Louis. To see that Louis was unhappy under all—quite sadly unhappy, by his look—troubled the pleasant day for her. She had to hope that he would find some one; her romantic mind pictured the wife he ought to have,

some sweet and rich lady, perhaps older than himself. Joyce resolved to be very kind to him.

He was dearly aware of this tenderness, which continued all day, for him. He read it aright; she wished to reassure him. Its note was in her voice, talking of other matters; and her eyes looked it if ever he ventured to meet them.

He shunned their glance, yet tenderness was what he most adored in her.

He knew this at the theatre, seeing a white tear glisten upon her cheek as she watched, rapt from him, the heroic fate of a Christian girl in the days of Nero. Her face was transfigured then. Its pity abashed him, for until that moment she, and not the play, had held his thoughts; and yet it drew him near to her, since he forgot the aloofness of vain longing.

All the way home, Louis saw her spirit musing on the imagined martyrdom.

"Good-night, Louis," she said at the gate. "I think we're happiest when we don't know it." She pressed his hand.

"It has been a happy day," said he; "I know that."

"Oh, yes! A great day."

Her mother half feared just then that he had spoken.

(To be continued)

Photograph by *A. Wallace, Sidmouth*

The Coastguard's Boat

The Beginnings of Hebrew History and Religion

I

THERE is a perennial fascination in the story of primitive times as it is told by the Hebrew writers of the Old Testament. It seems to explain so much and yet leaves so much unexplained that we can neither satisfactorily interpret it nor let it entirely alone. These writers not only profess to explain the beginnings of their own national history, but link it on to the histories of other nations of antiquity, going back step by step to the very beginnings of time, and thus tacitly claiming that their national history is intimately bound up with that of the human race. As a matter of fact, the people through whose hands these accounts have come down to us has had a history with which no other nation's history can be compared. Whatever may be the attitude assumed towards it by the student he is, at some point or another of his enquiry, constrained to admit that there is something in it quite peculiar and distinctive, and the outcome of the history all the world knows and has experienced. Hence the interest in this subject never fades, and, as knowledge advances, the question becomes more insistent, What is the origin of this people and of these their accounts of the earliest times ?

The time was, not so long ago, when the Bible account, since it professed to be a connected history from the Creation of the World. was taken to be the only or the oldest written document referring to primeval times; and to the question whence the Hebrew writers derived this account, various answers were given according to the standpoint of the reader. People accustomed to venerate the Bible naturally supposed that the record of events so far remote from the time in which it was written must have been communicated by direct revelation, while others, of more sceptical mind, explained it as simply an example, amongst many, of a people endeavouring to give an account of the origin of their own nation and of the world in which they found themselves. Then came the time of criticism, when, from a close scrutiny of the literary features of the documents, the task was undertaken of discovering the mode of their composition, and from a comparison of the different parts with one another and from historical indications contained in them, the attempt was made to determine the dates of the several parts and their relation to one another. Those who have been engaged in this exercise have pretty much satisfied themselves as to their conclusions. On literary grounds, mainly, they have distinguished various sources or primary documents out of which these early Hebrew records have been composed; and from historical indications reflected in the sources they have determined, as they think, the times at which the primary documents took shape and the manner in which they have been brought together. What the historical critics tell us amounts practically to this: No people has an actual recollection of its own beginnings; by the time the first writers set themselves to give an account of the history, there is nothing but vague tradition or legend to go upon. But every writing reflects to some extent the age in which it is composed; so long as legendary folk-lore is transmitted orally it is continually adapting itself to the changing conditions of the times; and the latest time and conditions reflected in these tales when committed to writing determine the date of their written composition. These popular tales of folk-lore are explained as the naive answers to questions that arise among a people at an early stage of reflection, in the endeavour to explain the condition of things in which they find themselves. Certain places have certain names, certain customs have prevailed from of old, certain institutions are found in practice, certain tribal, social, national arrangements are in existence,

and questions are asked as to their origin and meaning. In answer to such questions certain legends or sagas spring up, which are believed to be statements of some occurrence or another which happened in a remote past, though they are at best or mainly but crude guesses, or the ingenious display of a childlike imagination which tries to construct a forgotten past to account for the phenomena of the present. And then as the feeling of national self-consciousness grows and is quickened, as for example through contact and conflict with other nations, the imagination weaves the scattered details of traditional legend into a connected account representing the earliest history and origins of the people. What were in popular folk-lore isolated patriarchs whose names attached to certain sacred places are arranged genealogically as fathers of the nation, and the history is thus carried back into high antiquity, although the historical background which shines through the narrative is that of a comparatively recent period, say about the eighth or ninth century before Christ.

But though the master-key of criticism seems to turn easily in the locks to which it is applied, it is only, after all, the outer doors that are opened. The questions still remain, What was the true origin, and what is the actually historical account of those phenomena, which the Hebrew writers, as it is affirmed, explained in this naive manner? Even if it be admitted that these accounts were written down at so late a time as is asserted, the stuff or material, whether in an oral or a written form, must go back to an earlier time and cannot all be explained as the projection of a recent present into a far distant past. The fundamental question is to determine the true account of what the Hebrew writers are alleged to have explained in legend, to account for the origin of beliefs and practices which they tried in this artless way to explain to themselves. So the centre of critical attraction at the present time is not so much and not primarily the characteristics of the written sources, but the nature and provenance and signification of the stories or narrations or traditions themselves. In place of a "literary" criticism, which concerned itself mainly with the composition of books, in place even of a "historical" criticism, which endeavoured to re-construct the history of Israel from the Biblical accounts, there has come into prominence a historical criticism with a wider outlook and more comprehensive sweep, in which the history of Israel is viewed rather as a part of the general history of Semitic peoples, and the traditions and written records of Israel are brought into comparison with the traditions and written remains of the nations of kindred blood or contiguous situation in that part of the world to which the Hebrew and related peoples belonged.

This shifting of the point of view has come about largely through the widening of our knowledge in recent years by the advance of archæology. As one monument after another of ancient times, outside the bounds of Israel, has been brought to light, not only has the general field of historical knowledge been enlarged, but the points of contact between Israel and the surrounding nations have been multiplied. So the desire has been quickened to discover the mutual relations of things that must be somehow connected, and to explain, if possible, the order of sequence of phenomena of very similar appearance. Ancient times, of which, till quite recently, we had no knowledge apart from the Bible, are now set in the full light of history, and illustrated by contemporary monuments. Stories of old time, accounts of the very beginnings of things, contained in the Book of Genesis, are found to have their counterparts and close resemblances in traditions of the more distant East. In particular, we have become aware of a civilization and culture of a very high order prevailing in ancient Babylonia at a time long anterior to the consolidation of Israel as a nation, and exhibiting striking parallels to things contained in the Hebrew records, and the question arises, How is this resemblance to be explained? For example, it has been known for a long time that the ancient Babylonians had an elaborate account of the Flood, very similar in many details to the account contained in Genesis, as

well as a Creation story resembling that with which the Book of Genesis begins. When these accounts, coming from a period long anterior to any date that could reasonably be assigned to the Biblical records, came to light, it was not unnatural for Assyriologists to claim that the Babylonian tablets contained the original of the traditions which had passed to the Hebrews, and had becomed modified by the Hebrew genius into the form in which they now appear in the Biblical records. And this presumption in favour of the greater originality of the Babylonian accounts has been much strengthened by discoveries that have been made in more recent times. Two of these are of special significance.

1. Early in 1888 some fellahin, in digging for marl in the neighbourhood of the ruins of an ancient royal city in Egypt, the site of which is now named after the modern village of El-Amarna, came upon some crumbling wooden chests which, on being unearthed, were found to contain a large number of clay tablets, covered on both sides with writing in a strange character. Some alabaster slabs found nearly beside them, bore the hieroglyphic names of Amenophis III. and Amenophis IV.; and these, which presumably had formed the lids of the boxes, fixed the date of the deposits; for these men were kings of the XVIII dynasty which, about the year 1560 B.C. had freed the land from the yoke of the Asiatic invaders who are known as the Hyksos or Shepherd-kings. When examined, the writing on the tablets was found to be the Babylonian, the same language and script as are found on the tablets which have been brought from the distant East; and the tablets themselves, some three hundred in number, consisted, with few exceptions, of letters written by Egyptian officials in Syria and Canaan, or by petty kings and rulers, and addressed to the King of Egypt who evidently was lord paramount in those lands at the time. Apart from the light cast by these tablets upon the condition of Palestine at that remote period—a condition of things very much in accordance with that portrayed in the first chapter of the Book of Judges, the importance of the discovery for the present enquiry lies in the proof they afford that at a time, say about B.C. 1400, and before the occupation of Canaan by the Israelite tribes, the Babylonian language and script were employed, at that distance from Babylon, as a medium of communication between the Court of Egypt, and the whole country of Canaan, as far, at least, as to the river Orontes. We at once ask, how are we to account for this Babylonian influence so far west, by conquest or by the peaceable spread of civilization and culture? And what was the extent of that culture and how was it likely to affect the Israelite tribes that came into Canaan? Though there is much room for conjecture, there is without doubt something here to be reckoned with in any endeavour to gain an explanation of the origin of the Hebrews and of their traditions.

2. Still more recently, in the winter of 1901-1902, some French excavators, working under the superintendence of M. de Morgan, at the great mound known as the Acropolis of Susa, came upon an inscribed stone of black diorite about eight feet high. It was in three fragments which could be easily pieced together. Upon the upper part is a representation of the Sun-god Samas, seated on a raised throne, and in front of him stands a king in an attitude of reverent obedience, with his hand to his mouth. The king is to be understood as receiving from the god of justice a code of laws which is inscribed on the stone, extending to forty-four columns, including prologue and epilogue. Hammurabi, for so he was named, was the sixth King of a dynasty that ruled in Babylonia from about the middle of the third millennium B.C., and he has been identified with Amraphel, who is mentioned in the fourteenth chapter of the Book of Genesis. The dynasty was Semitic; under his predecessors Babylonia had freed itself gradually from the Elamite yoke; and "from the very commencement of his reign," to quote a recent writer,* "Hammurabi devoted himself to the internal improvement of his country, and when the Babylonian chronicler says of his second year that it was "the year in which Ham-

* Stanley A. Cook, "The Laws of Moses and the Code of Hammurabi" (1903), p. 17.

murabi (established) the heart of the land in righteousness," we may see in this the beginning of those reforms which ultimately ended in the promulgation of the code which has recently been discovered." Indeed, before this monument came to light, the tablets had shown conclusively that an advanced civilization prevailed in Babylonia at that early period, and from the manner in which legal requirements and usages were quoted or referred to in connection with marriage contracts, commercial transactions, and such-like, Assyriologists had, on merely internal grounds assigned some system of law to the age of Hammurabi, a surmise which has thus been strikingly confirmed by this discovery. When to all this it is added that both Hammurabi himself and another king of the same dynasty described themselves as Kings of Amurri, that is, of the Amorites, by which name was designated the land of Canaan, the full significance of these discoveries will be apparent. Here we have an elaborate code of laws more than a thousand years earlier than the time of Moses, indicating a very advanced state of civilization under a dynasty that claimed sway as far west as the Mediterranean. And the proof of the extent and duration of that influence is furnished by the Amarna tablets, written in the Babylonian script before the Israelite tribes had taken possession of Palestine. It need not surprise us that special attention is at the present time fixed upon the civilization and religion of Babylonia, and that there is a disposition among Assyriologists to claim for the culture of Babylonia an originality in regard to many things which used to be regarded as exclusively characteristic of the Hebrew tradition. Thus, one modern writer,* who endeavours to hold the balance evenly between what is peculiarly Hebrew, and what is derived, says: "If we recall that Israel lived upon a soil enriched by the civilization of thousands of years, that it lived by no means in a state of isolation, but was surrounded on all sides by races with superior culture, and if we consider further the international trade and intercourse of the early ages, which went from Babylonia to Egypt, and from Arabia to the Mediterranean, by way of Palestine, we are warranted in assuming that this position of Israel among the nations will be reflected in its legends as well as in its language, which must be literally full of borrowed words."

The discussion of this question has culminated in what has come to be known as the "Babel and Bible" controversy. In January, 1902, Professor Friedrich Delitzsch, of the University of Berlin, delivered a lecture, in the presence of the German Emperor, on the relations between the Bible and the recent results of cuneiform research. The lecture was soon thereafter published, and gave rise to no little controversy; and the Professor, who in the meantime had gone to the East, was invited to deliver another on his return. This he did in January, 1903; and both lectures are now accessible in English under the title *Babel and Bible*.* An adventitious *éclat* was given to the discussion by the circumstance that the Emperor not only graced the lectures by his presence, but thought it his duty to give a pronouncement on the whole controversy, which has also been published; and now one may see booksellers' catalogues of Babel and Bible literature, evincing the keenness and extent of the interest that has been aroused. Delitzsch's contention, briefly stated, is that the dynasty of Hammurabi was very closely related to the branch of the Semitic family represented by the Phœnicians, Moabites, and Hebrews; that consequently the Hebrews derived largely from this older stock those elements of civilization which they possessed; and that even their notions of religion and their monotheistic conception of the Deity can be traced to the same older source. This position has naturally been criticized from different sides, orthodox believers defending the inspiration and revelation of the Old Testament; Biblical critics, who have been teaching that monotheism arose by slow degrees in

* Gunkel, "Legends of Genesis" (English Translation), p. 89.

* Translated by C. H. W. Johns. Crown Theological Library, 1903.

Israel, refusing to admit the alleged early Babylonian influence in this direction; and even Assyriologists reproving Delitzsch for putting forth as new what was old or antiquated and for drawing conclusions which are not warranted by the facts.

Undoubtedly a new light has thus been shed upon the ancient Hebrew story, and these discoveries may lead to a readjustment of view and a re-statement of many things which have been tacitly accepted in the past. At the same time we must beware of forming hasty judgments regarding the conditions of things so very remote; for the very increase of knowledge that has been gained only serves to impress upon us the sense of our ignorance. It is certain that Babylonian influence had extended itself at a very early period as far as Palestine, but at what time or in what way this came about we do not know. Had we merely the claim of Hammurabi and another of his dynasty that they were kings of the "extended land of Amurri," that might not amount to much. We know how later Assyrian monarchs made campaigns into the distant West and blazoned upon their monuments the number of prisoners they had captured, the countries they had overrun, and the number of kings they had subdued, although they made no permanent occupation of the lands in question. But there is more than this. The prevalence of the language and script of Babylonia is a phenomenon that could not be produced on a sudden; this required time for its eventuation, and implies an influence of longer continuance and greater potency than that of a military invasion. Moreover we know from the tablets that about the period 2000 B.C. Amorites were numerous in Babylonia, and that there must have been a considerable immigration of that people into the country;* and there is abundant proof that not only the language but the culture of Babylonia had made a deep impression on the Western lands. The discoveries of recent times, therefore, only throw us farther back in our search for information, and the beginnings of the Hebrews and their beliefs are involved in the general history of the great Semitic family to which, in common with other branches, they belong.

There is a great quadrilateral, extending from the region of the Tigris on the east to the shores of the Mediterranean on the west, and from the Armenian mountains in the north to the Arabian Sea and the Persian gulf on the south, in which various peoples of kindred blood and language are found at the earliest period of which we have historical knowledge, all comprehended under the general name of Semitic. Whether all the peoples originally inhabiting this whole region were of one race, we know not, or whether other languages than those of which we have a record may have lived and died there, we know not. What we do find at the earliest period to which we can go back is a certain differentiation of language along with an unmistakable community of relationship, so that we can speak of the Babylonian or Assyrian Semitic, the Arabian, the Aramaean, and the Canaanite Semitic, all related in such a manner that we cannot pronounce any one of them to be the common mother of all the others. At what time or in what manner the Semitic peoples came into this region we have now no knowledge, and different opinions are held as to the original home or radiating point of the race. One view is that they came originally from somewhere in the great central tableland of Asia, near the sources of the Oxus and Jaxartes. Coming through the mountainous region of Kurdistan and reaching the Tigris, they would cross into the country between the Tigris and the Euphrates, and then moving southward they would part into two branches, one proceeding westward towards Syria and Palestine, the other southwards towards Babylonia, and then from the head of the Persian gulf penetrating Arabia and spreading over that peninsula. Others, however, suppose that the original home of the Semitic peoples was in Arabia. History furnishes many examples of nomadic peoples pushing their way into cultivated lands, and assuming by degrees a settled sedentary life; and it is supposed that the nomad population of Arabia,

* Pinches, "The Old Testament in the Light of the Historical Records of Assyria and Babylonia," pp. 156-7, etc.

under the pressure of insufficient means of existence, was continually overflowing its boundaries and being attracted by the provision of richer lands, successive layers of emigrants driving earlier ones farther afield, up to the borders of Kurdistan and Armenia, and westward as far as the shores of the Mediterranean, the fertile region of the Tigris and Euphrates affording a settled home to those who had the power to retain hold upon it.

Such movements, of course, must have taken place in what are to us still prehistoric times, and these views are at best but theories to account, as well as may be possible, for conditions which appear when the light of authentic history falls upon them. It will be understood, now, what is meant when it is said by some specialists that the Babylonian dynasty of Hammurabi belonged to the so-called Canaanite or northern branch of Semites, or by others that the dynasty was of Arabian origin. The arguments used in the discussion of this question are to a great extent of a linguistic kind and in the nature of the case must be very precarious, for they relate to a time when presumably some of the dialects would be in the process of formation or entirely non-existent. As we do not know how the Semitic stock broke off into its different branches, we are equally ignorant of the process by which the various dialects were differentiated; and the geographical distribution of them may have been different from that which they exhibit at a later period. In point of fact we find affinities and relationships among some of these languages which now geographically stand far apart; and, in general it may be said that we are still very much in the dark as to the commencement and the earliest periods of Semitic history. The dynasty to which Hammurabi belonged was Semitic; but it is one of the best established facts that the Semitic race was originally foreign to Babylonia; or, at all events, that they derived the cuneiform mode of writing, and with it a great deal of civilization embodied in it from a non-Semitic people who were settled there before them. Up to about 2200 B.C. the language principally used seems to have been this non-Semitic Babylonian, or, as it is now usually called, Accadian or Sumerian, which gradually gave place to the Semitic language of the dominant dynasty to which Hammurabi belonged. And although, as already mentioned, the kings of this dynasty claimed to hold sway over all the lands as far as the Mediterranean, Sargon of Agadé or Accad, as far back as 3800 B.C. is found making the same claim. It would, no doubt, be a great mistake to suppose that at any time the whole of the territory which we may call the Semitic world was one united homogeneous whole, politically or otherwise. As successive layers broke off from the central radiating body they would carry, no doubt, at first one common language and certain common traditions; but they would gradually, sooner or later, more or less rapidly, diverge and become differentiated, though with one bond of kindred, and perhaps living under one overshadowing political influence, though each with its local autonomy. The discovery of the Babylonian writing as far west as Palestine in the Amarna tablets is really no proof that that was the one and only language then spoken over the whole Semitic world. On the contrary, it might be taken as a presumptive indication that there was a multiplicity of dialects, and that this one was accepted as a *lingua franca*, or medium of communication between peoples of different tongues. The fact that these letters were addressed to a non-Semitic people in Egypt proves this, and we have examples of the same thing in ancient and modern times. We infer with great confidence that in the time of Hezekiah the Aramaean, as we call it, or the "Syriac" of the Authorised Version, there was such an international medium, for the nobles of Jerusalem asked the ambassadors of Sennacherib to speak in this tongue and not in Hebrew, the language of the Jewish listeners. And this same Aramaic is found at an early time in Egypt. Yet we do not conclude that Palestine, much less Egypt, was a conquered province of Assyria. In the same manner French has been in modern times the Court and diplomatic language over the most of Europe, though the different nations so using it have had their

independent existence and their own national languages. Persian also has been so employed in India. The cuneiform script, which itself, we must remember, was not originally a native Semitic mode of writing, had been adopted by the dominant Semitic family in Babylonia; it may have been the only script possessed at that time by any of the Semites, for the time of the alphabet had not yet come. At all events, it was employed, as we see, as a general medium of communication, and, in those distant times when learning was usually confined to a professional class, it may have been known only to professional scribes. It would be a daring position to assume that the other Semitic dialects arose by development from the Babylonian as a mother tongue. Babylonia itself was a country of many languages,* and for the purer, unadulterated Semitic we must probably look elsewhere. And it is very important to bear all this in mind, lest we should tacitly assume that since this is the only language and culture of which we have knowledge at that time and for a considerable time afterwards, it was therefore the only language of the Semitic peoples, and that the various branches of that great family had no history, no culture, no traditions and beliefs of their own.

And thus we are brought back to our main enquiry, What was the first home and origin of that branch which is subsequently known as Hebrew or Israelite? When and where did they break off from the main stock, and in what way did they become differentiated from the contiguous or related smaller branches?

JAMES ROBERTSON.

* Pinches, "The Old Testament in the Light of the Historical Records," p. 139.

(To be continued.)

Photograph by **Milton's Cottage, Chalfont St. Giles** *J. W. McClellan*

My Visit to Gounod

IF Gounod had only written on one of his cards the seven following words: "To introduce Mr. Albert Visetti to Monsieur X," I might have settled my business in the most satisfactory manner.

This thought struck me as I was sitting outside the Glacier Napolitain on the Boulevard des Capucines. Now my relation of friendship to Gounod, was, as a lawyer would say, in the second degree; that of my maestro Nava, and Gounod, was of the first degree—true!

But how many times in Milan he had kissed me and called me "my boy" and made me promise to go and see him in Paris, which, however, I had never done. Well now I was in Paris, Gounod was in Paris too, an empty carriage stood at the edge of the pavement. I said to myself, "Visetti, if you don't get into it and drive straight up to Gounod's house you are a greater fool even than your friends say you are."

From the Boulevard des Capucines, through Place de la Madeleine, Boulevard Haussmann to Place Malesherbes, is a glorious drive, and I arrived at the house of the great composer in the best of spirits. The rattling of my conveyance drew the concierge out of his apartments, and this functionary walked up to me, broom in hand. He did not seem to be impressed with my appearance. I was dressed in a travelling suit, no gloves and a low hat.

"Is Monsieur Gounod at home?"

"Monsieur Gounod? Voyons un peu. Has he written to you?"

"No."

"Then he is *not* at home."

"But is he at home or *not?*"

"If he has not written to you, he is *not* at home. Vous comprenez!"

"Yes, I 'comprend' very well. Just please send up my card to him. I am one of his friends."

"You may be even Le Bon Dieu himself; if he has *not* written to you, he is *not* at home."

"But I want to see him."

"Then come on Thursday morning from ten to eleven o'clock. On that day he receives everybody—he will receive you too."

"But I shan't be here then. I must see him *now*."

"Ecoutez, Monsieur; follow my advice. You write to him, he'll read your letter and perhaps answer it, if he does—all right—*autrement*, he is *not at home!*"

As there was nothing else to be done, I followed his advice. At the nearest post office I wrote a "carte télégraphique" to the composer, asking for an interview at his earliest convenience, and then returned to my hotel to nurse my disappointment as best I might.

La politesse française, however, asserted itself grandly on this occasion.

I had not been in my room, more than an hour when I received a reply (the carte télégraphique, by the by, is a wonderful institution) containing these words: "Venez me voir ce soir à 6 heures, Charles Gounod." I walked up and down the room joyfully, singing the march from "Faust," and made up my mind I would fling the carte télégraphique under the nose of that confounded concierge at 6 o'clock.

I had not much time, so I hurriedly changed into clothes more suitable to the hour and to the fashionable quarter I was going to revisit.

When Siegfried leaves Mime's forge he has no fewer than three duets to sing before being admitted to the presence of Brünnhilde, who waits all the time for him. When I left my hotel I little thought that I should have to go through the same ordeal of duets before reaching my "male Brünnhilde."

Punctually at six o'clock the fiery steed that I had engaged dashed up on three legs to the Place Malesherbes—at quite a mile an hour. It stopped with a convulsive jerk. The concierge, much more pleased with my general appearance this time, came up to help me out of the carriage. It was *he* this time, who opened the conversation.

"Est-ce qu'il vous a écrit?"

"Yes."

"Ah, mon Dieu, I thought as much when I saw—well, you have been lucky."

"Is he at home now?"

"Ah, voyons, you *say* he has written to you, but you know—it is my duty, *c'est la consigne*, Monsieur, I must ask you to show me his letter."

"His letter? Here it is, do you see it? *Can you read it?*" (He *should* be crushed.) And I pushed the carte under his nose as I had sworn I would.

"Oh, oui, 'tis he, 'tis he, but yes. Come this way, please; he is at home, he is at home. This way, this way."

He touched the button of an electric bell, which began ringing and its shrill sound seemed to wake up, one after the other, different bells in various parts of the house.

To the tune of this carillon I began to wend my way up the staircase over soft carpets, rich Persian rugs and mats, and through a perfect bower of palms, ferns, and gay, sweet smelling flowers.

On the first landing, to avoid stepping on a bouquet I passed quickly under a palm tree, one of whose magnificent leaves brushed my new top hat the wrong way into a good imitation of a donkey's back.

An irreproachably dressed, white-cravatted, manservant was keeping the door open for me on the second landing—keeping the door open, but cunningly barring the entrance with his obsequiously bowing person.

"Monsieur Gounod?" I hand him my card.

"C'est ici." He takes the card, but does not offer to move.

"I come by appointment," I add by way of expediting matters.

"Has Monsieur Gounod written to you to come and see him this evening?"

"He has."

"May I dare to ask you to have the kindness to show me, if you have it with you, the note of Monsieur Gounod?"

"Here it is." Therefore the carte télégraphique comes out for the second time from my breast pocket. The servant only casts a glance towards it, and silently bows me into a cosy little room at the left of the entrance.

I assume a sweet smile, and prepare that charming manner of cordiality with which to greet an honoured friend. But I have wasted its sweetness on vacancy. I am alone! I therefore resume my normal condition.

Suddenly the door opens behind me. I turn round to see a noble lady, standing silently on the threshold, looking alternately at me and at my card, trying evidently to make something out of my foreign name.

"What's up now?" said I to myself.

"I am Madame Gounod." (A profound bow.)

A long pause. Then another look at my card and at me. "I am Madame Gounod." (Another profound bow.)

Long pause. "Do you wish to see my husband?"

"Yes, Madame, I do."

"Does he know that you wish to see him?"

"Chère Madame, I heartily hope that by this time he knows it."

"Ce n'est pas ça, Monsieur! He misunderstands me." (Addressing me) "You misunderstand me. I mean has Monsieur Gounod written asking you to come here?"

"Yes, Madame, he has."

"Oh! has he?" looking up at the ceiling and again addressing me in a hesitating and anxious manner. "Monsieur—I don't know how to express myself, but people have had recourse to so many means to obtain an interview with my husband . . . that you will excuse me if—if I ask you to show me——"

"His letter?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Mais certainement, Madame, here it is." Out came the weary-looking carte télégraphique for the third and last time. I proffered it to her with extended arm.

Madame Gounod, seeing the document, clasped her hands, half as if in prayer, and half as if to prevent me from forcing the paper between her fingers. When the carte at last was replaced in my breast pocket, the lady and I remained staring at each other, just as when she first appeared, and I seemed to have got no further.

Charles Gounod by E. Felix

By permission of Verlagsanstalt F. Bruckmann, Munich

All of a sudden, however, Madame Gounod made up her mind. She threw up her head, took three rapid steps towards me, and facing me, said—

"Can't you speak to *me*, instead of Monsieur Gounod?"

"Dear Madame, I'm afraid not. You see——"

"Then it is something important—something that may upset him—something——"

"No, no, calm yourself, Madame."

(Crescendo.) "Can you give me your word of honour, Monsieur, that if you see him, you will communicate to him nothing of a nature to make him nervous."

"I pledge as many words of honour, as you may wish, Madame."

(Crescendo.) "Are you aware, Monsieur, of the terrible responsibility you are going to assume in the face of Art, of France, of all the world, by *insisting* on speaking to my husband, now that he is composing a Mass? Are you aware, Monsieur, that by talking to him you may perhaps destroy an inspiration, which would, through your untimely interruption, be lost to mankind for ever? Are you aware——?"

"Madame, I am aware that I wish to see Monsieur Gounod, that he wishes to see me—and if you will pardon me I do not intend to leave this house without having spoken to him."

"Is this your last word?"

"It is."

"Ainsi, soit-il." (which in French is "Amen.")

The servant, who had been standing by the door, advanced with a silver tray, on which Madame Gounod dropped my card. She bowed to me, I bowed to her, the servant bowed to us, and walked before me along a passage. He hesitated before a door, then opened it, disappeared, and re-appearing bowed me in, and intimated silence to *me*, by placing his finger on his lips.

I was at last in the studio of Charles Gounod. All that unnecessary ceremony that the concierge, the servant, and Madame Gounod had made me go through, had put me in a very uncomfortable state of mind. The room was, as far as I could see, a large gloomy apartment, in darkness, but for a small oil lamp on the grand piano, at which Gounod was seated. It threw into strong relief the white hair and beard of the composer, who was, like the room, attired in black. It was a serious moment. Gounod was playing, not from notes, not from memory. He was playing from that music, Heaven-born in *his* brain, and in his only.

Ruled paper and pencils were on the table for him to materialise his inspirations.

It was—from the impression I received—a female chorus, a kind of hymn—in a very slow movement—and vanishing away into a pianissimo. In that moment I really felt my utter nothingness, and if I could have withdrawn without making a noise I would have done so. The words of Madame Gounod about my being aware of the responsibility I was assuming by interrupting Gounod while he was at work, words that had sounded to me so unnecessary, came back to me one by one with solemn and impressive truth. What right had I, unnecessary crawler on the earth, to wriggle myself between the outlook of Gounod's soul and the ideal world into which it was directed. Leaning against the door, holding my breath, nervously squeezing my top hat under my arm and frantically trying to force my already gloved left hand into my right-hand glove, I was privileged to be the first to listen to the new-born melodies, and afraid by the least motion to break the ideal flow of heavenly sounds. The Cadenza concluded, all was silence for a moment. Was Gounod going to jot down on paper what he had played? I would have willingly waited until Doomsday. No, his eyes fell upon my card on the silver tray, and without turning he said in a feeble voice, "Are you there?"

"I? Why—yes—Maestro."

"Oh! What shall I do? What shall I do? How can I compose? Everyone wishes to see me—everyone wishes to speak to me—everyone asks—I cannot refuse, I am too good, too feeble—I am guilty, I forget my duty to Art, to myself—I must leave Paris, go away, far away into the country—à la campagne, à la campagne."

It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back—and mine broke just at this juncture.

"Don't worry, Maestro," said I, recovering my natural voice, "I'll go myself à la campagne, anywhere, if I can only find a way of opening this blessed door."

"Ah! avancez! What do you want?"

"I want to get out into the open air—on to the Boulevard—anywhere."

"Avancez toujours; come on, sit down here, my boy," said he,—this time with a cheerful voice, striking with his open hand the seat of the chair near him.

I sat down. Gounod was again the Gounod that I had known in Italy. We talked over the past. He gave me a score or so of introductions. Time was flying—and in the most pleasant manner.

I had even made up a cigarette—and he was looking for matches amongst his papers when somebody knocked at the door.

Confound that knock. It spoiled everything.

"Monsieur le Baron," whispered the servant.

Gounod relapsed into his ecstatic expression. He leant his elbow on the table, his forehead on his hand, extended towards me two fingers which I devoutly touched—and then I followed the servant out.

As I left, I cast a rapid glance at the cosy room where I had been kept waiting, and saw a gentleman speaking to Madame Gounod. It was now the turn of Monsieur le Baron.

ALBERT VISETTI.

Profit and Loss

By John Oxenham

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

John Burney, a London banker, discovers that his son has forged the signature of one of his customers. The lady whose name has been forged insists upon steps being taken for the arrest of the culprit. Being aware that his chief cashier, George Barty, is deeply in debt and being pressed by his creditors, John Burney promises that if he will declare that he committed the forgery, he will pay his debts, look after his wife and children, and, at the expiration of his sentence, give him £5,000 to start life afresh. Barty agrees, pleads guilty and is sentenced to ten years across the seas. At the end of four years he is permitted by the authorities to become servant to an explorer who is about to cross Australia from West to East. Barty dies on the journey. Many years later, Sir John Burney engages a young man to act as travelling companion to his grandson, Frazer Burney, who is mentally deficient. The companion is George Barty, son of the bank cashier. On the continent George Barty becomes acquainted with Mary Lindsay, an Australian girl who is acting as companion to an aged English lady. The Englishwoman dies, and Mary Lindsay prepares to return to England, but before the time for her departure arrives, Frazer Burney stabs George Barty, escapes to the mountains and is not seen again. Mary Lindsay nurses George Barty through his illness, and when he is able to travel they start for England, where George settles down to endeavour to earn a living as a writer. At length, after many disappointments, he receives a letter from a publisher inviting him to call at his office. As he is coming away, not well pleased with his interview, he is addressed by two elderly little men, twins, whom he had seen quitting the publisher's office as he entered. He reciprocates their evident desire to be friendly, and is introduced by them to many journalists, one of whom gives him some work. In the meanwhile Mary Lindsay becomes governess to Sir John Burney's grandchildren.

CHAPTER XVII

HANDS ROUND

THE next time George ran up to the office of the *Round Table*, he found Mrs. Baird busily working against time on the proof slips of that week's issue. Her face was pinched into an intent little frown as her pen dashed in marginal alterations, and there was a tired look in her eyes as she looked up at George. and nodded.

He flung down his hat, rooted up a pen, and said :

" I'm going to help. Hand me a batch, please ! "

" Do you know how ? "

" I've been grinding it up from those pen people's slip."

" Here you are. Don't let any literals slip. They cause me acute physical pain."

" I won't let anything slip," and, beyond an occasional brief question and answer, silence reigned for a good hour.

He pushed over his slips as they were finished and she ran her eyes over them, critically at first, and with hidden gleams of amusement at the amateurish style of some of his corrections. But the corrections were all there, and indicated beyond even the obtuseness of a compositor to mistake, and she was well satisfied.

She heaved a sigh of relief when the last slip was done, and the grimy small boy who had been waiting for it and cultivating a taste for literature on his own account with a damaged copy of the *Boys of England*, sped down stairs three at a time.

" Now we'll have a cup of tea," she said. " I've been longing for it for half-an-hour, but I determined it should not be till all those proofs were done. I'm very much obliged to you for your help."

" It's been a pleasure," said George. " I shall come every week."

" That would be expecting quite too much of you."

" Not a bit. I owe you and Mr. Baird more than I can tell you. Where is the master ? "

" I expected him back before this. He's out trying to get in some accounts that ought to have been paid a month ago. It's hard to get advertisements, and sometimes it's harder still to get them paid for, and if you're too pressing they don't like it."

" Advertisements seem a beastly nuisance," said George.

" Unfortunately we can't do without

them. Here's John now," and she poured out a third cup, as the door opened and Baird came in looking tired and beat.

"Hello?" he said, with his usual quiet smile, as he saw George. "What's this?"

"New assistant sub-editor, sir," and George stood up meekly and touched an imaginary forelock.

"He insisted on stopping and correcting proofs," said Mrs. Baird. "Now he's reaping his reward."

"Rather a harnessing of Pegasus, isn't it?" said Baird, as he sipped his tea with relish.

"Not a bit. Pegasus was in debt. He wants to work some of it off," said George.

"Well, that's all right," said Baird. "We can stand it if he can. That is, if he lets none of the little fishes slip through."

"Not a fish. I appeal to the pilot's wife."

"And the pilot's wife says you're above reproach," said Mrs. Baird, with a twinkle.

"Oh, I've no doubt your printers will smile at my corrections, but I'll guarantee every one beautifully done according to the pen people's slip."

"They were quite too beautiful. My only fear is that the comps will be so overcome that they'll do nothing but stand and admire them. But you'll soon get down to hieroglyphs like the rest of us."

"And you've got right through?" asked Baird, looking round.

"Last slip went down a quarter of an hour ago," said Mrs. Baird triumphantly.

"Why, it's as good as a half-holiday," and he pulled out his pipe and began filling it. "Smoke, Sub, and enjoy my well-earned rest," and he threw his pouch across to George.

"Chubb mixture!" said George, as he smelt it.

"Right! And the very best mixture I know. They send me in a pound about every second week. They put it on the ground that I deserve it and can't possibly find out where to get it or make it up myself. But I've an idea they think I can't afford such a luxury out of my own pocket. Or else they're both in love with Nell," and he smiled across at her through his soothing cloud.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," said Mrs. Baird. "I've been in love with them ever since I knew them. I was afraid you'd find it out sometime."

"Brazen woman!" said her husband. "But they're a pair of little golden hearts, if there's not very much of them to look at."

"You'll let me come and help again?" asked George, when he was leaving. "I've enjoyed it ever so much, and it's all experience, you know."

"He'll be putting you into a story next, Nell," said Baird. "I expect he's making a minute study of the peculiarities of your character, and——"

"Well, he might do worse," laughed Mrs. Baird. "Come and welcome, Mr. Barty. I shall be glad of your help—that is if you're sure it's not interfering with your own work."

"Not a bit. It's relaxation. I enjoy it."

"One man's poison another man's meat," smiled Baird. "If I find any ghastly mistakes in this week's issue I shall know who let them through."

"That's a nice boy," he said to his wife, as George sped down the stairs.

"As nice a boy as ever I met," said Mrs. Baird. "There is something about those deep-set eyes of his, with the smiles in the corners, that makes you like to look at them."

George meanwhile was tramping away westward, with a masterful stride and a face made up of thought and anticipation; thought, for a new story he was turning over in his mind; anticipation, which was realised when he reached Kensington Palace Gardens just in time to catch Mary Lindsay as she turned out of the Burney house.

From the matter-of-fact style of their greeting you might have argued that their meeting was an understood thing. And so it was. Every night Mary found George waiting to escort her home, and her eyes lighted up at sight of him, just as his did at sight of her. And the long

walk through the busy streets, which might have proved a weariness alone, became, in company, a delight to look forward to all day. And, in truth, as George very well knew, anything that could lighten the burden of such work as hers was very welcome to her.

At times those terrible children got on her nerves, and George could tell it by the first glance at her face. And at such times he would simply wheel and walk by her side, and they would go sometimes a full mile before a word passed between them. Then by degrees, with the exercise, and the sight of the shops, and the sane faces of the passers-by, and the feeling of protection in the quiet companion by her side, her spirits would get over their depression, and before they reached home she was almost herself again. At other times she was like a schoolgirl just released from her tasks, and chattered gaily all the way, and stopped to look into the shop-windows, and not seldom insisted on going inside to buy some trifle for Joan, just to show that, in their own enjoyment, they had not forgotten her.

This happened to be one of her dark days. It was not till they were walking down Holborn that they spoke. Then George said quietly.

"Been having a bad time?"

"Yes," she said, "horrible!"

"What was it?" as she relapsed into silence. "Do you good to talk it over."

"We were out for a walk to-day and the youngest girl, Gwen, was walking in front. She stumbled and fell. They never seem to know where they're going, you know. Evelyn, the eldest, was behind and she walked right over little Gwen as though she had been a worm or a heap of stones. It was not as if she had tumbled over her. She just put her foot on her and tramped on without the slightest concern, and never even looked back. There was something so distressing in it, so—so inhuman, that it gave me quite a turn. Gwen wasn't hurt. I just picked her up and we went on. But I could have cried at thought of the other. It is very terrible. Except for eating, they don't seem to have a human feeling among them."

"They're a ghastly lot. What possible use can they be?"

"What would you do?"

"I don't know. At the present moment I'm inclined to favour the ancients' plan of quietly putting an end to such as early as possible."

"I feel like that sometimes. Just think of these four growing up to be men and women in body, and—absolutely nothing in anything else. It is horrible! horrible! horrible!"

"Well, thank God we've got brains and hearts, if we haven't got any money," said George fervently "Have you ever seen Mr. Burney yet?"

"It's odd you should ask that. We met him as we came in from our walk to-day. He was just going into the house, and he stood aside for us to pass, and looked at his children as though they were a menagerie. He stared at me as if he thought he ought to know me, and raised his hat. It is the first time I have seen him since Saas-Mürrn, and in the light of Saas-Mürrn he is hateful."

"And Mrs. Burney never troubles you?"

"Never. She comes in now and again when we're at lunch, and looks at us and sighs, and she's always chewing something. The children never take the slightest notice of her, even when she goes round and strokes their hair. She sometimes asks if we're all right, and when I say yes, she sighs again and goes out."

"And the old man?"

"I've never seen him since the first day, and then only for a minute. When he's got the gout he stops in his study, and the children are never allowed near it."

"It's not exactly a lively house."

"It's deadly, and the worst of it is the thought of those poor children's future."

"They may improve as they grow older. I really thought I was getting young Frazer's brain into better shape."

"I never saw any signs of it, and, as it turned out, it didn't look very like it, did it?"

"You never saw him as he was when I first took him. He certainly didn't turn out well, but I'm not at all sure that what happened wasn't the result of a sprouting intelligence."

He told her how he had been helping Mrs. Baird through her proofs.

"When are you going to bring them to Wynyatt Square? We're all aching to see them. Do you know what would please Joan more than anything else in the world, George?"

"No, what?"

"Get Mrs. Baird, or Mr. Baird, or whoever has the say in the matter, to let her do some little bit of the paper for them. "Answers to Correspondents," or anything. I am sure she could do it, and whatever she did she would do better than most."

"That's an idea," said George thoughtfully. "But, you know, they're having a tough time, and they don't dare to spend a penny on outside work if they can do it themselves. And they haven't any "Answers to Correspondents" as far as I remember."

"Then they ought to have. It's the funniest part of most papers. And Joan doesn't want any pay. It would do her a heap of good."

"I'll get them to come round as soon as I can, and Joan can suggest it. But they never seem to have a moment to spare."

"Sundays? They can't work all Sundays too."

"I've no doubt they get breathing space on Sundays, and I've an idea Mrs. Baird generally gives me half-an-hour. By Monday, as a rule, she's got something to say to me about my stuff."

"Have you any news from Mr. Felston yet?" she asked.

"Not a word. It's six weeks since he wrote last. He said he was working hard at two or three things and intended to stick at them till they were finished. He's too busy to write probably."

But the very next day he received a letter from Niel felston, and it made a break in the smooth flow of his life and sent him hot-foot in pursuit of the writer.

Felston wrote—

"My dear Barty,—The fool is turned again to his folly and the beast to his wallowing in the mire. Never waste your time on a fool again. It is unprofitable labour.

"My pictures turned up trumps. A Chicago man saw them at Florio's and paid the price. With 25,000 francs in hand, the green cloth fever came upon me hot and strong. I am off to Monte Carlo, and before I go I owe you a grateful good-bye. You are a man. I am a fool. We are not likely to meet again. I shall break the bank. Then in the natural course of things the bank will break me, and this time I shall go out. It is in my blood and there is no hope for me. Better dead. Just forget that you ever knew a fool called NIEL FELSTON.

Once more good-bye, and God bless you!"

CHAPTER XVIII

AFTER THE FOOL

Two hours later George was grinding along in a third-class carriage to Folkestone, on his way to Monte Carlo. Felston had a couple of days start of him, and much might happen in two days at a place like Monte Carlo. He was full of anxiety concerning his friend, but hoped still to arrive before anything untoward happened.

He had to wait four hours in Paris, and so had time to run across to Felston's lodgings in the Rue Michelette. But the door was locked, and all that the concierge could tell him was that M. Felston was away.

All that night, and all the next day, he was jogging to the South. It was after two o'clock on the following morning when he dropped out of the train at Monaco, and stretched his legs with a sigh of relief, and said to himself that twenty-seven hours on end in a French third-class is a foretaste of purgatory.

He went to a hotel he had picked out of Bradshaw because it claimed to charge reasonable prices, and turned into bed a very tired young man indeed. In the morning, he spent the time till the Casino opened, in going the round of the other hotels and searching their registers for the name of Felston. But, either he had not yet arrived, or he had not entered his name, or—he had registered under an assumed name, which was by no means improbable.

What can M'sieur give for the information ?

With that idea in his mind, he examined all the registers with minutest care. There was a Mr. Noel Foster on the register of the Grand, who had arrived three days before. He even fancied the writing resembled Felston's. He enquired about Mr. Noel Foster. But he was no longer there. He had stayed one night only and gone away next day. There might be nothing in it, and he went up to the Casino.

He wandered about there all the afternoon and evening, but saw no sign of Felston. He made enquiries at the office. They knew nothing of anyone even remotely resembling his friend, and his evident anxiety produced nothing more than shrugs and polite disclaimers.

Out in the gardens he engaged in conversation with various guardians of the peace and moralities of Hades, and by devious ways led up to the question whether there had been any unpleasant happenings in the neighbourhood of late. But not only had there been none such of late, the officials had never in the whole course of their existence heard of anything of the kind. The Establishment was eminently well conducted, you understand, and it was quite impossible to conceive of anything unpleasant in connection with it. People, of course, sometimes lost money, they believed. Some doubtless lost more than they could afford. But the Establishment was very generous. In such cases even, there was no occasion for anything unpleasant to occur—here. What might happen elsewhere, well, parbleu, that was no concern of theirs.

Another whole day he spent about the town and Casino, asking, watching, waiting, but learning nothing, and growing more anxious with each hour that passed. He wandered about the rooms, hoping every minute to catch sight of the keen dark face he was aching to see. Only when play was over and the lights were turned out, did he turn reluctantly and go down the slope towards the town.

As he sauntered along, puzzling his brains as to what could have become of his friend, and loth to turn in to another night of lonely anxiety—for fears show bolder head in the dark and within four walls than they do outside—a girl flitted past, eyeing him intently. She turned and came back, and passed him again with her eyes still fixed on him. Then he heard at his side a whispered: "Pardon, M'sieur! ——"

He walked on without reply.

"Are you the Englishman who is in search of a friend?" said the girl. And at that he turned quickly.

"I am seeking a friend, Ma'm'selle, yes. Do you know anything of him?"

He looked at her for the first time. A girl of the people, evidently, with a dark shawl draped over her head and held under her chin, for the night wind had a chill in it.

"What can M'sieur give for the information?"

The question surprised him but it sounded like business.

"I am not rich, but if you find my friend for me I will give you twenty-five francs," he said.

"It is not a fortune, M'sieur," and a row of white teeth gleamed in the shadow of the shawl.

"No, it is not a fortune, but then I haven't got a fortune."

"*Eh bien!* It is not for myself, but I was told to get what I could. There is an Englishman at the Metropole. He is wounded. He shot himself. The Establishment had him taken there to avoid a scandal, you understand. He may be M'sieur's friend."

"I am very much obliged to you, M'am'selle. It is more than likely it is the man I want. Here is—permit me!" and he held out an English sovereign.

"You do not know yet if it is he," she said, evidently unused to sharp bargaining.

"You have done your part, and I will take my chance. Can you tell me how to get to him? They are sure to deny him to me."

"He is being nursed by the Sisters," said the girl thoughtfully, "and one goes in each morning to relieve the one who has been there all night. If M'sieur could follow her closely, and, perhaps, say that he was an English doctor, he might manage it."

"I thank you, Ma'm'selle. The idea is a good one."

"If there is trouble, M'sieur will not say where he got the information. That would only make trouble for others."

"I will be very careful, and I thank you again, Ma'm'selle."

She flitted away, and he went back to his hotel with a spark of hope inside him.

He was out on the front very early next morning, and strolled up and down with a sharp eye for the black robes and white coif of a Sister. He went up the slope towards the Casino grounds so that she could not escape him.

He saw her coming at last, like a slow black beetle in the white sunshine. He leaned over the railing and looked at the water till she passed. Then he turned and followed close behind her.

The Sister passed into the grounds and up the steps into the hotel. The hall porter bowed to her and she went straight on up the staircase. He looked at George and came forward.

"M'sieur desires——"

"I am with M'am'selle," whispered George. "I have come to take him away."

"Ah, then——" and he left the road free.

Up three flights of stairs—Mademoiselle's faith evidently did not include lifts—down a long passage to the back of the house, and the Sister stopped at a door and knocked gently. George stood just behind her. Her abstraction from worldly affairs, and her close-fitting headgear, had permitted her no hint of his presence.

The door opened quietly and, as she stepped inside, he followed her. The Sister who had admitted them stared at George, and at sight of him the other one uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"I have come to see my friend," he said, in as matter-of-fact a tone as he could assume. "How is he this morning, Mademoiselle?"

He walked towards the bed to see if it actually was Felston. It took him a full minute to decide the question. He could only see a nose in profile against the pillow. The rest was all surgical bandages.

"How is he going on?" he whispered again.

"He had a quiet night. He will waken soon," murmured the Sister.

"I will wait till he wakens," said George, and sat down by the bedside. "Has he his senses, Mademoiselle?"

"He was feverish yesterday, M'sieur. But it was diminishing. He may have his senses when he wakes up, the poor young man. *Tiens!* he is stirring now."

The bandaged head moved slightly and with evident pain. Then the heavy eyes opened and looked wearily out on the world they had hoped to leave behind them. They rested on George, and wandered off to the black-robed Sisters, and round as much of the room as he could see, and finally settled on George again, but whether he actually knew him or not, George could not tell. Then they closed again, and he lay for a full hour so absolutely still that, if George had not seen him move before, he would have doubted if he were still alive.

The night Sister had departed with a meek obeisance. The other sat in a corner quietly passing her beads through her fingers to the soundless movement of her lips.

Presently Felston moved again slightly, and the Sister dropped beads and prayers and stood by the bedside with a cooling drink. She placed the cup to his lips and he sipped eagerly, and then opened his eyes again and lay looking at George.

"Do you know me, old man? I've come to look after you," asked George gently.

"Sorry!" murmured the wounded man. "No good!" both of which sayings were capable of various interpretations.

"We'll see about that," said George, adopting his own. "You've just got to get better as quick as you can, and then I'll take you home."

"Stupid fool!" murmured Felston, and closed his eyes and said nothing more.

It was evidently going to be a tedious business. Where the patient has no desire for life, recovery must necessarily be slow.

It was impossible to question Felston as to what had happened. The Sister, whom he did question in whispers, knew nothing. They had been called in to tend

the sick man, that was all. The wound was a gun-shot, she understood, but how it came about she had not been informed. There is nothing on this earth so innocently ignorant as a Sister when she knows what is expected of her.

Without any practical experience of such matters, George had a general idea of how the authorities across the way might be expected to act. When he went down to breakfast he secured a room on the same corridor as Felston's, and after breakfast had his portmanteau transferred from his own hotel. As soon as the Casino opened he went across to the office to interview the officials. He asked for the director, and after a short delay was shown to his room.

"You will be glad to hear that I have at last found my friend, Monsieur," began George.

"Ah?" said the official, and eyed him intently.

"Yes, he is lying wounded in Room 244 at the Metropole, conveyed there by your orders."

"Ah!" said the official once more, and then with a shrug, "I understood that was an Italian, not an Englishman."

"He is an English artist, by name Niel Felston. He is also the latest victim of this hell of yours."

"Monsieur has not come here for the purpose of discussing ethical questions, I presume?"

"No, I've come to learn what you're going to do about the matter," said George bluntly.

"In what——?" began the official, and then, with a quick change of manner,—"Ah, bah! why cavil? We understand one another, Monsieur. It is a misfortune. The actual blame of M. Felston's accident is, of course, not ours. Still we are always prepared in such cases to do what we can. We shall of course pay the expenses of M. Felston's illness and his fare home. Monsieur is also an artist?" he asked, following out some train of thought of his own.

"No, I am a writer——"

"Ah! a writer,"—with an almost imperceptible blink of the eyes,—"*Bien!* If Monsieur cares to stay and attend his friend till he is able to travel, we shall consider ourselves under obligations to him. I will procure him a room at the Metropole——"

"I moved there this morning," said George. "I don't like accepting anything from you, but I can't leave Felston like this, and——"

"The obligation will be entirely ours," said the director suavely. "I consider it great good fortune that Monsieur happened to come to Monaco just at this time."

"I started from London the moment I heard my friend was coming here, on purpose to get him away," said George. "But I arrived too late."

"The misfortune! However, we will do our best to make Monsieur comfortable during his stay. How is M. Felston today?" and he stood up.

"The Sister told me he had had a good night and he recognised me this morning."

"That is good. With careful nursing, and the best of medical attention, he will soon be all right again. And—truly—I hope he will never return here."

"He will never return if I can prevent it," said George, and went his way with a mind relieved. For, to a limited purse, a stay of many days at the most expensive hotel in the place had presented obvious difficulties. As to his writing, he could do that as well in Felston's room as he could at home, and it would be odd, he thought, if he could not, during his stay, pick up enough impressions of Monte Carlo to last him a life time.

He wrote home—to Joan, but he knew the letter would be common property—telling just how things were, and saying that he should stop there till Felston could travel, and then he intended, if they saw no objection to it, to bring him straight to Wynyatt Square to complete his cure.

"He is better. He asked for you," whispered the Sister, when he quietly entered Felston's room. "Just now he is sleeping."

"And the doctor? Has he been?"

"He has been gone half an hour. He says he is going on all right. The chief thing is to keep him quiet."

The Sister knew nothing

He looked quiet enough lying there, as though, indeed, but very little removed from the quietness that is past all disturbance, and in that state he lay most of the day.

It was some days before he was able to speak more than a whispered word or two at a time, and a full week before George would allow him to discuss matters.

Then, barring the weakness, and the bandages over a nasty wound in the side of his head, he was very like the Niel Felston of St. Cloud and Paris.

"Wasted time," he murmured to George one day. "Should just have burned my letter and let me go."

"Not a bit of it, my boy. You're meant for better things."

"Past redemption!"

"Never! You've work to do in the world yet."

"If that fool of a gendarme hadn't run in and knocked up my arm I wouldn't be troubling you."

"If I knew him I'd give him a medal. He saved a man's life."

"A fool's."

"Yesterday's fool—to-morrow's wise man."

Bit by bit George learned what had happened. Felston had gone straight to the tables the night he arrived, but from the first the luck was against him. He lost steadily and found the continuous run of bad fortune lacking even in excitement. With the persistent hope of the thoroughbred gambler, however, he went on, increasing his stakes for the turn of the tide, till at last he found his pockets empty. Then he strolled out into the gardens to end the game. There was no difficulty. He always carried a revolver at Monte Carlo. But he had been watched. As his finger pressed the trigger, an official in plain clothes dashed at him from the shadows, and the result was a ghastly wound and a painful coming back to life, instead of the eternal silence he had sought.

George said little to him about it. He intended to act this time, and he was nothing of a preacher.

He spent a good deal of time in the Rooms, watching the play and the players. He walked steadily all about the little town and its surroundings, and yet spent much of his day with Felston, chatting when the invalid was in the humour for it, scribbling his rough notes and maintaining inflexible silence when quiet was desirable.

He saw much during that visit that he was never able to forget. The sight of the bedevilment in the faces poring over the green cloth fascinated him. He saw many a tragedy in embryo and no single redeeming sight.

One day towards the end of the time, his eye fell on a familiar face. Thin, fresh-coloured, smilingly intent, with eyes that never wandered from the board, a choice flower in the well-cut coat below—Master Robert Cato, as large as life and very much alive. He was laying napoleons on the cross-lines here and there, and watching the results with much curiosity and no little gratification. The fates were evidently kind, baiting the trap doubtless for his ultimate fall, and George watched with interest for the result. His play seemed to be entirely haphazard, and yet he always seemed to win. The neat piles of gold in front of him grew steadily higher. George waited for the inevitable reversal. Suddenly, to his surprise, Cato swept the gold into his pocket, and rose and pushed through the crowd, and came face to face with himself.

"Why, hello, Barty! What are you doing in this disreputable place?"

"Watching you. You seemed to be having a good time."

"Rattling! I just ran over for a holiday, and I've been finding out that it's possible to make a bit at the same time. Not always you can do the two things at once."

"Will you take a word of advice?"

"Perhaps—if it suits me. I can guess what it is. Come and have some coffee. I want a smoke after that bit of excitement!"

"You've done pretty well, haven't you?" asked George, when they had got their coffee and cigars under way.

"Fairly, for a beginner. Haven't quite got the hang of things yet. Strikes me as all straight and above board, but

decidedly chancy. Things happened to come my way to-night."

"Well, if you're not an absolute fool you'll clear out with what you've got. By the time you get the hang of things you'll be cleared out yourself."

"Personal experience?"

"No, I don't play. But I've seen enough of it. The end is inevitable."

"Not inevitable, but the chances are against one in the long run, of course. I'll think about it."

"How's advertising?"

"Duller than a ditch. Going to pick up soon. I thought I'd make a bit of hay before the sun began to shine."

"And the Bairds? Seen them lately?"

"Few days before I slid out."

"How's the *Round Table* going on?"

"It'll be a fine property some day—if they can hang on long enough. But it's a deuce of a job hanging on."

"Got them any advertisements yet?"

"A few. Not many, but every blessed one that was gettable. I like Baird, and Mrs. Baird especially. She's a little jewel of a woman, one of the very best. I'd do anything for them. But I can't make people advertise when they're not in the humour for it. They're bad enough when they are. When they're not, it's a dog's job. What are you doing here yourself? Picking up local colour?"

"Partly. I came to nurse a sick friend. —He tried to blow his brains out after losing all his money."

"Well, I should never go that length, anyhow. Wouldn't care to expose my limitations to the public gaze.—I've an idea, you know, that with a little study I could get the pull of the black and the red—break the bank perhaps," and he threw a humorously provocative look at the quiet face opposite.

"My friend has broken the bank either two or three times, and has always gone home without a penny in his pockets."

"What a fool!"

"Of course. And that's just the kind of fool you'll be too. If you want to try it, then take my advice. Lock up half what you've won in your portmanteau and express it through to London. Buy a return ticket——"

"Got it."

"Pay your hotel bill——"

"They make me do it every morning."

"And have your little flutter with what you have left. It'll be an experience, as Bismarck says, and as you don't lack common sense you'll probably never try it again."

"I'll think about it," said Cato, with a twinkle. "It's certainly livelier work than getting ads."

They chatted for a while, and then George had to go back to the sick room. He looked out anxiously for Cato next day, but saw no more of him, and so was left in doubt as to whether common sense had prevailed, or whether he had been cleaned out and had crept away to avoid being laughed at.

It was during those long slow times of Niel Felston's convalescence that the root idea of his first book came to George. How the seed was sown it would be hard to say. Possibly it was the spontaneous offspring of the atmosphere of the cosmopolite Babel in which he was living. Possibly the chance sight of a face at the tables, so suggestive as to carry in it all the possibilities. Wherever it came from, there it was, and it germinated slowly and finally took root and sprouted tentative paper leaves.

While Felston was groping slowly back to the life he had hoped to be done with, George, sitting by his bedside, or taking his walks abroad, was slowly feeling his way into a new world of his own creation, —the widest world a man may live in,— peopling it with the creatures of his imagination, and watching them work out their parts with the most absorbing interest. Guiding them, chiding them, wrestling with them at times, when they were perverse and would go counter to his first crude ideas, he was at all times overlord and creator, and he found himself vastly entertained by them all.

When at last Felston was in condition and humour for talk, George launched the outlines of his story at him as one means of keeping his mind off himself. And Felston, sick to death of all his own concerns, fell into his friend's humour, and debated with him abstruse points of his hypothetic

cases and characters, and dropped many a suggestive word, and shed many a light on the complexities of his own nature, none of which were wasted by his hearer. It was good for both of them. It lifted Felston out of his sick room, and it helped to give George his first book.

Meanwhile they were experiencing the very best of treatment at the Metropole. If they had been paying one hundred francs a day it could not have been better, and might not have been so good. They were the guests of the Administration. On the whole George had to acknowledge to himself that he had enjoyed his holiday.

Nevertheless, when he and Niel Felston got out of their cab at the door of No. 21 Wynyatt Square, one wild February evening, and went up the steps to the warm welcome which awaited them within, he said to himself and then aloud to his mother, that there was no place in the world equal to home.

Margaret Barty greeted her visitor with a warmth of quiet motherliness which gave Felston an entirely new sensation. He had never known a mother and he had never had a home—a home such as this one at any rate, and though he was very quiet, and said very little, he confessed to himself that it was good to be there.

CHAPTER XIX

YESTERDAY'S FOOL

THE coming of Niel Felston to Wynyatt Square bore fruit in several ways.

He was very quiet at first. He was not yet quite strong, and the atmosphere was so strange and rare that it took him some time to become accustomed to it. Low-land lungs find the air of the mountain top bracing and quickening, indeed, but not entirely free from discomfort to begin with. It is the same in higher matters.

There are natures, of course, so vitiated by the atmospheres they have lived in that the air of heaven itself would be distasteful to them.

Niel Felston's was not one of these. He had lived among the flesh-pots and wallowed among the swine-troughs, but, like the prodigal of old, he did not quite forget that life held better things.

The transmutation of his lead and copper into the silver and gold of life might have been a tedious process and subject to many a lapse, however, but for one thing. He met Joan Barty. And Joan made him what he came to be—a man, and a very great artist. Here was a young man possessed of the highest artistic faculties, which hitherto he had put to no high use, but which, nevertheless, by their very possession had kept him from being an absolutely unconditional wallower in the mire. Without a single social tie he had for years lived a life of extremest license, dissipating his time, his energies, his art—for what? For merest pastime, for momentary excitement—for less than nothing, if you had driven him into a corner and induced him to confess. And here he was brought suddenly into close personal relationship with the fairest and sweetest girl he had ever seen.

When George dragged him into Joan's room that first night, with a joyous "Here we are, old girl!" and bent over her chair and kissed her, Felston, as he stood and watched them, experienced another draught of novel sensations. Before he had time to diagnose them, beyond the strange fact that something that had hitherto been lacking to him was suddenly supplied in superabundant measure, Joan's hand was stretched to him in the heartiest of welcomes. The radiance of her great brown eyes wrought strangely upon him. They stirred the deep places of his soul, but they carried with them into the depths such assurance of peace and hope as his life had never known before.

"I am so very glad to see you both safe home," she said. "I have been wearying for days for this minute."

"I am very glad to be here," said Felston, with his eyes fixed steadfastly on her face. He had found there what he had been searching for for a long time past.

"Will you let me paint you?" he asked impulsively, as though he feared she might escape him unless he got her promise at once

"Surely!" she laughed. "If you wish to. I shall at all events sit still. That is the one thing I am good at"

"One of the many things, old girl," said George.

Here Mary Lindsay came tripping upstairs with the glow of the wind in her face and eyes, just come in from her work. She also greeted the travellers joyously—George with a warm grip, Felston with the welcome of an old friend.

"It feels like old times in Paris," she said. "How is dear old Madame Buvard? You could not stop a day there without seeing her, surely?"

"She is *desolée* at the loss of her *bon garçon*," said George, "and she enquired affectionately after the charming *demoiselle*."

"She is a dear old thing. When I go to live in Paris I shall dine there every day."

"We will hope Madame will survive——"

"What, my dining with her? She will make much of me, and give me a corner to myself before the wild boys come in, and keep all the tit-bits for me. It is one of the dreams of my life. When I have saved enough I shal go across and have a year at the schools. Six francs a day and—liberty!" and she flung out her arms and tossed away the shackles in joyous anticipation.

"Ah!" said George, and looked as if he could have said more.

Later on, Sister Lazarus and Jack Fairfax came in together, exuberant as ever having, as usual, encountered one another quite by accident on the way, and after supper they all gathered in Joan's room again.

Mrs. Barty sat quietly looking on at them all with eyes that shone like soft stars, her white shawl dropping off her shoulders, and her shining needles running thoughtfully in and out of her wool to the tune of her thoughts, while her ball meandered about the floor and dodged cunningly round people's feet, and twisted itself inextricably round their legs.

Joan and Mary and George and Meg and Jack rattled away as usual, describing, disputing, and enjoying themselves greatly in their own way. And Niel Felston, sitting soberly among them, as one come back from the gates of death and still strange to this strange new life, found it good to be there.

He was very silent. They drew him into their chatter by direct appeal now and then, and more than once Mrs. Barty spoke a soft smiling word or two to him. But it was all very strange to him. He was up among the mountain tops and his lungs were not yet accustomed to the rare sweetness of the atmosphere. But his eyes returned constantly to Joan's sweet, mobile face, which just now was never two minutes the same, and he said to himself that it was the face he had sought, and that it was the most beautiful face in the world.

"You must not judge us by to-night, Mr. Felston," said Joan, as he was bidding her good-night. "We are not always as bad as this."

"I have never seen so many happy people in my life before," he said quietly, "and this is the first taste I ever had of home."

Next morning he went over to his lawyers, wheedled out of them a portion of his next quarter's allowance, and purchased a supply of painting materials. Such of his own belongings as he had not disposed of, he and George had packed up the day they spent in Paris, and they were coming across by goods train. But he could make a start with what he had bought, and there was a novel hunger for work on him. That was the first result of his meeting with Joan.

All night, till he fell asleep towards dawn, he had seen her sweet face dancing elusively before his eyes. It changed so rapidly and constantly that, in the morning, he had no idea which of his mental pictures was most like the real Joan, and he was eager for the sight of her again.

When she was ready to receive visitors he went in with brushes, paints, and canvases, and had roughed out half-a-dozen rapid sketches of her almost before she knew he had begun. That was only to feel his way, however. Out of the many, he knew that there would finally evolve the one he wanted, and then, he said to himself, he would paint such a picture as would make the world wonder.

"You are in a hurry to begin," was her smiling greeting.

"For once," was his reply.

At first he felt tongue-tied in her presence. As though anything he might say must sound coarse and unfitted for her hearing. But as his brush got to work he began to feel more confidence.

No one could long resist Joan. By degrees she got him to talk. He could talk well enough when he chose, and he soon found himself talking his best. Her face and eyes were an inspiration. They evoked the very best that was in him, both of lip and brush, and before long both were hard at work and on their mettle.

Bit by bit, she drew the better side out of the old soiled self he had grown so used to and so weary of. Before that first day was ended he found himself talking to her in a way that surprised himself but was no surprise to her. For she had grown up among young men, and there was that in her which drew out all that was best in them, and made them long to please and serve her. If anyone had told Niel Felston, two days before, that within forty-eight hours he would be talking to a girl whose acquaintance he had not then made, in the way he was talking to this girl, he would have scoffed at the idea. But then this was Joan Barty, and at that time he had never seen, much less imagined her.

During the afternoon, Mrs. Barty joined them with her knitting. Then George came in, and Mary Lindsay. In the evening, the boys, who had kept away the night before, came flocking in from the hospital and fraternised with Felston. They were a fine set, full of animal spirits, bubbling with jokes, a trifle medical in their allusions, perhaps, but that was inevitable, for all their hearts were in their chosen work. They were all greatly taken with Felston's sketches, rough as they were, and every man of them commissioned a finished portrait of Joan on the spot. All which commissions Felston laughingly accepted, to be fulfilled at his leisure. And as he watched Joan, the sparkling centre of her little court, her fingers busy with the silken threads of her work, her eyes, face, and lips all flashing in eager intercourse with those about her, the first glimmering suggestions came into his mind which resulted at last in the "Aranea Felicissima," the picture which made him famous.

Next day he made more sketches of her, and late that same day his things arrived from Paris. He excused himself while he unpacked them, and after a time came back to her room with a large easel, on which he placed for her inspection that unfinished picture of the Shepherd at the Parting of the Ways, which George and Mary had seen in his studio.

He pointed to the unfinished head of her who sat at the opening of the Narrow Way, and said, "I'm going to put you there. It's been waiting like that for two years—for you."

Joan sat looking at the picture for a long time in silence, and with a face of the deepest absorption, seeing everything, feeling it all to the full."

"It is very wonderful," she said at last.

"It's far and away the best thing I ever did, but I was afraid it was never going to be finished," said Felston.

But to Joan the wonder was that one who could produce so lofty a conception could also have allowed himself to wallow in the mire.

CHAPTER XX

MIRACLES, MY MASTERS!

GEORGE spent one day getting his own small affairs into order, and in making Niel Felston feel at home in the house, and the following day he ran up to see his friends of the *Round Table*.

It was press day, and Mrs. Baird was as usual up to her eyes in proofs. After a word or two of greeting he found a pen, annexed a handful of slips, and set to work on them.

It was not till the boy had scampered away with the last sheets, and Mrs. Baird and he were enjoying the reward of merit, that he had time to think that she was not looking well. It seemed to him that her face was paler than usual and her spirits less buoyant. There was, somehow, an anxious look about her, though he could not definitely, and without consideration

Joan sat looking at the picture

and closer observation, have said whether it was her eyes or her lips that conveyed the impression. She lost some of it, for the moment, in the discussion of his travels and her well-earned cup of tea. Felston's affairs he kept to himself, but gave her animated descriptions of much that he had seen and done. Then she produced some of the stories he had sent her before he left town, and they were busy on them when Baird came in.

"So the wanderer has returned," he said, with an attempt at jovial greeting.

"Just in time to help with the proofs," said George. "I can't imagine how Mrs. Baird has got along without me."

"Oh, we managed somehow, but I'm quite sure she's been glad of your help to-day, and I'm glad too, for I couldn't get back any sooner. Do you know," he said, as he filled his pipe, "I get more physical enjoyment out of this cup of tea, and this pipe, and this half-hour's holiday, than I do out of anything else that ever I get."

"It's very jolly," said George. "Mrs. Baird's tea is the best I ever tasted—except my mother's, and we tell her she's the best tea-maker in London."

"That's right, my boy. Always stick up for your own!" said Mrs. Baird.

"I've an idea, you know, that it's not just a question of the kind of tea and the amount you put in, and the kind of pot you use, and the water being just right, and all that——"

"I'm with you. You're quite right," said Baird, with a knowing nod.

"Everything depends on the personality of the person who makes it. If she's the right kind of person, full of kindly thoughts and goodnesses, then the tea tastes like a blessing——"

"Oh, wise young scribe! There's a great deal more in it than most folks would believe. I've known it for a fact for several years. You don't generally find it out till you're married, unless you lived in lodgings while you were making up to her."

"Dear me! You seem to have had wide experience, my man," said Mrs. Baird, smiling across at him.

"Not having tasted Mrs. Barty's tea," continued Baird, "I consider yours the very best in the world, my dear. And Barty is right. It's the best because you make it. I doubt if I should consider even Mrs. Barty's equal to it."

"Well, now," said George, jumping at the opening, "suppose you come and try it? They're all aching to know you. They say I've got Baird on the brain. Shall we say next Sunday?"

Baird hesitated, and then said, "It's very good of you. I'm sure Nell would like to come—if nothing turns up in the meantime to stop us."

"That's understood then, and now I'll run away," and he sped down the stairs and turned westwards, and his face was graver than usual.

When John and Ellen Baird heard the door slam downstairs, they looked at one another; and George, if he had been there, would have been surprised at the gravity of their faces. Mrs. Baird looked an anxious question at her husband. He silently shook his head and she sat down quietly, with her hands clasped so tightly in her lap that the knuckles showed like little knobs of polished marble. She gazed into the fire for a minute while her lip recovered itself, and then said quietly, "We have done our best, dear, and the battle is against us. I shall be rather glad when it is all over. You are suffering more than is right."

"It is very bitter," said Baird, and his face was haggard, now that the quiet smile had fallen from it. "To have success within sight, as I truly believe, and to lose it for so little! And we have worked so hard, Nell."

"You have worked harder and borne more than any man has a right to bear, John.—Yes, I shall be glad when it is done with." There was a little jewel on her eyelash, but he did not see it, and her voice was steady. He was gazing into the fire with exceeding bitterness, and the spirit of revolt was strong in him, the stronger that he would allow no sign of it to show, and a bottled force is stronger than a free one.

"I saw Mr. Grimple himself and did my best with him," he said, after a time. "He was pleasant enough but I could not

move him. He puts it on to his other partners, of course, just as they would put it on to him if I had tackled one of them. And from his point of view I suppose he's right. The account *is* too large, and it increases with each number they print, in spite of all my efforts. As a last chance I offered him a share in the paper for an extension of credit. He said they had been bitten too often by trying that. They were printers, not publishers, and the two lines were so distinct nowadays that they had decided, long since, to stick to their own business and not mix themselves up with any more papers. He likes the paper. Thinks it ought to have succeeded, and in ordinary times would have done so. Says, if anything, we have made it too good. For a highly religious man," he said, with a touch of the bitterness that was in him coming out in spite of himself, "he strikes one as lacking in charity. But business and charity have not much in common nowadays—It is very, very hard, Nell."

"We have done our very best, dear, and we have nothing to reproach ourselves with. But it is hard to lose all for so little."

"A couple of hundred pounds would be a God-send to us," said Baird. "But I don't know where to lay my hands on it—I really don't know if we're justified in bringing out this next number. Their bill is due the day after to-morrow. I told Grimple I expected to meet it. But I don't see how I'm going to."

"Kestevens?" she gasped, with a little shiver at its sudden close approximation of calamity.

"Put me off again till next week. They promised it faithfully for to-day and I counted on it. I did everything I could with them, short of licking their boots or mopping them about their office. But they said flatly that they had the greatest difficulty in getting money out of their clients and they were very short themselves. There's no doubt things have been very bad. They say they see signs of improvement. It's sure to come just when we've gone to pieces."

"Is there no one we could get a little help from, just till the tide turns?"

He shook his head. "I have racked my brains for him. Any I think of that would do it, haven't got the means. And those that could I'd sooner drown than ask."

"Bob is no use, I suppose?"

"Bob's said to be off on a grand burst. Besides he never lays anything by. I haven't seen him for a week. He's in Paris, I believe."

"Supposing we stopped—after to-morrow, would we have enough to square up all round?"

"Just about, if all the advertisers paid up. But collections in full are difficult when a paper has gone to the wall. They raise questions and wriggle out when they can. We can prove every copy of the circulation we've charged for, however, and I doubt if many others could."

"Well, we'll publish to-morrow, and hope still," she said stoutly.

But he only shook his head despondently, and sat gazing into the fire.

"I feel done up," he said. "It's tiring work struggling for one's life. I'll have a bit of a rest and then I'll tackle those accounts."

"Leave them for to-night, dear. You've done quite enough for one day."

"Done my best but done no good," he said wearily, and lay back in his chair, looking worn and grey.

He was more tired and worn out than he knew. He had been out all day and had been too sick at heart to eat anything at noon. He was faint from hunger, and fainter still from anxiety and worry. Presently he fell asleep where he sat, and Mrs. Baird flitted quietly about the room setting things to rights, and then sat down at her husband's desk and got out the ledger, and began copying out the monthly accounts on to the invoice forms.

It was a shabby little room—with plain deal shelves round the walls, divided into small compartments for back numbers of the paper. They used it as both editorial and publishing office, and at night as sitting room. On publishing days one of Kerrison's night-duty men came in for the day, and did the rough work of supplying such of the smaller newsagents as preferred drawing their supplies from the office direct.

A shabby little room, with two paste pots and a pile of addressed wrappers on the bit of counter that ran behind the partition, where Kerrison's man would lurk to-morrow busily folding up *Round Tables* for the post, and popping round to the counter whenever he was wanted, to give out papers and take in returns and cash.

A shabby little room—with a round metal clock on the mantelpiece alongside some stout business-like books—directories and dictionaries, and some piles of manuscript waiting to be read.

A shabby little room,—with Despair in a worn-out sleep in one chair, and despairing Hope knitting her white brows over serried rows of figures at the desk below the standard lamp, whose excess of light was kept from the writer's eyes by a newspaper extension of the ordinary green shade.

Knitting her white brows over serried rows of figures

As shabby a little room of all work as you could have found, yet beautified by

the faith and hope and love of those who dwelt there.

A shabby little room—waiting to be glorified. For there are miracles in these days, my masters, as there were in the days of old.

Mrs. Baird glanced up from her work now and again, but was satisfied to let her husband sleep on. It might result in wakefulness in the night. She knew how often he lay awake, trying to make ends meet and things fit. But Nature was taking a needed rest, and he would be in better spirits, perhaps, when he woke up.

Presently she got up and prepared their frugal supper—eggs fried in a pan that came out of a cupboard under the counter, delicious crusty rolls from the dairy round the corner, fresh butter, two big cups of chocolate. Her husband stirred in his chair as she was going to wake him.

"Hello! I've been asleep," he said, blinking at things. "Supper? And I'm about ready for it."

There was not very much speech between them as they ate. All had been said, and no amount of talking would lighten the gloom.

"I'll just run up and have a wash," said Baird, when he had finished, "and then I'll knock off these accounts. If I get them posted to-night it's just possible I can collect two or three the day after to-morrow. There won't be enough for the bill, but we'll get all we can and I'll take it to Grimple, though I'm afraid it'll be no use. He's a hard-faced Christian and a good man of business."

"I've done some of the accounts," said Mrs Baird.

"You shouldn't have troubled, dear. I'll see to the rest. I'll feel as fresh as a daisy after a wash," and he went up the narrow staircase to the room above.

The sound of his tread on the uncarpeted stairs, the touch of his elbow on the bare close walls, the loneliness of the careless humming traffic outside the front door, the darkness, the narrowness, the meagreness of it all came heavily upon him as he went. All these things had been less than nothing while hope burned brightly in the future. They had been things to be looked back upon with a smile when the better times should come. The remembrance of the narrow beginnings would but lend zest to the wider times. But now!—Hope was dead, and the future was as narrow and dark as the staircase.

He heaved a great sigh as he entered the bedroom, and his face was grey and despondent. He felt suddenly old. He had never quite lost hope before. His anxieties of late, indeed, had been endless, and always increasing, but always he had believed in the possibility of pulling through,—if not intact, still with a large enough share in the paper to repay him ultimately for all their labours.

For months past his anxieties had been deepening week by week. But he had had large faith in himself and the future, and had gone about with a cheerful face to the world, though often the inner man had set teeth and all he could do to keep the lips from pinching.

A new paper has two certain facts to face from the day of its birth—that every day, and every week, and every month, it must spend a certain amount of money. The amount may vary, but the expenditure may not stop. When it does, the paper stops. And this account is a known quantity. At times the harassed proprietor knows it only too well, and if he would forget it he is never allowed to. The other certain fact is, that for a very long time he will not know, within a very wide margin, what return he may expect from his outlay.

His expenditure is large and computable. His income is uncertain. If he has a bottomless purse, he sleeps at night and smiles in the day-time. If his means are limited, he may smile by day but he lies awake at night, and does impossible sums on the black ceiling, and strains his brain in the effort to make $2 + 2 = 5$, or worse still, $2 + x = 4$; x being an absolutely unknown and possibly a minus quantity.

When the long-continued evil times forced on John Baird the painful anticipation of a pinch, he went straight to his printers and paper-makers, and showed them just how matters stood, and what the prospects were. His own personal

character stood him in good stead and they gave him longer credit, drawing bills upon him instead of taking his monthly cheque. This relieved the pressure for a time and gave him a new lease of life. But the times continued bad. The advertisements, which should have bridged the chasm between outlay and income, were still difficult to get, and he found it increasingly difficult to meet his obligations as they became due.

As long as he could, he kept his growing anxieties from his wife. She was working manfully. If the paper proved a success, he said, it would be chiefly due to her, and it was enough for one of them to bear the burden of financial worry, since sharing it would only make two anxious people where one was one too many. But she saw it in his face, where others saw only what they considered the signs of hard work and perhaps an undue eagerness for success, and his quiet restlessness in the night told her its own tale. She cheered him with her own hopefulness. That and her own unremitting labour was all she had to give, and she gave them without stint.

As long as he had a little money of his own in the bank to fall back on, it was all right. When that was exhausted, each month was a toilsome ascent till the bills were paid, and no sooner were they paid than the next month's began to loom large before him, and so the strain was incessant. Some of the country agents began to take longer credit because of the general slackness of trade, and John Baird foresaw that sooner or later, unless things took a turn, the time would come when he would be unable to pay his bills and the little ship would sink under his feet.

And now, it seemed to him that that time had come. He could feel the planks giving beneath him, and his heart sickened suddenly.

Hope was dead in him. He saw his life narrow down again to the old round of sub-service for others' interests—a wage-earner, with all the risks and limitations attendant thereon—a servant again where he had been a master. He had no foolishly distorted views concerning the appreciation of honest service; but better far to be master, even though he were himself his only servant, than ruler of a hundred servants for another, and servitude is the more galling, no matter how light the chains, when one has once been free.

It was very bitter, after all their travail, and how desperately hard they had worked none would ever know;—early and late, with scarcely a break, and the denial of every luxury save that of work and their hopes of the future.

And now it must all go for naught. And all for the sake of a miserable few hundred pounds. For the paper had found a place for itself at once, and its circulation had been slowly and surely increasing from the very first number. With some money to advertise it, and an influx of advertisements to turn the weekly loss into a profit, it would be a property worth having. Without these it was a dead dog.

With his wife's consent he had raised money on his life policy. It soon went. He had approached two or three likely men, with a view to selling them a share in the paper for such a price as would give him funds enough to make what was left worth having. But the times were not good, and newspaper enterprises were at a discount, and he had met with no encouragement.

Cato had presumably done his best among the advertising people, and was still full of prophecies of good times coming. Baird would have given all the prophecies for half-a-dozen good-sized orders. He found himself doubtful at times of the genuineness of Bob's endeavours. Cato, he said to himself, was an elusive creature at best. He would try getting advertisements himself. But everywhere Bob had been before him. Everywhere they thought well of the paper, and were only waiting for things to take a turn to give it a trial. Everywhere they congratulated him on having so good a representative as Bob Cato. And Bob, when he heard of his friend's visits, only smiled, and was satisfied that he should have learnt for himself the actual state of matters.

(To be continued)

There's a sough in the wind as it speeds a-lee,
And a greeny streak in yon weather-sky;
There's a sob as of pain in the heaving sea,
And a sullen fall to each roller high—
For wherever it be there's a cry in the sea
That baffles the brain of humanity.
On all hands there's a sound that the seaman knows,
But the landsman is dead to, as home he goes;
'Tis the moan of the sea in a pent-up state,
When the mighty winds for their orders wait—
That choked, everlasting, primeval cry
Of the great wide sea when its peace must die.
Oh, the cry of the sea, 'tis a mystical thing
That's carried afar with a mournful swing
When its peace must die, and its waters moan
At the death of the calm that was all its own;
For wherever it be there's a cry in the sea
That springs from the source of sympathy.

There's the crack of the whip of a wind-god—Hark!
'Tis a whip of a hundred leagues or so;
There's a tremulous heave in yon leeward barque,
As she feels the gale she must undergo;
For wherever she be that wild cry of the sea
Is known to a ship as her elegy.
In the trough of the sea where the birds lie low,
And the live green's flecked with a frothing snow,
There is hovering a pained ineffectual cry;
While the white-headed coursers, leaping high,
Have a snort and a deafening threat as they crash
Down the trembling vales, 'neath the storm's wild lash!
Oh, the shriek of the sea, 'tis a passionate thing
That circles the world on the storm-god's wing!
The sea that so roars, in tumultuous pain,
At the savage, irresistible hurricane!
For wherever it be there is hate on the sea
To the mighty winds in their tyranny!

There's a slower pace in the grey, jagged clouds;
There's regret in the breeze that its strength is spent;
There's a lesser pull on the straining shrouds,
And a sigh in the sea that bespeaks content;
For wherever it be there is joy in the sea
To regain its broken tranquillity.
There's an arm's-length of blue, and a long slow fall
In the measured waves as they shoreward crawl;
There's a feeling of strained-for relief and rest
In the ravaged ocean's pain-throbbed breast,
And a space-filling, low, dull rumble of praise
For the promised return of gentler days.
Oh, the call of the sea, 'tis a wondrous thing
That stirs a man's heart as a martial ring;
That binds with a glamorous, mystical thong,
And leads us afar like a siren's song:
But wherever it be that weird call of the sea
Still baffles the brain of humanity.

J. E. PATTERSON.

Parables of Jesus

VII—The Pharisee and the Publican (*St. Luke xviii.* 9-14)

OF all the parables of our Lord that of the Pharisee and the Publican is one of the shortest and most searching. It is a picture of the inner and secret life of man, as it is laid bare before the absolute Truth. It teaches a fundamental lesson, which must be known and grasped before any other lesson of the Christian life can be really understood or fruitfully followed. The lesson is that one of the foundations of character must be a personal sense of sin.

Life is the sum of our relationships. Our life is true and right, just in proportion as our relationships with ourselves, our fellows, the world, and God, are right and true. There can be no question that, of all these complex relationships, the deepest and the most important is that which we have towards God. He is the unity of all the rest; and, therefore, the very basis of our life, without which it can have no security, is the attitude in which in our inmost souls we stand towards God. To be wrong there, is to be wrong utterly. It is the one fatal error. To be right there is, ultimately, to be right everywhere. It is the one final truth.

Now we know what our relationship with God ought to be. Our conscience, trained by the long centuries of God's discipline of this race, knows that our relationship with God is meant to be that of sons living in free dependence upon a father, finding more and more in obedience to Him their perfect freedom, in knowledge of Him their eternal life, in love for Him their all-sufficing peace and joy. That filial union is the true meaning of our life. That is what we are meant to be. The conscience of each one assures us that as a matter of fact, it is not what we are. Something has intervened, has broken and disturbed this unity. It is the force which we call sin. Sin in its essence is self-will, self-satisfaction, the assertion of independence from God. God's will for us—union with Himself—that is our Eden. Self-will—that is our Adam. For "every man is the Adam of his own soul." Union with God—that is life. Separation from God—that is death. And sin is within us as a disease which is gradually, and most certainly alienating us from the life of God and bringing us towards death. We are all infected by it. Therefore, the first step to any recovery of our true life is to recognise both the presence and the gravity of sin. To confess our sin, to be penitent, to be anxious about salvation—that is nothing morbid or unreal; it is only the honesty which faces the fact. It is the first essential of health. No man is healthy, or can be healthy, until he has learned to confess his sin. For without the sense of sin, we are making a mistake in the prime relationship of life. Nothing can go well with us until we have dealt with ourselves honestly there. "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

It is characteristic of our Lord's—shall we dare to say?—original and most searching treatment of sin, that in the parable before us He selects as the type of the man involved in this great mistake not the open and avowed sinner, not the thoughtless man of the world, but the conscientious and exemplary professor of religion. Here is a man, not only of conspicuous integrity and probity of life, but a man who gives more than ordinary signs of his devoutness. He fasts twice in the week; he gives a tenth part of all that he gets to God. And yet, this man carries his sin into his very religion. His religion—not his mind or his flesh—but his religion, is the sanctuary of his sin. It reveals itself in his very prayer. His prayer is an act of self-congratulation. The real tragedy of the man is that his plight is worse than that of the open and avowed sinner. For his sin is in his very soul. There is no hope for him; for the one great lie—that utter untruthfulness to eternal facts which is involved in any sort of self-satisfaction—is lodged in his inmost spirit.

We turn to the other—the publican;

a miserable object, doubtless member of a discredited class. We see him standing afar off, with downcast eyes, beating his breast, groaning in the bitterness of his soul, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." He is conscious that he wishes to be nearer to God, but that he is hopelessly far from Him, knowing that only the pitiful mercy of God can possibly reach and raise him. And yet, just because he is self-condemned and owns his utter dependence upon the mercy of God, for that reason, there is an infinity of hope for him. In his inmost spirit there lies the one great truth. He goes down to his house justified.

There is no question that this way of thinking and speaking is not congenial to our modern religious temperament. We do not naturally think and speak in a severe way about the fact of sin. It is related of that great Christian, Mr. Gladstone, that he was once asked what was the great want of modern life, and that he replied slowly and reflectively—we can almost hear him saying it—"Ah, a sense of sin; that is the great want of modern life."

Certainly when we turn back to the life and letters of those from whom we have inherited the great traditions alike of the Evangelical and of the Church Revival, we are startled, we are almost shocked, by the strength and severity of their language about sin. We feel that it must be exaggerated, it is so strangely unlike anything that we can bring ourselves in these days to use; and yet they had a depth, an earnestness, a steadfastness of character, a devotion to our Lord, a sense of the Divine Love, which are strangely lacking from us who speak so easily about our sins.

The truth is that man's conception of God is always coloured by his own habits of thought and feeling, and it may be that we have come to think of God as exhibiting upon a vast scale the sort of easy compassionate indulgence which we claim for ourselves and extend to others. We have isolated and exaggerated the great truth of the Fatherhood of God, robbed it of its strength and power, and concentrated ourselves only upon what is easy and comfortable to us in the thought. We have turned away, by a sort of instinct, from all that makes the New Testament what it is—stern, searching, and severe.

If this be so, then plainly what we need for recovery of the sense of sin is the recovery of a truer conception of God in His relation to human life. First of all, we must learn to look upon God as *Law*. The law of which our conscience in its strangely imperative voice bears witness is the expression of the holiness and will of a Personal Being. This moral law is not something which God Himself can set aside with a sort of large-hearted generosity. It is part of Himself. It is related—and I would ask you to remember and think upon the phrase—of the great Bishop Butler, that he said in his last moments, "It is an awful thing to appear before the Moral Governor of the World." "The Moral Governor of the World." We must recover this sense of the awful source and sanctity of the voice of conscience. To neglect or defy its warnings, to refuse its calls, must involve some real and inevitable retribution, because it is part of the inviolable law of the Universe. We know the consequence of trifling with the law of gravitation. Can we imagine the consequences not only for time, but for eternity, of trifling with the moral law, of those excuses, evasions, and silencings of conscience of which you and I are guilty every day?

Secondly, we must recover the sense of God as *Life*. Do we really believe that true life can only be realized through union of will and mind with God? Then surely we must see in the habits which acts of sin have formed, in the tendencies within us of selfishness, of self-conceit, of jealousy, of uncharitableness, of impurity, of ambition, forces which are inevitably separating us at this moment from life, the true life in God—forces which, if they are not sternly checked and controlled may—nay, must—ultimately withdraw us wholly from Him; and to be separated from God is the outer darkness and the death.

You watch the working of a germ of disease in the human body: for a long time its influence is scarcely marked;

the other members of the body discharge their functions naturally and freely; there is the full capacity of sensation, of thought, of action; but at last, and too often without warning, the disease reaches some vital point and all is over. In the same way our desires, thoughts, habits of evil, may go on for years combined with a sense of honour, with probity of life, even with reality of prayer and acts of communion with God; but unless they are dealt with and controlled, sooner or later—and the pity of it is we cannot tell when—they may reach the vital point, and then the spirit falls from the God Who alone is its life. "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

Thirdly, we must recover the sense that God is *Love*. "Ah!" some may say, "here we come upon a welcome corrective to all these harsh and gloomy thoughts. A loving God will never allow any of His children to slip away wholly from Him. He Who is all-powerful and loving will surely bring all His children back to Him." But, in truth, a just sense of the Love of God can only deepen the sense of sin. We dare not find an analogy to the Love of God in the tolerant good nature, which even we know to be an abuse of human love. We cannot ignore the responsibility which He Himself has entrusted to us. He will give every man every chance which Love can justly give: but, unless our freedom is a delusion, there may be a chance which is the last. Nay, let us go further and deeper. It is when we think of what the Love of God really means that we begin to understand the meaning of our sin. If a child by some act of wilfulness offends a merely indulgent father, then from his easy tolerance the child can learn nothing of the gravity of its offence. But if it offends a father, part of whose love is a high ideal to which he yearns that the child should rise, then in the pain on his face, in the tremor in his voice, the child learns the meaning of its sin. If forgiveness be given, forgiveness which plainly cost so much is one which must leave a deep sense of shame and sorrow, and an eager desire never to offend again. So the Love of God which broods over each of His children is the Love of an awful Holiness—a Love which is itself a hatred of sin. If conscience fail to bring this truth home to us, then turn from conscience to the Cross of Christ. In that silent, unapproachable, awful suffering we can see the measure alike of the Love of God and of the guilt of man.

But, thanks be to God, the Cross which tells me the measure of my sin tells me also the news of my forgiveness, and it is only when I have realised the shame of the first message that I can realize the joy and wonder of the second. When I know what my sin costs the Love of God I cannot dismiss it by lightly saying "Well, then, I will try to do better." What is there in my poor and ignorant penitence which can avail to overcome the wrath of Divine Love against my sin? What is there in my maimed and feeble will which God can accept as a sacrifice of obedience? It is when I am driven to ask these questions that I understand the wonder of the answer—"Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world."

There is mystery here which I cannot fathom; but there is also satisfaction of my need which I could not have invented and which is warranted by centuries of human experience. It means that there is One, not apart from me, but joined to me by the ties of a common humanity, One in whom I find myself, with whose perfect sacrifice I can unite mine, poor and unworthy as it is. If my manhood is, by sincere desire and will, merged in His, then under Its shelter I can draw near to God. For He who is the Son of Man is also Son of God—the expression of His Holy Love. Therefore, I know that in the offer which He makes to me of His own atoning sacrifice there is eternal and inviolable security. It is only when I can fall down to make the plea of "God be merciful to me a sinner" that I can rise to claim the possession of a Personal Saviour.

C. G. STEPNEY.

Photograph by *Frith & Co., Reigate*

Newlyn Harbour

At a Cornish Art School

ONLY a mile from Penzance by road, but in aspect and feeling very much further removed, the little village of Newlyn huddles itself on a hillside in the western corner of Mount's Bay. The village has two industries, fishing and painting, and needless to say the same people do not engage in both. The fisher-folk were first in possession, and will doubtless hold the field when the little colony of artists has disappeared, as disappear it may not improbably, when the modern zeal for sanitation and for road-making has reformed off the face of the earth the quaint and crooked ways of Newlyn as to watercourses, chimneys, walls, roofs and highways. But that day is still far off, and Newlyn has other and more lasting features of beauty in the fair expanse of blue water in Mount's Bay, the distant view of St. Michael's Mount, the fleet of fishing boats in her harbour, not to forget the blue-jerseyed fishermen and their pretty children.

The two sections of the community are on the best of terms nowadays. At first, tradition says, there was some resentment shown by the natives against the artists who had the impertinence "to paint our scenery and send it away to foreign parts." ("Foreign parts," by the way, describes all territory outside the ancient Duchy of Cornwall. There is a story of a Cornishman who went abroad—to Devonshire—to see what the other side of the moon was like, and brought back the report that it was much the same as the Cornish side of it.) But times are changed, and the village folk are rather pleased than otherwise when pictures, not only of their scenery but of themselves, are sent to London exhibitions. They welcome the art students who come and go and come again; and as for the artists who have made permanent homes in the place, they have established themselves securely in the affections of the people also.

Cornish folk, like other Celts, are kindly and good-natured, ready to return

courtesy for courtesy, but at the same time proud and independent. In another point also, they resemble the Northern Celts. Said a Highland worthy: "Cursin' and sweerin' I can abide, but whustlin' on the Lord's Day I will not permit." So, too, the Cornishman may wink at some peculiarities, moral or otherwise, but sketching on Sunday he will not permit, and has been known to punish it by stoning.

The life of the art student at Newlyn, despite somewhat primitive accommodation, is very pleasant. One may work as hard as one pleases, but after the close and crowded studios of London or Paris, a few months in Cornwall might well rank as a holiday. About half-past nine on a summer morning some twenty students, most of them young girls, may be seen winding their devious ways to the Meadow Studios. To go straight to a place in Newlyn is an impossibility. You must go as the houses and the sea will let you, now up, now down, now round a corner that looked a little way off like a blind alley or a private back-yard. Indeed, you can hardly pass along the narrow streets without feeling that you are intruding on domestic privacy, not to speak of encountering domestic dust and dish-water. But at every turn the picturesqueness of the place redeems it from meanness. Thatched roofs, outside stair-ways, old-world porticoes, vines and evergreens in unexpected nooks, quaint old quays festooned with creepers, continually tempt you to stop and sketch, while boat-mending and clothes-washing add extra life and colour here and there. Looking down the few straight streets—always steep as well—you see the sea; looking up you see the fields and trees which crown the hill.

In one of these steep streets is the entrance to the studios which are scattered about a sweet old-fashioned riotous garden, with wealth of peonies, sweet-peas and larkspur showing bright against the grey roofs clustering between the garden and the sea. Two or three models pose daily in as many studios. At the rests, the garden is enlivened by groups of students in their aprons, while a little apart may perhaps be seen a slight figure in Madonna-like draperies, chatting with a superannuated fisherman, encountering the rigours of a July morning in full array of oilskins. Small wonder if "Uncle James" can hardly keep his pose for sleepiness.

Before noon the professor comes round

Photograph by *Frith & Co., Reigate*

St. Michael's Mount

and each student receives a generous share of attention with criticisms never unkind but very much to the point. At half-past twelve the alternate spells of work and rest come to an end, except on Saturdays, when there is a function much appreciated by the students. All are encouraged to exhibit for criticism work done outside the studio, and the professor's remarks, always instructive and often humorous, are greatly enjoyed, if not by the would-be artist whose work is under review, at least by the rest of the audience.

Half the afternoons in the week may also be spent at the studios, but many prefer to work out-doors as long as the light lasts, on subjects of their own choice. Very little time remains to dispose of. Occasionally walks or pic-nics diversify a life that might be monotonous, but rarely is found so. Enthusiasm is infectious, and under a professor who encourages whatever talent he finds, a happy spirit of enjoyment of beauty and of industry in work pervades the little community.

For the fisher folk naturally the interest of life centres in the harbour. On its northern pier gather in the morning the buyers and sellers of mackerel or pilchards; in the evening, family groups stroll along it to watch the sunset or see the boats go out. On the southern pier stands the lighthouse, near its landward end is the old harbour (shown in our illustration) which remains untouched to mark how the needs of Newlyn have grown since its narrow enclosure sufficed to shelter the fishing fleet.

From the old harbour you ascend to "the cliff," another popular resort with a fine view of the sea. Thence descending by a steep causeway to the shingle, you arrive at the "slip," or inlet, where happy urchins bathe or wade from morning to evening. The view from here is one of the most charming in Newlyn, and one of the most frequently painted. At low tide you may cross the pebbly beach dry shod; when the sea is up, you may have to watch your chance even to pass along the raised foot-way beneath the rock. Then you must climb a steep path and zigzag through narrow ways. The broad causeway disappears into the sea only to re-appear some hundreds of yards away, near the northern pier. This route, a very rough and muddy one at best, is only practicable at low tide. At other times there is no possibility of getting a cart round the shore. Hence the rumours of a new road and threats of doom to the beauty of the slip with its shelving roadway, its sunny shadows, and its old grey sea walls richly festooned with creepers.

T. K. C.

Photograph by *A. Wallace, Sidmouth*

Town and Country

The Child Prisoners of Paris

IT is one of the most difficult things in the world to move any of the springs of French bureaucracy. Everything is "red tape" in that Land of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. What is right is right—until such time as it is proved by greater force to be wrong. Hence, everyone who is imprisoned must necessarily be imprisoned justly, no matter how unjust was their condemnation.

Under these predominant ideas it is evident how difficult it is to obtain access to any French prison, how much more difficult to know anything of the inner workings of these institutions. But the fact that I, a woman, got permission at all to see over La Petite Roquette, shows a new width of thought. It was the first time such a privilege had been granted. Yet there are actually some splendid reforms in prison discipline there which we might consider. For we have in England and Wales some 2,000 little ones annually incarcerated in our unreformative gaols—I mean short sentence jails where the children learn little except from contaminating associations and receive a permanent stain on their reputations. Whereas in Paris, with its system of "La Correction Paternelle" there is a distinct advance in technical skill with no prison "brand," unless the offender be one who has suffered judgment by an authority.

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A visit to the little Roquette or special children's prison of Paris is indeed an experience; for there we discover that phenomenon undiscoverable in England—prisoners who actually *work with all their heart at their tasks*. And as this is the one particular end towards which all reformers aim, the way by which the French reach it is instructive. Not, however, that I admire or even approve of all I saw in the French prisons. Their discipline appeared to me too severe on the one hand and too lax on the other; that is to say, too severe for the *petty* offenders and too luxurious for the *great criminals*, such as Madame Humbert. But there is this one thing they do—they enlist the prisoners' own desires to accomplish good work, and this, as we all know, is the beginning of any real reform. In our British prisons "tasks" are what their name describes them. If performed fairly well, then it is well indeed. As a rule, however, no prison "task" is performed as well within the walls as the same man or woman could work outside. "The least possible," this is the British prisoners' ideal; in Paris it is "The most possible." Hence it is easy to guess that the taste for work having been acquired within the jail very few of the young prisoners are to be found repeating their visits. At La Petite Roquette (where no one over twenty is confined) the "return cases," or *recidivistes*, as the French call them, are only three per cent., and this in a country where the laws are terribly severe on the poor, and the police are not only phenomenally endowed with the sleuthhound's scent for a *petty* criminal, but also armed with such extraordinary powers of working up evidence that the most innocent persons might at times find it difficult to prove their innocence when accused. That only three per cent. of the unhappy little children confined in La Petite Roquette ever again enter a prison makes me think that probably even those three are quite innocent also.

La Petite Roquette, in accordance with the old-fashioned French system of excessive paternal power granted to parents, is used as a house of correction for any child who displeases his father or mother to such a degree as satisfies the local police authority. Children of very tender years are sent here by their parents, little creatures of four or five years of age, to receive what is called "La Correction Paternelle," but which is really a discipline so severe that it would not be permitted in our prisons even in the case of the worst adult criminals. Not only do fathers and mothers in France thus punish their disobedient little ones,

but in default of both parents the nearest relatives may do it when gathered together in the form of that French guardianship called "Conseil de Famille." Really when I began to realize fully what it means *not* to be born a British subject I began to tremble, for who knows what their relatives might or might not do with such power as this?

But it is not simply to punish naughty babies that this vast and gloomy Bastille has arisen, but also for all lads up to twenty years of age who have not been sentenced to a longer period of detention than a year and a day. If the sentences are longer the lads are drafted to that most excellent penal farm colony at Mettray, which has been the model, after our own Redhill Agricultural Colony, of the first attempts to reform as well as punish the youthful offender. But the curious point remains that although many of the poor little inmates of "La P'te," as it is called, are what we would consider innocent of all legal offence, yet they are subjected to a *régime* as terrible as that meted out to the worst. There is very little difference in the discipline throughout the establishment except that the little ones are not registered écroués in the prison books, and so are not perpetually disgraced by having their "numéro d'écrou" recorded on their "dossier" when they in future apply for situations outside the jail. The little ones receive an extra course of schooling also, and wear a different dress with the number of their cell only instead of the number of registration like the regularly convicted.

But besides these little innocents there is another astonishing feature of French criminal law beheld here in its harshest form, viz., the imprisonment of what we call the "remanded," or of children merely accused of offences but not sentenced. Of course, a little of this sort of thing goes on in our own jails. Children (and adults, too) unable to find bail, are with us locked up until their trial, but in France where no bail is allowed except to such great artists in crime as the Madame Humbert type, the number of persons so imprisoned must be appalling. And most of the children must be innocent, one would be inclined to think, considering the enormous power which the police possess without adequate safeguards for its just exercise. One begins to think that a policeman's lot is indeed a happy one in the land of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

La Petite Roquette, or, as we shall call it, "La P'te," is an immense six-towered, heavy, feudal-looking fortress, situated on the road to Pére la Chaise, just opposite the adult prison of the same name and the present place of public execution. Why it has been built so prodigiously strong it is difficult to say, the more so as it was originally intended for little girls! It is of great size, containing six hundred cells, and on an average three or four hundred inmates. It is constructed with the most elaborate precautions for security—the six massive Gibraltar-like towers being connected by iron drawbridges with an inner pavilion such as would defy Bill Sykes himself—a deep fosse running round the whole central portion.

As I stepped from the bright sunshine past the sentry-guarded door of "La P'te," my eye fell upon the walls covered with fine specimens of the work done by the inmates. Delicate watch chains, ladies' chain chatelaine bags as well done as would sell at five or six shillings in Regent Street, various paper fans suitable for country fairs, and that kind of funereal wreath, so popular in Paris, which consists of flowers made in all colours out of little beads strung on wires. These and many such decorate all the interior walls, together with the name of the contractor who has taken a lease of the inmate's labour, under contract to *pay the prisoners a small sum daily in proportion to the work done, which sum can be at once spent by the prisoner himself within the prison.* It may be asked—On what can they spend it? The answer is obvious—on that which appeals most strongly to elementary natures—little dietetic luxuries to supplement the prison fare. Even wine can be purchased by the inmates of La Petite Roquette on two days of the week!

Anyone who has the least knowledge

of our prison system will at once see how very different is the French. We do, indeed, credit to the prisoners in our jails a certain sum daily for their good conduct, but we do not pay it over to them till the end of their sentence and as they leave the prison door. This we do under the belief that it will be the means of support until the prisoner has got work to do, and were the prisoner of the thrifty type this would be the best plan. But the average prison bird has short views of life—the present moment is more to him than any thing he may get in the future. The few pence he may spend at once are more to him than so many pounds hereafter, whilst the only useful purpose for working is in his ideas connected with swallowing. To earn money and to eat it at once—this is the lowly rung of the ladder of Reform, but it is the only rung that appeals to all without exception in prison. We do not permit this in our jails—we appeal to loftier motives—and a weary procession of habitual convicts who pass in and out of our prisons attests the utility or otherwise of our method. *The French system teaches the prisoners the benefit of doing their best—we teach ours the uselessness* (so far as prisoners' ideas go) *of it.* And we teach it, remember, to the young as well as the old.

The solitary system is practised at the Roquette—silence perpetual in an isolated cell. Not even in marching to chapel do the poor little mites come closer to one another than twenty feet. It makes one's blood run cold to speak of it, and Bill Sykes may thank his stars he is not under the "Correction Paternelle" of France.

I was taken over the chapel—a vast circular place where in three-sided boxes each little victim is locked in during service or when at lessons, for the chapel is also the school. Dreary, barren, half-lighted, the place gave me a thrill of horror. No cross, no crucifix, no altar, no painting or statue of Christ or saint adorns its desert desolation, for modern French legislation has done away all these things in prison and workhouse. Nothing to relieve its monotonous walls but the boxes in which the wretched children are locked up with their evil little faces jerking out of the opening. They seemed to me to resemble the pictures of the small devils familiar to old monkish engravings, and this is called "fatherly correction."

Skyed high on the walls was a painting —the only one there—of the great Mahommedan warrior, Omar, in the act of destroying the library of Alexandria—a queer picture this for a place of Christian worship, but probably placed there with a view to hurt the feelings of the priest. But, for my own part, I thought it symbolic of what was being done in the prison—the destruction of the priceless souls of the poor little creatures there.

I was taken along the highly-waxed and polished corridors to see one of the cells. As I passed along I noticed with surprise how even the headings of the cell doors were utilised in the work of reform —striking mottoes and maxims being painted on them; and thus likely to become permanently graven on the children's memories. "Evitez L'Alcool" (Shun Alcohol) I admired the more when I was told Temperance Lectures were often given in the prison. In the cell I visited the inmate was out at the time, but his work remained in *situ.* It was jewel labels, and so beautifully done that the lettering might have been mistaken for print. Nothing of this kind could be accomplished in our jails except by skilled workmen. Yet in France by the simple process of letting the workers enjoy the few pence they earn at once the very children can do it.

The cells are well lighted "à carreaux brouillés" but with one pane opening for ventilation. There is a real bedstead—not a mere plank affair as with us. There are really nice cotton sheets and warm blankets such as would not be granted even in our prison infirmaries. The bedding is soft wool and hair with a double bed, one on top of the other. A stool, a table, and a loaf of bread are allowed to remain in the cells constantly. But, like all the rest of the place, the little crucifix had been removed and the empty shelf in the corner where it used to stand attested silently the new legislation which

is intended to abolish all religion in government establishments; at least so far as boys and men are concerned. Yet in this particular cell the shelf was not quite empty—a strange piece of wood roughly fashioned into a cross was upon it. Was it the work of the poor prisoner? I cannot say, certainly it was not the sort you purchase. It simply consisted of two bits of coarse wood joined together crosswise like the eternal Emblem of Christian Faith and Hope. And it stood on the spot where the cross would have stood—where the prisoner's eyes would fall on it the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night.

On the other side, on the shelf just at the bedhead, there was a queer little piece of a palm branch such as in French churches are given to the congregations on the Sunday before Easter. It was withered and faded, for it was two months after Easter but still it hung from the shelf over the beadhead.

"Il faut qu'il a la reçue à la Chapelle," said the jailor in answer to my question, "car il n'y a aucune autre place possible."

And then it struck me that that terrible looking place might really be a chapel after all.

They took me downstairs to see the kitchens and taste the soup which is purely vegetable four days in the week. It tasted very nice, but then French cooks can make anything taste nice. For the sick and the younger people there is meat constantly in the soup, but the others are expected to supplement their prison dietary by their labour. This dependence on their own energies which turns these children into such splendid workers is also seen in the bathing establishment—a fine place with constant supplies of hot and cold water, and shower and plunge baths which are compulsory once a fortnight. But although all the appliances of first-rate baths are there the soap is a rank, black treacle-like substance, unless the prisoner purchases better. Now, as this black soap will pretty well skin your face, great indeed is the zeal not to use it on tender parts.

The queerest thing in the world is to see all the little wash basins for those who can purchase the better class of soap. They are ranged outside the baths in what is called the "promenoirs," or exercise yards. As the solitary system prevails at La Petite each boy has a promenoir to himself during exercise, and it is during this period that he gives the extra touch to his face and arms with the good soap. If such a thing went on in our exercise yards it would create uncontrollable laughter. But the French are quite in their element at an open-air toilette.

The last, and saddest place for a visitor, is the Parloir, or place where at rare intervals the children see their friends. It is on the rez-de-chaussée under the chapel, and consists of a central strongly-railed enclosure where the children stand separated from each other by cloisons, whilst across two iron grilles and an intermediary passage they may speak a few words to their friends. Terrible indeed are the heart-rending scenes enacted here—the officials themselves being hardly able to bear the sight of them.

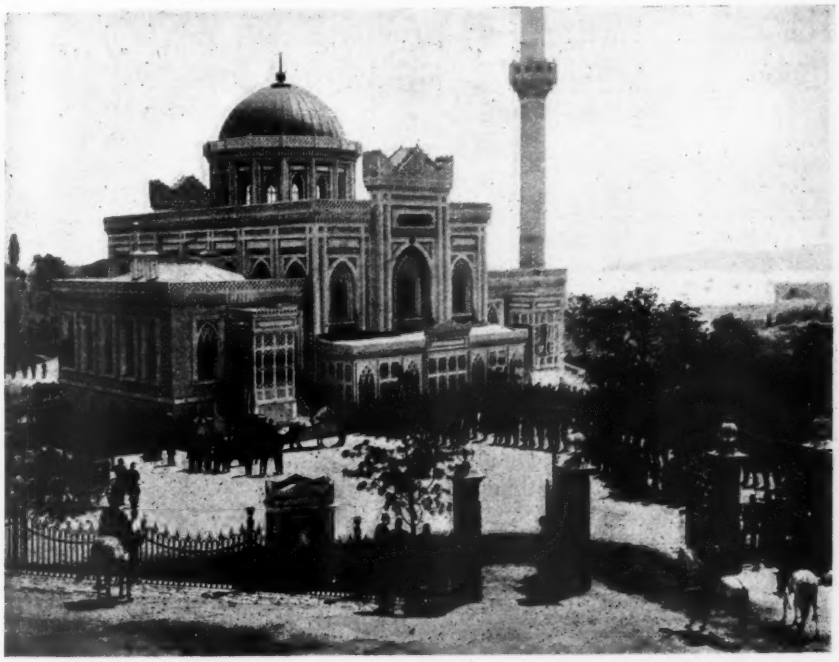
For if it be hard to look at the bearded man behind these awful walls, how much more painful is it to see the child. Nothing, not even a certainty of their guilt, can make us forget that no child should ever come to such a place; but, as a matter of fact, very many of them are simply neglected, whilst some are what we would consider innocent legally of all except nursery naughtiness. And it is a comfort to think that France is awaking to the idea and will endeavour to abolish the imprisonment of young children.

But let us not forget that numerous little creatures under sixteen are all over England and Scotland and Ireland yearly suffering nearly as much as these French children without learning that *salutary love for good work which at all events is imparted at La Petite Roquette.*

CHARLOTTE SMITH-ROSSIE.

A Glimpse of the Sultan

A DESPOT in this twentieth century, within the borders of enlightened Europe! What wonder that the Sultan is an interesting figure, this true-born autocrat whose caprice is law? Deeds as dark and mysterious as those the "Arabian Nights." A constitutional government has many delightful attributes; it means security, for instance, but it is not picturesque, whereas the picturesque possibilities of a despotism are infinite. There is something romantic,



The Mosque Hamidié

that colour the pages of the wildest romance are whispered daily in the streets of Constantinople, and evoke no stronger comment than a shrug of the hearer's shoulders, a shrug that reveals the eloquence of fatalism and the power of espionage.

It is not from the shrill voice of a newsboy that you learn of the disappearance of a prominent Pacha, nor is it in the headlines of your morning paper that you look for the latest news of the massacres in Macedonia—or elsewhere. In all this there is the fascination of mystery, the fascination of a page from despite the discomfort, in the suspicion that your next-door neighbour is a spy in the secret service of the Palace, though possibly as you return his "chŏk salaams" you fail to perceive the romance.

No *Court Circular* chronicles the daily doings of the Sultan in the seclusion of his palace of Yildiz, a fact, however, that does not lessen one's curiosity concerning the personality of Abdul Hamid II., as the crowd that witnesses his weekly visit to the Mosque Hamidié testifies. This crowd is always very carefully sifted, and his ambassador is personally responsible for every foreigner admitted

to view the Selamlik, as this weekly act of worship of the Sultan is called, and so called because of the military honour, or Selamlik (salutation) then rendered to the Padisha.

The Palace of Yildiz, the permanent residence of the present Sultan, is on a height on the outskirts of Constantinople, and was chosen by him nominally on account of its healthy bracing site, but in reality for the safety its impregnable fortifications afford. Within the Palace precincts, which are surrounded by high massive walls, is enclosed a little world where hundreds of household officers and retainers live, and where in detached pavilions of regal magnificence royal guests are entertained. This hospitality to foreign guests saves the Sultan's risking his life by having to leave the Palace to visit them elsewhere, and has gained for him the title of the "Charitable Hotel-keeper." It was in one of these pavilions the present German Emperor resided on his visit to the Sultan's dominions. In spite of the fear that keeps Abdul Hamid a prisoner in his own palace, once a week he must present himself to his people, and attend the ceremony of the Selamlik at one of the public Mosques. Nothing but the very gravest obstacle prevents the Sultan from this observance, as if he did not show himself, the idea might get abroad that he was dead, and this in the political state of the country would mean agitation, if not revolution.

The Mosque Hamidié being only about a stone's throw from the Palace gates, is from its nearness always chosen by this Sultan for the scene of the Selamlik, and at it every Friday, he as Caliph, or Head of the Moslem faith, and the successor of the Prophet attends public prayer, and shows himself to his people. The thrill of the Selamlik is felt in Constantinople every Friday, when from an early hour the troops begin to throng the streets, coming into the city from the surrounding barracks, and passing out to Yildiz in a continuous stream of life and colour. The air is gay with the music of the regimental bands, the clatter of hoofs and the sharp click of spurs, carriages rattle along with smartly-dressed Europeans, gorgeous military officials, and turbanned Moslem dignitaries—everywhere colour, and the motion of expectancy.

It almost requires a coronation to inspire such a pageant in our colourless country, and the view of the Selamlik from the Visitors' Terrace, or from the kiosk at the end of the terrace, where privileged guests of the Embassies are entertained, is brilliant beyond description. Let us picture it in May in the freshness of the early summer air. In the foreground, almost opposite the Terrace, rises the Mosque Hamidié, a glittering white edifice, with a slender graceful minaret, and great central dome all glistening in the sunlight. To the left an avenue of chestnuts is a blaze of pink and green, while below, through clustering trees and clumps of solemn cypresses, gleams the blue Bosphorus.

In the far distance Stamboul, with its shadowy outline of dome and minaret, is silhouetted against the sky, and ends in the picturesque point of the Seraglio stretching out into the blue. And what a blue! Sky and sea rival each other in the glory of that azure background. But the beating of drums and the sounding of trumpets brings one's eyes back to the immediate scene, and as the hour for the Sultan's approach draws near the splendour of that scene ever increases. Both sides of the gravel sweep that slopes from the Palace gates to the entrance of the Mosque are lined with troops, troops whose gorgeousness is lavishly picturesque and displays a prodigality of colour that is purely Eastern.

The Zouaves from Tripoli in their soft blue native dress fantastically braided in scarlet, their wide scarlet sashes and turbans of twisted green stand four or five deep below the Terrace; opposite is the Sultan's favourite Albanian guard, stalwart men from the wild Albanian mountains in white woollen breeches and blouses, their zouaves braided in black like their quaint round caps. Detachments of Arab and Anatolian infantry mingle their bizarre costumes with the snowy blouses of the marines, the glitter of the Europeanized uniforms of the Turkish soldiery, and the gorgeously

arrayed Pachas. Far more gorgeous than picturesque are the uniforms of the civil and military officers of State who, to receive the Sultan, form a long line from the door to the gateway of the Mosque : pale blue, light grey, scarlet and black coats and trousers, fashioned after European models, and flashing with silver and gold, make this line of Pachas nevertheless a very imposing spectacle. Their coats are a blaze of decorations, and their jewelled swords glitter in the sunlight by their sides. From the park below a detachment of lancers ride up with flying pennons that flash the star and crescent on a crimson ground, and drawing up into line, they form the southern guard of the open space that extends below the gateway of the Mosque. Soon, from the direction of the Palace three smart broughams follow each other down the gravel sweep at a leisurely pace. In front of the first carriage walks a huge Ethiopian in long frock coat and dark trousers ; this is the Chief of the Eunuchs, one of the most important officials in Turkey, for in his charge is the Royal Harem. Other eunuchs of lesser importance and clothed after the same manner, walk on either side of each of the carriages. The three carriages are closed, but as they pass the Visitors' Terrace one catches sight of some of the ladies of the harem in their yashmaks and gay-coloured ferejehs, a confusion of snowy muslins and gaudy brocades of blue and pink, and scarlet. These captives in a gilded cage never come nearer to the World of Men and Women than this glance from a closed carriage.

The Palace of Yildiz

The broughams pass through the gateway of the Mosque and draw up on the left in the Mosque courtyard. Although the ladies seem uncomfortably crowded in the carriages they have to wait shut up in them until the Sultan's devotions are over,

when they immediately drive back to the Palace after their lord and master.

The next arrivals of importance are two young men resplendent in lancers' uniform, who ride down from the Palace on snowy chargers, and draw up at the Mosque gateway. These are the Sultan's two eldest sons, and while the one is rather an intelligent-looking young man with a serious expression, the other is a dandy in whose thickly powdered face two beady black eyes dully gleam like currants in a dough paste, and across which two highly-painted lips form a straight scarlet slit—the most artificial-looking being I have ever seen, and for all the world like a wooden soldier escaped from a box in the Lowther Arcade.

The rush of arrivals is over, and there is a silent lull of expectancy. Two cart loads of fine gravel are being scattered over the roadway, over which His Majesty will drive, and now every preparation is complete. The spies are on the alert, one sees them everywhere, among the troops, on the Visitors' Terrace, everywhere—crafty, suspicious-looking individuals, watching for the least movement, and ready at once to suppress it. Suddenly the loud blast of a trumpet announces the departure of the Sultan from the gates of the Palace, and the troops all simultaneously give three loud cheers, uttering the words "Padishahim Chök Yasha" (Long live the Emperor). Then the bands one after another strike up the Sultan's March, as the Royal carriage comes in sight.

It is a simple European-looking vehicle for the centre-piece of so magnificent and Oriental a display, just a low hooded phæton drawn by two fine white Arabs. These the Sultan himself drives, and as he passes by in the midst of a profound silence, every eye is fixed on the dark bearded face with the long hooked nose that betrays his Armenian blood, and the melancholy eyes with their restless hunted expression, a pathetic figure this Sultan of the two Turkeys, in spite of the power of his prerogative! There is withal in his figure that dignity and repose that is the inalienable attribute of the Eastern potentate. The Muezzin from the lofty minaret has repeated, with a voice reputed to be the most melodious in Turkey, the ancient call to prayer, "There is no God, but God, and Mahomet is his servant and his prophet," and as the Sultan passes beneath the portal this curious reminder is added: "Become not over proud, my Padisha; there is one who rules over you also, that is Allah."

Dwarfs were from time immemorial kept in an old Royal palace for the express purpose of delivering this exhortation to the Sultans as the latter, in the midst of all their "pomp and circumstance," passed in to prayer.

The Sultan's favourite little son, a child of nine or ten, stands at the foot of the flight of steps at the Mosque entrance and follows his father in to prayers. The Sultan, as Caliph, is received by the Sheik ul Islam, the high priest of Mohammedanism, and the last one sees as he passes beneath the door is a vision of salaaming Imams in snowy turbans.

There is an interlude while the Sultan is in the Mosque; but one has hardly more than time to smoke a cigarette before the Sultan's devotions are over, and he reappears at the door. He at once enters his carriage and is quickly driving past again, followed by a scrambling crowd of Pachas, for as soon as the royal carriage leaves the Mosque door there is an unseemly rush of these stately gentlemen after it, as it is the loyal duty of the Pachas to escort the Sultan back to the Palace, keeping as close as possible to the carriage. The sight of these magnificent looking individuals scurrying in disorder up the hill after the speeding carriage is a somewhat ludicrous one, for many of these old Turks are "fat and scant of breath." With the Sultan, and the somewhat anti-climatic spectacle of the jostling Pashas, the interest of the scene disappears, and the ladies of the harem drive back to the Palace unnoticed—the Selamlik is over, a spectacle so striking in its magnificence that it is impossible to believe it is a weekly "show," and that the occasion is so slight as a sovereign's ordinary "Church-going."

MARGARET MACGREGOR.

Service Clubs in London

LONDON is certainly well off for Clubs. Of one sort and another there are more than a hundred and twenty in the metropolis. The number of Service Clubs, however (*i.e.* those of which membership is confined to naval and military men) is only eight. Between them these have about 13,000 members, the totals for each varying from 2,400 in the case of the Army and Navy, to 700, in the case of the Guards'. The majority of the Service Clubs have been in existence for many years, five out of the eight, indeed, having been established for over half-a-century. Before these institutions came into being officers spending their leave in town and wishing to meet one another had to resort to various public hostelries, which for the most part were little better than taverns. Those chiefly frequented for the purpose were Dubourg's, and "The Piazza," Covent Garden. An interesting description of these places is supplied by Thackeray in the pages of *Vanity Fair*. "Slaughter's Coffee-house," in the Strand, for example, which was frequented by Dobbin and his companions, may be taken as a typical establishment of their kind.

The Service Clubs in London have seen their ups and downs. When they were first started rather a strong feeling was manifested against them by the authorities at headquarters. Being novelties they were naturally considered "dangerous," and, in the eyes of martinets who could not see an inch beyond their noses, likely to prove inimical to discipline. The clubs, however, had come to stay. They supplied a felt want in furnishing officers with a central meeting place other than the dingy coffee-rooms and hotels in which they had previously been compelled to foregather. As time went on the accommodation provided by the clubs became inadequate to the demands upon it, and fresh ones were accordingly founded. Some of these flourished from the very start, but others—owing to bad management, or lack of support—got into difficulties, and after a more or less prolonged struggle had to close their doors. This fate only recently befel the Junior Army and Navy after it had been in existence for five-and-thirty years. The reason of a Service Club's prosperity, or the reverse, depends on many things. It may be too exclusive—thereby making it so difficult to secure election that candidates will not come forward in sufficient numbers—or it may be just the opposite. A club which can be joined more or less as a matter of course seldom succeeds, for the membership is not valued unless some distinction attaches to it. A big war, too, always hits a Service Club very hard. This is due in the first place to the heavy casualty list that is bound to result therefrom, and in the second place to the fact that members only pay a nominal subscription while they are on active service. In connection with this it may be mentioned that the Army and Navy Club lost over forty of its members in action during the late Boer War, and other clubs suffered to an even greater extent.

The oldest club in London for naval and military officers is the United Service. This, which is commonly known as the "Senior" (to distinguish it from the Junior United Service, which was formed subsequently), has occupied its present site in the Pall Mall since 1828. At the commencement of its career, however, its membership was confined exclusively to Army men. Founded in 1815 by Lord Lynedoch and Viscount Hill, it was originally known as the General Military Club. Early in the following year officers of the Navy were invited to join on equal terms, and the name was accordingly changed to the present one.

The first home of the United Service Club was in Charles Street, within a stone's throw of the house it now occupies. The original members seemed to have had a good idea of making themselves comfortable, for they laid out nearly £43,000 in building and furnishing their quarters. After occupying them for just twelve years they moved to their present address

in Pall Mall, the old premises being sold to the Junior United Service Club which had just been formed. By this body they were acquired at a great bargain, as the price paid was only £17,442. Land, however, was comparatively cheap in the early days of the last century.

For the new building the services of Nash, the eminent architect of the period —the man who was described by his enemies as

"That very great master
Who found us all marble and left us all plaster."

were called in. He was practically given *carte blanche*, for plenty of money was in hand. Close upon £50,000, indeed, were spent in erecting the house and furnishing it, and it was not until just before the death of William IV. that the work was finally completed. By the year 1859 the membership had grown to such an extent that it became necessary to increase the accommodation materially. A lease of the adjoining buildings was accordingly secured and these were adapted, at a cost of £34,000, to the remainder of the club premises. The lease of these, which belongs to the Crown, expires in July, 1926.

Conservatism has always been a strong feature in the "Senior's" management. Such modern conveniences as electric lights and lifts, for example, were not introduced until within a comparatively recent period, and it is said that even then their introduction was bitterly opposed by the older members. To the day of his death, indeed, our distinguished general who had covered himself with glory on countless battle-fields could never be prevailed upon to enter the lift, and another is reported to have called for candle snuffers, whenever the electric lights in the reading room required attention. When first founded, and for long afterwards, membership of the club was restricted to senior officers, the majority of whom were well on in years. Candidates who could not boast of grey hairs (or, better still, no hair at all) found it practically impossible to gain admittance. Of late, however, the committee has moved with the times, and now even subalterns are eligible to come up for election. On passing the ballot an entrance-fee of thirty pounds has to be paid, the annual subscription being £10 5s.

The membership of the United Service includes many of the most distinguished names in the Army and Navy. The Duke of Connaught, Earl Roberts, Lord Wolseley, Lord Kitchener, Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Sir John Fisher, and Sir Edmund Freemantle have all belonged to the club for some years. Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Brodrick, and Sir Francis Jeune are honorary members, as are also the Emperor William, the Czar of Russia, the Khedive of Egypt, and the Shah of Persia. When the club is closed for its annual cleaning the members invariably migrate to the Athenæum, when its generals and admirals receive hospitality at the hands of the latter's bishops and judges.

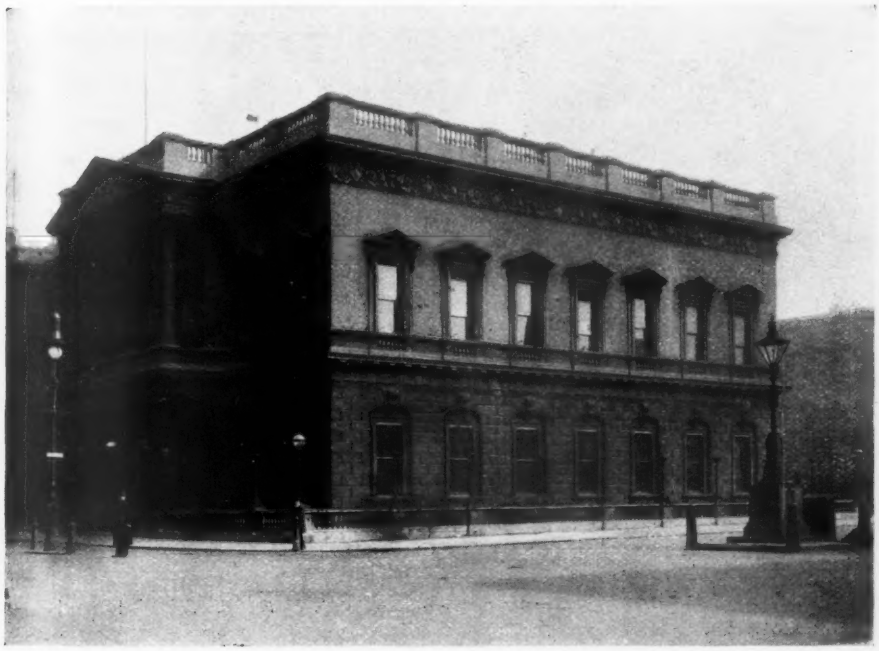
The "Senior" possesses a remarkably fine library, while it is also well endowed in the matter of pictures and busts. Its collection of these is of considerable value and contains examples of the best work of Flaxman, Pistrucci, Kneller, Cope, Grant, and Smirke. In many cases these have been presented by members. The different busts in the hall and other parts of the building are also of interest. In the course of an article referring to these a certain writer was once—through the instrumentality of a careless printer—made to observe, "the hall contains many old beasts of members!" This startling statement naturally caused considerable commotion.

The Junior United Service Club may be regarded as an off-shoot of the "Senior." It is next to it in point of age, having been founded in 1827. The proposal to establish the club emanated from the Headquarter Staff at the Horse Guards, and one of its first patrons was the Duke of Wellington. In its earliest days, the members were accommodated at the Lisbon Hotel in Dover Street (now long since demolished). When the "Senior" moved to Pall Mall their old premises at the corner of Charles Street and Regent Street were acquired. These answered the purpose of the new comers until 1856, when the present handsome building on the same site was erected. The cost of this, together with furniture,

exceeded £90,000, the architect being Mr. Nelson. During the building operations the members were temporarily provided for in St. James's Square.

The original entrance-fee to the "Junior" was the modest one of five guineas, with an annual subscription of the same amount. The totals have now risen respectively to forty pounds and eight guineas, while the membership has increased from 600 to 2,000. When the club was first started Volunteers were eligible for election, but this is no longer the case. The membership list, however, is a thoroughly comprehensive one, for it includes (either on its honorary or ordinary list) officers of all ranks, from admirals to midshipmen, and field-marshals, to subalterns. Lord Kitchener joined in 1877, as did also General French.

In addition to a fine collection of pictures (two of which are from the brush of Sir Thomas Lawrence) engravings, and busts in the library and morning room, a number of sporting and other trophies are possessed by the Club. Among these are various heads of game, stands of arms, a sword carried by Lord Hill at Waterloo, and a case to which pathetic interest attaches since it contains hair from women and children massacred at Cawnpore in 1857. This last was presented by Colonel Gordon Alexander, one of the oldest members of the club.



Photograph by *Taylor, Regent street, W.*

Senior United Service Club

Although the "Junior" is now a most hospitable institution it was at one time rather the reverse. Prior to 1858, for example, no stranger could on any pretext enter its portals. Even when the concession was afterwards made of allowing members to introduce their friends, they were only permitted to give them dinner in a separate portion of the coffee-room, which was railed off for the purpose. It was not until less than ten years

ago that guests could be taken into the morning room and given the privilege of breathing the same air as those who actually belonged to the club.

The distinction of possessing the handsomest, as well as the most costly, premises of any Service Club in London is owned by the Army and Navy. This is at the corner of Pall Mall and St. James's Square, with the entrance in the latter, and was erected between 1848 and 1851, at a total cost of £110,000. For their design the architects adopted that of the well known Palazzo Rezzonico, on the Grand Canal, Venice. The site has many interesting associations, for the various properties acquired to provide the necessary building space included houses once belonging to Spencer, Earl of Wilmington, John, Earl of Buckinghamshire, and the ever celebrated Mistress Nell Gwynne. Several mementoes of the "impudent commedian" (as Evelyn calls her) are still preserved in the club rooms. One of these is a mirror in which her fair features were doubtless often reflected; another is a silver fruit knife, with the date 1680 engraved on it; while there is also a reputed portrait of her by Sir Peter Lely. It is considered by experts, however, that this is really a portrait of the famous Louise de la Querouaille, who subsequently became known to history as the Duchess of Portsmouth.

Photograph by *York, Notting Hill, W.*

Junior United Service Club

Founded just before Queen Victoria came to the throne, the Army and Navy Club is the third oldest of its kind in London. It owes its inception to the fact that while at this date both the "Senior" and the "Junior" had their full complements of members, there was also a very long "waiting-list" in each. To provide a gathering place for these homeless officers, Sir Edward Barnes and a number of brother campaigners who had lately returned from India resolved to form a new club. It was at first proposed to establish it for the benefit of military men only, but the Duke of Welington strongly advised that the Sister Service should also be eligible to join. This was agreed to and the original title was consequently altered from the Army Club to its present one.

In 1838, when it commenced its career, the Army and Navy Club occupied a mansion at No. 16 King Street that formerly belonged to Lord Castlereagh. After a few years at this address it moved to No. 13, where it remained until 1851 when its present quarters were taken over. The old premises were known as Lichfield House, after the Earl of Lichfield (who was Postmaster-General in Lord Melbourne's Cabinet) to whom the property belonged. As everyone is probably aware the Army and Navy Club is universally spoken of as the "Rag," a *sobriquet* which was bestowed upon it almost at the beginning of its existence by a certain Captain Duff. This gentleman was evidently rather a notable character, for he is described as having been both the terror and amusement of the town, and the possessor

of a "museum" containing a "heterogenious collection of articles curiously and sportively acquired, from the shirt-pins of his personal friends to the door-knockers and area bells of the London householder." According to the generally accepted version of the story the gallant and sportively inclined captain entered the dining room late one night and called for supper. When the bill of fare was presented, however, it did not please him and he exile in London. When he afterwards came into his own again he showed his gratitude by presenting his hosts with a magnificent piece of Gobelins tapestry which now hangs on the ground staircase. After his deposition and subsequent return to England he was still a constant visitor.

In addition to the Nell Gwynne relics already alluded to the "Rag" has a valuable collection of other historic mementoes, as well as a large number of

The Smoking Room, Army and Navy Club

complained of it to the committee as being a "rag and famish affair." This was thought such a good joke that the nick-name caught on, with the result that the club has ever since been known as the "Rag."

Ever noted for its hospitality in the matter of entertaining strangers, the "Rag" was the first military club to break through a long observed tradition in Clubland and permit members to introduce friends as often as they pleased. One of the first strangers thus admitted was the Emperor Napoleon III, then an

pictures and busts. Among the former are a miniature of Lady Hamilton (taken from Lord Nelson's cabin after the battle of Trafalgar), autograph letters of Nelson and the "Iron Duke," and two marble mantel-pieces (one of which belonged to the Empress Josephine), carved by Canova. The busts include one of Queen Victoria by Alfred Gilbert, R.A.), and the Duke of Cambridge by Count Gleichen). The late Duke of Cambridge joined the club (to which his father belonged before him) in 1850, and was its president for many years. In 1888 a dinner was given

in his honour by the members, in celebration of the completion by him of half-a-century's military service.

On the opposite side of Pall Mall, but rather further west, is the Guards' Club. Strictly speaking, this institution is not a Service one—in the sense of those already described—as only officers of the Household Regiments (*i.e.* Brigade of Guards and Household Cavalry) may belong to it. The club-house, although somewhat small is quite commodious enough for its limited membership. The building was erected in 1848, and, save for its large bow window, looks more like a private house than anything else. There are two classes of members eligible for election here. The first of these consists of officers serving in the Household Regiments, and the second of those who have retired therefrom. Those of the former class may join as a right, but those of the latter class have to be balloted for unless they happen to have been ordinary members for twenty years previous to their retirement. When the Guards' Club was founded, in 1813, it spent the first thirty-five years of its existence in St. James's Street.

In Piccadilly there are several Service Clubs. The best known of these is the Naval and Military at No. 94. Before being installed here its members rented premises successively in Clifford Street and Hanover Square, the move to Piccadilly not being made until 1866. The building, which is an old one, was originally the town residence of the Earl of Egremont. It afterwards passed into the hands of the father of the late Duke of Cambridge. Lord Palmerston also lived in it for some years, and it was from his executors that the property was leased by its present occupants.

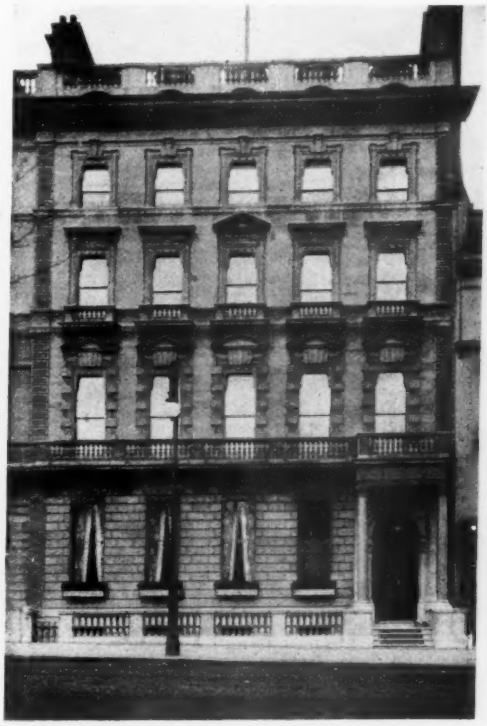
Photograph by *Taylor, Regent street, W.*

Naval and Military Club

The Naval and Military had very modest beginnings. In 1862 a party of officers belonging to the Buffs, then quartered at the Tower, recognised that there

were not enough Service Clubs in London to accommodate all the would-be members. The only three then existing—the "Senior," the "Junior," and the "Rag,"—were full up and the admission to them meant waiting for many years. They accordingly determined to start a new one. This was in March, 1862, and in a very short time they found 150 officers willing to co-operate in putting the scheme on a sound footing. The entrance-fees of these (at £15 15s. a head) provided working capital of over £2,000, a sum which was considered quite enough to commence operations with. From the first the club prospered exceedingly, and after it had been installed for only ten years in Piccadilly the committee were in a position to lay out a large sum of money in extending and improving their property. The result is that the Naval and Military is to-day one of the most convenient and best appointed clubs in London. It can also afford to be considerably more exclusive than most institutions of a similar kind, and to be a member of it accordingly confers a distinct *cachet* on those who face the ballot successfully. In connection with this matter it may be mentioned that, with one exception, it is the only Service Club which makes the holding of a commission in the Regular Forces an essential condition of nomination. Every candidate for membership is also required at the date of his election to have completed two years' service on full pay.

The entrance-fee to the Naval and Military has now reached the high figure of forty guineas, while the annual subscription is ten guineas. The number of members is 2,000, and includes Prince Louis of Battenberg, Sir Redvers Buller, General Baden-Powell, the Duke of Teck, and Sir James Willcocks, while King Edward has been an honorary member since 1873.



Photograph by *Taylor, Regent st, W.*

Cavalry Club

In Piccadilly, but a good deal nearer Hyde Park Corner than the Naval and Military, is the Cavalry Club. This, as its name implies, is intended only for officers of the mounted branches. The late Duke of Cambridge was its last President, and the Duke of Connaught and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar are vice-presidents. The list of ordinary members contains about 1,200 names, but there are also several honorary members. Included among such are the Emperor of Germany, together with the officers of the 1st Regiment of Dragoons of the Guard, and the different military attachés who represent foreign armies at the Court of St. James's. The club, which was established in 1890, with its lace curtains in the windows and trimly kept flower-boxes,

is often taken for a private residence by passers-by, as externally it presents few of the features generally associated with a London Club.

Between the Cavalry and the Naval and Military stands another Service Club of quite modern growth. This is the Junior Naval and Military, which occupies premises at 96 Piccadilly. As the club was only founded five years ago it has not yet had much time in which to assume any distinctive characteristics. Its membership is open to the commissioned ranks of the Regular and Auxiliary Forces alike, and is for the most part composed of junior officers, among whom are a sprinkling of midshipmen and naval sub-lieutenants. The house is a pleasant one, and is well adapted to the club's requirements. It has also the advantage of being on the line of route of most of the great processions that take place in London from time to time.

Photograph by *Taylor, Regent st., W.*

Junior Naval and Military Club

Although not strictly speaking a "Service" Club, the Royal United Service Institution, in Whitehall, answers very well as such for a considerable number of officers. The entrance fee and annual subscription are extremely moderate, amounting to but one guinea in either case, and membership confers many substantial advantages. Thus, in addition to the usual club features of reading, smoking, and writing-rooms, the Institution contains the best professional library in the kingdom; a first class collection of maps and charts; a museum of exceptional interest; and a theatre in which lectures, followed by discussions, are delivered by experts at frequent intervals. These are published in a monthly journal, copies of which are supplied free of charge.

Membership of the R.U.S.I. is open to all officers of the Navy and Army (including the Auxiliary Forces) without ballot. The President is the Duke of Connaught, and the Chairman and Vice-Chairman are respectively Prince Louis of Battenberg and Lord Methuen. Up to the time of his death the late Duke of Cambridge took a great interest in the Institution's welfare, and was a constant attendant at the lectures in the theatre. These have been given by many distinguished officers of both the Army and Navy.

HORACE WYNDHAM.

The Visions of Gottfried, the Herdboy

ON the lonely alp, azure sky above him, azure gentians round his feet, lay Gottfried, the herdboy, in the shadow of the rock, keeping watch over the herds and dreaming wondrous dreams. He was never lonely nor wearied of the long days, for he lived in a world all his own—a world of thoughts so high and beautiful that he could never have told their wonders, though he had had the golden tongue of Chrysostom himself. But he, who was but a poor herdboy, unlearned in nice phrases, was well content to let fair visions sweep across his mind as the white clouds sweep across the summer sky, and would as soon have sought to check the course of these as bid those stay and declare themselves in words. Yet did the dreams leave their mark upon the dreamer, and, as oftentimes befalls with those who live lonely lives and think thoughts simple and holy, Gottfried's face grew to be the mirror of his pure soul, and it was as the face of Pancras in the cloister church.

And one day, returning at sunset to the farm below, he found there a stranger, an old man, richly and soberly apparelled, like those merchants of the Empire who would sometimes tarry a night at the monastery on their journeys southward; but he spoke of other things than they, and his talk was not of guilds, of merchandise and of trade, but of pictures, of art, and of the wonders and beauties of Italy. And ever as he talked, he looked steadfastly at Gottfried, as though he would imprint the boy's countenance upon his memory. At last he spoke, half to himself: "Ay, he were indeed a model for me"—and then, without more ado, turning to the peasant who had charge of that farm, he asked him if he had a mind to let the lad Gottfried journey with him to Italy to serve him as model, and perchance in some manual matters of his art. Whereat the peasant wondered much for because Gottfried was wont to speak little and sit wrapt in thoughts and fancies, his fellows would mock at him and call him a simpleton. Howbeit, it was told the old painter that he should ask this boon of the Lord Abbot, who lived in the monastery below in the valley, whose serf Gottfried was, since he was an orphan and without kin in the world.

And the Lord Abbot, who was a good friend of the old painter, Von Lenzing, was well content to pleasure him at such small cost; so, ere many days had passed, the cows and the goats had a new herdboy, and Gottfried a new master. And now it seemed to him as though one of his most wondrous dreams had come to pass. Cities lovely as a vision of paradise, beauty unimagined surrounded him, and all day long men talked of nothing but of what was fair to look upon. Moreover, the old painter, Von Lenzing, was a kind master, and when he found that Gottfried had so great love of all things beautiful, he gave him instruction in his own art and caused him to be taught all that pertained to the education of the burgher youth of Italy at that day.

So the years went by, and Gottfried lived with the old painter and was to him as a son, and he grew to be a goodly youth and fair to look upon, but no longer like the Pancras in the cloister church. For the dreams which he used to dream on the lonely alp, azure sky above him, azure gentians round his feet, came now no more to him. And this grieved him sorely, for now he knew, as then he had not known, how high and fair were those thoughts, and he knew that could he but think such thoughts and dream such dreams once more, he would be a poet and a great man. And sometimes for a moment, there would return to him the memory of one of those dreams, but ere he could seize it, would pass again. Yet out of such old memories—even as the cunning workman out of fragments of bright glass pieces together a smiling Madonna or a stern St. Peter—out of such old memories Gottfried would piece together divers songs, and since men knew not that they were but the patched remainder of far greater things the rhymes pleased them well, and they spoke with favour of the young poet. And ever as

the years went by, the visions grew more dim; but now Gottfried was no more a poor herdboy, unlearned in nice phrases, but an artificer in words, and like a skilful goldsmith who conceals with overlay of gold the meanness of some baser metal, would gild with precious-seeming conceits those poor rusty fragments which alone remained of his early dreams. Thus he still pleased the shallower sort of men; but those who knew the ring of noble metal shook their heads and listened no more to his rhymes. And he himself was not altogether so happy as he seemed, for though he had won fame and favour in the sight of men, he knew that he had lost something which not all fame and all favour in the world could restore to him. But because he was young and life was sweet, he would often for a while forget visions and dreams, and scanning his own poems o'er again would find them fair and worthy to be praised.

And in the first years when he came to Italy, the old painter Von Lenzing had great joy in limning Gottfried's face, and from many a painting did he in counterfeit look out; now as a rapt St. John, now as a stern pure Michael, or as one of those young heroic saints whose lives were as the life of a rose, which scarce puts forth her tender bud when the cruel-seeming gardener nips it off to graft it in another place where it may grow in rarer beauty. But in later days the old man grew ill-pleased with the fruit of his brush and would often chide the eye which had lost its keenness and the hand from which the cunning had fled. And one day he said—he was ever a godly man and a devout—"Now, for sure know I that it is not my Lord's pleasure that I should any more paint those pictures of the blessed Virgin or the holy saints wherein was ever my delight. For what am I indeed, a frail man and sinful, that I should be found worthy to picture these most holy themes. Howbeit, in this night I dreamed, and in my dream, there came to me a vision of Adam and Eve when the gate of Paradise was closed upon them. And now would I fain picture this my vision, for methinks if men could see the face of Adam as I saw him, they would better know and fear the fruit of that dread tree, the which still tempteth every one of us. For his face was not lined with sin nor seamed with evil passions—nay, it was not ignoble, but it was the face of one who has lost he knows not what, but fears it gone for ever."

So for long weeks the old painter sought a model for his Adam, but found none; for some had faces good and pure and well-nigh innocent, it seemed, as Adam's ere knowledge tempted him; and others, alas! had faces which were as the face of Cain, when he must flee not only from his God, but from his fellows, too evil even for the sin-stricken race of men. But one day, as Gottfried sat in the oriel window conning o'er his latest song and rounding each conceit to please his dainty ear, two youths passed along the street, whose fair locks and blue eyes bespoke them wanderers from northward. And as they went, they sang; no dainty rhymlets, such as Gottfried loved to sing, but a rude mountain ditty which told of the alp and its flowers, of the leap of the chamois, of the rush of the torrent, the dread thunder of the avalanche, and the faint harmony of church-bells far below. Gottfried, therefore, listening as they sang, forgot his business, and long after they had passed, after the last echo of their lusty voices had died away, he sat there as one who sleeps, nor moved nor spoke, till at length the old painter exclaimed in great contentment, "Come, my Adam, see thyself!" And behold, his face looked out from the picture, and it was the countenance of a man who has lost he knows not what, and must go sorrowful all his days until he find it. When Gottfried, therefore, saw himself thus mirrored in the picture he gazed upon it long and stedfastly, and at last he spoke. "Truly, my father" (for so he ever named the old painter), "thine eye has lost none of his keeness, nor thy hand his cunning! But now I know wherefore thy pictures of late fell short of thy conceits. For my face is no more proper for model for a Michael or a St. John—it is the face of Adam—of the man who has lost some precious heritage that once was his—and that which I have lost I cannot name, yet must I go sorrowing

And ever as he talked, he looked steadfastly at Gottfried

all my days until I find it." And in that very hour Gottfried left his home and his friends, his fame, and his fair life and wandered forth a pilgrim, aye, and poorer than the poorest pilgrim who seeks a shrine far distant; and that which he had lost was not to be found at any earthly shrine; or so he deemed.

Seven long years he wandered thus homeless in the world and unsuccessful in his quest. And even as men had mocked the herd-boy for a simpleton, so now they scorned the pilgrim for a madman, or whispered that he was near of kin to that accursed Jew whose soul shall find no rest till Judgment Day. But in his wanderings one day he came upon a place abhorred of men; 'twas but a gathering of wretched huts and the inhabitants were lepers. And when they saw Gottfried in his pilgrim garb they held him for a holy man and besought him to tarry and say a mass over the grave of one of their companions, who had died without sacrament or benison of holy Church, since no priest would venture himself in that most parlous place. And Gottfried told them that he was no holy man, being but a poor pilgrim whom some judged mad; nevertheless, at their request (supposing that his prayer could not harm a dead man and might perchance yet profit him) he prayed at his grave and, as it was already evening, abode there that night. And in the night there came to him once more a dream such as he used to dream long years ago, on the lonely alp, azure sky above him, azure gentians round his feet. And at daybreak he arose in haste and journeyed without rest till he came again to the city where dwelt his friend and master, the old painter.

Now in that city was a bishop, a godly man, whom some men called a saint, others a visionary. To him, therefore, went Gottfried and told his tale and craved his boon. And thus it came to pass that after he had bidden his friends farewell, and the bishop had laid his hands upon him and ordained him a priest (which thing he did with all speed, nor demanded long probation, saying that a pilgrimage of seven years was proof enow of a man's purpose), Gottfried set forth once more and came again to the place of lepers. Nor left it till his death, but abode there, teaching his poor flock and tending them. And as he went about among them, and at night when he slept, the visions came to him again, as fair and fairer than those of long ago. Yet he never told their wonders; for the lepers were but poor unlearned folk and moreover he had greater things to do.

And thus he lived and thus he died, forgotten of those who once had praised his rhymes, or remembered but to be holden up to scorn, yet in himself most happy, since to him his dreams were more dear than gold or fame or friends to other men; most happy, since he had learned that not by searching nor by striving, not by long pondering nor by any thought of self, but in the meanest, humblest duties was to be found that which he had lost. And the visions were with him alway, nor left him till the hour of his death, when that which men count visionary became to him reality and that which they count reality as a dream when one awaketh.

K. Bogue.

The Shelf and the World

Odd Facts—How to Shoot a Hippopotamus—Timely Knowledge—Blake again—An Escape—Inhospitable Ships—A Destroyer of Primroses—The Bullfinches' Death Warrant—Reminiscences of a Congregation—The Expected Repetition of Successes—Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. David Christie Murray—Success for one Dollar—The Advantages of Mentalism—The Humanization of the Directory—Charles Lamb and the Cheesemonger—"One of Shakespeare's Women."

ONE picks up facts in very odd ways. At any moment one may learn something. "You cannot shoot a hippopotamus with a lead bullet," said a little girl to me the other day, fresh from a lesson in miscellaneous lore. "The lead just goes into its skin and becomes part of it. You can only shoot a hippopotamus with a platinum bullet. Platinum is much more expensive than gold." I said that this probably accounted for my failure with hippopotamuses, and talked about other things; but what a bunch of unexpected information to acquire from a babe and suckling! Expert knowledge as to the slaughter of big game does not come one's way every day. With the exception of this little girl I don't think I know a soul who could have told me as much.

Heaven, it has been said, is always on the side of the punster. Often, as it happens, heaven is on the side of the hand-to-mouth *savant* too. That very evening I chanced for the first time in my life to meet a big game hunter, who had recently returned from Africa with scores of skins for Rowland Ward, and I was able quite negligently and naturally to ask if he had found his way with a platinum bullet under the skin of a hippo. (Instinct told me to say "hippo.") He became quite human, and it is on the cards we are to go to the Zambesi together next year.

What will probably prevent me from keeping to the arrangement is that little poem of Blake's, of which I wrote a month or so ago.

> He who torments the chafer's sprite
> Weaves a bower in endless night.
> The caterpillar on the leaf
> Repeats to thee thy mother's grief;
> The wild deer wandering here and there
> Keep the human soul from care:
> The lamb misused breeds public strife,
> And yet forgives the butcher's knife.
>
> Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
> For the last judgment draweth nigh;

How then if I were to shoot a hippo.?

One of the pleasantest escapes of a creature from a gun that I ever saw was on a merchant steamer. It was in the mouth of the Thames, just off the Longsands Light-ship, on a grey evening, when a pigeon suddenly swerved up over the bulwarks and, fluttering a while, settled on the reefed main staysail, which hung above the engine-room. "They've been pigeon shooting somewhere," the chief engineer said, for the bird's tail was ragged and shortened, and there was terror in its crimson-rimmed eyes as it cowered on the sail and watched us fearfully. "Don't move," said the captain, "and I'll pop him off," and he hurried stealthily to the cabin for his gun. No sooner had he gone than a face appeared over the edge of the engine-room roof, a yard or so behind the pigeon. It was the cook, a great trainer of birds, intent to catch this one alive and add it to his collection. Nearer he crept and nearer, just like a cat, with his hand outstretched. The captain, meanwhile, had returned with his gun, but could not use it because the cook was in the line of fire. The cook, all unconscious of the more authoritative sportsman, crept on; the captain, a figure of disappointment and eagerness, stood still with his gun to his shoulder. Just as the cook's hand was within a foot of its prey, the pigeon took alarm and was away, flying by a merciful accident dead in a line with both its foes, and therefore safe.

The immediate slaughter of rare visitants to England, of which one reads so often and with so much indignation in the papers, is a curiously inhospitable thing, but it always seems to me that to

kill the migrants that settle on the rigging or on the decks of vessels at sea is worst of all.

Birds can, however, be extraordinarily annoying. I was in the country on March 19th, the first day of spring this year, and I went at once to a place in the orchard where there are five or six large primrose roots. The flowers were all out, as many as twenty to thirty on each root; but when I knelt down to see them I found that almost every head had been snipped off. This is a bird's doing, and I have never learned the purpose of the deed. Can there be some delicate flavour in the neck of the primrose, or is it just wanton destructiveness? I believe the scoundrel is a blackbird; if so revenge is in the present case only too possible, for immediately afterwards I found a blackbird's nest, close by.

I remember a letter to the *Spectator* some years ago, in which a correspondent quoted from the margin of a wood-cut of a bullfinch in an old black-letter natural history in the library at Hartford College, Oxford, this implacable note in seventeenth century handwriting:

"A smal fowle. He eateth my apple buds in Spring. Kill hym."

I found in our little local paper the other day some reminiscences of a Nonconformist minister who had just died, communicated by an old friend, which contain at any rate the rough notes of literature. The writer and the minister had been boys together in a little Somersetshire town, where the minister's father was in charge of the "Union" chapel, and the death of his old friend called forth a little string of memories—in the way that death always does. I am tempted to quote a passage:

"His Church was always full, the galleries being reserved for the less well off, who were never asked to contribute of their small earnings. In the gallery the men sat always on the right of the minister and the women on the left. On special occasions forms were placed up the aisles, and the pulpit stairs were occupied by an attentive crowd. As a very small boy I noted that along the distempered wall in the gallery were dark marks from the heads of the men; and with the Church empty, I could have named the seat of every man from the head-mark. The pew belonging to the minister's family was under the gallery, and a door in the wall opened shortly before each service to admit of their passage, directly into their pew from the Manse. Familiar figures around the minister were those of old Jeremiah Jelly, and his sons Tom and John, Mr. James Amor, John and Joseph Mills, Mr. John Jones, Mr. Mullins of Wyke, Mr. Minifie, with an enormous nose, Mr. Kittle, who prayed with much fervour, for 'Thy twos and threes,' Mr. Couzens, farmer and butcher, George Davidge, who sang bass, with contortions of the face appropriate, the farmer at Copplesburg, etc. In the choir my father sang, and sometimes played the flute, as did Mr. John Mill, Mr. John Jelly played the 'cello, and Mr. John Joyce the violin. I remember the familiar whisper to the 'wood-wind': 'Sound A!' And when the good old tune 'Job' was announced, a grand crash in unison on C, set it forth to an enthusiastic choir and congregation."

That is very good: almost the framework of another novel like *Aunt Rachel* or *Under the Greenwood Tree*—a kind of writing of which I personally never tire, but of which the supply is very small. Truth is always stranger than fiction: if a novelist wrote "Mr. John Jelly played the 'cello" he would be accused of giving rein to his tendency to farce.

There is much to be said against that form of criticism which consists largely of regret that Mr. So-and-so is no longer giving us the kind of story that once he did; and yet it is very human, too: like so many things that are not quite fair. Mr. David Christie Murray's *Aunt Rachel* has always remained in my mind as a beautiful book; but I never think of it with so much wistful affection as when I am reading his speculations on spiritualism. And yet he is, of course, as much entitled to use his intellect in the direction of psychical research as in recreating the simple world in which Aunt Rachel moved. Again, Mr. Hardy has passed into the bondage of poetical technique, and writes no more idylls of Dorsetshire village life. It is his right to do as he wishes, and yet how much would one not give for another Dorsetshire novel with Shakespearian rustic talk in it? It is our English way to like a great deal of a good thing.

An odd American circular—or rather a budget of them, for odd American circulars never come singly—has fallen

into my hands. It advertises the Segno Success Club of Los Angeles, Cal., and offers the recipient two months' membership for one dollar. An accompanying letter begins : " A personal friend, who is a member of this club, and who has a thorough knowledge of your character and ability, has recommended you to us . . ." and so forth. That is all very well, except that the person to whom the letter is addressed has been dead for eighteen months. Overlooking such a trifling slip, we may examine the Club.

One dollar, as I say, entitles the subscriber to " harmonization " in the Club and two months' treatment. Here I quote :

" Perhaps you are ambitious and eager to make an effort to win success, but lack confidence in your ability, or do not know just how to commence. You perhaps feel that you possess natural talent and ability, and if you only had some one to encourage and direct you in the right channel of thought, you could take up your work with renewed energy and increased hope and make a success of it. This is where a membership in this Club would help you, for it would supply the missing link between you and success, through the assisting influence of the Mentalism of every member. You would at once become a link with the other members, in the chain that moves the machinery of success. Their combined mental strength would be united with yours and before such a mighty force all obstacles would give way . . .

" Thoughts are things, and Mentalism is the subtle force by which thoughts are intelligently conveyed from one to another. The concentrating and centralizing of this great force by thousands of minds, upon a special subject at a certain hour, always creates the condition desired. . . .

" Each member of the Club is instructed in the use of the Law of Mentalism, so that he may by its use create for himself and for others, the elements of success. While every man and woman possessing a knowledge of this law can assist himself or herself to success, still they can have that assistance increased a thousandfold, if they are also in harmony with, and receive the mental help and influence from a thousand people who are already attaining success. Then if that number is increased to ten thousand, the success will be increased in a corresponding ratio. The mental vibrations of one member are strengthened by those of all the members of the club. Every member will use his Mental Force to help you, and you in return, will send out your mental vibrations to unite with theirs and help them. As they become more successful, your success will increase, for you will all become as one great mind and think with one accord."

The result of so much concentrated Mentalism should be worth watching. In literature, at any rate, there is a danger of monotony. After a little while all the members of the Club, having the same motive power behind them, would come to write alike; which suggests that possibly many of our secondary novelists are members of the Club already.

" Does it say in the Directory how many children people have got ? " I was asked this question the other day by the same little girl who instructed me about bullets, and really it is a very sensible one, and points to a grave defect in that useful scarlet volume. We were passing at the time a house which I covet, and noticed that the garden had a swing in it. A swing, of course, means children, as I had mentioned ; and I added that I would try to discover from the Directory who lived in the house. Then came the question—and in it an idea which, if Mr. Kelly is receptive and wise, should completely transform that arid volume.

Mentioning the idea to an ingenious improvising friend, he at once capped it by insisting on the further need of a *dossier* on every front door, setting forth particulars of the occupants of the house. He said, as improvisers always do, that he had always felt this to be a crying need, but, of course, it had only just entered his head. I don't go so far as the *dossier*—I am too much in favour of anonymity for that—but in the other suggestion—towards the humanising of the directory—I believe thoroughly.

A curious little American book which a friend has just lent me contains two stories of Lamb which I had not seen before. Since they came too late to be incorporated in the biography of Lamb which I have just finished, I print them here. The book is called " Living Authors of England," by Thomas Powell (New York, 1849), and the stories are in an account of Moxon, the publisher, who also was a poet and the friend of poets. This is one :

" A Cheesemonger, who having realized a large fortune, retired with a genteel wife and still genteeler daughter to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* in a nobleman sort of way at Highgate,

where he had a superb villa, was above all things most anxious to conceal from every one of his acquaintances that he had ever been engaged in trade at all—more especially in so low a calling as that of Cheesemonger. It was the canker in his blooming rose of life, and any allusion, however accidental, was construed by him into a deadly and never-to-be-forgiven insult.

In a large party at the house of the village clergyman, Coleridge, Lamb, and the quondam Cheesemonger were present. In a discussion on the hard Poor Law, which was then agitating the political and social circles of London, the retired tradesman took high ground, and irritated the kind-hearted Elia by violent denunciations of the poor; turning round, and with great appearance of triumph over the silent wit, he said to the company *generally* but more *particularly* to Lamb, 'You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of all that stuff which you Poets call the Milk of Human Kindness.' Lamb looked at him steadily, and gave his acquiescence in these words: 'Yes, sir, I am aware of it—you turned it all *into cheese* several years ago.' The retired Cheesemonger was inconsolable."

The other story is only partially new. It relates how Lamb hissed his own farce, "Mr. H." That he did so every one knows, but it was new to me that he explained his action by the remark, "I was so terribly afraid they would take me to be the author."

In another place Powell tells that Lamb replied to a remark concerning his celibacy by saying that he would have married if he could have met "one of Shakespeare's women." It is not often that Lamb and Shelley were in agreement: a misunderstanding kept them strangers in life, and in their minds they were largely opposed; but Shelley has, at the close of "Julian and Maddalo," some lines embodying this very phrase and attitude:

> his child had now become
> A woman, such as it has been my doom
> To meet with few; a wonder of this earth
> Where there is little of transcendent worth,—
> Like one of Shakespeare's women.

I shall return to this interesting book next month.

E. V. Lucas.

Photograph by *A. Wallace, Sidmouth*

Washing Horses

Wells Cathedral
from the
SE
W Lee Clarke

The Götha Canal

DURING the years 1808-1810, when Sweden was on the verge of national bankruptcy and disruption, the gigantic piece of work known as the Götha Canal was planned and commenced. This system of inland navigation, pre-eminently the longest in Europe, is one of the most remarkable ever achieved by man, when the obstacles which have been overcome and the advantages accomplished are taken into consideration. Thousands of steam vessels and sailing craft are carried annually by it for hundreds of miles across and over the highlands of Southern Sweden, from the Baltic to the North Sea. They rise in all 380 feet above the level of the sea during the passage across country. But the name canal is misleading. The total length of the navigation from Stockholm to Gothenburg is about 370 miles, only 57 of which is artificial canal, and for the remainder of the voyage you are sailing upon rivers and lakes, or among the islands of the Baltic archipelago. The great lakes Wenern, Hjelmaren, and Malaren, extending across the large portion of the Peninsula from West to East, are undoubtedly the remains of a sea, which in prehistoric times was continuous, and made the southern portion of Sweden an island. The canal, though not following exactly the bed of the ancient sea, connects two of its lakes, Wenern and Malaren, with the Vettern, Boren, Roxen, and other smaller sheets of water.

The idea of connecting the two seas by means of a canal was first mooted in the twilight of the fifteenth century by Bishop Brask of Linköping (1516), and afterwards by that pugnacious monarch, Carl IX., by whose orders the first pick was driven into the virgin soil at Södertelge, with the view of connecting Lake Malaren with the Baltic. However, a fresh outbreak of war soon put a stop to the enterprise. The work was at length begun by Swedenborg and Polhem under Carl XII. (1716), and carried on by Winham (1753). These engineers attempted to construct locks to enable vessels to pass the Trolhätte Falls, but a great bulwark they had built to protect their works was destroyed by floating timber in 1755. Nothing more was done till 1793, when a company was formed for the canalisation of the river Götha Elf from Wenersburg to Gothenburg, the distance being 50 miles, and the fall 144 feet. The Trollhätte Falls were passed by a cut from a small bay above, along a rocky bank, to a small lake, and thence there was a descent of 112 feet by 8 locks into the river at Akersvass, where the current is placid. The canal (1 mile) and locks were completed in the year 1800.

The founder of the eastern prolongation of the canal was Count Baltzar von Platen, who, as director of the Trollhätte Canal Company, perceived the enormous advantages that would be derived by continuing a similar communication between the Wenern and the Baltic, by which, in case of war with Denmark, the navigation of the Sound might be avoided, while by uniting the great lakes an opening would be afforded for exporting their inexhaustible produce of timber, iron, and limestone to the interior of the country.

In 1808 Von Platen invoked the aid of the celebrated Scotch canal-engineer, William Telford, who had then just brought to a successful issue his *magnum opus*, the Caledonian Canal. Telford acceded to the proposal, and came to Sweden, where he surveyed the route, drew up plans, and supervised the beginning of the gigantic enterprise. The length of the Götha canal proper from Sjötorp, on Lake Wenern, to Mem, on the Baltic, is 120 miles, 55 of which is artificial canal. The rise from the Wenern to the summit is 162 feet, and the fall to the Baltic is 307 feet, while the number of locks is 56. The width of the canal at bottom is 42 feet, and at the surface 86 feet, the depth of water is 10 feet, and the locks measure 131 feet in length by 24 feet in breadth. Further, Telford took in hand the construction of the Södertelge Canal, one mile in length, and connecting the

Jarnafiord with Lake Malaren, thus saving vessels a long round, and furnishing the last link in the chain of internal communication between Stockholm and Gothenburg.

The western part of the Götha Canal was opened for traffic in 1822, and in 1832, three years after the death of Von Platen, direct communication between the two Swedish seas was effectually established. The expenses incurred by this colossal undertaking are estimated at a million sterling, although the greater part of the work was carried out by men belonging to the national army, whose labours were supervised by English foremen and mechanics. In Sweden Telford was fêted as a public benefactor, and on the completion of the canal the king conferred upon him the Swedish honour of Knighthood, and presented him with his portrait set in diamonds—such honours as he never received in England. Strange to say, the Swedish guide-books and tourist literature, which have a great deal to say about Von Platen and the brothers Ericsson, who modernized the Trollhätte Canal, barely mention the name of the famous Scotch engineer.

Wadstena Castle

The voyage through the Södertelje, Götha, and Trollhätte Canals is one of the most beautiful as well as the most famous pleasure trips in Scandinavia, but in spite of its undoubted attractions, it absorbs a great deal of time, namely, 70 hours. However, at many points of the voyage, where you have to pass through several locks in succession, you have ample time to go ashore and indulge in an invigorating walk along the banks, and, perhaps, arrange to pick up the steamer further on; after visiting places of interest in the immediate neighbourhood.

The scenery—forests, lakes, and rivers—is only equalled by the pleasure of the trip, and the feeling of *dolce far niente* which is to be experienced by lazily gliding over lakes, rivers, and canal, is not the least of its attractions. Again, in no other way can you see so much of Sweden and the Swedes in two days as by this canal.

The through tourist traffic is worked by a company, whose passenger boats are ocean liners in miniature. They are iron steamships, 119 feet long, and of good beam, and make excellent sea-boats when taking a turn on "Father Ocean" himself. Three of the older boats have actually sailed across the Atlantic to South America, where they now ply as passenger vessels on the La Plata. The commissariat on board is ample, well-cooked, and very moderate in price. You are waited on by stewardesses. A long account-book, with pencil attached by a string, hangs in the saloon. In this everybody writes down the number of meals and whatever extras he has had, adds up the column at the end of the voyage, and settles according to his own figures. The captains of these boats speak English, and are renowned for their courtesy and attention to passengers. One might imagine that the navigation of the canal would require very little skill and hardihood, but this is quite wrong. In the canal itself, through locks and bridges, and in the narrow, tortuous channels, threading the islands in the Baltic and the extremities of some of the

lakes, an accuracy of manipulation amounting to microscopic is demanded. Further, the big lakes are subject to sudden storms of a very violent character, endangering the navigation, while in the autumn an impenetrable fog often gathers over the canal at night. To simplify the navigation of the canal by night the boats carry an acetylene searchlight in the bows, but in a thick fog it has to be extinguished, because its rays only create a blur of light and add to the difficulties of the steersman.

Stockholm

A full description of the voyage from Stockholm to Gothenburg would fill a volume, but here we can only sketch the delightful journey. Starting from Riddarholmen, where the steamers are moored at Stockholm, you have a picturesque cruise of 25 miles down Lake Malaren. The town of Södertelge, at the southern end of the lake, is the first halt, and here commences the short Södertelge Canal, which traverses a deep cutting. Emerging from the canal, you are in the Baltic archipelago, through which you sail for nine or ten hours amid a bewildering array of islets (they are said to be 1,500 in number)—a few being mere slabs of rock, but two-thirds of them some acres in extent, and well wooded with fir trees. You will note that it must cost a considerable sum to light the navigation. Each of the islets in the course is equipped with a liliputian lighthouse and storeshed of corrugated iron, while where the channel becomes especially tortuous gas buoys abound. However, there is not a sign of human habitation, or a soul to be seen, on the islets. Yet as it grows dark the lighthouses and buoys become illuminated as though by magic, and you seem to be voyaging through a gnome-haunted expanse of waters, where elves are playing hide-and-seek with occulting red, green, and white coloured lights.

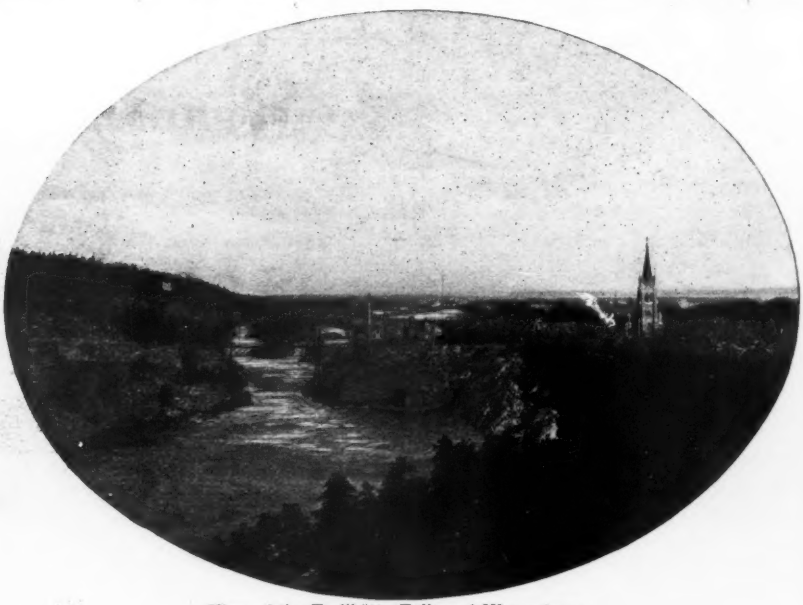
Having reached Mem, you are at the beginning of the East Götha Canal, and proceed to enter the first of the locks—74 in number, of which 5 are used for the regulation of the water—between here and Gothenburg.

It is a tight fit in the locks. The boat is hung round with stout wooden poles as fenders, and the latter are smashed to pieces by the end of the voyage. The cruise through the East Götha Canal, which includes the crossing of Lakes Asplangen, Roxen, and Boren, occupies about 40 hours. Apparently, there is no

legal speed limit in the canal, but "canal speed," which is the order from the bridge to the engine-room, means three or four knots per hour. More is impossible, owing to the shallow draught.

The traffic is conducted much like a railway. The road bridges are mostly flush with the banks, and move to and fro on rollers. The high level road and railway bridges are of the swing pattern, and turn parallel with the waterway, balanced on a single pivot. All bridges and lock-gates are operated by hand; there is no hydraulic machinery, as one might expect. The approach to a bridge or lock is notified by a diamond-shaped, white-painted board, and on the same post there is often another, inscribed with the distance in métres and the time in minutes the obstacle is away. Railway bridges and locks are protected by ordinary railway signals of the disc kind, showing a red and green light at night. There is a code of whistle signals between the steamer and the lock and bridge-keepers, and also between craft coming in opposite directions.

Between Mem and Motala, on Lake Vettern, which is the western end of the East Götha Canal, there are 31 locks. At both Carlsborg and Berg there are eight locks in a cluster, passing through which you seem to have climbed a hill. It is a curious sensation to sit on the upper deck of a steamer, and feel the soft, easy motion of the propeller under your feet, while looking out immediately on a fertile valley. At times the canal lies through a dense forest, cutting its way between the trees for miles and miles. As the boat nearly fills the width of the canal, and the trees grow to its very edge, there is no water to be seen, and the delusion is complete. By the way, the passage of the locks during the night is accompanied by sleep-disturbing bumps (your own "hytt" or state-room always seems to be the part of the hull where the full force of the collision is felt), and by noises of rushing waters, suggestive of dire catastrophe.



View of the Trollhätte Falls and Wenersburg

Having entered the five locks at Borenshult at the western end of Lake Boren, passengers have time to walk on

along the tow path to Motala. Half way thither you pass a silent, shady spot, where upon an elevation surrounded by whispering elm and poplar trees you see the grave, selected by himself, of Baltzar von Platen. Leaving Motala, you proceed to Wadstena on the eastern shore of Lake Vettern, and tie up in the canalized moat of the grand old castle, which was built by Gustavus Vasa in 1545. From Wadstena you steer across Lake Vettern, which is eighty miles long and ten miles broad, and the most beautiful of the great lakes of South Sweden. It is fed entirely by springs, and its azure water is exquisitely clear, bright objects being sometimes seen at a depth of 100 feet. The legend runs that it is connected by a subterranean passage with the Boden Sea in Switzerland, and there are tales of corpses in Swiss attire having been found floating on the surface!

The Hell Falls, Trollhätte

This lake is succeeded by Lake Bottensjon, with which it is connected by a short canal, and the latter is left at Forsvik, where the steamer ascends the last of the locks. After passing through several small and intricate canals requiring much careful navigation (indeed, the vessel can only round the sharp turns by the aid of hawsers), you enter the West Götha Canal at Tätorp. The whole length of this canal is wonderfully pretty, by reason of the drooping trees in their rich but wild luxuriance overhanging the waterway, though it is inferior in scenery to the Eastern portion. Passing through a very narrow part, where the silver birches are a lovely sight, you see on the left a monument of stone, which marks the spot as being the highest point of the whole canal route. You have 155 feet, or twenty locks, to descend before coming to Sjötorp, on Lake Wenern, which is the largest lake in Sweden, 2,400 square miles in area, and 280 feet deep. The storms on this lake can render its navigation rougher and more perilous than that of the North Sea in the equinoctial gales. Here you occasionally lose sight of land, at least from one side of the vessel. The express steamers sail straight across Lake Wenern to Wenersburg, accomplishing the distance in seven hours, but the

intermediate boats call at the small towns lying on its forest-clad banks. Just beyond Wenersburg two locks lead into the river Götha Elf, and in another half-hour you arrive at Trollhätte. As the steamer takes at least two hours to negotiate the Trollhätte Canal and descend the eleven locks, situated at unequal distances here, passengers have ample time to land and inspect these marvellous falls, which have been christened the

The interest of this spot is greatly enhanced by the skilfully constructed locks and sluices on the left side of the river. The eleven new locks of Akersvass, constructed by Nils Ericsson in 1836-44, ascend in three sections, between which are passing basins. The river traffic is very considerable, and it is fascinating to watch the host of vessels ascending and descending the elevations with mathematical regularity and speed. The eight

The Swing Railway Bridge at Motala

"Niagara of Europe." However, if possible, it is well to tarry a day at Trollhätte, especially as the rest of the voyage down to Gothenburg offers no attraction beyond rather tame river views.

The falls of Trollhätte, six in number, besides several cataracts and rapids, distributed over a distance of 1,600 yards, are in all 108 feet in height. The highest fall, the Toppö, is but 44 feet. The town of Trollhätte consists almost entirely of manufactories which harness the motive power afforded by the falls, estimated at 225,000 horse power.

old locks, furnishing a shorter cut, are now used for small vessels only.

The commercial importance of the navigation has dwindled with the growth of railways, but it has done its work in opening up Sweden. A scheme is afoot of enlarging and deepening the series of canals to admit of the passage of the largest ships, but the Swedes are haunted by the dread that were this accomplished it would prove an irresistible temptation to Russia to attempt the conquest of South Sweden.

H. G. Archer.

The Love Quest of Beethoven

"Nothing is more desirable on earth
Than when man and wife, united in hearty love,
Calmly rule their house, a bitter sight to their enemies,
But a joy to their friends, and to themselves the highest enjoyment of all."

THESE lines, which were marked by Beethoven in his copy of the *Odyssey*, bear witness to that pathetic desire for wife, children, and home, which was ever present with him and yet ever unfulfilled. Nothing could be more touching than the brief entries on the subject which appear from time to time in his diary. Thus he writes in 1812:—"Resignation—the most absolute and heartfelt resignation to thy fate! Thou shouldst not live for thyself but only for others. Henceforth there is no happiness for thee but in thy art. O God, grant me strength to conquer myself. Nothing should now tie me to life."

And again in May, 1813:—"What a fearful state to be in not to be able to trample under foot all my longings for home joys, to be constantly indulging in those longings! Oh! God! oh! God! look down in mercy upon poor, unhappy Beethoven and put an end to this soon; let it not last much longer."

And again in the summer of 1816:—"Only love, yes, only that, has power to give me a happier life. Oh! God, let me at last find her who was destined to be mine, and who shall strengthen me in virtue."

"*Let me at last find her!*" These words give the keynote of Beethoven's personal history; all through his life the search continued, and though there were times when it seemed about to be crowned with success, the hope faded before it became reality.

It was when he was only nineteen years old that the events took place which led to the composition of *Adelaida*, that wonderful song which has been called the perfect expression of hopeless love. Beethoven's home life was a miserable one; his father's drunken habits dragged the family into the depths of poverty, and the musician's boyhood was spent in comforting his beloved and sorely tried mother, in watching over his younger brothers and in saving the household possessions from the pawnshop. From this wretchedness he was rescued by Count Waldstein, through whose influence he was first made Court Organist to the Elector, and afterwards sent to Vienna to study. On his return to Bonn, he was asked to compose a cantata for performance during the Elector's visit to his palace at Mergenheim, and in the midst of the applause that followed the concert, the Prince asked the ladies if they had not a wreath to give the composer. In answer to this appeal, a beautiful girl took the flowers from her hair and blushingly bestowed them upon Beethoven. Her loveliness filled him with an exquisite delight, but the little scene was all too quickly over, and he went back to Bonn with no hope of seeing her again. Not long after his return, however, he received a request from the Austrian Ambassador, Count Westphael, that he would teach a young relation of his; somewhat reluctantly he accepted the task, but the state of his feelings may be imagined when at the first glance he recognized the fair maiden of Mergenheim. Some time passed away, and one day Beethoven showed the daughter of his kind friend, Madame von Breüning, a setting of Matthison's song, *Adelaida;* there was a power and a passion in it which warned her that love was the secret of its inspiration, and after some persuasion on her part, he told her the story and asked her if she would help him by giving a copy to the young Countess. Being possessed of sound common-sense, she told him plainly that it was folly for him to think of allying himself to one of the oldest and proudest families in the land, whereupon he tore the song into atoms and rushed out of the house.

A few days after this, going to give his lesson as usual, he found the room empty, and sitting down to the piano, poured out his heart in a flood of melody—

Lonely wanders thy friend through the garden of the Spring,
While the shimmering light around me its gentle rays doth fling,
And the trembling branches murmur thy name on their rustling wing—
Adelaida, Adelaida!

In the gleam of the rushing river, in the drift of the Alpine snow,
In the day's departing glory where the crimson sun sinks low;
In the stars that shine above me I see thine image glow,
Adelaida, Adelaida!

Soft through the tender branches the whispering night airs steal
In every grassy valley the silver Maybells peal,
The sea's sad waves and the nightingale's song thy name, thy name reveal—
Adelaida, Adelaida!

And soon, oh! wonder of wonders, a flow'r from my grave shall rise,
Unfolding the passionate anguish of the heart that hidden lies,
A flow'r on whose leaves my life-blood shall trace to mortal eyes—
Adelaida, Adelaida!

"How beautiful!" cried a voice as he finished.

He turned and saw his beloved before him, and falling on his knees he kissed her hands, crying, "I love you! I love you!"

To the young girl he seemed a madman, and trying to free herself she shrieked for help. Her uncle and aunt ran into the room, and ordered the young man out of the house, and without a word of explanation or excuse Beethoven went his way. This was the end of his life in Bonn, and leaving its sad associations behind him he went back to Vienna, determined to make a place in the world for himself. How well he succeeded in his aim is known to all, and yet, little as he guessed it when he penned the music of *Adelaida*, those passionate and despairing strains were destined to echo through his life until its close.

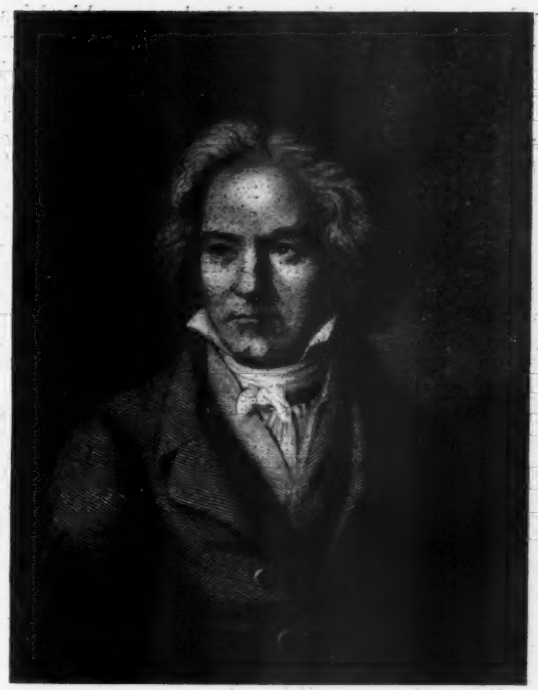
It was not until he was twenty-five that a ray of brightness came into his life from his affection for the Contessa Guilietta Guicciardi. "I am now leading a somewhat more agreeable life," he writes to a friend in November, 1800, "as of ate I have been associating more with other people. You could scarcely believe what a sad and dreary life mine has been or the last two years, my defective hearing everywhere pursuing me like a spectre, making me fly from everyone and appear a misanthrope, and yet no one is in reality less so! This change has been wrought by a lovely, fascinating girl, who loves me and whom I love. I have once more had some blissful moments during the last two years, and it is the first time I have ever felt marriage could make me happy. Unluckily she is not in my rank of life, and indeed at this moment I can marry no one. I must first bestir myself actively in the world."

But again his hopes were destined to be disappointed; in the next year the Contessa was married to a man of wealth and title, and Beethoven was once more left desolate.

Before the next love-affair of which there is any record, the deafness which was eventually to shut him out from the world with its terrible wall, had so much increased that he speaks of himself as being forced to spend his life in seclusion. Yet, even so, he did not relinquish the hope of happiness. The mysterious letters which were found in his desk after his death were at first supposed to have been addressed to Giulietta, but later opinions concur in connecting them with the Countess Teresa Brunswick, sister of that Count Franz Brunswick to whom the *appassionata* Sonata was dedicated. Whether the letters were not sent, or whether they were returned after the engagement was broken off, is a question which will probably never be decided, but it is certain that they breathe the very soul of yearning passion for her whom he calls "My angel! My all! My second self!"

"My heart is overflowing with all that I have to say to you," he writes. "Ah! there are moments when I find that speech is absolutely nothing. Take courage! continue to be ever my true and only love, my all! as I am yours."

On July 6th he writes:—"You grieve! Ah! where I am there you are ever with me; how earnestly shall I strive to pass my life with you and what a life it will be! Whereas now! Without you! However dearly you may love me, I love you more fondly still. Never conceal your feelings from me. Good-night."



Beethoven
After the painting by Kloeber

The next day he writes: — "Good morning! Even before I rise, my thoughts throng to you, my immortal beloved! Sometimes full of joy, yet again sad, waiting to see whether Fate will hear us. I must live either wholly with you or not at all. Indeed, I have resolved to wander far from you till the moment arrives when I can fly into your arms and feel they are my home, and send forth my soul in unison with yours into the realm of spirits. Alas, it must be so! You will take courage for you know my fidelity, never can another possess my heart, never! never! Oh! heavens, why must I fly from her I so fondly love? and yet my existence in Vienna was as miserable as here. Your love made me the most happy, and yet the most unhappy of men. Be calm, for we can only attain our object of living together by the calm contemplation of our existence. Continue to love me. Yesterday, to-day, what longings for you, what tears for you! for you! for you! my life, my all! Farewell! oh! love me for ever, and never doubt the faithful heart of your lover. *Ludwig.* Ever thine. Ever mine. Ever each other's."

Sir George Grove, commenting on the fiery incoherency of these letters, says, "But music was Beethoven's native language, and however he may stammer in words, in his most passionate notes there is no incoherence. Though he had been often involved in love affairs, none of them had yet been permanent; certainly he had never before gone so far as an engagement, and when writing the Fourth Symphony his heart must have been swelling with his new happiness. It is, in fact, the poem which he sings over his conquest." And yet this outburst of harmonious ecstasy was destined to die unheeded on the ear of her who had inspired it.

"It was a wise step for us to part,"

wrote the Countess Teresa on the breaking off of the engagement, "what would have been the result to his genius and what to my love if I had ever been forced to be afraid of him?" A remark which recalls the explanation given by the famous singer Magdalene Willman, of her refusal of Beethoven in 1794—"he was so ugly and half crazy."

To marry a man of such eccentric habits would doubtless have required much courage; careless in dress and uncouth in appearance, he was absolutely indifferent to the impression that he made upon other people. His habit of stamping, groaning and howling while he composed, and of dashing cold water over his head until the floor became a veritable lake, were sources of immense annoyance to his fellow-lodgers, nor, when he set up a house of his own, was his condition any the better.

Unhappily for himself, his affections were always set on women of a different rank to his own; his hatred of everything low or common drew him to the society of those possessed of taste and refinement, and his music gave him an entrance into circles that would otherwise have been closed to him. Yet, in spite of his genius, his manners and appearance were not likely to attract a lady of rank, especially in days when social distinctions were much more clearly defined than they are at present, and his love-quest was therefore doomed to failure. But while he yearned after the unattainable, silent and devoted love was laid at his feet, and that he should have been persistently blind to it, is but another instance of the irony of fate.

The story is connected with the tragedy of Beethoven's later life—his love for his unworthy nephew, and it has been revealed in a diary, edited after the writer's death by Herr Nohl. In the year 1815, Beethoven's brother Karl died, leaving a request that Ludwig would bring up his son, his wife not being a fit person to have the charge of a child; he was anxious to hear of a suitable school, and decided upon one kept by a Spaniard of the name of del Rio, who was assisted by his wife and two daughters. Nanni, the elder girl, afterwards married, while Fanny, the younger, who had had a great shock in the death of her lover, and had found much consolation in Beethoven's music, inscribed her emotions in the diary, portions of which were first printed in a Leipsic weekly paper. "What I have often vainly wished for, that Beethoven should come to our house, has actually happened," she writes on the 25th of January, 1816. "Yesterday afternoon he brought his little nephew to see the Institute, and to-day everything is arranged. How delighted I should be if we could really enter into friendly relations with Beethoven, and if I might hope to make a few hours of his life pleasant to him who has banished so many dark clouds from mine."

Her admiration was not long in ripening into a warmer feeling, for on the 2nd of March we find her writing:—"'Is that true?' I cried out, after a conversation with Nanni on Beethoven, 'Has he already become so dear to me that my sister's laughing advice not to fall in love with him, pains and troubles me beyond measure?' It is not true now, yet when I know him better he must become dear, *very dear* to me. He can and may be that; why then think about a closer union which common-sense tells me is impossible. How can I be so vain as to believe or imagine that the power of captivating such a soul as his is reserved to me?"

It was at this very time that Beethoven wrote the passionate prayer in his diary that he might be allowed to find her for whom he longed, but though a heart full of love was there for the taking, he did not recognize his destined helpmate in the daughter of his nephew's schoolmaster. That he raised no false hopes in her mind is made quite clear by the diary:—"March 21.—Can I conceal from myself that which makes me long to weep continually? Yes, it must be confessed, Beethoven interests me to the selfish point of longing that I, and I alone, may please him. I am deeply ashamed to make this confession, but let the one judge me, who with a heart capable of untold powers of loving, has already begun to understand that these exquisite feelings must be pent up within oneself. And that in spite of the inward conviction that this great love

would make the loved one happy if it dared to find expression, yet it *must* be hidden away out of sight and suppressed."

It was during the summer of 1816 that Fanny committed what she admits to have been a very great fault. Staying at the same hotel with Beethoven at the bathing-place to which he had gone for the benefit of his health, she and her sister ventured one day to look into his private note-book. "It was not right of us to have looked into the book," she says, "but having done so, it gave us the opportunity of acknowledging that this noble man is more worthy of admiration and esteem than we had hitherto been able to judge. His child-like faith and high inspiration not only delighted us, but awoke our sympathy and respect to a degree that with me at least is almost beyond expression."

But great as Fanny's fault might be, she was bitterly punished for her indiscretion; on one page of the book she saw the words—"My heart overflows at the sight of lovely nature—*although without her.*" Of this, she says, she "thought much," and it was not long before her suspicions were confirmed. One morning they were shocked by seeing him with his face scratched and torn, and by hearing that his valet had done it in a rage and that the man was utterly careless of his comfort.

He did not recognise his destined helpmate

"My father said that it would be best for him to find a wife, who would attend to all those offices his sad state of deafness required with a patience and devotion impossible to expect from anyone else. My father went on to ask him if he did not know of anyone likely to suit him. I listened from my corner with the most intense and painful excitement, while he confessed to what I had long since feared in my heart, that he loved in vain. Five years ago he made the acquaintance of a lady whom to marry would have been the highest happiness life could have afforded him. It was not to be thought of, was quite impossible in fact, and was a chimera. But still his feelings remain the same now as then. 'I cannot put her out of my thoughts,' were words that pained and hurt me beyond measure. He loves still! This clears up for me the meaning of the few words I found on the bit of paper."

Yet, though fear had now become a certainty, her love remained the same. Thus she writes on November 18th:—"I am childish enough to feel wounded because he seems to prefer Nanni to me, although I have told myself a thousand times that I have no right or pretensions to his showing a preference for me. I do not quite like his calling me the 'Lady Abbess' when I am busy with my housekeeping, for the thoughts I know he associates with this title, I would rather he did not have about me. It does not please me at all for him to regard me simply in the light of a good housekeeper. But surely it would please him, if he only knew it, that it would be intense happiness to me if I might make his life pleasurable to him by simply attending to household duties for him."

The scene in which she describes the performance of the song, "To the Absent Beloved" is pathetic in the extreme—Beethoven pouring out his hidden yearning in the beautiful strains, while she sat by and found in them the expression of her love for the musician. It is the theme of *Adelaida* over again, but youthful despair is changed now for the calm resignation of maturer manhood.

Sweet peace and calmest gladness once were dwelling
Within my breast,
But since we parted comes a sorrow swelling
That breaks my rest.
Where'er I go I see thine image ever
Before my eyes,
And for the joy that now returneth never
My spirit cries.

Not long afterwards, Beethoven became dissatisfied with their care of his beloved Karl, and showed so plainly that he had lost confidence in them that Fanny acquiesced in her father's decision that it was impossible to keep the boy in the school.

The last entry in the diary with reference to Beethoven is made in November, 1819:—"Of my heart I will say nothing more; it is, and remains, empty; the best course is to make up my mind that I can do nothing, alter nothing, and that some day perhaps things will be better. I feel that no heart has ever beaten which longs so intensely, so eagerly, and so vainly, for love as mine does."

After this no more is said of the man who had so long filled her thoughts; whether she succeeded in forgetting him or not we have no means of knowing, but from the account of her after-life given by her niece she evidently laid aside her own griefs that she might devote herself to the happiness of others, and when she died, still unmarried, at the age of eighty-three, she was mourned by a wide circle of friends.

Meanwhile Beethoven was undergoing much sorrow. His nephew had been spoiled by him, and went rapidly from bad to worse; extravagance, deceit, and theft, followed each other in rapid succession, and far from being moved at sight of his benefactor's distress, he made the callous boast to a friend—"I can do as I like with my uncle, a little flattery and a few friendly words will soon bring him round." The climax came when he attempted to commit suicide; he was arrested and taken to the police station, where he informed the authorities that it was his uncle's "worrying" that had driven him to the deed.

Once again Beethoven forgave the prodigal and welcomed him back with unfaltering

love and trust; but nothing availed to soften his hard heart, and when, in 1827, his uncle was struck down with the illness that was to prove fatal, he would not take the trouble to fetch the doctor, but went off to play billiards, entrusting the message to a porter. It was not until two days had passed that the message reached its destination, and when the doctor hurried to Beethoven's bedside, it was to find him in the grip of a terrible illness, alone and uncared for. The moment that his friends knew of his state they came to his aid and one of them has left a description of the closing scene:—"From three till five he lay unconscious. Suddenly the room was lit up by a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a clap of thunder. At the sound Beethoven opened his eyes, raised his right hand and gazed fixedly upwards for some seconds with a solemn expression. His hand dropped and his eyes were half-closed; my right hand supported his head, my left lay on his breast. Not another breath! Not another heart-beat! The spirit of the great master had passed from this false world to the kingdom of truth. I closed his half-shut eyes, and kissed his brow, mouth, hands and eyes."

Beethoven's life was one of bitter trials, both physical and mental, and yet it may be that these were necessary for the perfecting of his art. In the monograph written for the Centenary Celebration in 1870, Wagner points out that his deafness had in it an element of gain. "We speak," he says, "of a blind Seer, Tiresias, to whom the phenomenal world was closed, but who, with inward vision, saw the basis of all phenomena; and the deaf musician who listens to his inner harmonies undisturbed by the noise of life, who speaks from the depths to a world that has nothing more to say to him —now resembles the Seer. Thus genius, delivered from the impress of eternal things, exists wholly in and for itself. Never has an art offered the world anything so serene as the works which the master produced during the divine period of his total deafness."

So too, it may be, that debarred from the happiness so eagerly craved for, Beethoven gave himself up with more completeness to the worship of Ideal Love. His last great work, the Choral Symphony, is the consummate expression of his faith in the unseen and immortal. The first movement opens in sadness, but closes in a strain of firmness and courage; the second, he intended to represent the passage from darkness to light, for he left it on record that it came into his mind as he stepped out of the gloomy house into a night of brilliant starlight; the *Adagio* breathes the spirit of calmness and consolation; the *Presto* breaks out into exulting gladness and leads on to the *Finale*, where Schiller's "Ode to Joy" gives vocal expression to the *motif* of the preceding movements.

Beethoven is in music what Shakespeare is in poetry—a master of the human heart, and to this interpretation of life he could never have attained if he had not drunk deeply of the cup of sorrow. To those who know him as a musician alone, his work will always remain as a rapture, a wonder, and a mighty monument of genius; but to those who know him also as a man, it is a revelation of his personality, a glorious flower upon whose petals are written the story of his life-long quest of love—

And soon, O wonder of wonders, a flow'r from my grave shall rise
Unfolding the passionate anguish of the heart that hidden lies,
A flow'r on whose leaves my life-blood shall trace to mortal eyes—
Adelaida, Adelaida!

MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

The Beginnings of Hebrew History and Religion

II

BEFORE looking at the account which the Hebrews give of their own origin, it may be well to enquire whether any information is to be derived from any of the other branches of the Semitic stock to which they belonged. It must be confessed that there is very little of direct mention or reference to be found in the monuments of the East; and this is not to be wondered at, when we remember, in the first place, that at the earliest *formative* period the Hebrews, like other branches, were not differentiated from the general stock, and, in the second place, the things that distinguished them, when they broke away from the stock, were not matters likely to find a record among the deeds and movements of great nations. When, at a later time, Israel became a political power, and, as such, came under the notice of the great Assyrian conquerors, the references on the monuments are clear and abundant enough. At the earlier stage, however, when they were presumably an integral part of the main stock, or moving away, by migration, as other branches moved, we can scarcely expect to hear about them. Yet it is to be observed how every advance in our knowledge of that remote time brings some new illustration or confirmation of the Biblical account. It is not without significance, for example, that during the dynasty of Hammurabi we meet for the first time with names like Abram and others that occur in the patriarchal story; and after the discovery of the Code of Hammurabi it can no longer be said that the age of Moses was too early for the elaboration of a code of law.

When we turn to Arabia, we are first of all confronted with the fact that exploration has almost been precluded owing to the nature of the country and the character of its inhabitants; and it is only in the latter part of the last century that investigations of an archæological character have been attempted. Interest in the country and its early history has been whetted by what is recorded not only on the monuments of Assyria, but even in the older Babylonian and pre-Semitic Sumerian accounts, which show that there was an intimate relation between Arabia and Babylonia in the third millennium B.C. The dynasty of Hammurabi is now generally admitted to have been Arabian in origin, and if, as many believe, the Semitic race had its original home there, it may be expected that fuller research, when it becomes possible, will throw a flood of light upon early Semitic history. Already it is established that there was a flourishing civilization in the south-western part of the peninsula from about 1200 to 800 B.C.; and if the opinion is correct * that the Cush of the early chapters of Genesis really stands for Arabia, and that Ashur in the story of the Garden of Eden is a district of that country, a new light is cast upon the whole story and on the early Hebrew tradition. In general it may be said that here again, although there is no direct mention of the Hebrews, there is many a link connecting their traditions with the history of the earlier Semitic civilization.

Coming to Palestine itself, which became the home of the Hebrews, we have to remember that, according to their own account, they were at first strangers in the land of Canaan, and that, in any case, the country lay on the very western outskirts of the Semitic field. Though, therefore, we may not expect to find there information as to their origin, what we do find is deeply interesting for the early history of the country and remarkably in agreement with their own traditions. The Amarna letters bring before us a condition of things exactly corresponding to that of the first

* Hilprecht, "Explorations in Bible Lands," p. 742 f.

chapter of the book of Judges. It is believed by some competent authorities * that the Habiri who are frequently mentioned in these letters as hovering on the borders of Palestine and threatening its conquest were "Hebrews," whether the actual tribes that were about to take possession of the land or a part of the same wave of migratory Semites to which the Israelite tribes belonged. It may be added that the most recent excavations on the soil of Palestine, by Macalister at Gezer, and Sellin at Taanach, make it clear that the Hebrews were not the aboriginal race of Palestine, and that the time of their appearance coincides with the time mentioned in the Old Testament.

It is now, therefore, high time that we should look at the account which the Hebrews give of their own origin. Such incidental and indirect verifications of that account as those just referred to create a presumption in its favour; and it may turn out that it contains more history than some modern writers are inclined to suppose. The habit of speaking of the early Hebrew story as a reflection back into the past of the situations of later historical times, and the repetition of the *a priori* dictum that no people has a knowledge of its own origin, have tended to discredit or disparage the Hebrew account as legendary or fabulous; but if it should turn out that this account agrees substantially with the results of the most recent research and discovery, this opinion will have to be considerably modified, and we have already seen enough to dispose us to give it serious attention. No doubt it is true that peoples do not remember in all their precise details the processes by which they came into existence as nations. Yet there are some things that a people cannot forget, things that are in their blood, or things that determined their whole future history at a susceptible and formative period. The Celt, for example, cannot forget, if he would, the stock to which he belongs, and the same may be said of the Semite; and the earlier phases of a nation's history may be remembered when more recent history is forgotten. The times of Wallace and Bruce in Scotland, and of George Washington and the War of Independence in America are more effectively remembered, more firmly impressed on national tradition, than quieter times which followed. It may be admitted that, in the form in which these early traditions lie before us, they are not to be taken as dry, matter-of-fact history. Those persons render a poor service to the Bible who insist on reading literally these early accounts; as, on the other hand, those who refine them away into mere imagination do a poor service to historical science. Just as the Hebrew prophets, when they looked forward, saw truly though they saw indistinctly, so the prophetic historians, on looking backwards, saw through a mist of antiquity and yet saw the main outlines of the historical landscape. No doubt, for example, the individual patriarchs have a background of a more comprehensive kind, and we ought to think of tribes or clans where only individual names are mentioned. But this is not to destroy the individuality or historical existence of the individuals. Hammurabi himself stands out in Babylonian history as if by his own right hand he performed what must have been collective achievements; and at the present day the roving tribes of the desert have each their chief and leader, and speak of themselves collectively by individual names.

The Hebrew account of themselves, when compared with the fabulous accounts of their own origins given by other nations, is very remarkable. The story does not go back to some mythical father of the race, sprung from the gods; nor are the Hebrews autochthonous and primeval inhabitants of the land they called their own. It is very remarkable that, though the whole history is explicitly and ostensibly made to culminate in Israel, yet that history, so far from being represented as enacted on an isolated field, is made to touch upon the histories not only of contiguous small peoples like themselves, but upon those of the most remote great nations of the world, and particularly those which Archæology has shown to have

* Carl Niebuhr, "The Tell el Amarna Period"; Schrader; "Keilinschriften," 3rd edition.

been the most influential races of antiquity. Assyrian and Babylonian kings may not notice on their monuments a wandering clan within their borders, but this nomad company which became the nation of Israel, claims to have a memory and tradition of closest association with those Powers, and to explain its history by that association. Israel may be the apex of a pyramid, but the base is broadly laid in the human race. This is the doctrine contained in the story of the Creation, and the process of elimination and election is seen in the story of the Flood. Noah connects the primeval world with the new world that succeeds, and Shem, who was "born before the Flood," is but one of Noah's sons, though the first-born and the father of the new race. Again, Terah is not a new creation; he springs, by natural generation, from Shem, and thus the family of Abraham is linked on to ancient Babylonia. Then in Nahor the theatre stage is shifted to Mesopotamia and we have the connection with the great Aramaean stock. Down through the patriarchal period it is the same thing, the Hebrews have kin in all the Semitic lands to the east, north and south. Through Lot they are related to Moab and Ammon, through Esau to the Edomites, through Ishmael and Keturah to the northern tribes of the Arabian peninsula. There is no attempt to disguise the fact; nations that in the historical period were deadliest enemies are shown to be of the same blood; the Assyrian and Babylonian Powers, at whose hands the Jews suffered exile and political annihilation, are the ancestors whom they glorify. On the other hand, Egypt, which was not part of the Semitic world, was in the Hebrews' tradition a hostile land, and in Canaan itself they were originally strangers.

Such an account can surely not be the result of the stringing together of a number of isolated fairy tales, nor the product of the fancy of a romancer. It agrees in its main outline so strikingly with what we have learned of the spread of the Semitic race westward, one wave of emigration forcing another forward, that it may be confidently asked whether, instead of a projection of history backwards, we have not here the adumbration of the history forwards, and the true explanation of the possession by the Hebrews of so much that is common to the great Semitic stock. It so happens that the Hebrew literature gives us knowledge of what the Hebrews carried with them of this common possession; but no doubt other branches of the stock, which have hitherto furnished us with no such literature, were permeated to the same or to some extent, by the same influence. That the Hebrews have turned the common inheritance to better account than any of them is just a part of the peculiarity which, in the final outcome, has distinguished the Hebrews from all other branches of the stock.

Archæologists, impressed with the antiquity and extent of the Babylonian culture, are inclined to speak of all culture in the other Semitic families as directly derived from it by a process of borrowing, and it becomes a question with them to determine at what period in the history of the Hebrews this borrowing process took place; whether, for example, in the Babylonian exile, or during the conquests of the great Assyrian Empire, or, at the earliest, when the Hebrew tribes entered Canaan. And even those who are disposed to give special preference to the earliest date, represent the Hebrews as "coming into" Palestine where there already prevailed a high civilization which has left a lasting and pervading influence upon Hebrew culture and religion. The impression left on the mind of the unwary reader of such statements is that these Hebrews came from somewhere with nothing or almost nothing of their own, that, at least, up to that time this pervading civilization and culture had not touched them, and that they themselves were a sort of *tabula rasa*, ready to receive and retain the impressions made on them by their surroundings. But if one thing is clearer than another it is that the Hebrews are of the same great Semitic stock; their thought, their language, their customs are all Semitic, and indeed they are more indelibly marked as Semitic than some other branches of the stock. We cannot think of them as an alien race falling for the first time under the spell of

the Babylonian influence. The Hebrews were, to use the Scriptural expression, in the loins of their great ancestor Shem from the beginning, and their firmly-fixed tradition, which places the migration of Abraham about the time of Hammurabi, expresses their claim to be co-heirs of all that was best in that time, and all that was inherited from an earlier civilization.

Of the things usually spoken of as borrowed from the Babylonians are these*: The measures, weights and money in use among the Hebrews are found also in ancient Babylonia. The striking partiality for certain numbers as seven, ten, twelve is also characteristic of both, and in Babylonia certain numbers are found associated with certain star-deities. The great Creation Epos of Babylonia was written on seven tablets, and the national Epos of Gilgames on twelve. Again, in Jacob's dealings with Laban, the Babylonian law is proceeded upon; in the case of cattle killed by wild beasts, the damage falls upon the possessor, and whoever accuses another of theft has the right of searching, in presence of witnesses, for the stolen property. So also the Babylonian wife, in the event of her being childless, may give her husband a female slave in order to have children by her. The whole story of Hagar is an acted performance of Babylonian legal custom. It is manifest, however, that such features are better explained on the supposition of community of race than as piecemeal borrowings. The fact that, in the early accounts of the Hebrews, they are taken as matters of course is an indication of their antiquity as a common inheritance. And when it is asserted that the Sabbath and the festival of the new moon came also from Babylon, it is to be borne in mind that the Hebrew tradition makes the Sabbath primeval, and when the Semitic conquerors of Babylonia served themselves heirs to the older Sumerian civilization, they no doubt took over much that goes back to a period to which our present knowledge does not reach. Further: in the lately-discovered code of Hammurabi there are "startling correspondences" with the Code of Moses, as, *e.g.*, the command, *An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.* "As a matter of fact," says Delitzsch,* "the majority of the ten commandments were as sacred to the Babylonians as to the Hebrews; disrespect shown towards parents, false witness, any and every attempt to secure other people's property were, according to Babylonian custom, sternly punished, for the most part with death." But immediately afterwards he adds: "Quite specifically Israelitish is the second commandment, the prohibition of every form of image-worship whatever, which seems to have a directly anti-Babylonian point." And this touches upon the most significant thing in this whole subject, that, with all the resemblances there is a deep and specific difference when we come to the higher matters of religious belief.

As to correspondences between the Code of Hammurabi and that of Moses, we need not wonder at these any more than at the fact that some of the sayings of the Sermon on the Mount are to be found in the Jewish Talmud; and other coincidences with the Decalogue only confirm the declaration of St. Paul that the Gentiles "show the work of the law written in their hearts." It is only one of the vagaries of certain critics, that the Israelites did not reach the level of the Decalogue till the eighth century before Christ. In point of fact, the matters in which we do find resemblances are, so to speak, not vital but accessory or subordinate to religion in its highest sense. Such parallels are to be found, for example, in legend and poetic tradition, in religious ceremony or legal custom, cosmology, the belief in angels and demons and such like. Even in regard to these there is this marked difference that, whereas in the Babylonian system, the things obtrude themselves as being of the very texture and foundation of the religion, or even shock us by their gross materialistic character, in the Hebrew religion they appear as fading recollections or harmless

* Gunkel, "Israel und Babylonien" (1903), pp. 12 ff.

* "Babel and Bible": English Translation, p. 191.

folk-lore, or are treated as superstitions foreign to the religion. The Leviathan of the Hebrew writers is a fading myth, and the Tiamat or great monster, which is an essential feature of the Babylonian Creation story is in Hebrew the Tehom or great abyss. Even the most anthropomorphic passages of the Old Testament are far removed, in reverent simplicity, from their Babylonian counterparts. Where, as in the story of the Flood, we recognise that the same drama is enacted on both stages, the actors in the two accounts are different, and, so to speak, have different conceptions of their parts. For example, in the Babylonian account, the great gods themselves are represented as cowering like dogs at the approach of the waters, and when Noah offers his sacrifice after the waters are assuaged, the gods are attracted like flies by the odour of the sacrifice—a contrast to the dignified, though also anthropomorphic expression of the Hebrew writer, that Jehovah smelled a sweet savour. Above all, whereas the Flood in the Babylonian story is brought about by some arbitrary decision of one deity, or through the jealousy and disagreement of the great gods, as in the Homeric Olympus, the Hebrew writer strikes the note that is characteristic of the whole Hebrew story. *The earth was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence. And God looked upon the earth, and behold it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth.* And this ethical note runs through the whole Hebrew tradition, from the Garden of Eden onwards.

The marked contrast here is universally admitted, however variously it may be explained. It amounts to this, that what is best in the Babylonian religion is far behind the Hebrew, and what there is in common of a legendary or materialistic kind fades into the background in the Hebrew but retains its features in the Babylonian. Witchcraft is deep-seated and firmly rooted in the one case, in the other it is beneath the feet of the teachers of the religion; in the one case there are images to be worshipped, not to speak of grosser accompaniments of worship, in the other a sanctuary without an image. Perhaps the nearest approach to a comparison is to be found in the Babylonian psalms, which, in form at least, have some resemblance to the Hebrew psalms, but even these fall short in religious feeling and heart religion. On the other hand, the Babylonian religion has no outstanding figures like the Hebrew prophets, of whom we have such a brilliant succession as Amos and Hosea, Isaiah and Jeremiah, nor has it ever imagined such types of high faith, lofty character and religious stedfastness as the Hebrew Scriptures present in Elijah, Moses, and Abraham of an earlier time.*

By way of explaining this undoubted contrast it is usual to say that the prophets of Israel purified the old traditions and refined the grosser features of the Babylonian religion, till from a crass polytheism the primitive belief became a pure ethic monotheism. If it is meant by this, as seems to be tacitly assumed, that it was left to the great writing prophets of the eighth century to effect this stupendous change, it will be found very difficult to furnish proof of the position. On the contrary, there are some very hard facts that oppose it. It is to be remembered, for example, that, in the ancient world, the secular and sacred were closely connected; and if we assume, as we must do, that long before the eighth century the Hebrews were permeated with the legal and other elements of Babylonian civilization, they must also have had knowledge of the religious elements of the system. Yet there is no evidence that, at any period in the history of Israel, the Babylonian religion as it is found in Babylonia, was existent or prevalent among the Hebrews. There is no polemic of the prophets against the Babylonian gods—at most we hear of teraphim or household gods which Jacob's wives brought from Mesopotamia, or such like; whereas there is constant reference to, and polemic against, the religion of the Canaanites. And we are not to forget that, at the very time these prophets were preaching the so-called ethic monotheism, the Assyrian Pantheon was full of deities,—and the

* Gunkel, "Israel und Babylonien," p. 31-33. See also, on the whole subject, Nicol's "Recent Archaeology and the Bible" (Blackwood, 1899.)

Assyrian religion was far below the level of the old Babylonian. If we are to explain the Hebrew religion as derived from Babylonia, we must either assume that the Hebrews received it in a very early and pure form at first, or allow a very long time for its purification. In either case the eighth century is inadmissible, and we are thrown back upon a more distant past. And on any possible assumption, seeing that the issue in historical time was something so superior to the Babylonian, we seem to be shut up to the conclusion that the inherent thing which distinguished the Hebrew branch from the great stock of the Semitic family was somehow the religious element; that it was a matter of religion that differentiated the Hebrews from the beginning, whether we call it a higher instinct, or direct Divine guidance, or a better preservation of primeval truth. And this is only saying in our modern language what the Biblical writer, with bolder faith and true insight, declares: *The Lord said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee. Walk before me and be thou perfect.* And thus the data of archæology bring us to the conclusion which can be established on a sound interpretation of the Hebrew records themselves, that the purer religion which has come down to us through them did not originate with the prophets of the eighth century, but was the heritage from God, which He had specially deposited in that nation from of old; in short, instead of isolated, suddenly appearing prophets, we have a prophetic people. To this people in a special manner was committed the mission, with all their backsliding, and through the slow process of a long development, of witnessing before the whole world to a truth destined to be the light of the world: *This people have I formed for myself, that they might set forth my praise.*

Even should it be proved, as Delitzsch contends, that in ancient Babylonia was found a conception of deity almost, if not altogether, as pure and lofty as that we meet with in the prophets, this does not invalidate the veracity of the Hebrew accounts nor detract from the pre-eminence of the Hebrew race. One of the highest authorities on Assyriology * tells us that the farther back we go the purer a culture we find, and that the more closely we come to know the historical development of Western Asia, through the monuments, the more firmly is the fact impressed upon us that that period which is the best known to us, in the first millennium before Christ, when the Assyrian power was at its height, was a period of deterioration and decline as compared with the earlier ages. Thus the fact remains—granting even that the Hebrews and the ancient Babylonians started at the same high level—that while the powerful and civilized state fell backward into gross polytheism, and has left the world only richer by its civilization, the people that was small and of no account, which wrought no wondrous achievement in the political history of the world, maintained and handed down a treasure which to-day is the inheritance of the civilized world. Yet the Hebrew writers themselves never pretend that God was unknown beyond their own nationality. Before the time of Shem, Noah walked with God, and the same is said of Enoch long before him. The calling of Israel was for a world-wide purpose, and we should only rejoice if it should be proved that in those distant ages God had been more gracious to His children than we have been wont to suppose, or than some of the Hebrew writers of later time imagined.

For the love of God is greater
Than the measure of our mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

JAMES ROBERTSON.

* Winckler, "Die Gesetze Hammurabis"; Der Alte Orient, 4 Jahrg. Heft 4."

Sydney Smith as a Talker

LORD ROSEBERY, in speaking the other day in praise of Sydney Smith's writings, did not imagine that he was discovering the great Edinburgh reviewer and pamphleteer. He was merely, in the capacity of showman of our great national waxwork collection, bringing forward from the background a somewhat dusty and neglected figure, crowded out by the number of latter-day celebrities and pseudo celebrities. Sydney Smith did yeoman service in his day as a sturdy moralist and political reformer, fighting abuses manfully whenever he met them. He had the faculty of putting things boldly and brightly and therefore convincingly. In these days of triumphant Liberalism it is hard to realize what desperate up-hill work reform was at the beginning of the nineteenth century for those who had harnessed themselves to the car of Progress—work made doubly difficult by the excesses of the French Revolution and the crimes which had been so recently committed in the name of Liberty. To-day the giants are slain, the field is won and the controversial articles and pamphlets which helped to win it—sound and vigorous common sense as they are—have mainly an historical interest. It is as a talker rather than as a writer that Sydney Smith is likely to be remembered, and a better talker there probably never was. Dr. Johnson was profounder and more learned, but his sledge-hammer style was sometimes disconcerting to polite society. S. T. Coleridge's talk was more marvellous, but his inspired monologue ended in boring people who, like Carlyle, did not relish being made buckets of and pumped into for hours. Macaulay talked admirably but he took the talk too much to himself; forgot that soliloquy is not colloquy. He was, as Greville expresses it, "a roaring torrent of talk, not a meandering stream."

"Oh! yes, we both talk a great deal," remarked Sydney Smith, "but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice. Sometimes when I have told a good story I have thought to myself 'Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing this.'" The charm of Sydney Smith's conversation was its spontaneity: it was the overflow of his exuberant animal spirits. He was not one of those professional wits and story-tellers who prepare their good things for the dinner-table and then artfully lead up to them. They bubbled up naturally. He had—through his mother—a strain of Huguenot blood in his veins, and to it he owed much of his inexhaustible vivacity.

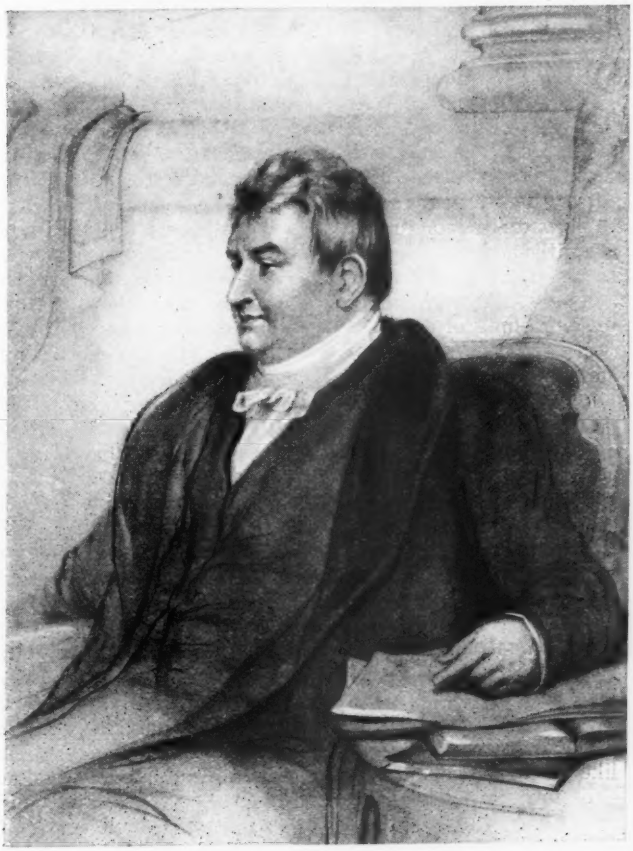
"Oh! Mr. Sydney!" said a young lady, recovering from the general laugh after one of his audacious sallies, "did you make all that yourself?"

"Yes, Lucy, all myself, child: all my own thunder."

It always was his own thunder, and the result of this spontaneity in his drollery was that it was infectious.

An amusing instance of this occurred once when he met that Muse of Tragedy, Mrs. Siddons, for the first time. She seemed determined to resist him and preserve her tragic dignity, but after a vain struggle yielded to the general infection and flung herself back in her chair in such a fearful paroxysm of laughter and of such long continuance that it made quite a scene and all the company were alarmed.

Commenting on his death, Greville, in his Memoirs, says: "It is the extinction of a great humourist such as we shall hardly see the light of again, and who has reigned without a rival in wit and humour for a great length of time. It is almost impossible to over-rate his wit, humour, and drollery or their effect in Society. Innumerable comical sayings and jokes of his are or have been current, but their repetition gives but an imperfect idea of the flavour and zest of the original. His appearance, voice, and manner added immensely to the effect, and the bursting and uproarious merriment with which he poured forth his good things never failed to communicate itself to the audience, who were always in fits of laughter. If there was a fault in it it was that it was too amusing. People so entirely expected to



Sydney Smith, after John Hayter

Photograph by *W. Mansell, Oxford Street, W.*

be made to die of laughing, and he was so aware of this that there never seemed to be any question of conversation when he was at the party, or no more than just to afford Sydney pegs to hang his jokes on.

Tom Moore says that at breakfast Sydney Smith made him "cry with laughing." The talk turned on the intelligence and concert which birds have among each other—cranes and crows, etc.—showing that they must have some means of communicating thoughts. "I daresay," said Sydney Smith, "they make the same remark of us. That fat old crow there (meaning himself), what a prodigious noise he is making. I have no doubt he has some power of communicating, etc., etc." After pursuing this idea comically for some time he added: "But we have the advantage of them. They can't put us into pies as we do them, legs sticking up out of the crust, etc., etc. There are substances in nature called amalgams, whose property it is to combine incongruous materials. Now, I," said Sydney Smith, "am a moral amalgam, and have a peculiar talent for mixing up human materials, however repellent." But sometimes there were persons in the company who were proof against even his powers.

Here are some samples of his talk:

"Have you heard of Niebuhr's discoveries? All Roman history reversed: Tarquin turning out an excellent family man and Lucretia a very doubtful character, whom Lady Davy would not have visited."

"At one time," says Rogers, "when I gave a dinner I used to have candles placed all round the dining-room and high up in order to show off the pictures. I asked Sydney Smith how he liked the plan. 'Not at all,' he replied; 'above there is a blaze of light, and below nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth.'"

"I will explain it to you," said Mr. D. "Oh! pray don't, my dear D——," said Sydney, laughing. "I did understand a little about the Scotch kirk before you undertook to explain it to me yesterday, but now my mind is like a London fog on the subject."

This would be quite *àpropos* to-day.

A Mr. P—— said to him: "I always write best with an amanuensis."

"Oh! but are you quite sure he puts down what you dictate, my dear P——?"

"You must preach, Mr. Smith," said Mrs. W——. "We must go and try the pulpit then," said he, "I can't bear to be imprisoned in the true orthodox way in my pulpit with my head just peeping above the desk. I like to look down upon my congregation—to fire into them. The common people say I am a *bould preacher* for I like to have my arms free and to thump the pulpit. A singular *contretemps* happened to me once when, to effect this, I had ordered the clerk to put up some hassocks for me to stand on. My text was: 'We are perplexed but not in despair; persecuted but not forsaken; cast down but not destroyed.' I had scarcely uttered these words and was preparing to illustrate them when I did so practically and in a way I had not anticipated. My fabric of hassocks suddenly gave way, down I fell, and with difficulty prevented myself from being precipitated into the arms of my congregation, who, I must say, behaved very well and recovered their gravity sooner than I could have anticipated. But my adventure was not so bad as that of a friend of mine. A tame raven had got into the church; no sooner did my friend begin his sermon than the raven, in high caw, rushed at his book, seized it in his bill, and had almost effected his escape with it before the astonished preacher was aware of his danger. He caught at it, however, the bird pulled and sawed, and he tugged and scolded. The congregation were to a man with the bird, who fought valiantly for his prize, and it was not till after a severe struggle that my friend rescued his sermon and banished his enemy, amidst the roars of laughter of his congregation."

"Dante," he said, "may be a great poet, but as to inventing tortures I consider him a mere bungler—no imagination, no knowledge of the human heart. If I had taken it in hand I would show you what torture really was; for instance, (turning merrily to his old friend, Mrs. Marcet) "you should be doomed to listen for a thousand years to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong explanations, and Emily in the end be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali. You, Macaulay—let me consider—oh! you should be dumb. False dates and false facts of the reign of Queen Anne should for ever be shouted in your ear; all liberal and honest opinions should be ridiculed in your presence, and you should not be able to say a single word in their defence." "And what would you condemn me to, Mr. Sydney?" said a young mother. "Why, you should for ever see those three sweet little girls of yours on the point of falling downstairs and never be able to save them. There, what tortures are there in Dante equal to those?"

"Did you ever hear my definition of marriage?—A pair of shears so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them."

Some one was saying of Dr. Whewell that his forte was science. "Yes," said Sydney Smith, "and his foible omniscience."

"We were all assembled to look at a turtle that had been sent to the house of a friend, when a child of the party

stooped down and began eagerly stroking the head of the turtle. "Why are you doing that, B——?" "Oh! to please the turtle." "Why, child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter!"

Apropos of this body a proposal had been made to pave the road round the churchyard with blocks of wood, to deaden the noise of the traffic. The proposal was mentioned to Sydney Smith. "Why," he said, "nothing is easier; the Dean and Chapter have only to lay their heads together and the thing is done."

But Sydney Smith was not all hilarity and high spirits. His talk often took a graver turn. Speaking of X——, "It was a beautiful old age. How fine those lines of Waller are—

> "The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new lights through chinks that time has made."

"If I were to begin life again I would devote much time to music. All musical people seem to me happy; it is the most engrossing pursuit; almost the only innocent and unpunished passion."

Pausing at the sight of a snowdrop in early spring, he exclaimed, "Look! the resurrection of the world!"

"Yes, manners are often too much neglected: they are most important to men no less than to women. I believe the English are the most disagreeable people under the sun; not so much because Mr. John Bull disdains to talk as that the respected individual has nothing to say and because he totally neglects manners. Look at a French carter, he takes off his hat and inquires after "*la santé de madame*," with a bow that would not have disgraced Sir Charles Grandison; and I have often seen a French soubrette with a far better manner than an English duchess. Life is too short to get over a bad manner; besides, manners are the shadows of virtue."

Sydney Smith was not one of those who sparkle in society and stagnate at home. On the contrary, he considered the comfort and happiness of home the "grammar of life," and his greatest luxury—Macaulay says—was to keep his wife and daughter laughing for two or three hours every day. He was the life and soul of the household.

Mrs. Sydney, writing to Lord Jeffrey, says: "We have been a sad house of invalids here, but we are all cheering up at the prospect of Sydney's return. The other day poor little Douglas was lying on the sofa very unwell, while Saba (afterwards Lady Holland) and I were at dinner. I said, 'Well, dear little chuffy, I don't know what is the matter with us both, but we seem very good for nothing!' 'Why, mamma,' said Saba, '*I'll* tell you what the matter is: you are so melancholy and so dull because papa is away; he is so merry that he makes us all gay. A family doesn't prosper, I see, without a papa.'"

He was equally concerned to make his dependents happy. "People complain of their servants. I never had a bad one, but then I study their comforts and that is our recipe for securing good servants."

"Come here, Bunch," (calling out to her), "come and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet," and Bunch—a clean, fair, square, tidy, little girl, about 10 or 12 years of age—quite as a matter of course and as grave as a judge, without the least hesitation and with a loud voice began to repeat "Plate snatching, gravy spilling, door slamming, blue-bottle fly catching, and curtsey bobbing." "Explain to Mrs. Marcet what blue-bottle fly catching is?" "Standing with my mouth open and not attending, sir." "Good girl, now you may go."

Here—to conclude with—is a pretty compliment. In examining some new flowers in a garden a beautiful girl exclaimed to the Canon, "Mr. Sydney, this rose will never come to perfection." "Permit me, then," said he, taking her hand and walking towards the plant, "to lead perfection to the rose."

"Ah! Lady Sneerwell," says Sir Peter Teazle, "true wit is more nearly allied to good nature than your ladyship is aware of." No better illustration of the truth could be found than the talk of Sydney Smith.

EDWARD MANSON.

Profit and Loss

By John Oxenham

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

John Burney, a London banker, discovers that his son has forged the signature of one of his customers. The lady whose name has been forged insists upon steps being taken for the arrest of the culprit. Being aware that his chief cashier, George Barty, is deeply in debt and being pressed by his creditors, John Burney promises that if he will declare that he committed the forgery, he will pay his debts, look after his wife and children, and, at the expiration of his sentence, give him £5,000 to start life afresh. Barty agrees, pleads guilty and is sentenced to ten years across the seas. At the end of four years he is permitted by the authorities to become servant to an explorer who is about to cross Australia from West to East. Barty dies on the journey. Many years later, Sir John Burney engages a young man to act as travelling companion to his grandson, Frazer Burney, who is mentally deficient. The companion is George Barty, son of the bank cashier. On the continent George Barty becomes acquainted with Mary Lindsay, an Australian girl who is acting as companion to an aged English lady. The Englishwoman dies, and Mary Lindsay prepares to return to England, but before the time for her departure arrives, Frazer Burney stabs George Barty, escapes to the mountains and is not seen again. Mary Lindsay nurses George Barty through his illness, and when he is able to travel they start for England, where George settles down to endeavour to earn a living as a writer. At length, after many disappointments, he receives a letter from a publisher inviting him to call at his office. As he is coming away, not well pleased with his interview, he is addressed by two elderly little men, twins, whom he had seen quitting the publisher's office as he entered. He reciprocates their evident desire to be friendly, and is introduced by them to many journalists, one of whom, John Baird, gives him some work upon a new, but not very flourishing, paper.

CHAPTER XX (*continued*)

MIRACLES, MY MASTERS!

John Baird stood with the unstruck match in his hand before he lit the gas, and thought of all these things in the dark, and the exceeding bitterness of it all came over him again like a wave and beat him down. Unconsciously almost, he fell on his knees by the bedside, with no words, but in his heart a great passionate cry for help in this time of need, a cry which, if its vehemence could have been transformed into dynamic force, would have torn the roof off the house and gone pealing up to the sky with a sound that would have appalled the great city.

But there was no sound in the room save the hard breathing of the tortured man. If there are miracles in these days there are tortures too, tortures beside which rack and thumb-screw are comparatively trivial, since mental agony is greater far than any bodily pain.

He wrestled there with the close bitter past, and the bitter dark future. But he felt broken to the ground, and it was all summed up in that unuttered cry for "Help!" in the near black present. He wanted help now—now—now! A little help, such a very little help, from a hand that was full and never closed to the cry of the needy.

His head sank down against the bedquilt and he knelt with no idea of the passage of time—with only one thought in him—that he was in bitter extremity and he wanted help.

The door opened softly and his wife came in. She caught her breath at the darkness and struck a hasty match.

She saw him kneeling there, and with a cry of alarm she ran to him, and fell on her knees by his side with her arm round his neck.

"Oh, my dear, what is it?" she cried, with fear in her heart, fear lest he should be ill—fear—ah, she scarce knew what! For she too was worn down with the long anxiety.

Her coming drew him back to earthly things. He put his arm round her, and drew her to him, and she broke into weeping, tears of relief from her fears for him, and of relief to herself.

"I broke down," he whispered. "I was praying for help. Help me, Nell! Perhaps He will hear us together."

She saw him kneeling there

By their very natures these two held their deepest thoughts very sacred and rarely showed them even to one another. That each possessed them they knew, but utterance was contrary to their natures. It is often so. And it is at once natural and unnatural. Natural, surely, that the holy of holies should be hidden from sight and not profaned with speech. And yet, surely, unnatural that the sharer of one's heart and life should not be admitted to every corner of the kingdom. That the discussion of the highest matters, which are as much actual facts as bread and butter, and of infinitely more importance, should so often be suppressed by feelings of shy reserve, and by fears of misconception and the universal dread of the smirch of hypocrisy, is surely one of the strange facts of life. We take it for granted—except, of course, where it is obviously out of the question—that others besides ourselves have these higher thoughts and deeper springs of life, but we do not talk about them.

But prayer is sometimes its own answer. As John Baird knelt there, with his arm round his wife and her arm tight round his neck, he knew that the loss of his paper, and the breaking down of his life's hopes, were not the greatest possible losses he could suffer. That tremulous little frame inside his arm, and the faithful, gracious heart that beat in it, made worldly loss and the crumbling of earthly hopes seem suddenly small and insignificant.

And she? The wreckage of their hopes seemed less than nothing to her since he was still himself and hers. For as she stepped into the dark room, and saw and heard nothing, and then as she saw him kneeling there, a great pang of fear had sent her heart into her throat.

They were still kneeling in the close communion of silence, when they heard rapid footsteps on the stairs below and a knock on the office door.

Mrs. Baird kissed him softly, and said, "I will go," and rose and left the room.

When she got downstairs Bob Cato was sitting in the chair before the fire, with a big cigar in his mouth and a radiant flower in his coat, his shiny hat and new tan gloves lay on the counter, and there was a rakish air all over him.

There was a smile on his face as usual, and a twinkle in his eye.

"Why, Bob!" said Mrs. Baird. "Where have you sprung from? John was just telling me you were in Paris, dissipating."

"Ah!—libellous, but scarcely actionable. Where is he? I want to talk to him."

"Have you got something for us?" she asked anxiously.

"Fetch the master, if he's not in bed, and I'll tell you."

Cato's quick glance swept Baird's face, as he came in and greeted him soberly with, "Well, Bob, what brings you here at this time of night? Something good?"

"Something so good that I couldn't rest till I'd passed it on to you. You remember I told you of a man I hoped to get on for a ripping good order——"

"I have heard of that man several times—and under several names——"

"You old Doubting Thomas! You don't deserve me to lose my beauty sleep for you in this fashion. I've got him, my boy! Got him as tight as a gaffed salmon and no wriggling out. Page and half a page alternate weeks—six months order——"

"Where's the order?" asked Baird.

"Thomas! Thomas!" cried Cato, with a shout of laughter.

"It's almost too good to be true," said Mrs. Baird, tremulously. "It *is* true, Bob? You're not——"

"No, I'm not, and you know I wouldn't," said Bob. "But that's not all. Here, I'll talk to you, Mrs. Baird. You don't look at me as though I were a penny balloon, as that distraught worser half of yours does. I insisted on cash down. He's a comparatively new man and a good deal of a fool. I'm to get the order and £200 to-morrow! How's that?"

"Oh, Bob!" cried Mrs. Baird, and looked at her husband, and he looked back at her, and it seemed to the observant Cato that there was something strange about both their eyes.

"Well?" he said joyously. "Will it do?"

But Baird's head was in his hand and Mrs. Baird was sobbing visibly.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said the exuberant Bob. "I'm sorry——"

"Do you know what we were doing when you came in, Bob?" said Baird, very quietly.

"Kissing one another from the looks of you," said Bob jovially.

"We were on our knees upstairs breaking our hearts over the idea of having to shut up shop. And now——"

"Then I'm d— er— hanged glad I came in," said Bob, and jumped up and gave each of their hands a hasty wring and fled.

Baird drew his trembling little wife into his arms and then he broke down.

Don't tell me that miracles are out of date. Though perhaps it is not often they are so visibly apparent as this one was. And, for a heavenly messenger, surely Bob Cato, with his new tan kids, and his button-hole, and his big cigar, and his quite unnecessary expletives, was about as unlikely a specimen as could have been chosen. But this thing happened, and happened very much as I have told it.

And there was still more to come.

While John and Ellen Baird were wrestling with misfortune upstairs there in the dark, the dawn was breaking for them, and the black clouds were turning themselves slowly to show their silver linings.

Cato came round in the morning with the signed order from his "Pet Fool," as he affectionately called his new advertiser, and with ten crisp twenty-pound bank notes.

"Wanted to bluff me with a crossed cheque," he said, "but I gave him a cigar and made him alter the cheque and send his own clerk to cash it. I knew old Thomas there," with a twinkling nod at Baird, "would have had no rest till he knew that cheque had passed the clearing-house. Here's the copy. I'll call at Grimple's as I pass and give them directions as to setting. P.F. is pleased to consider that I know something about such matters. I've an idea things are going to mend, do you know. I can feel it in the air," and off he went.

After banking that precious £200, Baird stopped in that morning to finish off his accounts. He was just about through when a knock came on the door, and the Brothers Chubb entered, their rosy little faces puckered up with smiles, and their little eyes glancing round like robins' on a strange window-sill.

"How are you, Mrs. B-Baird?" said Christopher, as they both shot out their hands to her. "N-Not seen you for ages."

"I've grown a good deal since we met. But I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Chubb. Why don't you come in and have a cup of tea sometimes?"

"B-Been too busy to d-drink tea. Running teams of princes and dukes. Needed whisky. T-Takes us all our time to keep 'em straight. We've come on business. C-Can you give us five minutes, John?" to Baird, who was chatting with Brother Eb.

"Fifty, if you want them. Sit down and fire away."

"How's the p-paper going?"

"Going well, but ads. still come slowly. Had a slice of good fortune this morning. Cato brought us a £200 order and the cash for it.

"Good b-boy, Bob! Th-Thought he was off on a skite—P-Paris, or M-Monte Carlo, or some other c-congenial place."

"Well, he's turned up again all right, and very much right side up. A couple more pages and we turn the corner."

"Circulation increasing?"

"It's gone up slowly from the third number. With a little advertising I believe I could make it jump, but——"

"Th-That's it," said Chris. "N-Never met a man that didn't think well of it. Only wants to be better known. S-Some of 'em—in the trade, I mean—s-say it's too good for the money. But you know best about that. Now, Eb, you talk a bit. I'm p-p-pumped."

"We were wondering, John, if you'd be willing to let us have a small share in the concern. You see we make a fair income, but Chris there has no idea of saving. Never could keep a penny in his pocket since I was a baby. What he does with the money *I* don't know, and when I try to find out he bullies me frightfully"—and Christopher's smiling face

was a sight for gods and men.—"So it seemed to us if we could have something to put some of it into, why, you see it would be there, and we'd know it was there, and it would be a solid satisfaction. We've talked over various things, and we believe the *Round Table* will prove a good property. And we want to catch it on the hop before it gets too big. Don't make any mistake. We don't want to run any dukes or duchesses into it. Want nothing to do with it but get hold of a share of it as a provision for our old age. Gad! I dream of the workhouse every night of my life, and it's making me grow old before my time, and I'm losing flesh ——"

"C-Can stand it," said Chris, with a delighted gurgle. "Th-Think better if you're thinner!"

"Well, there it is, John. We've faith in the paper, and in you and Mrs. Baird, and we think if we get it now, if you're willing, maybe it'll be a good thing for us in the end. Chris there wants to go down into Kent to find a cottage with a garden, on the strength of it, and grow pumpkins ——"

"And h-he was up at Leadenhall Market looking at C-Cochin China hens yesterday," bubbled Chris.

"Well, I like to look at 'em and it don't do 'em any harm. You wait till you taste my eggs warm from the nest."

"S-Sooner have spring chickens and p-peas."

"Not my chickens. I ain't going to kill 'em. They'll be beauties, too good for any man to eat."

"S-swop you my peas for y-your chickens," and so they prattled on, while Baird, after a glance at his wife, thought rapidly.

It meant deliverance from all the anxieties that had been wearing them both to the ground, and it meant success to the paper.

"What's put you two up to this?" he asked.

"J-Just what he's been telling you," said Chris. "We're booming just now. F-Four serials running—regular slashers—making thirty pounds a week—and Eb there, he lets it dribble away, spite of all I can do. And we mayn't b-boom for ever. The f-fount may run dry, you know, and we w-want to make provision. W-What'll you take for say a fifth share?"

"You'd better see the books before we decide that," said Baird.

"Sooner have your word, John. B-Books always give me a headache, and f-f-figures were an invention of the d-devil. M-My idea of future punishment is d-doing p-perpetual sums that never c-come right, and a b-beautiful garden just outside the bars where I can't get at it."

"Circulation is sound and increasing," said Baird. "Ads. are, I think, going to improve. Some money spent on advertising will bring advertisements in. What do you say to £400 for one-fifth share?"

"We say y-yes!" said Chris. "And w-we'll consider it one of the b-best deals in our lives. W-Will you let us give you £200 this week and £100 each month for the next two months?"

"That will do perfectly well. We'll make things jump now," and he jumped up himself, with new light in his face and new strength tingling through every vein.

"I sh-shall go down into K-Kent tomorrow," said Brother Chris, with much determination.

"I wonder if those Cochin Chinas are sold yet?" said Brother Eb.

CHAPTER XXI

A PULLER OF STRINGS

It was not till some considerable time afterwards that the Bairds came to know how these things came about. Enough for them at the moment that the troubles that had seemed like to crush them were past and over, and that Hope once more shone in the shabby little office.

When George Barty strode away to meet Mary Lindsay that night, the faces of his friends went with him and filled him with uneasiness. His observant eyes had not failed to detect the trouble beneath their pleasant welcome. He could guess the cause. The question was how to help.

"What's the matter?" asked Mary, as soon as she saw him.

He told her. "I'd give anything to help them," he said, "but I expect the

only thing they need is money to keep the paper going, and the little I have would be no use."

"Can't you find anybody that could help?"

"I've been racking my brains ever since I left them, and I can't think of anybody."

She saw he was in no mood for talking, and they walked home almost in silence.

They found Joan in a state of sparkling excitement over Niel Felston. A new element had been introduced into her life, and she was delighting in it.

Felston had evidently been making good use of his time. He had made half-a-score of rough preliminary sketches of her, trying, as he explained, to find out which was her real self, "She has as many expressions as a kaleidoscope," he said, "and she is never two minutes the same. I expect I'll have to make about a hundred and fifty before I've really got her. But I'll peg away at it if it takes the rest of my natural life. And once I've got her just right—then, you'll see something."

They were delighted with the sketches, and still more with the change in Felston himself. The artist was all alive in him and on its mettle. All that was best in him had come to the top once more.

"That's all right," said George to himself. "Joan will do wonders for him, and he'll be an immense treat to her. I'm uncommonly glad he came."

After dinner he went out to the Quills Club, to learn the latest news and scandals of the publishing world.

It was in his mind, if he saw the Chubbs, to sound them as to the Bairds and their affairs, and to learn if they could suggest any means of being of service to them.

Neither of the cheerful little brothers was there, however, and he had to content himself with one or other of the men whose acquaintance he had made, and hearing their bits of news, and listening to their growls. There was no one there who could be of any use to his friends, and he began to think of going, when the door opened and Bob Cato came airily in, and his appearance was greeted with a shout by the lighter spirits.

"Well, Bob, out again?" cried one.

"Fourteen days it must have been," from another.

"We'd have managed the forty shillings among us if you'd come to us, old man."

"Seems to have suited him. Looks as fresh as his button-hole."

"Do they let you wear gloves, Bob?" asked another anxiously.

Cato nodded smilingly round, and before he could answer, the waiter from below appeared in the doorway, with a tray full of jingling glasses and a couple of big bottles of champagne, which evoked another shout from the unruly ones.

Without a word Cato twitched up his cuffs, twisted off the wires with a practised hand, and sent the corks flying. He filled the glasses with tender care, waved his hand round the assembly, for the waiter to distribute them, and when all were supplied, rose smilingly, and said:

"Gentlemen, a toast! I give you Mr. Robert Cato! Congratulations on his safe return! Success to his future labours!"

When they had settled down again, they gathered round while he spun them fanciful descriptions of his doings. George, hidden away in a corner, listened with amusement.

"And did you succeed in breaking the bank, Bob?" asked one.

"Well, you see, I'm unfortunately possessed of an unusually tender nature. Some of you may have noticed it"—expressions of dissent from his hearers—"I couldn't bear to think of quite breaking it all up. I went a certain length, brought it to its knees, so to speak, but when I saw it shivering in its shoes, I let up and went away so as to give it a chance. Besides, a good angel appeared to me and solemnly assured me that, if I went on, the bank would mop me all over the place and leave nothing but fragments to be sent home——"

"Why didn't you bring her home with you, Bob? You'd find her useful here too."

"Ah, why?" and Master Bob assumed a look of tender and melancholy reminiscence. "So I went on into Italy—Rome, Naples, and so on—and up through the

lakes—Como, and that kind of thing—into Switzerland, and so home again, and I'm bound to say I'm very glad to see you all looking so well and happy. How's business ?"

But they had nothing good to say of business, and presently they split up into their own groups again.

It was only then that Cato caught sight of George in his corner. He came over at once with a twinkle in his eye and sat down beside him.

"And so the good angel was listening to it all ?" he said softly.

"You took my advice then ? I was a bit anxious when I saw nothing of you next day. I looked all round the gardens in a friendly way, to see if you were lying about under a bush anywhere."

"Awfully good of you. I was in the train for Genoa. My good luck was a surprise to me, and I'd never any intention of going back when I got up from that table. I'd an idea that I'd lose it all if I went one step further."

"Quite likely. Have you seen the Bairds yet ?"

"Only got back this afternoon. Seen no one except my landlady, who welcomed me with open arms which I avoided. She is one hundred and fifty and very fat. She was thin and emaciated when I first went to her."

"Can you think of any way of helping the Bairds, Cato ?"

"Why, what's wrong with them ?" he asked quickly.

"Well, I've perhaps no right to say anything. But I was there this afternoon, helping Mrs. Baird with her proofs, and I could feel trouble in the air. They keep cheerful faces before me, but I'm inclined to think things are getting awkward for them. Now don't you know anyone who could help ? They're such thoroughly nice folks that it seems a shame they should have to go under just for the sake of a little help."

"Nicest folks I know," said Bob thoughtfully, "and they deserve better luck than they've had. And things are going to brighten, I know. I'll see what I can do, Barty. Don't go talking of it to other folks."

"You're the only man I've spoken to, and I spoke to you because I knew you were friendly with them."

Cato seemed more than usually thoughtful after that. He sat smoking in silence for a time, and then got up and nodded to George, and went out.

In spite of his last words, and very doubtful if anything would come of his efforts, George determined still to speak to the Chubbs if he could run across them. He had never learned their address, so was dependent on chance for finding them.

With that end in view he climbed the Quills stairs again next day about noon, and found himself in luck. Brother, Christopher was sitting at the table nearest to the back window, nibbling the top of a penholder, with a gloomy face.

It brightened up, however, at sight of George.

"Why, what's up, Mr. Chubb ? And where is Brother Eb ? Nothing wrong with him, I hope ?"

"Yes, there is. He's off the r-rails."

"How's that ?"

"Well," he said, getting out his pipe and filling it slowly. "It's like this. We've got f-four stories running, all chock full of p-princes and princesses, and dukes and duchesses, and so on, nothing under a c-countess, and we've got a bit tangled up among 'em all. Eb says P-Prince Prax is engaged to Princess Zephyre, and I know he isn't. She's got g-golden hair and he's fair himself, and it stands to reason it isn't her he's engaged to. . . . Of course, now I come to think of it," he said, with a chagrined protrusion of the little round chin, "she's got eyes like b-black velvet. That might make a difference. P-Prax's eyes are blue. G-Gad ! I'm not sure but he's right after all, and we almost got to words about it ! He's g-gone out to get some back copies to look it up. If I'm wrong I'll never hear the end of it. Well, well !" —with a doleful shake of the head—"I did th-think I could run a d-dozen royalties without getting 'em mixed. It was the g-golden hair set me wrong. I forgot about her eyes. Wonder if I could alter 'em before Eb g-gets back," and he began a hasty scramble through a mass of

"You cave?" said Brother Eb

manuscript. "No—I g-guess it's in the last number and it's printed. W-What are you laughing at?"

"Your royalties seem troublesome."

"They're the v-very mischief, but I thought I had 'em all in hand.—Here's Eb now. G-Going to j-jump on me like a load of bricks. I can see it in his eye. It's all right, Eb Chubb! Y-You don't need to look like a warhorse snorting for the fray. Princess Zephyre it was. I forgot her b-black eyes,"

"You cave?" said Brother Eb, waving his bundle of papers threateningly.

"Oh, I c-cave. Smoke a p-pipe and speak to Mr. Barty!"

"He's getting on in years," said Eb to George, as he sat down and filled his pipe, "and four screamers at once are a bit of a strain. If he hadn't me to keep him in order I'll be hanged if I know what would become of him. And what have you been doing with yourself all this time, Mr. Barty? Began to think you'd given the Quills the cold go-by."

"I had to go abroad to nurse a sick friend. Have either of you seen John Baird lately?"

"S-Saw him about ten days ago," said Christopher. "Th-Thought he was looking tired. Anything wrong with him?"

"Well, I don't know,"—and he told them his fears about their friends. "I was wondering if you could suggest anything, or if you knew of anyone who could be of any use in the matter. If I had any money I'd put it behind John Baird sooner than any man I know. Trouble is I haven't any worth speaking of."

Brother Chris nodded. "John B-Baird's about the best man I know. S-S-Straight as a die and works like a d-dynamo."

"They've had it tough, I'll be bound," said Eb. "Could hardly have chosen a worse time for starting a paper if he'd picked it himself. And it's as good a little sheet as is printed. How's it going, do you know, Mr. Barty?"

"Circulation's good, I know, and going up all the time. It's the ads. that have been the trouble."

"Ads. are a nuisance!" said Christopher, "And C-Cato's been away, too, hasn't he?"

"Yes, I ran across him at Monte Carlo."

"B-Breaking the B-bank, I suppose."

"Getting on that way. But he took pity on it and stopped before it cleaned him out."

"If B-Baird would sell a sh-share in the paper, I've an idea I know a m-man who would b-buy," and the elder brother looked across at the younger.

"You mean——?" began Eb.

"Y-Yes, that's the man. W-We'll just work off this stint, Eb, and then w-we'll g-go and see him."

"That's good of you," said George. "I'll cut away and leave you to untangle the princes and princesses."

"N-Nice boy!" said Brother Christopher, as George leaped down the stairs four at a time.

CHAPTER XXII

OPENING WAYS

WHEN George sped up the stairs, a day or two later, to remind the Bairds of their engagement for Sunday, he saw at once that some good thing had befallen them. The anxious strain was gone from their faces. They were themselves once more.

They had not forgotten and were coming in on Sunday. Then Mrs. Baird told him their good news and he rejoiced with them, saying no word which might lead them to imagine he had noticed their trouble or had had any hand in lightening it.

That visit of theirs was productive of several important results.

They fell in love with Joan, of course, and when in the course of a pleasant talk with Mrs. Baird, she somewhat shyly stated how much she would like to do something for the paper, simply by way of occupation, Ellen Baird jumped at the idea, and at once set them all discussing a new department to be under Joan's control.

Mary Lindsay stuck up stoutly for a page of correspondence, and John Baird confessed that the only reason they hadn't had one was the time it required to do it properly, and which they had not had at their disposal.

"Properly done it would be a help to the paper, but it wants doing very well indeed."

"I believe I could do it," said Joan, corruscating at the idea.

"I'm sure you could," said Mrs. Baird. "You will enter into it with more feeling than we work-a-day people possibly could. I believe you'll make it the most-liked part of the paper."

"I'll do my very best if you'll let me try."

"You shall," said Mrs. Baird.

"How shall we start it? We must have a beginning, and we can't answer letters till we get them."

"We'll put in an announcement next week," said Mrs. Baird, "and meanwhile everyone here present will please send in some query to Miss Joan Barty not later than to-morrow night, for her to flesh her maiden pen upon. Don't ask silly questions now"—to George—"such as how to make your hair grow or not to grow. Ask something that will admit of an answer that will interest other people. If you'll deal with them, Joan dear, and send your work on to me, I'll go carefully over it for a time or two, till I see how you shape. And I'll tell you exactly what I think of it. I'm a terribly outspoken person when I've got a pencil over somebody else's work, as your brother knows."

"You are," said George meekly, "but it's all for our good, and the strokes of a friend are welcome."

John Baird and Mrs. Barty were having a quiet Scotch chat in a corner, and becoming very good friends. She was endeavouring, in her quiet way, to get an idea from him as to whether her boy was ever likely to do any good with his writing, which still seemed to her a somewhat reckless method of making a living. And Baird took pleasure in assuring her that George was shaping uncommonly well, and that if he had patience and perseverance enough there was no reason why he should not succeed.

"He seems to enjoy his work," said Mrs. Barty quietly, "and I think he has plenty of perseverance. Patience comes later in life as a rule."

"He will need all he's got and all you can help him to," said Baird. "It is the terrible trial of waiting, waiting, waiting, that nips seventy-five per cent. of young writers in the bud. The ones who learn to wait patiently without losing heart are the ones who eventually succeed. It is a good thing, almost a necessary thing, to have some regular work at the same time. And that reminds me—Barty!" to George, who came across to them at once, "How would you like a post as regular assistant sub-editor for a time. It would widen your experience and give you many an eye-opener."

"If it would leave me any time for my own work I'd be delighted."

"Brinsley of the *Comet* was asking me the other day if I knew of any decent young fellow to help his sub, Foxley. I don't quite know how you'd get on with Foxley," and he looked thoughtfully at George, as though doubtful about giving his own opinion,—"but I've an idea you could hold your own all right."

"I've generally managed to. What's wrong with Foxley?"

"I don't say there's anything wrong with him. As a whole he doesn't altogether commend himself to me. Possibly it's only antipathy."

"Is he 'Souls of Fire' Foxley?'

"Same man. Read it?"

"Yes, I read it, because everybody else seemed reading it."

"Like it?"

"It struck me as showy, but rather shallow. What on earth has given it such a boom? I see they're advertising the fiftieth thousand."

"It appeals to a certain class of readers, and it has been very well engineered. Adhem and Pough are very clever people. They've got hold of a book that for some reason or other has hit a public taste, and they're running it for all it's worth and a good deal more. What the ultimate effect will be on Foxley it's hard to say. If there was genuine strength in the book, all right, but I cannot see it. One examines very critically into a success like that, to get at the why and the wherefore for one's own future use. I can see no adequate reason in the book itself why it should sell fifty thousand any more than half-a-dozen others I could name to you."

"I wish some one would boom me a bit."

"Worst thing that could happen to you, my boy. Just go on quietly, and put out

the very best that is in you. It'll carry you farther in the long run. The men whose names are household words have all had to climb, and I suppose none but themselves know just how hard and long the climb may have been. The man who climbs a ladder has more to stand on than the man who goes up on a rocket or in a balloon. Foxley, I imagine, is a bit heady with his success, and probably doesn't attend to business as strictly as he should. But I can understand Brinsley not wanting to part with him at the moment. What do you say? Shall I see Brinsley and suggest your name?"

"I'll try it like a shot, if you'll be so good. I'd like to study Foxley anyhow."

"I've an idea he studies us all, you know," said Baird, with a quiet smile to Mrs. Barty, as George went back to the younger folks. "I was telling Nell the other day that he would be putting her into a book before long."

"He feels under very great obligations to you and Mrs. Baird, I know," said Mrs. Barty. "I don't think he would do anything you wouldn't like."

"No, I know he wouldn't. He's the kind of boy one trusts on sight. I think it's those deep eyes of his, with the smiles in the corners, that carry conviction."

So there was another seed sowed in that Sunday afternoon cup of tea. And there was still another.

Felston's sketches of Joan, finished and unfinished, were lying about her room, and in one corner stood the picture of the Shepherd. Mrs. Baird had stood looking at it for a very long time, with Joan in her chair beside her. They were still discussing it and the sketches, when Felston himself, who had been out for a stroll, came in, and Mrs. Baird asked him at once if he was sending his picture to the Academy.

"I really hadn't thought anything at all about it," he said. "Is there time?"

"Closing day is next Friday. Send it. I think it would get in. If it does it will certainly do you good."

"It's worth thinking of."

"Don't think. You've done that in the picture. Finish it and send it in," said Mrs. Baird energetically.

"All right! If you'll give me a full sitting to-morrow,"—looking at Joan—"and another the next day, I think I could manage it. I'm beginning to get a faint idea of what your face looks like sometimes. She's a most elusive young lady," he said to Mrs. Baird. "She has about as many changes of expression as there are minutes to the hour. As soon as I've caught one that I think is just what I want, it's gone and there is another still more so. Oh, it's trying, I can tell you. I think I shall buy a camera and snapshot her for a couple of weeks on end and then blend all the results. That would be the way to fix her."

"You sketch almost as quickly as a camera. Here," she said, shooting her chair off to a corner and reaching for pencil and paper, "show Mrs. Baird. Sketch mother and Mr. Baird in the corner there!" And Felston, picking up a flat book for a slab, laughingly complied.

"Time me!" he said, and Joan pulled out her watch.

"Ready?" she cried. "Then go!"

His pencil flashed about the paper, and his eyes shot up under his brows as he glanced over it at his unconscious models. Joan watched him with eager interest, and Mrs. Baird saw the little picture grow under her eyes in the most marvellous fashion. Every stroke told and not one seemed wasted. Under Joan's inspiration he was on his mettle.

"How's that?" he said, with a final twirl of the pencil.

"Three minutes and forty-five seconds," said Joan. "Please let me see!"

"It is wonderful," said Mrs. Baird, holding the sketch down to her. "I never could draw a line, but I have the capacity of enjoyment. You have a very wonderful gift, Mr. Felston. You ought to go far."

At which saying Niel fell silent, thinking how very far he had gone and by what pitiful paths, and how nearly he had passed the line which can never be repassed.

"Look here, John!" said Mrs. Baird, crossing over with the sketch in her hand. "What do you think of that? Three and a half minutes!"

Under Joan's inspiration he was on his mettle

"That strikes me as very remarkable," said Baird, when he had examined the sketch. "Do you recognise yourself as the Duchess of Cheshire, Mrs. Barty? I'm inclined to think it flatters me somewhat."

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Baird. "You only say so to make me deny it. Now," she said, looking intently at him, "Does that suggest anything to you, my man?"

"Let me see?" he said, looking carefully at the sketch again. "Is it Queen Elizabeth and Walter Raleigh—or——?"

"No, it's the *Round Table* I'm thinking of."

"Ah,—Arthur, Guinevere,——"

"Don't be silly, John. I'm talking business."

"On the Sabbath? However——"

"See if you can't induce Mr. Felston to do some sketches for us every week. Work like that would give the paper a standing. It's impressively clever, even to people who know nothing about draing?"

Baird went over to Niel, who was sitting by Joan, and Mrs. Baird took his seat by Mrs. Barty and talked George to her.

"What do you say to doing us some sketches each week for the *Round Table*, Mr. Felston? I've been thinking of something of the kind for some time past, but I wanted something quite out of the general ruck. I think you can give it me."

"I'm willing," said Felston, and with a laugh to Joan, "I'm going to have my hands full, I can see."

"Blessed is the man that hath his hands full of work," said Baird. "That way lies happiness."

"Why, you could do a dozen in an hour," said Joan, sparkling.

"Ah!" smiled Niel. "What is your idea of subjects, Mr. Baird?"

"I'll talk that over with my wife and then we'll have another chat."

So on the whole that was a somewhat remarkable week for several of our friends.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MAN WHO BOOMED

JOHN BAIRD'S recommendation was quite sufficient for Brinsley of the *Comet*, and within a fortnight George was beginning to get used to his assistant-sub-editorial chair in the tiny room off Foxley's.

The *Comet* was a flourishing paper. There were men of note in art and letters coming in and out constantly, and he kept his eyes and ears very wide open, and took great interest in his work and all that bore upon it.

Of Mr. Brinsley he did not at first see very much. He was in the inner sanctum off which the sub-editorial room opened, and his dealings, like George's, were chiefly with Mr. Charles James Foxley, the sub-editor.

Mr. Foxley was a person of importance at the moment, and was not unaware of the fact. George was somewhat disappointed with his personal appearance, just as he had been with his book. Cause and effect seemed to him out of proportion in both cases.

He was nothing to look at—short and rather stodgy, with a low forehead, which looked smaller than it really was by reason of a swath of black hair smoothed down over it, in an artistic ripple, which, to its owner's mind, bore a striking resemblance to a raven's wing. He was subject, however, to spasms of considerable energy, during which the rippled hair broke from its moorings and drooped still lower over his brow. At such times it gave him an appearance of wild absorption which did not add to his good looks, and which was not always borne out by solid facts.

Just at this time he was carrying his head rather high, as was to be expected of a man whose last book had sold fifty thousand copies and was still selling. He greeted Brinsley's visitors, men of twice his own age and ten times his own standing, with a self-sufficiency, and an assumption of equal comradeship, which slightly surprised some of them, and—in conjunction with their surprise—afforded the quiet assistant-sub in his corner cupboard infinite amusement.

To his chief, Brinsley, Mr. Foxley had, since his success, shown reserves in the matter of deference which at once jarred and amused the elder man. Not that there was anything absolutely offensive

in the sub-editor's manner. That, Brinsley would not have put up with. But there was a subtle slackening of the cords, a new disposition to take to avizandum, and even gently to argue, the chief's orders, and to suggest improvements on them, the same assumption of something approaching equality which he displayed to the visitors in the outer office.

Brinsley had never in his life written a book which had sold fifty thousand copies. But the books he had written were standards, and he had a sage notion that, before many months were over, "Souls of Fire" would be mouldering like dead ashes, among its fellows in the penny boxes in Holywell Street.

So the elder suffered the younger for the time being, not doubting that time would teach him many things, and might even buffet him rudely in ways he wotted not of.

Brinsley was not, perhaps, exactly the ideal editor, for the ideal editor edits and does not write. He possessed, however, many high qualifications for the post—good sound judgment, considerable foresight, and a mind entirely free from professional jealousies, or the bias of personal advantage. His only jealousy was for the well-being of his paper, and his only bias in favour of good sound work. In business—he used to tell the many aspirants who called on him with letters of introduction, as keys to his goodwill—he knew neither friends nor foes.

The man he wanted was the man who could give him what *he* wanted. He courted no man's favour, and feared no man's dislike.

But his position as a writer entailed its own penalties. He was much sought after by men of light and leading, and the day and night were never long enough for all he had to do in them. This necessitated the delegation of much of his routine work, and delegation, without strict supervision, opens the door to abuses.

George Barty was greatly taken with what he saw and heard of Mr. Brinsley, but so far their orbits had barely touched. He always looked back with enjoyment to their first interview.

He had gone armed with a letter from John Baird, which he handed over to a commissionaire in the outer office. In due time he was shown into the editor's room, and he and Richard Brinsley examined one another. He liked Brinsley's looks. Brinsley liked his. Brinsley was a big, burly fellow, with a massive head, and a fine open face, and a hearty voice. His life was so full of the things that mattered, that his personal appearance got but scant attention either from himself or his friends. He clothed himself as a matter of necessity, but wasted little thought in the process. He was wedded to his work, and had never had time to fall in love with any less exacting a mistress, and he showed it in his neckties and collars and cuffs, and the style of coat he wore. But you never thought about his clothes when you were with him, or even afterwards. The leonine head, and the blazing blue eyes, and the hearty ring of the big voice—these were the things by which you remembered him."

"Sit down, Mr. Barty," he said. "John Baird says you are to be my assistant-sub-editor," at which George's eyes wrinkled into a smile.

"I didn't know he had gone that length," he said.

Brinsley tossed over Baird's note to him.

"DEAR BRINSLEY,

"Here is the man you want.

"JOHN BAIRD."

"That is very like him," said George. "He goes right to the point and wastes no time. If you think I can fill the post I shall be very glad to have it, Mr. Brinsley."

"Had any experience?"

"Only on the *Round Table*, assisting Mrs. Baird with proofs and so on."

"I have a very great respect for Mrs. Baird, and Baird himself is a very old friend of mine. If you can do her work you ought to be able for mine. Known them long?"

"Only a few months, but I feel as if I knew them very well."

Brinsley nodded. "You write yourself, I suppose?"

"That is my aim in life, but it is slow going at first, and I want to be paying my way meanwhile."

"Yes, it's a long road. That is"—possibly with a thought of his sub-editor in the next room—"if you foot it solidly and learn all it can teach you."

"I have a great desire to learn, and I would do my very best if you care to try me."

"Yes. I will try you. A word from John Baird goes a long way, and, as you say, he doesn't waste them. You will be under Mr. Foxley, my sub-editor, and I have no doubt he will keep you fully employed,"—George thought he caught the suspicion of a twinkle in the steadfast eyes.—"The salary is fifty shillings a week. When could you start?"

"Now, if you wish."

"Come this way then. I shall not see very much of you at first probably. Possibly more later. I hope you will find—make yourself comfortable." He opened a side door and went in front of George into the next room.

"Foxley!" he said. "Here is our new assistant, Mr. George Barty. Barty, this is Mr. Foxley, our sub-editor. Hope you will get on well together," and with a friendly nod he went back into his own room.

"Going to start right away, Mr. Barty? That's good business," said Foxley, when their greetings were over. "Things are piling up a bit since Jossett left, and he wasn't much good when he was here. Had to do everything myself and correct all his mistakes too. Hope you're not built that way?"

"No, I don't think I'm built that way. Show me what's to be done, and how you want it done, and I'll do it."

"That's the ticket. You can do proofs, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, I can do proofs."

"Here you are then. Run over those, and see that nothing slips through. The old man has fits if a comma's tail's crooked. Correct in red and make 'em as big as a poster. Lay it down as an axiom that our comps. are all drivelling idiots and three parts blind, and act accordingly. See?"

"I see. I'll hit them right in the eye."

"Right!" and silence settled on the office for the space of a couple of hours. It was press day and they had no time to lose.

Now and again, Foxley passed into the editor's room to consult him on some point. And he came over to George every ten minutes, ran his eye over the slips which had passed under his hand, and then bundled them with his own through a trap-door into the outer office.

"Now," he said, when the last proof had vanished through the trap, "we'll go and have some tea and a smoke while they're making up into pages, and then we'll just run round and see they're all right, and that ends it for this week."

He led the way to an Aerated Bread shop up the Strand, where he was evidently looked upon as a distinguished guest. The waitresses ruffled their meagre plumes as he passed in, and one and another murmured in the ear of the young man she was serving, who thereupon turned round and eyed Foxley with interest. He nodded condescendingly to the girls as he passed down to the smoking-room, and the one whose table he selected there felt duly honoured.

"They do give you decent tea here," he said, "and it's mighty refreshing after a whole day on proofs. I'd like you to dine with me one night at my club, Barty. Since we're fellow bondslaves the sooner we get to know one another the better."

George said he would be very happy.

"Well, now, what night will suit you? I'm engaged for Friday and Saturday. What say to Monday?"

"That will suit me all right."

"Monday night, then. Junior Grosvenor, Langham Place, seven o'clock. You write a bit yourself, I suppose?"

"Well, I'm putting out sprouts that way. Hope to do something sometime. You've made a big hit."

"Yes. Read it? What think of it?"

"It goes with a rush——"

"And has gone with a rush, which is better still. Those old sharks Adhem and Pough get most of the plunder though. They're just raking in the shekels. That's why it pays them to push it so. Never you get discouraged, my boy, if your stuff goes round and round and keeps coming back. That book of mine was refused by a good dozen houses before Adhem

I can't raise those few hundreds

gobbled it. Guess some of 'em are biting their nails about it now."

"You'll do better over the next."

"You bet! C.J.F.'ll screw 'em if he knows anything about himself. Then he'll drop the drudgery and make room for Mr. George Barty, and turn on the tap for all he's worth. It's slow work enough till you get astride of a boom. Then the sun shines and you make hay. What the public—my public at all events—wants now is plot, good plot, strong plot, and plenty of it. Character as well, of course, but plot's the thing. A man in my position, with a really good plot in his head, has got a little fortune in his pocket. I'm thinking of dramatising "Souls." That's where the money comes," and he lost himself in meditation on the profitableness of the stage.

"Novelties in the way of plots are not over easy to get hold of," ventured George.

"Easy? They're the very deuce to get hold of. Everything's been done, and done, and done to death, and then been resurrected and hashed up and done over again, and the more you think, the nearer you come to addling your brains over 'em."

"Bad look out."

"Oh, I'm not worrying about it. It'll come all right when it's ready. Good thing on the whole, perhaps, that novelties are hard to find, or everybody would be booming. I'm busy at present on a dozen shorts for Charley Potts, the agent. He's guaranteed me a thumping big price, so it's all right. Don't care for shorts as a rule. But at the price I'm getting they pay well enough. I only wish I'd stuck out for my own terms on 'Souls,'" he said savagely. "I'd have been rolling in money."

"Perhaps they wouldn't have pushed it to the same extent," said George consolingly.

"Don't suppose they would. Oh, they're business-like people, I can tell you. Still, they've made me a good enough offer for the next one. So perhaps I shouldn't complain."

"You've been uncommonly fortunate, I should say."

"I suppose I have. But there's good stuff in 'Souls' too. The thing now is to keep it up."

They went back to the office, and then through into the printing works behind, and George learned, by observation, some of the mysteries of making up a paper for the machines. To him it was new and full of extreme interest. To Foxley it was, of course, a nuisance and part of the necessary weekly drudgery.

When George got home, about eleven o'clock that night, he felt as if he had had a pretty full day, and they were all waiting up to learn what had become of him.

Such was his first meeting with Richard Brinsley of the *Comet*, and Charles James Foxley, sub-editor thereof; two men who occupied a prominent place in his life for some time to come, and with one of whom he had a singular and most unpleasant experience.

CHAPTER XXIV

LYNDALL'S LOTION

"ROBERT, my boy," said Bob Cato to himself, as he sat at the Gaiety bar and sipped a late whisky and soda, that night when he dragged the hearts of John and Ellen Baird out of the mire. "You've made a pretty considerable ass of yourself, if I'm not much mistaken."

"Hello, Bob, my boy! Been backing a wrong un?" and a big hand descended heartily on his back.

"That's about it, Major," said Bob meekly. "What'll you take?"

"Same. Ah! you should leave 'em alone, my boy. Leave 'em severely alone."

"Which, the whiskies or——?"

"No, the wrong uns."

"If one only knew!"

"Follow my lead, me boy, and you'll not go far wrong. Now, what have you got on for the Derby?"

"Nothing. I'm off. Good night, old man. Got some business to do before I go to bed to-night, and it's getting late," and he walked out.

He took a 'bus down Fleet Street, dropped off at Ludgate Circus, and walked quickly up Farringdon Street. He turned into one of the tall buildings opposite the station, and climbed many stairs till he came to the top of the house. He

thumped on a door, and it was opened by a young man of about his own age, who looked tired and somewhat dishevelled.

"Why, Cato? I heard you were coining money at Monte Carlo."

"Done coining for the moment," said Cato, as they went inside. "I've come to talk that matter over with you again. How do things stand now?"

"Thought you'd dropped it," said the other, as he lit his pipe.

"So I had. But maybe I'll pick it up again. How's it doing?"

"Much the same. It's just in this position that a few hundreds spent on advertising would turn the scale. We're doing about £40 a week. Get it up to £100 and there's a little fortune in it. Every penny I make I put into ads., as you know. And I live like a church cat. But I can't raise those few hundreds to save my life."

"Let's have a look at the sales book," said Cato.

He turned the pages over and made some notes, and then said slowly:

"Well now, see here, Lyndall! I've faith in the stuff, and I know you, and I'm inclined to take a finger in the pie. You offered me one-third share for £400 and you leave the advertising to me."

"That's it," said the other, sparkling into life. "Don't know anyone who knows more about it than you do."

"Chuck me some paper and I'll draw out an agreement. And then I'll work over those ads. and circulars of yours. They might be better," and Cato lit a fresh cigar and set to work.

When Bob walked back down Farringdon Street, a couple of hours later, it was not simply as Bob Cato the advertising man, but as Mr. Robert Cato, part proprietor of Lyndall's Lotion, a specific for burns, bruises, breakages, etc., etc., etc.; a certain cure for lung diseases, gout, rheumatism, etc., etc., etc.; invaluable for sprains, varicose veins, and multitudinous other ills of the flesh. There was in fact—according to the claims which its new part-proprietor had just been setting forth in his very brainiest style—hardly a thing that could happen to you, from a railway accident to a slump in stocks, for which Lyndall's Lotion was not a perfect specific or a partial palliative.

That week, and for many weeks afterwards, Lyndall's Lotion had a big advertisement in the *Round Table*, and Mrs. Baird, feeling as if she were shamefully examining the teeth of a gift horse, looked at it somewhat dubiously, and said:

"I hope it's all right, Bob, and won't do us any harm. I wouldn't like to have folks writing in and saying it's a swindle."

"No swindle about it. I've tried the stuff myself, both inside and out, and it's ripping good stuff and will cure anything—well, almost anything. It cured that rib I got sprung at the Turkish bath. It's cured me of neuralgia. It took away a beastly cough I had, in a single night——"

"You couldn't speak better of it if it belonged to you, Bob," said Baird.

"Don't I wish it did?" said Cato. "But I drew up that advertisement anyway, so I feel as if I had a finger in the pie, you see."

And, to make a short story of that matter, Lyndall's Lotion caught on. Cato spread his remaining £200 judiciously, utilised every available pound that came in from sales, and the best of his brains, and before twelve months were up, Lyndall was coining money. If, at the end of that time, you had offered Master Cato £2,000 for his share in the business, he would have smiled very pleasantly at you, and winked very slowly, and almost imperceptibly, with his left eye.

Sometimes, not always—from a pecuniary point of view at all events—generosity pays even in this world.

(To be continued)

Queen Elizabeth
After a painting by Zucchero

Some Kings who have been Authors

KINGCRAFT is not usually associated in the popular mind with authorship, and yet the number of illustrious sovereigns who have wielded the pen is much greater than is generally imagined. Among our English monarchs are many who have attained a fair amount of celebrity in literature. Our earliest and possibly greatest literary monarch was Alfred the Great (875-901), who collected, translated, and edited a vast number of historical and theological works by Anglo-Saxon monks, originally written in Latin. To him we are indebted, among other things, for an admirable edition of the Venerable Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," and also for the "Consolations of Philosophy," of Boetius. A lengthy letter to Pope Gregory the Great as to the proper behaviour of ecclesiastics, who, by the way, were rather loose in their ideas of propriety at this period, is one of the most remarkable of King Alfred's compositions. Among our Norman Kings we have by way of poet Henry II., who wrote a number of love sonnets in the old provincial dialect of Languedoc. His Queen, Œleanor of Aquitaine, was a poetess of great distinction, whose poems have been recently published in an important collection of Provençal Poetry. Richard I. was likewise a Provençal poet of distinction, and some of his ballads, translated into Early French, are still well known, especially the lengthy sonnet on the woes and inconveniences of prison life, beginning .

> "Jamais nul homme prisonnier ne dira sa
> r on
> Franc ement que comme homme malheu-
> reux."

Henry VIII., who was one of the vainest monarchs that ever lived, had literary pretensions, which were considerably above their real merit. His celebrated pamphlet in defence of Transubstantiation is exceedingly frothy and, moreover, even from the Catholic standpoint, both inaccurate and unorthodox—a fact, however, which did not prevent Pope Leo X.

from accepting its dedication and conferring upon the royal author the designation of "Defender of the Faith," which is still one of the titles of his successor, King Edward VII. Henry VIII.'s love-letters are remarkably sentimental, and one of them is embellished with a pen-and-ink sketch representing a heart, in the centre of which is his monogram entwined with that of Anne Boleyn. Some half-dozen of these letters were stolen by the Papal Agent in England, and are preserved in the library of the Vatican. Two at least of Henry's six wives—viz., Anne Boleyn and Katherine Parr—possessed literary ability. Whilst awaiting her execution in the Tower the wretched Anne Boleyn is said to have composed a pathetic poem, the first lines of which run :

> "Oh, Death, rock me to sleep,
> Bring on my quiet rest ;
> Let pass my very guiltless ghost
> Out of my careful breast."

It is a little known but absolutely positive fact that Henry VIII. once wrote a tragedy, the subject of which was the life and death of his own unhappy consort, Anne Boleyn. It was never acted, and the MS. is burnt, but mention of it is to be found among the Notes of the Venetian and French Ambassadors to his Court. Possibly they may have advised the weird King not to produce so singular a drama. What would we not give for a glimpse of it ?

Katherine Parr directed her talent into a religious channel, the tone of which was ultra-Protestant. At her instigation, Queen Mary I., then Princess, translated Erasmus's "Paraphrase of the Gospel of St. John," besides several other religious works.

Mary Tudor
After the painting by Antonio Moro

We possess a MS. diary reputed to be in the handwriting of Edward VI., which is full of interesting facts and quaint, childish observations. By its means we are able to pin a libel on Sir Walter Scott, who, in "Kenilworth," describes the marriage of Amy Robsart and Leicester as clandestine. An entry in King Edward VI.'s Diary proves that it took place many years before Elizabeth came to the throne and in the King's presence :

> "1550. June 4.—Sir Robert Dudley, third (surviving) son to the Earl of Warwick, married Sir John Robsart's daughter, after which marriage there were certain gentlemen that did strive who should first take away a goose's head, which was hanged alive on two cross posts."

This delightful and very humane sport is still included among the pastimes of the Isle of Cuba, where the writer has seen it played in the presence of a delighted crowd of *baballeros* or negroes.

The literary achievements of Edward's cousin, the fair and unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, are fairly numerous, but perhaps not quite so authentic as is usually believed. Her learned and remarkable letters to Bullinger, the Swiss Reformer, are, however, certainly her own unassisted compositions ; so, too, is the exquisitely pathetic letter to her sister, Lady Katherine Grey, written the night before her execution. Queen Elizabeth wrote verse with some facility, and her handwriting is altogether the most beautiful and legible of any lady of her time. Her signature is a masterpiece of caligraphy, as elaborate in flourishes and scrolls as any piece of lace-work. Perhaps the best remembered of her poetical effusions is the famous retort to Raleigh. That great man,

when in the morning of his career, wrote with a diamond on a window:

"Feign would I climb, but I fear to fall."

Elizabeth read the lines, and taking a sharp diamond added:

"If thou fear'st a fall, do not climb at all."

The published works of "Our Eliza's" successor, James I., are fairly numerous, and include a very curious volume on "Witchcraft," which contains a remarkable dissertation upon, and explanation of, the phenomenon why "the Devil has more influence over old women than over young ones," which led to a great many perfectly harmless old women being burnt alive as witches. The "Second Solomon" also wrote a learned book on sports, which roused the indignation of the Puritans, as it dealt mainly with such games as might, in its Royal Author's opinion, be harmlessly indulged in on the Sabbath, and all the more so as it was read by royal command from the pulpit of every parish church throughout the land. The day after the execution of Charles I. a book entitled "Eikon Basilikon" appeared, which, as it contained some exceedingly pathetic passages on behalf of the late King and a defence of his policy, was immediately attributed to that unhappy monarch. So great was the sensation and interest which this work created, that within a year not less than fifty editions were exhausted. Milton endeavoured to prove that the King was not its author, but was not very successful in the attempt. In our time, Dr. Guidmer in his learned "History of the Civil War," has conclusively shown this genius had no hand in the composition of the famous work. There is also an unedited manuscript poem in the Royal collection at Windsor, which is generally attributed to Charles I. James II. wrote his Memoirs, the MS. of which was preserved in the Roman Catholic College at St. Omer. During the French Revolution it was placed for better safety in the cellar of a gentleman, whose wife, seeing her husband and son arrested as "suspects" and dragged before the Revolutionary tribunal, burnt the precious papers, lest they might be discovered and jeopardise her existence and that of her only surviving child. An abbreviated edition, compiled from these papers, was fortunately already published, and thus the disaster was less complete than it might have been.

James the First of England
From an engraving of 1728

Turning to our French neighbours, we are told that Charlemagne, the contemporary of our Alfred, always kept writing materials by his bedside, and whenever he chanced to wake during the night was wont to light his lamp and set to work inditing on all sorts of subjects, including law, art, and theology, until he fell asleep again. Robert II. of France wrote a prose work on the Holy Ghost, the gorgeous MS. of which he took with him on a pilgrimage to Rome, to deposit on the altar of St. Peter's, and it is still preserved in the Vatican Library. One day his wife, Queen Constance, noticing that he was always scribbling, begged him to write a poem in her honour, whereupon he composed the hymn, "O Constantia Martyrum," which, although it has nothing whatever to do with her Majesty, she nevertheless—not understanding a word of Latin—accepted as a graceful compliment. This King was a great

musician, and was in the habit of going of a morning, crown on head, to St. Denis, where he personally conducted the choir.

Until the end of the fifteenth century, there is no further record of any French sovereign devoting himself to literature. Louis XI. is reputed to have been the author of the celebrated volume of stories entitled "Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles," which give us a minute insight into the manners and customs of the age as well as into the ideas then prevalent, and are withal so quaint and humorous, not to say sarcastic, as to be still popular. This uncanny monarch also composed, for the benefit of his son, a work on warfare, which was published in black letter in his own time by the Widow Michel Lenoir, and is interesting as having been one of the earliest books ever printed in France. Francis I. was in the habit of dedicating some rather pretty poems to his numerous mistresses, including, needless to say, the famous Diana of Poitiers, and he also wrote a celebrated sonnet in memory of Agnes Sorel, the unfortunate mistress of Charles VII. Charles IX., of St. Bartholomew fame or infamy, dabbled in literature as in almost everything else, from music to coining. His lines to Ronsard are among the most elegant written in the early part of the sixteenth century. The famous Henri IV. possessed little or no literary talent, but on the other hand left an exceedingly voluminous correspondence, collected some sixty years ago by M. Berger de Xivrey, which is full of merit, and illustrates to perfection the joyous, manly character of this brilliant Sovereign, who is, moreover, said to have composed one or two songs, among them the still popular "Gabrielle." His son, Louis XIII., when only four years old, wrote an amusing letter to his father, in which he begs his "Papa" to send him, amongst other things, "some pocket-handkerchiefs, some good jam, a sling, some nine-pins, and a box of sweet-meats." He wants them "very soon," because he is going back to St. Germain to his tutor, and is afraid that if he does not get them in time he will not be allowed to enjoy them at his leisure. The little Prince winds up this curious epistle, in the following manner: "I kiss you, dear papa, on both cheeks, and on the tip of your nose, and am Your loving Son and obedient humble Servant, the Dauphin." It will be remembered that the nose was precisely Henri IV.'s most prominent feature. This Dauphin developed into a rather effeminate King, but was not without talent of a sort, especially for music. He used to arrange elaborate concerts, at one of which his own charming gavotte, "Amaryllis," was performed, which, being one of the prettiest tunes of its kind ever composed, is even now often played at concerts, and is a favourite with our bands in the parks, invariably evoking a hearty round of applause.

Francis the First of France
From an old engraving

Louis XIV.'s education was grossly and purposely neglected both by his mother, Anne of Austria, and by Mazarin, who imagined that if they kept him in ignorance they would also be able to keep him in leading-strings; but, unfortunately for themselves, they reckoned without their host, for he eventually put both in their proper places. Notwithstanding this

unfair treatment, his natural ability was so great that in the course of time he displayed distinct literary aptitude, and several works from his pen, though of no particular importance, contain passages of exceptional merit. A complete collection of the Grand Monarch's writings was published in 1690; they were, of course, very considerably furbished up by some one or other of the amazing galaxy of eminent writers who flourished in France at this time. King Louis did not understand Latin, never having been taught that language, but he was not ashamed to own to his ignorance. On one occasion, when the celebrated *surintendant* Fouquet gave him a magnificent entertainment at Vaux, the King asked his host to be so good as to interpret a Latin inscription in his honour which suddenly blazed out from amidst the fireworks, "I do not understand Latin, M. Fouquet," said the King, "but I do not want you or anybody else to think I am such a fool as to pretend to know a language when I do not."

Lorenzo de Medici

Louis XVI., when only fifteen, published a little work entitled "A Description of the Forest of Compiegne," being a sort of guide-book to that beautiful demesne which was a few years back the place of meeting between the Czar of Russia and President Loubet. The same unfortunate King is also credited with translating part of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and of Walpole's "Life and Times of Richard III." Louis XVIII. was somewhat of a pedant, and prided himself on the exceeding astuteness displayed in his "Rèlation d'un Voyage à Bruxelles et à Coblenz," published in 1825. This book, which is considered a great literary and historical curiosity, and fetches high prices in the auction room, is full of scandalous stories concerning Napoleon and his family. This brings us to that great man, who was, in his way, an author of some distinction, and though fond of writing, spelt vilely, and knew nothing of grammar, but was, on the other hand, full of observation and brightness. His numerous letters have the merit of being exceedingly informing, and of them many volumes have of late years been edited and published. The most interesting are those between the Emperor and his brother, Joseph, King of Spain. His Proclamations, too, have a certain literary value, but were evidently carefully edited by other and more skilful pens. On the other hand his letters to Josephine are full of passion, but abounding in unpleasant home-truths and bitter sarcasms. In one of his letters to his beautiful sister, Pauline, Princess Borghese, Napoleon reminds that very erratic lady that respectable women ought not to go to "the theatre wearing such very low-necked dresses as to give them the appearance from the pit of being in a bath with no clothes on of any description." Napoleon III.'s "Life of Julius Cæsar" was in all probability the result of skilfully concealed collaboration on the part, it is said, of Ernest Renan, who certainly edited it.

Among other famous Royal Authors, of whom there is a goodly list, we must not omit mention of one of two Roman Emperors. Augustus was in the habit of composing and reciting to an admiring circle of friends a number of prose works, one of which, his "Answer to Brutus Concerning Cato," he, as an old man, read

out before a select audience, but being unable to continue through lack of breath, handed the book over to Tiberius to continue. Augustus also tried his hand at poetry, and on one occasion even aspired to excel as a dramatist, and set assiduously to work on a tragedy entitled "Ajax"; but he did not get beyond the first act, and when one of his friends asked what had become of Ajax, he replied, "Ajax has thrown up the sponge." Tiberius composed elegant Latin and Greek verses, and his lyrics on the "Death of Cæsar" were greatly admired at the time, even by impartial critics. Claudius endeavoured to write history, but, according to Suetonius, had an unfortunate habit of mixing up dates and persons, so that when he came to read his manuscript to his mother and grandfather they both declared it to be full of errors, inasmuch as having lived through most of the incidents recorded, they knew more about them than he, whereupon the Emperor tore up the manuscript in a rage.

Mary, Queen of Scots

Nero prided himself rather on being a singer and actor than a poet; still, even he composed a satire of considerable length, directed against Claudius Pollion. Domitian, as an author, confined himself to the compilation of a small pamphlet on "Hair-Dressing," which he rather unkindly dedicated to a friend who was bald. We possess twelve books of Moral Reflections in Greek by Marcus Aurelius, as well as his letters to Frontonius, which were discovered during the last century by the celebrated psalmist, Cardinal Maï, hidden beneath a coating of wax covering a Greek choir book of the sixth century. By far the most celebrated, however, of the Imperial Roman authors is Julius Cæsar, and many of my younger readers may possibly remember his "Commentaries" with feelings not wholly unmixed with pain!

Peter the Great wrote a good deal and fairly well for a self-educated man. His works deal with subjects one would little expect to find treated by an autocrat, and are generally upon architecture, windmills, and wood-carving. A collection of over three hundred of his letters was published in 1770 at Stockholm, the majority of which have never yet been translated into English. Frederick the Great wrote in French with much ease and grace, his most remarkable works being a "History of the House of Brandenburg" and the "History of the Seven Years' War."

The letters of that Queen of hearts and sorrows, Mary Stuart, have great literary merit, and her famous "Adieu to France" is one of the most pathetic and graceful poems ever written by a woman in any language.

Many of the Popes have contributed to literature, but almost invariably in the direction of theology, Leo XIII., the late occupant of the Papal See, was a very voluminous writer on a number of topics—scientific, theological, and artistic; but while his other works will doubtless be forgotten, his Latin Odes and Sonnets are likely to last as long as the great language which they adorn.

The illustrious names of Queen Victoria and of her daughters, the Empress Frederick and Princess Alice, must close this list of royal authors. The late Queen's "Diaries" are well known to all students of Victorian history. In them

she never aimed at literary elegance, but her observant mind is vividly impressed upon each of their homely pages, which will be of the greatest assistance to the historian of the future, and we may well regret that our former queens-regnant were never inspired to write similar impressions of things in general of their own times. The Empress Frederick, who was one of the very cleverest of women, and her sister, the equally able Grand Duchess of Hesse, will be chiefly remembered by posterity for their letters, many of which have already been published, though the majority have yet to be given to the public.

In the matter of letters not intended for publication, our Kings and Queens have left us a number which are of exceeding interest. Henry VIII., who wrote a fairly legible hand, was what one might term a "frank" writer, and spoke out briefly what he wanted to say with a brutal straightforwardness which must have startled those he addressed, especially if they knew themselves to be in any way out of favour with so terrible an autocrat. Edward VI., most probably learnt caligraphy from Miles Coverdale, the Reformer, whose writing was strikingly fine, and who also taught Lady Jane Grey. Elizabeth's writing-master was an Italian, Castiglione. In the papers at Hatfield will be found many early letters written by Elizabeth in a clear, firm hand, which a schoolboy might read. Her signature was extraordinarily elaborate, and she must have taken a good quarter of an hour to write it. Strange to say, the signature on the death-warrant of Mary Stuart is curiously hurried and irregular—the hand that wrote it was evidently trembling. Mary Tudor wrote a legible hand, and Edward VI.'s letters are very easily deciphered. It would seem —from the fact that he dropped his "h's" like a true cockney—that he wrote phonetically; thus, in his "Diary" he invariably spells Hampton Court without an "h"—"'Ampton"—"'unds," instead of "hounds," and so forth. His English letters are, excepting for this peculiarity, well written, but his French and Latin compositions bear traces of having been carefully "edited" by his tutors. His French is fair, and he was evidently a close student of that language, for he translated a good many English homilies into it. Elizabeth's earliest letter is written in stately Italian, and was composed when she was ten years of age. It is addressed to Katherine Parr. Miss Strickland was of opinion that Katherine Howard could not write at all, but since the publication of her excellent biography of that Queen, several letters in her own handwriting have been discovered among the State Papers.

Edward VI.

Two of the most interesting Royal epistles in existence are the last letters ever written by Mary Stuart and Marie Antoinette. The Queen of Scots' letter, which is distinctly stained with her tears, was written at two o'clock on the morning before her execution, and was addressed to Henri III. of France. It now belongs to Mrs. Alfred Morrison, who, let us hope, will bequeath it to the nation. There are two last letters by Marie Antoinette, the one addressed to her daughter, and the other to Mlle. Elizabeth. Both are tear-stained and exquisitely touching. They will be found in the collection of Royal and other autographs preserved in the Bibliothéque Nationale of Paris.

RICHARD DAVEY.

Princess Joyce

By Keighley Snowden

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce, the beautiful daughter of Stephen Merrall, a blind mill-owner, is loved by two men—George Marlowe, a somewhat dissipated young fellow, and Louis Knight, her father's business manager. George proposes and is refused, but Louis refrains from declaring his love.

CHAPTER XIV

AUNT SELINAH'S TACT

On the morrow a famous sale of work was opened, another one for which Selinah Merrall had trimmed a cradle; and it not only furnished all our people with a sight of George Marlowe in high feather, but stood in the way of Louis's talk with Stephen. While it lasted, there were no quiet evenings.

The great towns have a sadly inadequate notion of what a bazaar may be.

In London, bargain sales, at which it is said wild ladies fight for trophies, are great and simultaneous; but they excite no general home interest comparable to that of a sale of work at Ousenup. Aunt Selinah, the strongest-minded woman in half a shire, was enslaved equally with Mrs. Marlowe.

For see how the sale was advertised. Every good lady had to know what all her friends were doing for it, and to do, if possible, something finer. Every good girl desired to sell at a stall. Every good man, and every other man, was dunned for a donation. Nothing of equal interest, but Christmas, occurred in the round plain year.

The sale was held in an old, low-ceilinged schoolroom, underneath the chapel. Its glories were dim by day with a more than religious light; for the stalls blocked up the windows, and made things look, as Aunt Selinah said, like a ragshop. By day a few slow purchasers, whom age or stoutness indisposed for the later crush, went peering about by the light of two poor gas-jets. Then it was that stall-holders, without much risk of heartbreak, might quiz each other's stocks. But at night the schoolroom, noisy and hot like a hive, might have thrown off swarms and made more honey.

It was one dense, roaring cluster under a flaring heat of gas, and oil, and wax—burners, lamps, Chinese lanterns—kept blazing, you would think, not only for the benefit of heaped-up needlework, but for the demoralisation of bargaining buyers. Inflammable streamers among the lights were swayed by the heads of tall people; and the men wore their hats. The heat was extraordinary. Old Ezra perspired at the bran-tub, though others dug for treasure. Louis on a chair, with his head against the ceiling, perspired as he held up tickets for the raffle. The minister whom aunt Selinah loathed stood helpless, hedged in by a widow and five old maids, perspiring a smile. The sales-women, Joyce and her mother among them, could not move, and lost all count of what was bought or paid for. In the crowd there were people who never reached the stalls, and women who fainted. It was a great success.

It owed something to the side-shows.

There was a weird arrangement called a grotto in the little external cellar occupied by heating apparatus. You went down seven stone steps, and stooped. There was a collection of Fijian curios, small but edifying. There was a male fortune-teller with a black false beard, whose success was due to the fact that he knew every one and every one knew him. There was, finally, a scene from "The Rivals," harmlessly performed on a stage twelve feet by six; a scene in which the borrowed costumes were superb, the action of necessity simple, and the elocution primitive and Yorkshire. It had the effect of a solemn consultation.

George Marlowe found out Joyce the first evening, and, being unnoticed in the scrimmage, offered to take out something into the crowd and sell it there.

This proved amusing. Everybody was in great good humour, and he went on selling; rewarded, as he brought back the money, by Joyce's commendations. Louis observed him from the chair with a touch of vertigo. He would have been still more disturbed if he had learned, as the sale continued, that George was there in the afternoons, receiving more of his reward. What could Joyce do but chat with him? He "brought forth fruits meet for repentance" every night; and neither she nor Mrs. Merrall denied him a share in their stall's honours, when it was found to have had the largest takings. He became a theme of pleasant gossip among the other ladies. Some, indeed, of Joyce's age were not unfriendly to him; and, a certain amount of flirtation being within the scheme of such occasions, George was happy.

Joyce felt no jealousy, but her interest in him deepened. There were girls of whom she disapproved. She sometimes took him from them, and so in a mothering way was nice to him.

Mrs. Merrall wondered if she ought to feel uneasy; but with Aunt Selinah to wonder was to act.

In a vain attempt to right things, the excellent woman enjoyed herself. "Well, young man," said she, electrifying a youthful group, "you seem to be at home."

George, who did not know her well, stared casually, and said some funny thing in an undertone aside. Perhaps it was "Old geezer."

Aunt Selinah took him sharply by the shoulder, and spoke in a stage whisper. "Do go and look at the grotto!" said she: which pleasantry confused him. A giggle in social intercourse is worse than a hiss at the play. The boy's vain head went round.

"Thanks," he said, recovering. "Did you make it yourself?"

"Dear, no!" she replied, with a wonderful calm. "I made a cradle, if you'd like to see it. But they want a good-looking boy to take the coppers for half-an-hour, while somebody else has tea. You'll oblige, I'm sure."

He went like a lamb, and Aunt Selinah quite forgot him—or said she did.

"But, my dear Joyce!" she exclaimed, when told this was too bad, "Jacob served fourteen years for Rachel. Who's going so cheap nowadays?"

She had not done with him. On the following day she introduced him promptly to the minister.

"You've survived! They tell me you were calling out like the boy in 'Casabianca.' Mr. Larkins, come here; I've found you a treasure. Let me make Master Marlowe known, he has been neglected. This is the young gentleman who kept the grotto all night."

The Reverend Samuel Larkins expressed delight, and George respectfully thanked him.

"I want you to watch over him, and talk to him nicely. Will you? Take him into a class of some sort, and get him into our ways. He isn't at all particular what you do with him, so long as he feels useful."

"Well, I—I'm really in Leeds," gasped George, and began, with a hunted look, to pull at his small moustache.

"Then send him round with a placard-board!" she pressed. "I don't know why our Stephen thinks him out of place: he's ornamental! I'll take him up myself. Tell them to put a piece of rope on that board at the door. It'll make a talk!"

Being a dull, conventional man, Mr. Larkins smiled and lost his chance. His smile was bent on George, patronisingly indeed, but asking his consent.

George said in a fright, "I'm helping Mrs. Merrall."

"Oh, never mind our stall; we shall do," she bustled. "This is for the whole bazaar! So few would dare to do it, but you've got cheek. And why not? Pray why not?"

The colloquy was heard, in the quiet room, by all who were near the door where she had caught him entering. She took them into it. The only serious face he saw was Joyce's.

"Why shouldn't our young friend go out with a bill and a handbell? It's such a novelty! In a quiet place like this it'll wake things up." She turned again to him. "Think about it, if you don't feel calm and bright—I mean if you feel at

all modest. Talk it over. Anything for the cause at these times!"

There is no room for doubt that, if the formidable dame had really meant him to do it, he would have had to take out that board, whether he brought it back or not. She preferred, however, to slip the idea and let it dog him.

Her humour was too rough. It drove him away, indeed, but it put Joyce upon his side; for she could laugh at nothing that gave pain to another, and believed him to mean well. She was deeply shocked and hurt, in fact. Aunt Selinah seemed to be doing wanton harm, and terrible harm. When George declared that he couldn't stand teasing, and wouldn't take it from anybody, Joyce made a sympathetic little speech, that drew them together and touched his philandering with a note of sincerity.

"Please don't mind," she said. "It's aunt's way with everybody, and I—I think you've behaved splendidly."

"I did it for you," said he, near crying with vexation.

"I know," said Joyce.

CHAPTER XV

AN ADOPTION

THE mill was empty in the dinner-hour, but Louis and Stephen sat in the office.

The blind manufacturer had eaten his mid-day meal alone there for three days, and on two days Louis had known of it. His doing so was not indeed entirely strange; in times of pressure he dined in the office often, while Louis, who lived near by, slipped out to his mother's table; and now there was the bazaar, which hindered Joyce from bearing her father company. But business did not press now. What kept him there solitary? Mere disinclination for the walk, and the deserted table at home?

On the fourth day Louis brought his own dinner, ashamed and nervous, but unable to bear suspense any longer. Whether Joyce cared for him or did not, he must speak.

Stephen had a sense of triumph, the finer because he had not forced things. He was genial in a very charming way.

"Well," said he, when dinner and business talk were ended, "you haven't told me, Louis, how you enjoyed yourself at Bradford."

But this too easy lead, no less than the absence of all reproaches on his two days' shyness, put Louis to confusion.

"I came to speak about that," he said, when his tongue would answer. "I ought to have done so before you. . . . before I agreed to take . . . before Joyce . . ."

And then—Stephen laid a quiet hand upon his arm.—

"My dear Louis," he said, his voice a little unsteady, "you are telling me what I know quite well, and have thanked God for already. You love our Joyce, don't you?"

He heard the quick-drawn breath of Louis' emotion. and gave him time; but Louis fought in vain with it, and broke down inarticulate with hope and gratitude. "I can't!" he cried. "It's too much . . . I've felt as if . . ."

"Ah," said Stephen, disregarding this, "you thought you could hide it! But I'm not so blind as some folk fancy." And then, as Louis recovered himself, he pressed his anxious question. "Well? Haven't you anything to tell me?"

"Have I spoken, you mean, to Joyce?"

"Yes. I know, of course, we've had no opportunity for talk. The bazaar——"

"Oh, no, I didn't speak to her! Surely you don't think——"

"Of course, of course!" The relief was extraordinary. "Forgive me. Upon my word, Louis, I'm getting foolish! You see, I thought she would have wanted you to tell me . . . Yes, of course; you came to me first. Well, well!" He applied his handkerchief to smarting eyes.

"You've no idea, Louis, what it is to me to hope that I sha'n't entirely lose her. We fathers are selfish. I may keep you both, you see."

They exchanged a long hand-clasp.

"Well," said Stephen, having regained his calm, "I can't put you through the wood, you know. Joyce likes you very much, as she is bound to do, bound to do. But, of course, we shall see. . . . I hope you'll make a better hand of it than you did with me, Louis," he smiled. "And

don't lose time. To-morrow's Saturday: come up in the afternoon."

Louis hesitated.

"Yes, I'll come up," he said despondingly; "but I know already that . . . she doesn't love me."

"You know? How do you know any such thing?"

"At Bradford . . . She was telling me I ought to get married."

"Well, that's a good one for you! She loves nobody else, at all events; I can tell you that. Joyce and I are almost like one mind, you know."

The heartsease of that, as it banished jealousy, was blissful.

"I never had such a task in my life," Stephen ran on, "as not to begin your wooing for you, when I found you out the other day . . . Louis, I'm the happiest man in England. God bless you, my dear fellow."

And then, in spite of all, the diffident wooer trembled.

"Don't be vexed," he begged, "if I can't manage to come to the point at once. I've thought . . . not to startle her, Stephen. That's why I'm glad you didn't speak to her; because . . . to please you, she might have accepted me even if she . . . she couldn't be happy."

Stephen helped him none at all in this; indeed, he paled a little, and after a pause assented. "Yes, I thought of that," said he. "Love must be free, I know, and you must judge when to broach it. But don't lose time. Don't."

They shook hands again.

"You're more than a father!" said Louis choking.

"Well, well," said Stephen. "You'll be my son, Louis, however it goes."

Whereupon, being Englishmen, they promptly talked of other things.

CHAPTER XVI

IN THE WOOD

Poor Joyce's feet were among the snares. The worst that Stephen feared for her was brought about by his sister's want of tact.

On the closing day of the sale, George Marlowe's absence troubled her. She forgot him, indeed, in the last exciting hours, when zeal ran high and her father sat behind the stall as treasurer, to wait for the counting up; but as they all reached home at midnight, a heaviness new to her spirit and strength oppressed her. Even then, she did not know the cause of it. But George, unworthy, was remembered now in her prayers; and, before she slept, her pillow was wet for him. He was going back to Leeds discouraged roughly, and she had not been able at all to help. It seemed a sort of tragedy.

Joyce awoke anxious to see him at least once more; and this anxiety was to play at cross-purposes with Louis's first approach.

It was fretful and urgent, the time that remained being short. The day was Saturday. On Saturdays, her father claimed her, but she resolved to speak of it as soon as he came home. Her distress was extreme, therefore, when he only looked in to say that he had a call to make, and make alone. She proposed to go with him.

"No, dearie, no," he said at the door. "I shall be back in half-an-hour. Stay and talk to Louis till I come."

In this mood Louis found her; and it chilled him with a little shock of misgiving, lest a word about his suit had been slipped out at unawares—possibly by her mother. The slightly fevered note of her talk, her heightened tinge of colour, appeared to say she was bidden to entertain him, but hoped he would not speak. The bazaar, of course, was her subject.

"Isn't it fine? Seventy pounds more than we expected! I think they're going to increase Mr. Larkins' stipend, if the new chapel doesn't cost too much. I was dreadfully tired, but oh, I did enjoy it! Didn't you? I saw you selling tickets: why didn't you ever come and speak to us?"

"You were so thronged," said Louis.

"Oh, weren't we! How we took all that money I can't think. You know George Marlowe: he came and helped us."

The directness ought to have told him, as plainly as her face did, that Joyce could mean no stab; but sometimes love deceives men cruelly.

"He took things and sold them. I'm so sorry for him! Aunt Selinah was very unkind; she made fun of him, and then he stayed away. He means so well, poor George, and now—and now——"

Her brimming eyes were the death of Louis's hope.

scares *me*." He rose at the same time, and grasped the chair-back as he looked down at her, seeing her vaguely.

"I'll come in again to-night," he said. "Tell your father. Will you?"

Her indifferent "Very well, Louis," was a parting word of doom to him.

George was remembered in her prayers

"He won't know what to think, and perhaps he may not come to chapel. I wish Dad would send for him: it all happened in connection with our stall. She teased him shamefully, and I think we ought to let him know that it wasn't meant, don't you, Louis?"

He forced himself to say, "Your aunt

Stephen, finding him gone, was aghast. As the blind man entered Joyce had said, "Oh, Dad, I'm so glad you're back again; I've something to tell you!" and, until she had been speaking some time, he did not understand.

She told him nothing new, of course, except the little conversation at the stall

before George Marlowe disappeared. But this compassionate concern, and the suggestion that he himself should make amends to the lad, filled Stephen with intense anxiety for her.

He put out the hand she was not holding, found the mantelshelf, and steadied himself.

"I know you don't like him," she said, "and if—if you think it's all right, dear Dad—I mean, if you'd rather not speak to him, I . . . Oh, Dad, I nearly ran out in search of him!"

Stephen went down upon one knee, to put his arms about her as she sat.

"My darling, so unhappy?" he said. "You make your old dad afraid for you with that soft heart of yours. Listen, dearie. We must get you some one better than me and your mother to care for."

She had started.

"Please, please, Dad!" she begged, recovering. "You're quite mistaken, indeed, you are; oh, yes, I could almost laugh at you, but it's too sad to hear you talk so! You don't really think I—I'm likely to be in love, do you? With any one but you?"

"Sweetheart, no." He raised her hand and kissed it. "I only wish you were. I don't know that I fear your falling in love with young George Marlowe, but I do fear your taking so much interest in him. I hear queer stories of him, Joyce. I won't tell you what they are, but I would give a good big share of what I possess if you could forget him, dearie. Remember that none of us, by ourselves, can do very much towards making others better; that depends upon so many things. Women have sacrificed their happiness and given their lives even—given themselves—all to no purpose. The best women are most in danger of that kind of wasted heroism. So before you turn martyr, darling heart, you should know on what altar you're going to sacrifice my ewe lamb."

With an impulse infinitely reassuring, she took his head quietly between her hands and kissed his cheeks and brow. "Never fear, dear old Dad," she said.

"Yes, I know what that means. You insist on sacrifice all the same, it appears. I haven't any right to accept it. No, some day you will marry, Joyce, if you please me; and what I fear about George Marlowe—— But you're smiling, aren't you?"

"Indeed, I'm not, then!"

"Well, it's just that he's sure to make you miserable, and he doesn't deserve it. Can you believe me about that?"

She looked very wistful and perplexed.

"Yes. I believe you, Dad," she said at once. "But——"

"But what?"

"I should like to do what I can for everybody, always!" Her tears again were ready to flow. "Isn't that . . . right?"

It was what he had taught, as well as what she felt spontaneously and beautifully.

"Why, yes," he said, but sighed in saying it. "Only we mustn't be too anxious about results, you know. Why, you're crying, I declare!"

She battled with the distress, which came of being at outs with him ever so little.

"It's only that he . . . if he loves me, Dad, I. . . ." And then his arms came round her again.

"You're not responsible for *that*," he said, in his normal tone of cheerfulness. "That's nothing strange or very touching, is it? Why, what a life you'd lead if there were half-a-dozen George Marlowes about! Or would you learn to treat them sensibly?"

He caught a sound that ought to have been a laugh, and she dried her tears.

So this was why Louis had not managed to speak—or been able to stay with her! Stephen longed to say a word for him, but did not know how to begin without saying all. Perhaps this was not the time. He had pressed her far enough, he thought; and presently he kissed her and rose, trying to think that all was well. But the final happy word seemed wanting.

While he sought it, Joyce clasped him about the neck. She had to assure herself that no shade of difference remained between them.

"I've been terribly naughty, dear old Dad, haven't I?" she said. "And I believe I drove away poor Louis!"

He was sure of her once more, and smiled, immensely happy.

"You'll see poor Louis again," he said tenderly. "You've been distractingly kind to somebody else, that's all, dearie."

If only the mischief done might have been repaired at once! She was so kind to Louis in the evening, that, in his eyes, she accused herself! He got no comfort from it.

Stephen divined, and found a word for him, going to the door to speak it. He laid a hand on Louis's shoulder as they bade good-night.

"Wait," he said.

CHAPTER XVII

THE LEVELLER

AFTER leaving Joyce in the afternoon, Louis had seen George Marlowe bound for the station, carrying a bag.

The hope sprang up in his mind then, for what it might be worth, that Ousenup had seen the last of George for at least another twelve-month. Stephen's word "Wait," therefore, which only meant "You'll understand in a day or two," agreed with his own too modest mind, now fearful, no less than with that expectation. He waited, as he had thought he must. If even her thoughts of George were only kind, as Stephen's word to him would say they were, he wished to see some sign of love before he spoke outright.

She, too, thought to see no more, perhaps, of George Marlowe. She did not much lament that prospect, or waste more tears upon him; but he had taken a romantic place in her mind. She entertained for him that kindly feeling which we have for persons who are "not understood;" and she did sometimes wish, at all events, that somehow she might hear how George was getting on. Her uncertainty as to his state of mind had always some distress in it.

Louis loved her: she was more affected by the fact that George had said he did. That was the romantic circumstance. As to Louis, it only seemed to her that he was more than ever gentle and friendlike. He had been both while his behaviour had still no greater meaning.

Things were in this posture when Marlowe senior died of an apoplexy.

The shock of his death—its suddenness, the fact of its being the first death important for any one well known to her, and most of all the fact that George had lost a father—struck Joyce very painfully. She did not know, and could not imagine, how different a man this father had been from hers. In talk with Louis, she showed a sharp and ingenuous pity so like love, as well as akin to love, that for the second time Louis Knight despaired.

George came home. He came not only to bury his father, and ostensibly to carry on the manufacture of manures, but, as it proved, to hang about in idle expectation of the old man's money.

When this was understood, the wiseacres found it easy to tell George Marlowe's dutiless and foppish "fortune." Aunt Selinah surpassed them. She was at once so wise and so injudicious as to tell it, in Joyce's presence, while George's father lay unburied. He had died well-to-do—later on, he turned out to have been worth £12,000 in money saved—and that, it seemed, was enough for Aunt Selinah.

"Of course, such a sudden death is very shocking," she allowed, "if you think you know where's he's gone, Stephen. I don't say. He was a good sort, a vast deal better than some who make more show. Give Peter Marlowe his due; he was worth a dozen of that impudent young puppy George!

"No," said Stephen as she paused, "I don't know where he's gone, Selinah."

"I know my faults, and I trust they'll be overlooked. So with Peter Marlowe's. I've said hard things about him, I daresay, but I do realise that I'm mortal. Some people want to gabble at the judgment seat. Not you, Stephen, I know. So I leave it. About his money I'm more concerned. If he's left very much of it to Young Hopeful, mark my words, you'll see a bonny come-down. He'll waste the old man's thrifty substance in riotous living."

"Oh, how can you say so!" cried Joyce, and flushed at her own temerity.

Aunt Selinah gasped. To be checked by her niece was startling. She eyed her with

a bridled indignation, and answered, "Well! I can say it; and your colour becomes you better than to stand up for him, Joyce. At least, that's my opinion. I don't know what your father thinks."

"Joyce is like you, Selinah; she doesn't like to hear her friends run down," Stephen said adroitly. "We want the lad to have his chance, at any rate. Eh, Joyce?"

"Oh, put him on horseback!" said his sister with a sniff. "By all means. But if I'd been Peter Marlowe I wouldn't have left him a penny piece. Young dandy! He'll be *some* poor girl's calamity, as sure as he marries or doesn't marry. I hate dawdlers, expecially dawdling boys dressed up like that. He'll wear a crape band on his arm. Much he cares. I won't try to hurt your feelings, Joyce Merrall, but don't you have anything more to do with him. There'll be plenty of flies round the honey-pot."

George might be bad, but Joyce did not believe him heartless. She hoped for an opportunity of telling him how very sorry she was for him.

And be it said that Joyce was nearer the truth than her aunt. The unformed, foolish boy, coarse though he was and featherheaded, could feel a natural grief; suddenly George found out that he had liked his rough, indulgent father. He not only shed a good many tears. It looked as if Joyce might be right, even, in cherishing hopes of him; for, during several months, his conduct was a satisfying instance of what we owe to our trials. Sobered by the fright death gave him, George went to chapel regularly, wore clothes appropriate to his case, and forgot the Moorcock.

It was a greater try for sincerity than he got credit for. If at last it wearied him, people should have considered how fickle and dull he was by nature, and how such a penance contrasted with his free life in Leeds. One view of fickleness is, that it represents a natural reaction under dull conditions.

To Louis, it was a perplexity and a heartbreak that Joyce took any interest whatever in such a vain, dishonest booby—such a Tyke. Louis's glimpse of the youngster's seamy side became a rankling memory. He had kept it to himself; and when George first showed signs of grace, he was glad he had done so. Besides, Stephen had heard the truth from other sources. But ought not Joyce to know it? He had faith in Stephen, or he might have abandoned his own hopes in order to tell it her with a clear conscience.

Puzzled and alarmed, Louis might reasonably be. But George had become, in a sense, her hopeful *protégé;* and, by way of compensation, Joyce had the contrite boy's assurance that he "understood her sticking to her father."

With Stephen's leave, she spoke to him on the first Sunday after morning service: just a sympathetic word and a pressure of the dainty hand, beautifully mannered in a girl, and so sincere that he could not keep his tears back even in the road, with people looking on.

CHAPTER XVIII

KITCHEN POLICY

It was a friendly habit of the old gardener's to look in on Betty now and then, by way of procuring a cheerful evening. He called her a famous lass. The designation seems a little strained, since Betty had passed her fiftieth year and was, in fact, a widow, with sons and a daughter married. B he meant it heartily. Yorkshire manners allowed it, and so did Betty's undiminished spirits. A grandmother, she might have passed for forty.

"If I were younger," he said in a pleasant hour, "eh? What? Thou'd wed me!"

"Thou thinks!" cried Betty, affecting a fine surprise. "Nay, owd uns for impidence, they allus say!" But she looked as pleased as Punch, he thought.

Ezra smoked his pipe by the chimney-breast and let her do the talking.

They discussed the affairs of the household as full members of it. Or rather, she discussed and Ezra commonly assented.

It was "smoothing night." A couple of irons blocked his cheerful view of the ribs, except when Betty took one up and held it to her cheek a moment. But what then? He liked to watch her working!

Ye've seen 'em yoursel' i' t' gardin

"Ye've seen 'em yoursel' i' t' gardin," she was saying. "He niver taks his een frae off her. Why, it's tied to *be*. They've grown together, in a way o' speakin'; like our Sar' Ann an' Dave Feather workin' i' t' same loom-gate. Eh, but that capped me! It did. 'Mother,' she says, all of a sudden, 'what do yo' think? Dave Feather's agate o' courtin'.' 'Nay, niver!' I says. 'Who's he courtin'?' He'd walked our Sar' Ann out a time or two, but when she said, 'Me, mother,' as bold as brass an' laughin' at me—I niver did! 'Nay, Sar'-Ann!' says I, an' sat in a chair an' roared. They leave home like nowght at all. They do. But I think Louis' ll hae to live i' th' house: for what Stephen Merrall ud do if she left him I cannot tell, can thou? Eh, no!'

"Ea," said Ezra, as she stopped to think, "I've seen 'em i' t' gardin."

Betty began to laugh at him, and clapped her iron down more freely. "Why, yo' owd sleepy thing!' she cried, with a push at his shoulder, "what's t' use o' talkin' to the'?"

"Is ther' summat amiss?" he asked, removing his pipe.

"Amiss! Thou mun wakken up a bit. Did ta hear me tell of our Sar' Ann?"

"Ea, I did!" he said with spirit.

"What did I say about Louis, then?"

"Thou said he'd sleep i' th' house."

"I've na patience!" She took up the iron again.

"But I've seen summat else," said Ezra with a grave face, which she turned to contemplate. "I've seen her wi' George Marlowe."

"'Sha!" cried Betty, falling to work contemptuously. "She'll niver hae *that*. That's a shufflemuck. It's Louis she likes, an' what's to hinder? George Marlowe's brass is nowght i' t' matter, so-what thou thinks. . . .Wheere did ta see 'em, pray? At t' bazaar! Why, thou knows he geet turned out, wi' his tail down—ay. He comes no more to th' house, choose how it be! He'd like her weel enough, I dar' say; dogs like butter but they are-not fed wi 't. Thou thinks Louis Knight's a poor man's lad. So wor Stephen Merrall a poor man's lad. Brass isn't more nor a man, let me tell the'. A lass 'at weds brass *wants* brass, an' that's not our Joyce."

Ezra had resumed his pipe. But, as a chance to explain seemed now to offer, he took it out of his mouth again.

"Thou talks varra weel," he said, judiciously; "an' I wish ther' were nowght no more nor what thou says."

She turned about with incredulous calm, prepared for anything. "Why, is ther' summat?"

"He sees her i' th' afternoons, out walkin'."

"What says ta!"

"I've watched 'em," said Ezra, with a slow defiant scowl, "three or *four* times."

"Nay, Ezra . . . What does ta mak' *on't?*"

It was for once in a while the old man's turn; and she did no work while he commented, but listened with a stare, her arms hanging.

"If I were younger I'd lame him. Ea, an' I'm goin' to Heaven if I can manish 't . . . He's gitten o' t' soft side of her, Betty."

"Now, then.!"

Their simple consternation found no words more anxious. It turned at once to practical ends. What was to be done?

"Thou mun say summat till 'er," said Ezra.

"Or Grace Merrall," Betty thought.

"If I knew how, I'd talk to Louis."

"For seur! He mun warn George Marlowe off."

"Nay," growled Ezra, "there'll be no feightin'. But I'd like him to spark up a bit. He must be waitin' while she's twenty-one."

"Eh! T-t-t-t-t!" went Betty. "I're wed at seventeen."

In the pause that followed, as she snatched an iron up, and rubbed and cooled it, Ezra pointed out the limitations of candour. "I munnot say 'at I knaw he's after her. He'd happen not just like it."

The old boy's pipe was out, and his puzzled look annoyed her.

"Niver sit pimperin'!" she cried. "Thou'll git nowght said at all. Think on o' Merrall blind an' Joyce simple." Her plump face shone, and her eyes flashed. "I'd be at him mesel' for two

pins! Gapin'! He's like thee sittin' afore t' fire, looks an' says nowght. It caps me to see lads feared o' lasses."

"They are not all," said Ezra, referring to Louis's rival.

"Well, it's this," she ran on eloquently, her voice rising: "If a lass doesn't knaw to give a sign, t' lad niver will. I could 'a' hed a dozen; ay, fifty! But Joyce is nobut a barne—sleeps wi' her cheek on her hand, she does, an' dreams o' fairies yet. Merrall's brought her up so. Afore she'll think, she'll fall to one 'at has no mense nor modesty. She's niver seen young chaps, to judge on 'em. She's a cade lamb, is t' lass. Her face tells that. She maks me cry to see her innocent-lookin' een. She does. I can cry now. Whativer her father lets her roam for, I cannot think."

An honourable tear dropped upon the linen, and was ironed out.

"Nay, Betty," said Ezra. "Cheer up, owd lass. I'll see what I can say."

About the usual hour when Louis left for home, he knocked the ashes from his pipe and wandered out, to wait till the front door opened. He let no grass grow. Long pondered in his private mind, the duty had seemed too bold till Betty spurred him. But he had shaped a way of nicely doing it; and now, as Louis came out, his heavy, well-known crunch was heard upon the gravel.

"That you, Ezra?" Louis hailed.

"Ea."

He waited; and they went down the hill together. Considering this informal greeting—its friendliness and charm—they both were strangely silent. Conspirators, or poachers? Louis roused himself.

"You're poor company, Ezra."

"I'm down o' lurcher dogs."

Louis peered about him.

"Nay, it goes o' two legs!"

The old man gave the riddle time, and then said stolidly, "George Marlowe."

To his vexation, Louis made no remark on that. "He knaws what I'd be at," thought Ezra; "I'll let him ax." Sound tactics; for, the longer Louis held his tongue, the more he told Speak he had to.

"Well?" he asked at length, too pleasantly. "What's George been doing?"

"Do yo' *care?*" snapped Ezra, and came to a stand upon it.

Louis felt no surprise. But he could not listen to gossip in such a case.

"No!" he answered roundly. And then, in a quieter tone, he said, "I know your meaning, Ezra; it's gradely kind. You're good enough to like me better than somebody else, and wish me well." In speaking, he had put his hand on the old man's shoulder; but he withdrew it, feeling the friendly sign quite spoiled by his own reserve. "But what he does," continued Louis, "is nothing to me, unless I were better liked by . . . by . . ."

"Now then!"

Ezra agreed at once (an accent on the second word conveyed it), and they walked on. But he had not done, by any means. He put a more important point deliberately.

"Hae yo' *axed* her?"

And Louis lacked the heart to push him off: respecting him. He answered, shame-faced, that he had not.

"Well," said Ezra at length, with gentle irony, "she'll not ax ye. But ivery man his awn way o' courtin'. When I wor young we axed 'em."

"It's no use, Ezra!"

The words escaped at unawares; but his bitter mood was eased by having said them.

"Now, do yo' *knaw* that?" the old man urged. "I've seen George Marlowe walkin' her out; but he looked full down i' t' mouth, Louis."

"Yes," said Louis. "I think I know it."

"Aw! Ye'll niver blame yoursel', then. . . . She's made her choice an' hed but one to pick frae"

Louis's mind misgave him dismally. He waited; but this old mentor was clever enough to say no more.

The night was close. They climbed the other hillside labouring, the younger man no less than his companion; and as they reached his mother's door Louis, with a shaking hand, wiped his brow of a heavy perspiration. There they stood. It was Ezra who waited now, with a certain grimness; and suddenly Louis decided.

"She shall have a plain choice," he said. "Good-night, Ezra. And thank you."

(*To be continued*)

A Fine Bit of Old English Oak

IT is a far cry to Waterloo, but my old friend Sir Edward Blount, who died less than three months ago at Imberhorne, East Grinstead, Sussex, could remember vividly the thrill of excitement which ran through the land when tidings of the great battle which broke for ever the prestige of Bonaparte, were received. He was six years old at the time, and could recall the scene when a post-boy, decorated with ribbons galloped up to his father's house near Lichfield, bringing the news of Wellington's glorious victory. He witnessed the ovation which the wounded Lord Anglesey received—one of the heroes of the Peninsula Campaign—when after the Peace that gallant soldier passed through the cathedral city on the way to his ancestral home at Beaudesert. The people drew the brave soldier's carriage through the streets, and the little lad who was himself to play so great a part in the world, though in other and less warlike directions, never forgot the enthusiasm of the crowd. Sir Edward himself came of a fighting stock. He was descended from Raoul le Blound, Count of Guisnes, in Picardy, who, when William of Normandy invaded our shores, sent three of his sons with the Conqueror. One, in due time, returned to France; the other two gave so good an account of themselves that the elder was made a baron, whilst the younger Sir William le Blound was given high military command in the service of the victorious Norman. Several knighthoods were bestowed on members of the family in the long interval between the Conquest and the Stuarts, but the first baronetcy dates from 1642. Sir Walter Blount—for so the name was now spelt—suffered pains and penalties for his allegiance to Charles I. and one of his sons fought at the Battle of Worcester in the Royal cause. But the family had other claims to distinction. There are several allusions to them in Shakespeare's plays. Sir Walter is described by the King in the great dramatist's "Henry IV." as a "dear, true industrious friend;" he fell at the battle of Shrewsbury in 1403. Another of the Blounts of a much later generation was, as every well-read man is aware, an intimate friend of Alexander Pope. Here let me say that the Blounts from the days of the Normans to the present time have always been Catholics, and Sir Edward was loyal to the last to the faith of his fathers.

There is no need to recount the strange, eventful story of Sir Edward Blount's own life. He told it himself in extreme old age with my help in a volume of Memoirs which Messrs. Longman's published exactly three years ago. I took down the story from his own lips, and in the telling of it he had to trust entirely to his tenacious memory, for like a wise man, he had burnt all his letters, and his hand in the physical sense, had lost its cunning. His father sat in the unreformed House of Commons for the now long vanished borough of Steyning, Sussex, and Sir Edward was educated at St. Mary's College, Oscott, a Catholic seminary, which was an offshoot of the English College at Douai. Oscott was founded in 1794, when the English students at Douai were forced to leave because of the French Revolution. Sir Edward used to say that in his days Oscott was a sort of Do-the Boys Hall, and he had lively and realistic tales to tell of boisterous horse-play and austere discipline. Through his father's influence he became in due course—a clerk when Canning was Prime Minister—in the Government offices in Downing Street, and he told me with a touch of pride that one of his first tasks was to copy the dispatches of the Battle of Navarino. He remembered perfectly the struggle for Catholic Emancipation and the speeches of O'Connell and Sheil. In 1829, he was appointed an attaché of the British Embassy in Paris under Lord Granville, and a year later was transferred to the Consulate at Rome where he made the acquaintance of a slim, taciturn but amiable young fellow, who afterwards startled the world as Napoleon III. Then he returned to Paris and the Embassy, and on the advice of Lord Granville, who thought that diplomacy was a profession

Sir Edward Blount

in which a man was only likely to succeed who had an ample fortune, he became a Banker. There was no English Banker in the French capital in those days. He saw his chance and took it, and his old connection with the Embassy brought him powerful support. His financial operations in this direction culminated in the Société Générale of which he was President for some twenty years, a post which he only resigned in 1901. It is enough to say in this connection that Sir Edward was a Director of other banking corporations, and for more than half a century he was an authority in the world of finance, on both sides of the Channel.

Quite as important, and far more interesting to the general reader, was his work as a pioneer of railways on the Continent. Always a shrewd, quick-witted man, he saw at the very beginning of the movement that it was destined to revolutionise the carrying trade of the world. He used to tell me that his interest in the subject went back to the reign of William IV. and the days of George Stephenson, whom he personally knew. He saw that the railway had come to stay and he grew impatient with the French Government because they failed to recognise the fact. They started a little toy railway with which they played. It only ran between Paris and Versailles, and the French, who clung tenaciously to the lumbering old diligence, shrugged their shoulders and looked upon it as a pretty mechanical curiosity. Not so the young English banker. He saw at a glance that a new order was beginning and pluckily resolved to have a share in its development. So he doffed his broadcloth, put his banking affairs in the hands of a trusted subordinate, hurried off to Birmingham, went into fustian, applied for the post of fireman, rose, in three months to that of driver, and in six had mastered the

motive from start to finish. Then he came back to Paris and told the Government of M. Thiers his mind. He wanted them to construct a line between Paris and Rouen. He was asked if he could find £600,000 in a fortnight from English capitalists and was promised a concession if he succeeded. He accomplished his task within the stipulated time and was then told that he must raise the like sum from French capitalists as the Government had reconsidered the matter and could not consent to authorise a railway on French soil financed exclusively from the other side of the Channel. He saw the force of the objection and promptly raised the money, and the Board of Directors as first constituted consisted of an equal number of English and French capitalists. "You need not ask me where I put myself," he exclaimed in telling me the story. I replied "At the top." "Yes," was his quick response, "and I have been there ever since." Such was the beginning of the Great Western Railway of France—an enterprise which by no means exhausted Sir Edward's activities in that direction. He ultimately became as great a figure in the railway world as he was in the world of finance. He had many stories to tell of his own experiences in those rough early days, when prejudice against the new means of locomotion died hard. But perhaps the most dramatic incident in his career in this respect was during the Revolution of 1848, when he brought the troops from Amiens to Paris which enabled General Cavaignac to quell the insurgents—an exploit which was as remarkable as anything in his career.

But Sir Edward's supreme claim to honour was his conduct when Paris was a beleaguered city. The Franco-German war of 1870 ran its course swiftly. War was declared on the 19th July and on the 2nd of September came the crowning disaster at Sedan when Napoleon III. with an army of 86,000 men capitulated to the German invaders of France. Then followed with dramatic promptitude the march on Paris, and presently the conquering host was at its gates; and that historic siege began, the very notion of which six months earlier, every sane man in Europe would have laughed to scorn. The British Ambassador, Lord Lyons, and everybody else who could possibly get away left Paris before the iron ring of Prussian bayonets closed around the beautiful city. Sir Edward might have gone with the rest, but he knew that there were a number of helpless English and American citizens, who could not possibly leave, and he determined to remain in order to render what help he could. He accordingly sent his wife and children away and had scarcely done so before Paris was besieged in grim earnest. Presently the capital was completely cut off from the rest of the world, and it quickly became apparent that a period of great privation was at hand. The distress rapidly grew acute. Starvation stared everybody in the face. Everything was at a standstill except distress and anarchy. Sir Edward has published the letters which he sent by pigeon and balloon post to his wife from the beleaguered city; they are as graphic as Defoe's account of the Plague, and hold the mirror up day by day to the misery, the restlessness, and also the quiet heroism and valour of the people of Paris during that terrible crisis. He was by far the most conspicuous Englishman in the city, a fact which was recognised by the British Government who appointed him by balloon post Her Majesty's representative during the Siege. How well he acquitted himself both then and in the subsequent distribution of relief are matters of history on which, though it is tempting, it is impossible here to dwell. He was created K.C.B. for his services, and no man more richly deserved the honour of knighthood.

His subsequent career scarcely needs more than passing comment. The last thirty years of his life were filled with great enterprises in banking and railway development, and they were followed by a quiet period of retirement in his beautiful Sussex home at Imberhorne, East Grinstead. He was a *persona grata* with Queen Victoria, and whenever Her Majesty visited Paris on her way to the Riviera, Sir Edward was summoned to her presence. The Queen used to say that she would

never feel old as long as he lived. He was ten years Her Majesty's senior, and yet he outlived her by more than four years. It seems strange that a man who died only three months ago should have known Talleyrand, and was a clerk in Downing Street when the battle of Navarino was fought. He was present in Westminster Abbey, he told me, at the Coronation of William IV. and at that of Queen Victoria, and then he added, "I was also there when George IV. was crowned." I expressed my surprise at the latter statement and reminded him that he was only a boy of eleven at the time. "Well," he said, "what of that? I went as a page to the Duke of Norfolk." He had met at one time or another nearly half the celebrities of Europe, and he could recall the brilliant political and literary society of Holland House, when Sydney Smith, Sir James Mackintosh, Henry Brougham, Thomas Babbington Macaulay, and a crowd of scarcely less distinguished men haunted its salons. He knew also in the intimate sense the Court of Louis Philippe. When the King was in exile, Sir Edward was his guest at Claremont. Louis Philippe never concealed his gratitude for English hospitality. "If it were not for the generosity of the Queen of England," he told his visitor, "I should not have either this house to cover my head, or the plate, or anything on the table."

Sir Edward gave me in familiar talk over his own fireside, his vivid and always pithy impressions of Jules Favre, Daniel O'Connell, Lord Macaulay, Jules Simon, Cavaignac, Thiers, Bismarck, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Père Enfantin, Cardinal Wiseman, and a score of other famous men. His memory was tenacious, especially when conversation touched the earlier years of his life, and his wit—it was keen and dry—was resistless. He was upwards of ninety at the time when he insisted that I should write down his reminiscences, and when the task was finished, he said with a flash of his old fire, "I have begun authorship rather late but I mean to write another book before I die." But it was of course impossible. The subject—there is no reason why I should withhold it—was to have been "Free Trade" and the commercial relations which it had brought about between England and France. I think I am right in saying that the English statesman whom Sir Edward most admired was Lord Palmerston, but for Cobden and Gladstone his regard was high. Once when I was almost in despair about the completion of his Memoirs, for to tell the truth, his talk, though always lively, was often discursive, he exclaimed good-humouredly: "Don't dance before the fiddles." I had never heard the phrase before, but I gathered it was common enough in his youth. It certainly deserves to be rescued from oblivion. Impulsive, quick-tempered, slightly over-bearing, Sir Edward Blount was essentially a fair-minded, quick-witted, unconventional man. He always had the courage of his opinions, was endowed with a keen sense of humour, possessed a superb capacity for work, and what was even more important a keen sense of honour. He was in short a "fine bit of old English oak," as one who knew him well once described him, and through the length and breadth of his strenuous public-spirited career he did his best, and with conspicuous success, to promote cordial relations and mutual forbearance between the country of his adoption and the land of his birth.

STUART J. REID

Parables of Jesus

VII—The Parable of the Barren Fig-tree (*S. Luke xiii.* 6-9).

THIS is a parable easy to understand —taken from Nature, that great open Book of Parables which "he who runs may read." In the corner of the vineyard, protected by its walls, and nourished by its specially prepared soil, a fig-tree has been planted. For two years the lord of the vineyard has come eagerly expecting to see the promised fruit. For two years he has suffered disappointment. On the third year his patience is at an end. The tree is a failure. It is exhausting the soil and hindering the other plants; and his sentence goes forth: "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

But the vinedresser, identifying himself with the tree in that friendly sympathy for his plants which is one of the marks of that ever attractive class of men, the gardener—the vinedresser pleads for it; that for one year more he may be allowed to dig around its roots and fill the spaces with manure, and give it thus another trial. And the parable ends leaving the fig-tree with a great hope over it, "if it bear fruit, well"; but also a great risk; "if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down."

Primarily, doubtless, the parable applies to the Divine disappointment caused by the religious barrenness of the Hebrews, in spite of God's choice of them and of all the care which He had lavished upon them. To them were given "the adoption and the glory of the covenants and the giving of the law, and the service of God and the promises." Yet there was no fruit with which God could be pleased in the dry and lifeless religion of scribe and pharisee. But this parable has also its lesson for all times.

Our life also has been planted in a vineyard chosen and guarded by God's fatherly care, in a soil of special richness. We have been born in a Christian country, inheriting the traditions of centuries of Christian life, protected by centuries of Christian custom. By baptism, we were planted in that Body in which all the life-giving energies of the Divine Spirit are ever ready for our growth and nurture. There we were made "members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven." Every gift that was needed for our Godward growth was bestowed upon us, yet when we look at our lives as they really are, can we say that they show signs of growth corresponding to all these possibilities with which we were endowed? Let memory take its stand at any point in our past life, and review the years which have since passed. Are we nearer to God in thought and plan and purpose? Is it more natural to us to spend a large part of our life in communion with God? And yet, why should it not have been so? Why should there not be a constant vitality of the spirit corresponding to all this rich endowment which is bestowed upon us? What examples there are stored for us in the memory of the Church! What inspiration lies in the words of the Faith which we continually use! And yet, how listless, inert, and dull our Christian life at the best seems to be. I often think of the words of an earnest agnostic. He said: "If I could believe one-tenth part of what you Christians profess, I think there is nothing I could not venture and suffer, and yet, when I go to your churches, how dull and tame and heavy you Christians seem!"

When we think of the great acts of worship and communion in which we engage, do we not feel that we are like listless actors repeating their lines and performing their prescribed motions? That is the original force of the word "hypocrite." Surely there is scarcely any prayer which we Christains ought to have more constantly in our hearts than this: "From all hypocrisy, good Lord deliver us." And if we, at our best moments, feel, as we must feel, this heart sickness at ourselves—how can we measure the disappointment of the God Who made us? Was it for these poor, puny, trifling

lives, with their little concerns of money and pleasure, their ignoble aims and petty sins, that God Almighty gave us our birth in nature and our new birth in Christ?

But notice again, the barren fig-tree cumbers the ground. This lifeless, unprogressive, conventional Christianity into which we are all so apt to slip, it also cumbers the ground. To give the force of the word in the parable, it does mischief to the ground; it is a waste of grace, a restraint upon the Spirit of God. It checks enthusiasm, it tempts men to doubt whether there is any reality in our religion. Can we exaggerate the effect of the inconsistencies of Christians upon the minds of honest men, who are standing critical and suspicious without? Certainly we can never measure the damage which Christianity suffers in the eyes of the heathen when they take the average Englishman abroad as the type of his religion. But let us remember that just in proportion as we allow our Christian life to become dim, our will feeble, and our spirit listless, so we are contributing to this mass, this dead-weight of staleness which lies so heavy upon the Christian Church, and buries the tokens of the living Christ through whose Presence it was meant to arise and shine. Truly shall we exaggerate if we say that if God were merely just when He came and visited our life, He would say, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

Why is it that God is so patient? It is because the Vine-dresser is pleading for the barren fig-tree. The Son of Man, to Whom this poor, unworthy humanity has been committed, has identified Himself with the plants of the vineyard. He has covered them, as it were, with His own perfect obedience and correspondence to the Will of God. He has obtained the right to plead that they should be spared yet awhile, and any honest confession of our barrenness brings us within the protection of that prevailing plea.

But we cannot, we dare not, presume upon that protection; we cannot ask the Vine-dresser to plead for us that we may yet be spared, unless we remember the very conditions of His plea—that He may be allowed to take the tree in hand and work His Will upon it. Then, and only then, perhaps, if it bears fruit, well—but if not, it must be cut down. Our penitence must become surrender to His will that He may discipline and re-create us. It is only through growing and bearing fruit that we can attain the "assurance of salvation." He whom we plead as an Atonement for us must be accepted as the Master-spirit within us. Only through daily submission to His influence can we still bear fruit and stand the scrutiny of God.

Our Lord Himself has put the truth in the plainest words: "He that abideth in Me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for apart from Me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered, and men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burnt."

What then, is this "abiding in Christ?" It is the daily merging of our life in all its purposes, desires, and plans in His. So described, it seems very far from any attainment of ours. But let me point to at least four simple means by which a man can in some degree make sure of "abiding in Christ."

The first is faith—the deliberate converging of all the capacities of our life upon one supreme fact—Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life. As faith looks at life, it sees one great purpose standing over it—Christ's Will; one great Presence consecrating it—Christ's Spirit.

Secondly, Prayer. Prayer is the inward activity of faith. It means the uplifting of our souls in desire, affection, and will to God as the supreme end of our life. If our prayers are to be the means whereby we secure our abiding in Christ, their main object must be not to get what we want, but to give what God wants—a life surrendered to Himself. Such prayer is the best test as to whether our life is or is not abiding in Christ. If you wish for a simple principle by which you can know whether any pursuit, or ambition, or course of conduct, or friendship is really true to the spirit of Christ, think only whether you can ask Him to accept and bless it in your prayer. William Law has put this test in his usual trenchant way. "Let us

suppose," he says, "that a rich man was to put up such a prayer as this to God: "O Lord, I Thy sinful creature, who am born again to a lively hope of glory in Jesus Christ, beg of Thee to grant me thousand times more riches than I need; grant that as the little span of life wears out, I may still abound more and more in wealth, and that I may use and perceive all the best and surest chances of growing richer than any of my neighbours. This I humbly and fervently beg in the Name of Jesus Christ, Amen." An impossible prayer, but, alas! a life too possible and too frequent. We may depend upon it that "the same things that make an unchristian prayer, make an unchristian life." On the other hand, any desire or action of our life which will really stand the test of honest prayer, we may humbly take as "abiding in Christ."

Thirdly, self-discipline. It is plain that if we are to keep our life in union with Christ, self-discipline is all-essential. The road in which Christ's companionship is assured is the road of the daily cross. The Cross must come to us, not only in power to forgive our sins, but in power to inspire and to rule our lives. And remember that every act of self-discipline, of which no one in this world may know, is known and seen and registered by Christ Himself, and is a link in the chain that binds us to His own life-giving and sustaining presence.

Faith, Prayer, Self-discipline—and lastly Sacrament. If in the first three our will rises to God, then in the fourth God Himself comes down to us, and His Spirit passes within us. I think, of course, especially of the deepest and most wonderful Sacrament of unity with the Living Christ, the Holy Communion.

Surely if any man believes that he runs the risk of being a failure in God's creation, unless somehow or other he lays hold of and brings into his own life the strong life of the Son of Man—if he knows that this is the appointed means by which the life of the Son of Man is communicated to him, then his Communions cannot be even a mere privilege, they become something more, a necessity. To such a man the acts of his Communion must be not isolated acts of Christian profession but the supreme acts of his life, the moments in which all his capacities of thought, of imagination, of desire, of will, are raised to their utmost point of intensity, because there he knows that they meet and mingle with the perfect life of Jesus Christ.

Finally, if by faith, prayer, self-discipline and Sacrament we are "abiding in Christ," then we shall bear fruit with the simplicity and inevitableness of a healthy tree. We may not always clearly discern it in ourselves. Sometimes it is better that we should not; but it will be seen inwardly in the growth of deeper love, strengthened tranquillity, more steadfast joyfulness. It will be seen outwardly in the attractiveness of our example, in the range of our influence, in the perseverance and hopefulness of the service of our fellow-men. This is the bearing of fruit wherein, as our Lord tells us, the Father is glorified. On such a life the Creator, looking down, can see that it is good, and can rejoice in what He has made. Is it not a wonderful thought, almost more wonderful than we can dare to conceive, that my life might become a joy to God Who gave it? To give joy to God—this is the most uplifting and inspiring ambition of life.

C. G. Stepney.

KENILWORTH.
DARTMOUTH.
Some
ENGLISH
and
WELSH
Castles.
WARWICK.
CHEPSTOW.

The "Illustrated Houses" of St. Légier*

WITHIN an hour's walk of Vevey, up through the beautiful park of the château of Hauteville, two thousand feet above the sea, stands the Painted village of St. Légier and its neighbour—perhaps its rival—La Chiésaz. Above it towers the mediæval castle of Blonay, still in the possession of the ancient family from which it takes its name. Below, eight-hundred feet, glisten the blue waters of the Lake of Geneva. Lovely, whether you visit it when the snow is squeaking under your feet, or the dust is powdering, drying and whitening your shoes, it is most lovely when spring is in Switzerland, and the narcissus blooms upon the slopes.

But it is not of its natural beauties I propose to write, of the Dent du Midi, the Dent de Jaman, and the thousand and one glories that surround it, the contemplation of which makes the "heart feel too big for its bosom." These things have been described a hundred times by pens and pencils which I could not hope to emulate. What inspires this paper is the something bizarre, anomalous, eccentric, which has given it a celebrity above its fellows, and has made it a place of pilgrimage for seekers after new sensations.

And what, I wonder, will be the reader's first emotion when he hears of a humorous artist in black-and-white in such surroundings, who has not been content to express himself on quarto or even folio pages, but has chosen to throw his jokes colossally on to the doors of stables, the shutters of windows, nay, the whole sides of houses, and made the very stones laugh at you as you pass down the winding streets? Whatever we may think of the art, we have in the method the expression at any rate of an original personality, who has dared to be different.

And first of Monsieur Béguin himself, to whom St. Légier owes its unique distinction—a man still living, neither old nor young, modest, with a name for goodness among his neighbours, stricken with sorrows, such as come to all who live long enough, but withal brave and resolute, and thankful for such good as has been his. Since his first curious experiment was made, Monsieur Béguin has travelled far in the exercise of his profession, the internal decoration of houses in America, France, and Italy. He has seen much, has read widely, and remembered what he has seen and read. Blind now of one eye—his left, which, to use his own expression "became dark" three years ago—he has had to give up his work, and yet he looks at life without cynicism or undue regret, for has he not once had youth and power, and should one not be thankful for the gifts? The day has come when these things have been taken away, but he is his own master and plays the man under his affliction. His portrait, which I have in my possession, presents to us just such another as Scott's grandfather:—

* Copyright: G. S. Layard, 1905.

"Whose eye in age, quick, clear and keen,
Showed what in youth its glance had been."

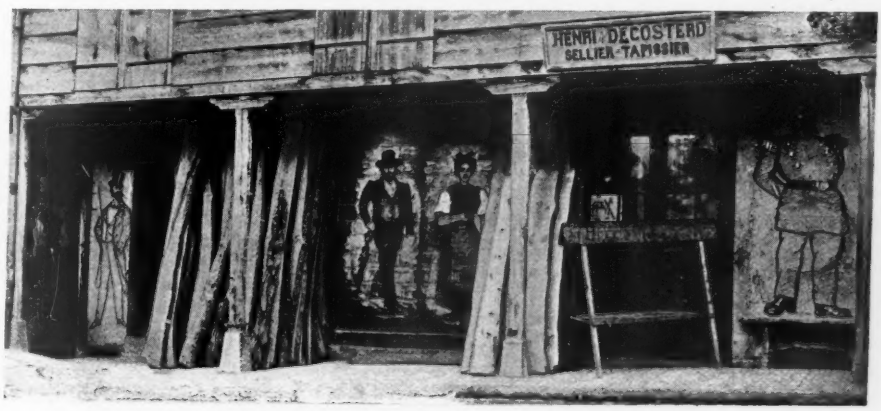
Born several years before the middle of the last century, Monsieur Béguin was educated at Vevey, where he learned, in the ordinary curriculum, the rudiments of drawing. This was the perfunctory side of the matter common to all his classmates, but he differed from the rest in loving drawing for drawing's sake and set to work on original lines. Working at first tentatively on paper, he soon began to look about him for a larger canvass—an extended scope. There were the clouds: they were too evanescent. There were the sides of the mountains; they were too vast. There were the white-washed walls of the houses; they were the very thing. At first permission was lacking. Then it was grudgingly given, and the year 1864 saw the beginning of those mural decorations which have made the villages of St. Légier and La Chiésaz famous—perhaps the less charitable would say notorious—and have certainly added to the gaiety of their multifarious visitants.

In one of the undecorated houses, Monsieur Béguin, some ten years a widower, now lives quietly with his sister-in-law. "After the great trouble," he says, "you are very happy to be quiet." But he does not force his troubles upon you, and chuckles a good deal at finding himself something of a celebrity. Not that he is under any illusion as to the artistic value of his work. He would, I am sure, be the first to deprecate any serious claim being made on his behalf. He is not one who

"Dreams of eternal honours to his name:
Of endless glories and perennial bays."

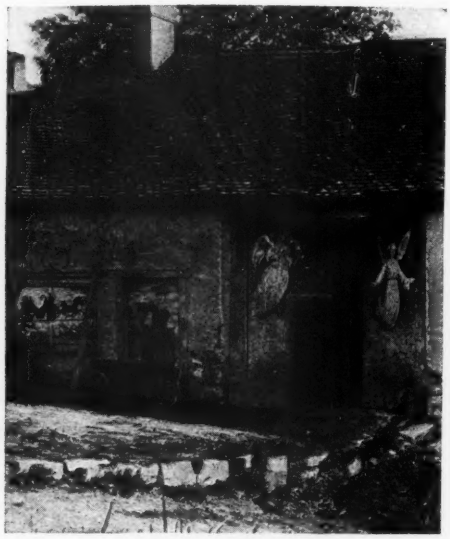
He has shown originality in his method. and has been approved by his neighbours, He has perpetrated perhaps the biggest joke on record; he has added something to the laughter of the world. That is surely enough for any man. So much, at least, I gather from an interview with which Monsieur Béguin has kindly obliged me, and, as he rises and with true Swiss courtesy asks "permission to depart," one feels grateful for the privilege of becoming acquainted with a modest, kindly and humorous gentleman of Nature's own moulding.

So much for the man himself. We will now consider shortly the achievement which has made the name of Béguin a household word in the neighbourhood of Montreux: shortly, I say, for in the main the reproductions may be left to speak for themselves. And what is it that we see as descending from Blonay we walk down the winding streets of La Chiésaz and St. Légier? Well, we see nothing less than laughable fancies such as would have emanated from the pencil of Robert Seymour, say, or Robert Cruikshank, had either of them lived till now, writ large on the fronts, sides, doors and shutters of the quaint old buildings. And, unless



Henri Decosterd's House

you are a very superior person, the violence done at every turn to probability, congruity, and perspective will not only surprise—it will pleasurably excite and amuse you. Of course if you are one of those topsawyers who can never laugh in the sublime presence of Nature (with a very big N, please Mr. Compositor), St. Légier is no place for you, or, should you go, it would be well to bespeak an ambulance. If, on the other hand, your self-estimate does not register above 98·4° of the asthetic thermometer, and you have no symptom of swelled head you may safely make the experiment. All the world is running, with silent uproar, to catch the Vevey-Chamby tram, whilst over the door and window of his façade (for the farriery has been of late years specially singled out for decoration) an appropriate frieze gives good advertisement to that gentleman's useful and necessary occupation. This is one of the artist's latest achievements and bears the date 1897. The earliest production now existing, so far as Monsieur Béguin's recollection serves, are the galloping horseman waving his hat and the two men fighting on the wall of the sawyer's house. These were executed in 1864. The angels on the folding doors of the same house here reproduced, the pair-horse carriage on the left, and the lady with the rake on the smaller door, together with the indistinct frieze of fighting men above were also early work. They, however, no longer exist, that portion of the building having been destroyed by fire. This is also the case with the Bacchanalian scene on another wall, bearing the date 1866 on the wine cask, a fact much to be regretted since there is a freedom of line about it and a vigour of treatment which is lacking in most of the later productions. Amongst those which still remain (and there are, I suppose, some fifty or sixty scattered through the two villages) special attention may be drawn to the spirited horses under the hipped roof; the runaway horse and the over-crowded cart drawn by a mare accompanied by her foal on either side of an old doorway; "la belle vigneronne" under the balcony, whose skirts, by the way, as the artist was careful to point out to me, have been lengthened since this photograph was taken, and various portraits of dead and gone Légierians (speaking likenesses, I am assured) which gaze at us from the doors and shutters of doorways and windows from which in life they would stand and gaze. Voiceless now, they perhaps appeal more to their fellows than they did when their lungs were vital and their tongues in working order.



The Sawyer's House

The other examples here given have been taken at random, or as the light has served, and are fairly representative of the whole.

One word as to Monsieur Béguin's method. The subjects were first worked out on paper, then presumably submitted to the proprietors of the coveted spaces and then laid on in the majority of cases with charcoal mixed with oil. In the main the existing white-washed surfaces have sufficed for background. In a few cases a rough wash of paint has been thrown on to the otherwise too mottled or maculated wooden doors and shutters which have

called for treatment. In exceptional instances colour has been used in the designs themselves. As a rule, Monsieur Béguin has, either by luck or judgment, recognised the peculiarity of fresco, which requires a rigid rejection of more than one plane of distance. Otherwise the flatness of the wall and the construction of the building would be contradicted, and the decoration would prove unforgiveably painful. This, unfortunately, has not always been the case, and in these instances failure has inevitably resulted.

Such then are the "Maisons Illustrées" and the "Peintures Murales" of these quaint Vaudois villages—naïve, bizarre, vulgar, if you will, but withal a matter of some interest to the seeker after the quaint and curious. We are not here concerned with High Art, L'Art Nouveau, or indeed art at all with a big *A*, but just with the wayward vagary of a not uninteresting personality; the spontaneous utterance of a guffawgrapher who, to use his own words "in the joy and content of youth" would not be denied. *Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus.*

I have in my possession a drawing "Un Jeu de Quilles" which shows the Castle of Blonay in the background. It goes far to prove that had the artist developed his powers in that direction, Switzerland might have produced a comic draughtsman not far removed from our own great *chic* artist, John Leech.

G. S. LAYARD.

Horse-copers

Memories of Eastern Servants

AS the years pass I am more and more conscious of owing much to my servant-friends. They and their influence have enriched my life with humour, interest, romance, pathos, and love.

The place of honour must be given to "Nurse Rob," our English head nurse, who from our earliest days laboured to train us in the right way. She was the autocrat, not only of the nursery, but of the mixed household of foreign servants, Turkish, Greek, Armenian, and Montenegrin, over whom she reigned as housekeeper, ruling them all with a rod of iron. She never mastered their languages, but gave her orders in a composite jargon of her own, each sentence formed of three or four words of different languages with a liberal sprinkling of vigorous English. She mixed all not only with great impartiality, but also with utter disregard of the nationality of the person addressed. To hear Nurse give the native servants "a bit of her mind" was a liberal education, and, though *she* denounced the stupidity of "them furriners, not a bit of gumption between the lot, can't even understand when I talk to them in good plain English," everyone else marvelled at the ingenuity which could unravel, without five dictionaries, a polyglot sentence such as this: "Tora, I don't want none of your bosh lakaidi, compreny, now then—git,' which was her usual formula for putting an end to native arguments, complaints, and excuses. Dear old Nurse! She was the incarnation of British integrity and principle, and among all the picturesque native servants, with their glib tongues, ready excuses, and questionable morals, she stood out a true sterling character. With the unerring instinct of children, it was invariably to Nurse Rob we went when in nursery difficulties an impartial, honest judgment was required; we knew we should have absolute justice from her, though possibly hard. Stern and strict in the nursery, she spoilt us as soon as we passed into the schoolroom. We loved and respected her then, and, as we grew older, thoroughly enjoyed her quaint sayings.

One of "Nurse's sayings" has become a household word among the many who knew and loved her. One Christmas Day she could not go to church, and when asked by the old clergyman the reason, she said "Oh! Sir, we can't *all* of us be Marys in this world, some of us has got to be Marthas, perhaps I'll be a Mary in the next, but bless you, I'm a Martha here, with these furrin servants to look after." Dear, faithful old soul, she is no doubt a "Mary" now.

Nurse Rob's subordinate in the nursery was a Greek, who came from one of the islands in the Greek Archipelago. Dada Irene was her name, and well it suited her, for peace was written in clear characters on the sweet, Madonna-like face. She wore a quaint head-dress of a coloured handkerchief (*fakioli*) twisted in her black tresses, and a kerchief of soft, white muslin, crossed upon her breast, the distinctive mark of a Greek nurse.

Many and marvellous were the tales Dada used to tell us. "Trash, I'll be bound," said Nurse Rob, who always resented the fact that we preferred the long Greek "*paramythia*" to her own English fairy stories. The truth was, Dada's tales were founded on the Greek legends, and though "Jack, the Giant Killer" and "Little Red Riding Hood" served their turn, they were mythical people to us, compared to Jason and his companions, who were our familiar friends. For did we not live on the scene of Jason's adventures? Used we not to pick blackberries in the valley where Medea had spread her herbs, and as for his ship, the *Argo*, could we not see the facsimile of that famous galley every morning of our lives passing down the Bosphorus, to the bazaar or market in Stamboul, returning at sunset, laden with necessaries for the villagers. These bazaar *caiques* are the market boats of the Bosphorus, immense barges, with huge curling, carved prows, rowed by many

men, two, at least, to each oar. To the rhythm of their oars the boatmen chanted an Eastern song, the quaint music of which regulated their movements, as they all rose from their seats, stood upon the foot rests, and fell back again to the sitting position as they drew their oars through the water. It was easy to imagine Jason being rowed up the blue Bosphorus to the Black Sea, where the fishermen told us were the Symplegades, rocks which, as all men knew, guarded the entrance of the Bosphorus. They used to float about after the manner of icebergs, ready to catch and crush between them all unwary vessels, but since Jason, helped by King Phinias, successfully navigated the narrow passage between the floating rocks, they were doomed to be immovable, and are there to this day. What greater proof could be required of the truth of Dada's tales!

Elia

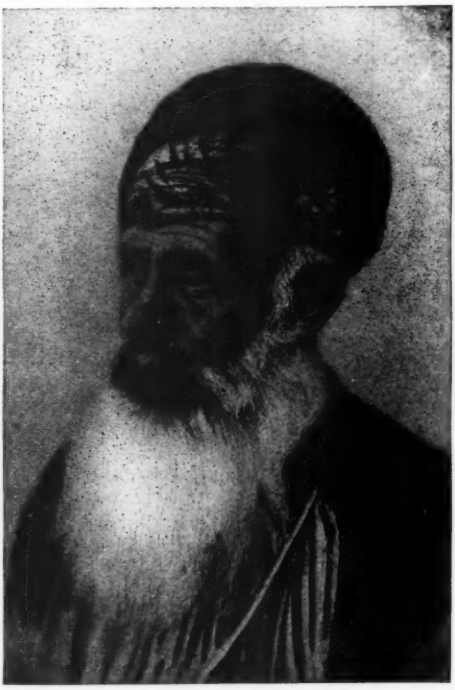
Besides the usual nursery ailments, there were two of which Dada alone could detect the existence, and knew the cure, Ailments and cures alike always provoked the wrath of practical Nurse Rob, who was innocent of the sin of superstition, and to whom Dada's existence was an ever-present thorn.

If a child looked what Nurse called a "bit peaky," Dada would announce that it either "had the Sun" or possibly had received the "Evil Eye." To discover whether it was the latter, she would take a glass of water, over which she repeated a secret incantation, then in the name of the Holy Trinity, she dipped her finger into the sacred oil of the little lamp, which always burned before an *eikon* above her bed. Holding the water over the head of the patient, Dada let the drop of Holy Oil fall into the glass. If it spread all over the surface of the water, some other explanation of the trouble must be found, for it was not the "Evil Eye," but if, on the contrary, the oil remained as a distinct globule in the water, the "Evil Eye" had certainly been cast upon the child. It then remained to discover who had done this, and the spell would be broken. The type of "Evil Eye" in Greece and Turkey is different from that in Italy. In the East, the person who gives it may be wholly innocent of any wish to harm, in fact, may simply have remarked how well or pretty So-and-So is, and the deed is done, only to be cured by the victim discovering the author of the trouble.

To do this a number of cloves were placed in a row before the *eikon*, and then when another mysterious incantation was whispered, were named after the various persons to whom the child had spoken during the day. Then solemnly each clove was held, on the point of a pin, in the flame of the sacred lamp. At this juncture we all watched with breathless interest, whilst friends and relations were burnt in turn, for, if the clove was silently consumed in the flame, its namesake was blameless, but if it exploded with a pop, the identity of the "Giver of the Evil Eye" was disclosed, and, according to Dada, the cure was already effected. Had we not received the "Evil Eye" it was always possible it was "the Sun" which had affected us. This was to be discovered by Dada saying an incantation while she waved a linen cloth round our heads three times, measuring the cloth carefully both before and after. If the measurement remained exactly the same we were not suffering from the "Sun," but if it shrank (as Dada used sometimes to declare it had) during the waving process, then, according to the amount of shrinkage,

was the depth to which the Sun had penetrated, through the crowns of our heads, into our bodies, thereby disturbing the organs with which it came in contact. Nevertheless, I am bound to confess, Dada's diagnosis rarely saved us from hearing Nurse Rob scornfully remark, "She can say what she likes, but you are *my* children, and you will just take a powder," her unvarying panacea for all evils.

Another Greek friend of my childhood was the old gardener, who told me many quaint legends and traditions. Pericles explained that the Greeks called the butterflies "flying flowers" (*petaloudia*) because they were the spirits of the dead flowers, and "could not I see for myself how they came back to visit their families?" the white butterflies hovering about the white flowers, and the blue darting here and there, but settling principally on flowers of their own colour. Pericles also taught me the scent of the flowers was the "breath of God," and showed me the mark of the "Passion of the Christ" in the blossoms of the passion flower, and the big black cross marked so plainly in the heart of each gaudy poppy. He also pointed out in the hedges the wild Christthorn of which the Crown of Thorns was plaited, and told me how the little yellow flowers we knew so well first blossomed at the touch of the Saviour's head, to soften, as much as was in their power the pain cruel men's hands were inflicting through its sharp thorns, and how they changed the Crown of Thorns into a Crown of Golden Glory. That is why they are always in bloom at Easter, covering the thorn bush with beauty. At Easter time, also, the hills of the Bosphorus are tinted with the colour of the blossom of the Judas Tree, of which Pericles told me the story. He said the tree was one of the same kind as that on which Judas had hanged himself. It never flowered, and it had not then even come into leaf, but now in very shame it burst out into bloom, not in the usual way, but in bunches of blood-coloured blossoms, hanging from the bare trunk, covering the stems of the naked branches, as we see it now. "Judas' blood" is offered yearly at Easter by these trees, in expiation of his great offence. No sooner has the tree covered itself with the blood-blossoms than God, in token of his forgiveness, sends a mantle of green leaves to cover it and make it like other trees until another year has gone by, when men must again be reminded of what once happened.



Achmet

In the Montenegrin groom we had a real hero, with an unlimited supply of thrilling and blood-curdling tales. Elia was tall, dark, handsome and very fierce-looking, most picturesque and striking in his Montenegrin costume. He wore a blue cloth jacket much embroidered, and a crimson girdle, in which, when on duty, he carried a murderous-looking assortment of daggers, pistols and knives. Elia always accompanied us on our walks

or rides over the hills, to protect us from possible brigands, and no one was better fitted for this task, for Elia had himself at one time belonged to a band of brigands, and had lived in a cave, and was equal to all emergencies. What more could heart of boy or girl desire, when begging for a "true story," than some of Elia's experiences. Wild tales they were, exaggerated probably, but with a great substratum of truth, told in broken Greek, with all the fire, and pent-up revenge, flashing eyes, and expressive gesture of the Montenegrin, who still fretted against the Turkish yoke.

First, third, fifth and sixth positions of Prayer

In his own country Elia was "Captain of a Hundred," and the day came when he was recalled to lead his men against the Turkish oppressor. The night before he left, a gathering of Albanians and Montenegrins was held; they danced wild native dances to the music of their own weird battle songs. What a scene it was in the moonlight! and how our hearts failed us when we heard the farewell lament, a sort of mournful chant, and realized, for the first time in our lives, that war and bloodshed were realities, and that Elia was going away. Only the sight of his many weapons comforted us. Oh! surely they would protect him. But some months later we heard our hero had died a hero's death at the head of his hundred. With the standard wrapped about him, he had fallen riddled with Turkish bullets.

The Turkish boatman was another familiar friend. With a long white beard and the face of a Patriarch, crowned by his green turban, which proclaimed to all who met him that he had accomplished a pilgrimage, had been to his Mecca. Achmet was a Turk of the old school, grave, inscrutable, courteous, dignified in every movement. We looked upon him with awe, he was a "real pilgrim," he still said prayers five times a day, when the Muezzin called the hours of prayer from the minarets, and we often used to see him, after washing hands and feet, spreading his handkerchief on the grass to make a "holy place," then putting his shoes from off his feet, and turning his face to Mecca, he would go through the many gestures required for the devotions of the followers of Mahomet. And then his fasts! How we marvelled at his power of endurance in the fast of Ramazan, during which the Faithful might not allow

anything to pass their lips between the hours of sunrise and sunset. All the long hot summer days, neither eating, drinking, nor smoking, he rowed us to picnics or cricket matches, and waited until the sunset gun fired which liberated him. Often, I remember, with the quick sympathy of children before they learn to be ashamed of their higher impulses, we used to go to old Achmet to cheer his vigil, telling him that, by our father's English watch, sunset was very near, and we would press round him, holding his matches, or water or food, so that he need not lose a moment once "the gun fired." *Now* I see the pathos of that quiet figure, sitting apart, waiting, waiting, no sign of impatience or rebellion, sometimes weary, but always steadfastly living out his creed Achmet used to tell us of another power, which we decided must be his Turkish guardian angel, as we had heard of no equivalent in English to the "Kismet" who made him brave and calm when we were nearly wrecked in a storm. "Kismet," he said, prevented him from crying out with the pain of his wounds, when he came back from the war, and lay in hospital ill, with no comforts and few necessities. "Kismet" had also made him our boatman, and it was "Kismet" who would decide whether we should have a wet or a fine day, good or bad fishing expedition, in fact, though we could not quite place "Kismet"; he apparently ruled Achmet's life.

Achmet showed us in the Turkish cemeteries how a cypress is planted at each newly-made grave, so that, if a tree grows straight and pointed the family knows the soul has gone up to Allah, but if the tree grows crooked, the spirit has been sent, as a punishment, into the bodies of the birds which incessantly skim the waters of the Bosphorus, never resting, except at the two extremes, the Black Sea or the Sea of Marmora. They are called "condemned souls." Under no circumstances may they be shot or trapped. In each flat tomb-stone is a little round hole to allow the spirit to escape, and in case it should be imprisoned in the body of one of these birds, and should at any time need water to drink, there is also a little hollow scooped out on the slab in which the rain may collect so that the bird may slake his thirst. We children used often to fill up those little hollows on the tombs to refresh the poor condemned spirits in the bird bodies.

One Turkish fable which Achmet told us I well remember:

The Sultan having heard there were many religions in the world, and desirous to know which was the true creed, sent for the head Sheikh, a man of much learning, and asked him to decide the question. "Padisha," rejoined the holy man, "were there but one entrance to the Presence Chamber, great delay would be caused before all nations had entered, therefore, Padisha, there are many doors through which men may come, without hindrance, from North and South, from East and West, but, Your Majesty—there is but One Presence."

These are a few of the servant-friends of my childhood to whom I owe much in many ways. Among the lessons they unconsciously taught us, were tolerance and sympathy with many nationalities and creeds, the recognition of the many gates of admittance to the One Presence.

E. M. T.

The Shelf and the World

Thomas Powell—English authors in 1849—Wordsworth's only joke—Tennyson's " Ulysses "—Douglas Jerrold and " Sordello "—Browning's appearance—Dickens' Waistcoats—Thackeray *v.* Dickens—" Orion " Horne's Ringlets—Carlyle as a Talker—Leigh Hunt—Browning—Dickens—Wordsworth in old age—Determined Optimism.

I SAID something last month about a curious book, published in New York in 1849 (and in an abbreviated form in London a year or so later), entitled *The Living Authors of England*, by Thomas Powell. It seems quite worth while to examine the work a little more closely.

Of Powell himself I know nothing except that he was an Englishman who dabbled a little in prose and verse; that his verse is very poor; and that after leaving England and settling in America he produced not only the book under review but also a companion volume of criticism of the living authors of that country. His judgments are often superficial and sometimes very wrong-headed (as when he makes Dickens's failure with a farce proof positive that he could not be a first-rate writer); he is frequently prejudiced and now and then malicious or unforgiving; but there remains in his book a considerable residuum of interesting portraiture and gossip, as I think I can show.

The book begins with a criticism of Wordsworth, in the course of which Powell puts on record the poet's only joke, and tells the story so well that although it is not new I quote it:

> At a friend's house, after dinner, the conversation turned upon wit and humour. The author of Lalla Rookh, who was present, gave some illustrations from Sheridan's " sayings, doings and writings." Starting from his reverie, Wordsworth said that he did not consider himself to be a witty poet; " indeed," continued he, " I do not think I was ever witty but once in my life." A great desire was naturally expressed by all to know what this special drollery was. After some hesitation the old poet said: " Well, well, I will tell you. I was standing some time ago at the entrance of my cottage at Rydal Mount. A man accosted me with the question—'Pray, sir, have you seen my wife pass by?' whereupon I said, " Why, my good friend, I didn't know, till this moment, that you had a wife!" The company stared, and finding that the old bard had discharged his whole stock, burst into a roar of laughter, which the facetious Wordsworth, in his simplicity, accepted as a genuine compliment to the brilliancy of his wit.

This reminds me of a story of Wordsworth in a little book by Mr. William Winter, the American critic. As a boy Mr. Winter was taken by his father to Rydal Mount. During the day Mrs. Wordsworth sent him into the garden with a message to the poet. " Please, your wife wants you," said the little boy. " You shouldn't say 'your wife,'" Wordsworth gravely replied. " It is not respectful. You should say 'Mrs. Wordsworth.'" " But she is your wife, isn't she?" was young America's answer.

To Leigh Hunt, Powell is friendly. Rogers he evidently had reason to dislike, and his references to him are very acid. Douglas Jerrold and Talfourd also come badly out of his hands. Of Tennyson he writes discerningly, with one or two scraps of suggestive comment here and there, as thus:—

> The " Ulysses " is very finely done; there, however, the merit ends. Originality does not belong to it; Tennyson took the idea from a paper in Leigh Hunt's *Indicator*, and Lamb supplied Hunt with the subject in a conversation one night, when that fine old wit amused them with an extempore fantasia or imaginary biography of the Grecian wanderer, after his return to Penelope.

The notice of Tennyson ends with the elliptical sentence (written in 1849): " For the especial information of our female readers, he is unmarried."

Powell seems to have known Browning fairly well, and he wrote well of him at a time when the poet had too few friends among his critics. The inevitable reference to the incomprehensibility of " Sordello " elicits this story of Douglas Jerrold.

> This distinguished contributor to *Punch* was recruiting himself at Brighton after a long illness. In the progress of his convalescence a parcel arrived from London, which contained among other things, this new volume of " Sordello "; the medical attendant had forbidden Mr. Jerrold the luxury of reading, but, owing to the absence of his conjugal " life guards " he

indulged in the illicit enjoyment. A few lines put Jerrold in a state of alarm. Sentence after sentence brought no consecutive thought to his brain. At last the idea crossed his mind that in his illness his mental faculties had been wrecked. The perspiration rolled from his forehead, and smiting his head, he sat down in his sofa, crying, "O, God, I am an idiot!" When his wife and her sister came, they were amused by his pushing the volume into their hands, and demanding what they thought of it. He watched them intently while they read—at last his wife said: "I don't understand what the man means; it is gibberish." The delighted humourist sank in his seat again: "Thank God, I am not an idiot." Mr. Browning, to whom we told this, has often laughed over it.

The following confession is also interesting:—

We have heard Mr. Browning frequently reply in answer to some of the critics who have accused him of an impracticable style, that he is as clear as any poet can be, who uses a new set of symbols; he declares that he is weary of phoenixes, roses, lilies, and the old stock in trade, which, with the aid of ten fingers, has enabled mere versifiers to inundate the reading world with a deluge of "verse and water."

"In person," adds Powell, "Browning is small, but well made and active; very dark, with a Jewish cast of countenance; has large black whiskers, which he cultivates under his chin; his eyes are dark; complexion almost approaching to sallow. However obscure in his writings, he is intelligible in his conversation; and his dislike to brusquerie often borders on affectation and punctiliousness unworthy so true a poet. His marriage with Miss Barrett was the result of a short courtship; their correspondence commenced in Greek, and doubtless in that language their love longings were expressed. Mr. Browning is very susceptible of criticism, although pretending to a great contempt of it. He is a strong believer in the genius of his contemporaries, and is as chary of his critical praise as Shakspere himself." The poet's solitary blemish, according to his critic, is "false courtesy." In a later quotation we shall come to Browning's conversational manner. The poet's friend Domett ("Waring") of whom Mr. Hall Griffin has just been writing very interestingly in the *Contemporary*, with new extracts from his correspondence, has also a chapter, and a good one.

Passing over Clough, Henry Taylor, Miss Barrett, and others, we come to Dickens, whom Powell discusses with much freedom. His critical remarks we may ignore; he even pits against the incident of little David Copperfield and the waiter a tedious account of a greedy alderman eating too much at a party, the work of an American writer named Cornelius Mathews. Boz is thus described:—

He is a very gay dresser—eschews collars—rejoices in bright scarlet rolling facings to his waistcoat—is as fond of rings and gold chains as a Mosaic Jew. Indeed, he dresses in a manner which, if indulged in by another, would inevitably call forth some of his genial banter. He is fond of country dances and similar amusements. By his own fireside he is as pleasant as his warmest admirer could wish; his conversation, however, is not what might be expected from a man so justly celebrated; he tells a story well, and with ever fresh variations or humorous exaggerations. He is a strong admirer of Tennyson and Browning; we have heard him declare that he would rather have written the "Blot on the *Scutcheon*" than any work of modern times.

None the less, for Dickens to have named one of his sons Alfred Tennyson Dickens is "a piece of vanity unworthy so shrewd an observer of human nature."

The most notable absentee from Powell's pages is Thackeray; but the chapter on Dickens leads to the inevitable comparison between the two novelists, and from the tone of the references to Thackeray it is fairly reasonable to believe that had the author of *Vanity Fair* also received particular attention it would not have been flattering. Mr. Thomas Powell was evidently a disappointed man with more than a little grievance against certain kinds of success. Here is a passage from the comparison:—

Thackeray, on the other hand, never loses his temper or his judgment, Dickens often does; both scourge the offender, but the first does it from liking the office, and the other because he is angry, and thinks the culprit deserves it. In *Vanity Fair* the lash is always ringing on the back of the unhappy victim, but it is applied with the calculating prudence of the slave-driver, with a physician's regard for the life of the subject; he keeps him alive for further operations, and for future punishment. Dickens batters his opponent in a passion and gives up when tired; he rails and vituperates all the time, while Thackeray, with more severity,

tortures at leisure. Both fish; but one pulls his trout out of the water at once and despatches it, while the other keeps it on the hook and drowns it by swimming. Dickens administers capital punishment on the spur of the moment; Thackeray imprisons for life, and racks his prisoner occasionally by way of amusement.

Although Dickens is allowed to be inferior in humour to the American author of *Mr. Puffer Hopkins*, Forster is defended very warmly against the theft of Washington Irving in the matter of Goldsmith. Talfourd and Milnes in neighbouring chapters are treated to many sneers, and certain more obscure poets of the day are dismissed very scornfully; but R. H. Horne, the author of "Orion," leads to a sympathetic chapter which ends with an amusing story of the farthing poet's hair:—

A somewhat ludicrous tale is told of Horne's ringlets. When, through the friendship of Talfourd, he was appointed one of the Assistant Inspectors of Factories, he was warned by the prudent and worldly-minded lawyer that his ringlets might militate against his interests when he was called before the Lords of the Council, as those sapient fellows might consider a wig indispensable to wisdom. After much beating about the bush, Talfourd hinted at the Delilah-like process of shearing the locks—not Belinda herself could have been more astonished at "the fact accomplished" than was shown now at the enormity proposed; a decided refusal was the poet inspector's reply. When, however, the morning dawned big with the fate of ringlets and of Horne, he, having weighed the grandeur of his tresses against the salary of his place, thought better of it; and as he was about to enter the board room, tucked the waving locks down the collar of his coat. He then went in, had his interview, and on coming down the steps, with great dignity released his imprisoned darlings from their durance vile. Horne was "himself again."

We will take leave of Thomas Powell upon his analysis, on the model of Hazlitt, of some of the chief talkers of his day.

Carlyle is undoubtedly the strongest and most suggestive—now profoundly jocose, or jocosely profound. This minute putting an old thing or fact into a new light, and dragging from the obscurity of conventional hypocrisy, dusting the cobwebs off, and holding it up at once a fresh object, with a dawning sun upon it; now he startles you by shaking some drowsy old custom by the shoulders, and as he perceives it waking up in a state of astonishment, he completes the effect by bursting into a fit of good hearty Saxon laughter. All this is thrown off in a strong, abrupt manner, with Homeric compound words, provoking new combination of thoughts. Add to this an utterance unmistakeably Scotch. He has a rare manner of yoking the dissimilar together, and making them do good service in the double sense of co-operation and contrast. They seem to pull different ways, and yet the Juggernaut car of his demonstration proceeds crushing beneath the wheels of his Scotch dialect, a host of crawling reptile superstitions and conventional "shams."

Next to Carlyle, Leigh Hunt is probably the most interesting conversationalist—but he wants his suggestive power; infinitely more amusing, he lacks the faculty of chaining the attention of his auditors. It is a perpetual flow of mental champagne, sparkling with anecdotes, refined jokes, witticisms, repartees, the peculiarities of celebrated men, celebrated streets, celebrated houses, celebrated mountains, celebrated mice; in short it is a brilliant group of heterogeneous recollections presided over by a genial appreciation—just as an assemblage of remarkable men are gathered together by a generous host whose tact enables him to extract the utmost possible amount of individuality out of them. We have now an anecdote of Byron—then of Shelley—illustrated by some well-known passage in their works, the origin of which is developed—all this lively stream is given in a peculiar crisp voice which makes the *tout ensemble* perfect. Dickens on the other hand depends more upon occasional shrewd observations, lightened by a ludicrous story; in addition to this, the author of Pickwick is a ready listener.

When Talfourd is excited his conversation is very interesting, but it is too egotistical to be generally popular—still, his admirable law stories, though somewhat too frequently told, are highly interesting, and show the man of great social talent.

Mr. Horne is perhaps one of the most amusing companions; he is eminently graphic; and his wanderings in Mexico, and other parts of S. America, are always worth listening to, even though heard before.

Browning's colloquial powers are limited—and their tendency is monotonous; nevertheless, there often comes out of that subtle brain a host of strange learning which makes the listener pause. It generally happens that in the midst of an elaborate "olla podrida" he goes to the piano, which he plays with great precision and grace, and finishes the conversation by presenting some favourite sonata of Beethoven. We may as well name here that Leigh Hunt and Horne are also tasteful musicians, and sing with considerable taste and effect.

It was a curious study to glance round the room and let the eye rest upon each of these original men; Dickens, gaily dressed, actively engaged in either listening or talking, and doing both with an apparent interest so flattering to his antagonist—his large dark restless eye roaming round the room for "future scenes"—his well made boots shining like Luna, and then ever

and anon the contracted eyebrow and the long hair thrown with a curious shake over the collar of his coat—a lady once said he was the lion of the evening by his mane. While you are looking at him, you hear a pleasant hearty laugh from Leigh Hunt, who has made some cheerful pun, which he enjoys as much as though it had been said by another—there he sits with a sort of imaginary washing of his hands, which no doubt he learnt from Mrs. Siddons in the famous scene from Macbeth.

His hazel eye still retains the fire of youth, his manners their vivacity, and his youthfulness of spirit contrasts with the long grey hair parted on his forehead and hanging down his shoulders—for literary men, like Samson, seem to consider their strength resides in their unshorn locks. Leigh Hunt resembles one of the old noblesse, dressed in black, his coat generally buttoned to his chin; his tall spare figure; his urbanity of manners—all make up the look of a noticeable man.

Earnestly talking with another, stands Browning, leaning on the mantel piece; his well made, neatly dressed figure, of the small size, has a dapper appearance; his sallow complexion garnished with coal-black whiskers, which grow under his chin; his hair, however, is of a moderate length, and forms an exception to the rule before named. He is doubtless pointing out some curious passage from his favourite poet Donne, or quoting with extreme unction a few lines from Kit Smart, the mad poet; possibly he may be explaining some peculiar dramatic effect of Alfieri, and urging upon the author of the "Blind Wife" the admirable method the great Italian poet pursued in writing and correcting his plays fourteen times before he trusted them into the printer's hands.

Another has joined this little group: It is Horne, with his bald shining head, and little figure *en bon point*; down his shoulders hang those graceful light auburn locks, so peculiar to himself. His light gray eye is twinkling at some remark Browning has made upon the simplicity of "Sordello." Seated on the sofa, with one leg crossed over the other, and with his hand buried in his bosom, sits an old man, with a few straggling gray hairs on his forehead, dressed in tolerably well-worn black, his deep-set eye, grey and abstracted, as though in some speculation lost! He rises, his figure is tall, broad and gaunt, his deep guttural voice seems to come from the depth of his heart, and the impressive tone he speaks in gives an emphasis even to the commonest of commonplace; he is reciting a passage from Milton; he has got the first edition in his hand, and is demonstrating to an attentive listener that the "blind old man" intended an emphasis to be laid on every word beginning with a capital, excepting at the commencement of each line; he slightly stoops, but it is a trifle for so old a man, and his venerable face seems to light up at the sound of Milton's verse, and to bring back with them all the dreams of his youth, when wandering with Coleridge, Southey and Lamb, they held high converse with the mighty dead. . . . But a loud guffaw from a corner of the room brings us back to the author of "Sartor Resartus."

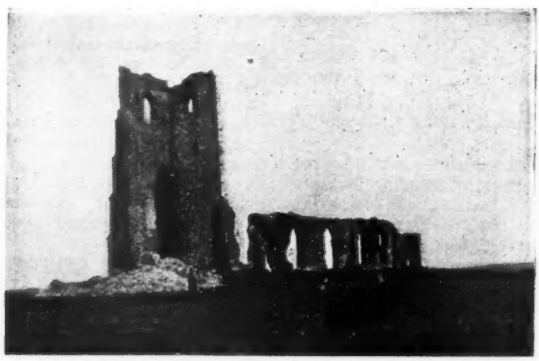
Mr. W. H. Hunt sends me the following brave effort at optimism:—

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Encouragement? Nay, I have none.
Indeed the future looms so drear,
I almost wish the drama done—
Yet, if you can, find comfort here:

That though of all the human race
Dismay and pain the portion are,
To other worlds that spin in space
Our world looks just a shining star.

E. V. LUCAS.



The Ruined Church at Dunwich

BYRON AS A BOY

(From an original water-colour in the possession of Stuart J. Reid, Esq., East Grinstead.)

The Little Mother of American Prisons

QUITE a new thing is being done in the State Prisons of America. It is a crusade, the practical results of which seem rather to upset the conventional notion that the man who has reached a certain stage in crime is past reform. A woman of genius, with a burning belief in her mission, enters prison after prison, enrols the convicts—her "boys," she calls them—in her Volunteer Prison League, literally makes new men of them, and creates new lives for them. She has enrolled men serving life sentences, who, on this side of the grave, have little hope of release. The devoted woman who has done this is Maud Ballington Booth, known to thirty thousand convicts and ex-convicts from end to end of America as the Little Mother.

Photograph by Rockwood, New York
Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth

It should be understood at the outset that this is a downright practical work. Mrs. Booth does not go into prison to weep over men who have been guilty of great crimes. She says to them in effect (I quote the words of one of her own "boys"): "I don't come here to prevent you from paying the just penalty of your crimes; take your medicine like men. You know what is right, do it *now*. When you have paid the penalty, I will help you. I will nurse you back to health, I will get you work, above all, I will trust you, and it depends upon you whether I keep on doing so or not. Mind, I will help you over rough places, but I won't carry you."

That's the talk that prison understands. In truth, Maud Booth has shaken prison with a ringing message. Testimony comes on every hand. "Wardens" (as the governors of prisons are styled in America) who at first were wholly sceptical have long been speaking and penning her praises. Warden Thayer of Dannemora prison, addressing a public meeting in New York, and touching on the first enrolment of men in his prisons, said:—

"When I saw those men, one hundred and seven of them, stand up, I began to feel sorry for Mrs. Booth. Here were the very hardest men I had to deal with in the prison; men constantly reported for punishment. I took a list of their names for future reference. I kept that list in my desk, and when the year had passed I brought it out with a view of paralysing that little woman. Would you credit it? I learned to my own surprise and satisfaction, on comparing it with the punishment book, that out of those who stood up in the chapel that Sunday morning only three had required punishment during the entire year. I saw now what I had not realised before, namely, that as an aid to discipline in the prison no plans had ever equalled the influence of this work."

Says Warden Darby, of Ohio Penitentiary: "The good derived has not been limited to the League members alone.

Others have been induced to strive for better, higher, and nobler lives." Warden Johnson, of Sing Sing, declares that his "faith in man has been enhanced by certain discharged prisoners who are leading reputable and prosperous lives." "I am sure," writes Warden McClaughry, of Fort Leavenworth Penitentiary, "that you are receiving to-day the gratitude of every prisoner and ex-prisoner who has ever known you; also of every prison officer whose burdens have been lightened, and whose way has been made more clear by your kindly counsel and helpful enthusiasm." The "boys" themselves tell just the same tale. "The verdict of the prisoners upon the work of the League" says a six-year man, "is unanimous that it is the only real and practical scheme of help that has ever been extended to them. There is no varying opinion about its effectiveness. They recognise its value. It has opened the way for hundreds of wretched men who turned from the contemplation of their future with despair, but who now regard it with hope."

Now for a moment, before describing the work, let us turn to some more or less general principles.

There are only two practical ways of helping the prisoner. In the first place, while he is still in the cell, you must work upon his better feelings, you must put heart and hope into him. In the second, you must take him in hand when he comes out of prison, and decently restore him to the world. If the getting into prison is a terrible business, so also, in very many cases, is the getting out. Then indeed it is that, in very many cases, the real punishment begins.

But, as I have said, the work must start in the cell; and now I am thinking more particularly, not of the convict who has friends of the good sort to receive him, or the money to take him abroad, but of the one who expects, and possibly intends, to hie on release to the haunts where the old gang and the old life await him. Let him set his face in that direction, and it is up with him. The peeler will have him again. Persuade this man, however, before the day of his discharge, that the game is not worth the candle; convince his intellect that you can and will show him a better; and you may succeed in turning him inside out. But when you have made him believe that there are careers which pay better than the crooked one, you ought not to let go of him till you have set him on his feet again. A few men return to crime quite prepared to take all risks. They know very well that they sew a double thread, but while the nerve lasts there is a genial excitement in burglary and jobs on the big scale, and the old hand who has had a good run for his money pays his scot in prison cheerfully enough. He is generally the best of prisoners—and the reformer's despair. Not by any means every gaol-bird is of this kidney, though. Half the people on the crook would be on the straight if only they knew how. We do so little for them!

These, then, are the two, and the only two ways. Seek the prisoner in his cell. Cheer and exhort, counsel, persuade, strive. Achieve something, before the man is out and can set his feet again in the mire and the snare. Then on his release, receive and shelter him until you have found or made for him a new opening. How may this be done?

I know of but one answer: the work of Mrs. Ballington Booth.

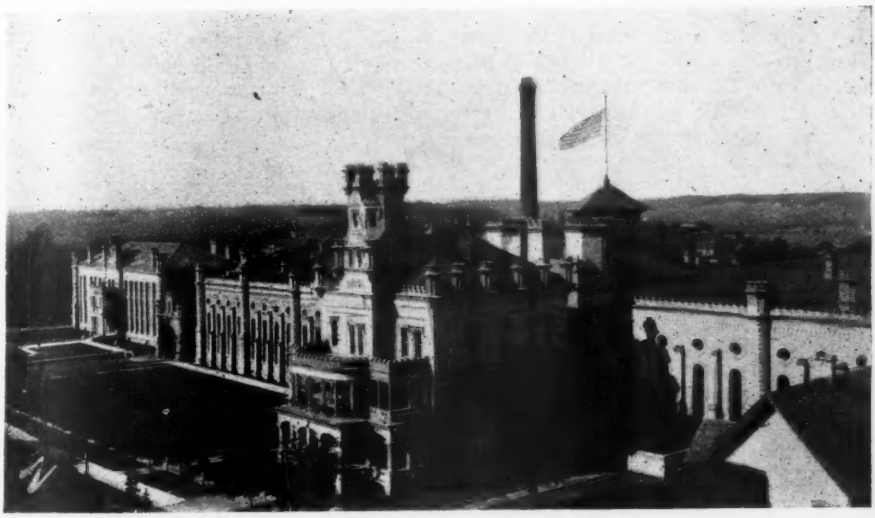
In the loneliness of the cell, what voice of appeal can ever equal the woman's? It echoes from the bare walls when the ministering angel has gone; if there are chords to be reached they will vibrate to this as to nothing else in the world. And if the woman not only quickens the dead heart with her voice, but carries yet another appeal in the fairness of her face? I can make no picture comparable with the living original, whom I met in the garden of a Kentish vicarage: soft-haired and clear-skinned and velvet-eyed, and a dimple in the rounded chin; a mouth, as may be seen, that knows the power of a smile. The comely head is admirably poised on a chiselled neck and perfect shoulders; and as fine as the poise of the head is the carriage of the rather small, flexile figure, which has every gentle pride of curve and line. Add to these graces an infinite play of feature,

and a manner that is never in the least aware of itself. This is the one woman in America who can fill hall or church to overflowing, and hold an audience bewitched for two hours. Is it wonderful that when she went into prison she led captivity captive, and made men of thirty thousand criminals and wastrels?

During the time that she and her husband were the leaders of the Salvation Army in America, Mrs. Booth was asked by some of the prisoners in San Quentin, California, to visit and address them. She went at once, and beheld prison for the first time.

brief hour I tried to carry them away from prison. . . The response I read in those upturned faces—the grateful words that reached me afterwards through the mail, and the constant memory of that scene as I witnessed it, lasted with me, deepening into a determination to make their cause mine when the opportunity should offer."

Sooner than had been expected the opportunity came. For reasons which I need not here discuss—the matter is a strictly private one—Mr. and Mrs. Booth severed their connection with the



Anamosa Prison, Iowa, The Administration Building

"Never shall I forget," she said, "the sea of upturned faces, many of them so plainly bearing the marring imprint of sorrow and sin—despair and misery—yet behind the scars and shadows there was such an eager longing—such a hungry appeal for a sight of hope's bright star, that one could but feel an intense inspiration while delivering the message. Never before had I seen the stripes, never heard the clang behind me of the iron gates, nor had I realised the hopelessness that enshrouds the prisoner. . . I did not attempt to preach. As far as possible in that

Salvation Army. "Our movement," says Mrs. Booth, "has nothing to do with the Salvation Army, is in no way connected with it, and is absolutely dissimilar in method and government." They founded between them, husband and wife, the association of the Volunteers of America, and out of this arose the Volunteer Prison League. The warden of Sing Sing (whose testimony I have cited) asked Mrs. Booth to speak there. It was the opening of the door that she had prayed for since her visit to San Quentin. "On the 24th of May, 1896, the initial meeting was held, and from that place

and hour it has grown and widened, until now the movement has attained national proportions." From Sing Sing the call came to prison after prison. Sometimes it was "the boys" who sent a plea through the chaplain; sometimes it was a warden, who had heard what strange new things were being done in other prisons. Auburn, Clinton, Charlestown, Trenton, Folsom, Joliet, Columbus, Fort Leavenworth, Anamosa, Iowa, Baltimore. In these prisons the League has been established, and in the chapels hang to-day the League's white standard, with the star of hope shining in the centre.

Let us seek to know what is the spirit of this crusade which has stirred so profoundly and affected so powerfully the whole under-world of America. "From the very first," says Mrs. Booth, "I realised that to make the work effectual there must be the establishment of personal friendship"—the beautiful title of Little Mother was early bestowed on her by some grateful and inspired "boy"—"and that it was only as we recognised and helped the individual that we could by degrees affect the whole population." Her idea was, to meet the prisoners on the level, to get to know them man by man, to win their confidence, to put them gradually on their mettle, and then, in the end, to engage them to stand up in prison with her badge upon their breasts. There was to be no coddling, no going behind the prison rules; with the definite promise of help on release, the men were to be compelled to work out their own salvation. A beginning was made with the chapel services. The first appearances of the beautiful little nervous woman, half-ashamed, she says, of her liberty in the seats of bondage—are still remembered; the "sense sublime" of her talk, the sudden stir along the hearts of her listeners. She said she would correspond with those who had no friends to write to. Letters poured in upon her. "The many letters which reached me soon gave us an insight into the thoughts and feelings of the men, and we were then able to become familiar with the names and histories of many of them."

After the letters came interviews in the cells; and as men began to take the decisive step, it became evident that organisation would be needed to bind them together. The V. P. L., or Volunteer Prison League, was formed; and, to test him to the utmost, every man who joined it must show his colours boldly in the prison: a small white button with a blue star in the middle, and the motto of the League: "Look up and Hope." The prisoners banded in this League stood together for right living and good discipline. Each man was given a certificate of membership:

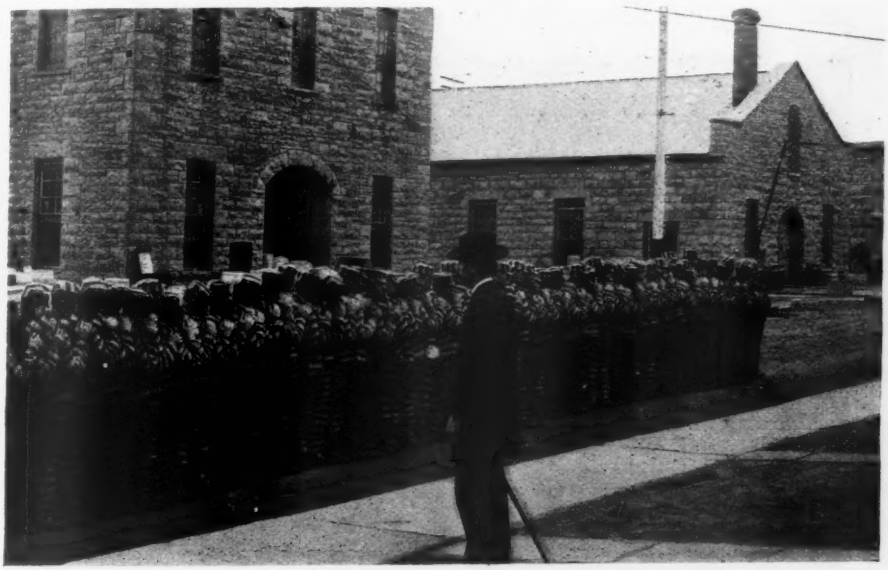
> "This is to certify that——is a member of the Volunteer Prison League, he having faithfully promised with God's help to conform to the following conditions of membership:
>
> First—To pray every morning and night.
>
> Second—To read the Day Book faithfully.
>
> Third—To refrain from the use of bad language.
>
> Fourth—To be faithful in the observance of prison rules and discipline, so as become an example of good conduct.
>
> Fifth—To seek earnestly to cheer and encourage others in well-doing and right living, trying, where it is possible to make new members of the League.

This document hangs in the prison cell, and its owner dons forthwith the badge of the V. P. L. He is now, of course, a marked man. Officers and fellow-prisoners alike watch him closely, and, as may be imagined, it is in this hour that his trial begins. This trial, however, Mrs. Booth regards as of paramount importance. The man must go through the fire . . . alone.

> "The thought that has made this League a strong foundation for the work and that has proved the most rousing inspiration to the men, is that the effort is not ours but theirs. No philanthropist, preacher or teacher in the world can reform these men. . . It rests with the men themselves."

The League obliges them to realise this very vividly; the responsibility is rolled back upon their own shoulders; they are made beholden to their own consciences. This would seem to be the root of the matter; this is that spirit we have been seeking. The prisoner sets to work to rebuild his character; and what that effort costs within the walls of prison may be but faintly guessed.

When the League has grown to some size in a prison it becomes a "post," and the white standard is presented.



Group of Convicts showing the "lock-step"

The loyalty of the "boys" to the flag, Mrs. Booth says, is quite wonderful; and there is a kind of rivalry between prison and prison, each "post" wishing to keep the best record.

I have said that even life-men have been drawn into the League. Here is a letter from a man who lies at this moment in the cell that will probably hold him until death: a voice from a living tomb:—

"Dear Little Mother—Nobody knows better than I do myself what the League has done for me and the men here. I have been in prison over twenty years, and know what I am talking about. Without it prison would be much like what it was before. I hope that with all the disappointments you are bound to meet with, you will continue to believe that there are hundreds of men in our great prisons who are in earnest. Most respectfully yours, No. 19595."

What a breaking of the dawn on that dark horizon! Some secret efficacy is in a League which makes "earnest" men of lifers.

The supreme test is, the power of the men to stand. In a League like this, mere profession counts for nothing, since the members are left to achieve their own salvation. What tells is the daily life in prison of those who have put on the badge. On this point we have the adequate testimony of a warder who at first was as sceptical as the rest.

"I want to confess to you," he said to Mrs. Booth, "that I was one who took no stock in this movement at first. I used to laugh at the men making a profession of living any better, but I confess I have been forced to change

my views. You do not know the change it has made in this prison, and the miracles that have been wrought in many of these men. You can see them in the meetings and can judge of them by their letters, but we live with them day after day and know far more than you can. I never believed anything could take hold of the whole prison population, the educated, the middle class, and the tougher element, affecting them as this work has done."

The Leaguer who was once an object of scorn now wears his button with pride.

Hope Hall

The men who don't wear it show some respect for those who do; the power of the League is felt everywhere in prison. "It has become bad form to swear," says an ex-prisoner,"and clean conversation is supplanting the ribald talk that prevailed among the men before the League's influence manifested itself." Officers and prisoners are on a better footing with one another; the men more biddable, the warders less arrogant. Discipline itself has come under the new spirit and shows a milder temper.

One might think that these "boys" in their tens of thousands were care enough for a Little Mother. It is not so. Wives, mothers, sisters, children have their claims upon her. Do any among us ever think what happens, or is likely to happen to the family when the bread-winner is "put away" for a term of years? Ask Maud Ballington Booth. Often and often the man in prison is tortured not so much by what has befallen himself as by the knowledge that wife and children are suffering in the ruined home. Mrs. Booth had been presenting the cause of her "boys" in a drawing room in New York, and at the close of the meeting a lady came forward and said to her, "I never for one moment realised that these men had wives and mothers and little children." There are thousands who have never realised this, the saddest side, perhaps, of the question. Mrs. Booth gets countless appeals from mothers not in America only, but in Germany, France, Italy: "Watch over my boy, give me tidings of him." And the "boy" in the prison stripes remembers mother and wife, and pleads with the Little Mother for them. A young wife with a baby

wrote to the husband in prison that she could hold out no longer, she was at the end of everything, she could not let the child starve. "For God's sake," wrote the husband to Mrs. Booth, "go and find her and save her from what would be worse than death." And they are found and saved, wives and children, and the mothers are comforted. Mrs. Booth is of that English family of Charlesworths, one of whose members has bequeathed to us a book which childhood never wearies of: I mean, "Ministering Children." The note of the story is altruistic; do something for somebody, because you can't help doing it. The idea is as old as the world—and always new in practice.

"After Prison—What?" Many men come out shattered and nervous, utterly unfit for a while to take their place in the world. For them the doors of Hope Hall stand open, with "Welcome" on the doorstep. Mrs. Booth has three Hope Halls, and to the ex-convict each of these is truly the country of home. "Don't speak of the past," "Don't think of the past," are among the mottoes on the walls. Every room is bright, cosy, and dainty; there are beautiful grounds; and the evening brings books, music, games, and talk. Here the guests of the Little Mother stay, bound only by the rules of courtesy and chivalry, until they are able to go back into life, and work has been found for them. And in obtaining work for them no deception is used. With us the ex-convict, furtively seeking honest employment, goes too often in fear of the police-spy or the detective. When Mrs. Booth has found a willing employer she tells him the "boy's" past; he goes, therefore, without the dread of being discovered and turned off.

Hope Hall and what it leads to are the top and crown of the work. This work, moreover, as the "boys" have long known, is voluntary. Mrs. Booth and her husband, independently placed, give all and take nothing. The Little Mother herself may be said to spend one half of her life in prison, and the other on the railway, travelling up and down the whole continent to give lectures and raise money for her high crusade. In this and for this she lives. And she says, with the smile that irradiates the prison-house: "It is well worth while." It is. About 80 per cent of the "boys" are a credit to her. But what a lesson to us!

Ex-prisoner at work in the grounds of Hope Hall

TIGHE HOPKINS.

P.S.—Just as this article was going to press I received from Mrs. Booth, on her return from a long trip in the West, a letter which ends thus: "Our work is progressing well, and I am opening up in new prisons, but perhaps the most cheering phase of it is the meeting with those who have been out of prison some years and are still doing well. I hardly ever enter a city, however distant, without coming across some of my 'boys.'"

T. H.

Princess Joyce

By Keighley Snowden

SYNOPSIS

The principal characters in this story are Stephen Merrall, a blind mill owner; Grace, his wife; his daughter Joyce; Selinah Merrall, his sister; Louis Knight, his manager and secretary; Ezra, the old gardener; Betty, the Merrall's maid; and George Marlowe, a youth in some dyeing works at Leeds. George, who admires Joyce's beauty, rather precipitately proposes marriage to her, but is refused. Meanwhile Louis has learnt to love her deeply, but, though her father (who had previously offered him a partnership) would approve in every way of the suit, refrains from declaring his love out of motives of modesty. Mr. Marlowe, senr., dies, and George returns home, thus renewing his friendship with Joyce, who is anxious to wean him from his somewhat dissipated ways. Louis makes up his mind several times to ask Joyce if she will marry him, but each time something (imaginary or otherwise) occurs to prevent him. At last, however, he decides that the girl must have a plain choice between him and George Marlowe.

CHAPTER XIX

GEORGE MARLOWE BARGAINS

BUT Louis Knight had let two golden months go by.

What is this ultra-delicacy of good men's wooings that often stultifies them? How comes generosity to such a pitch that men will surrender what is not their own? To be so unselfish as not to hope!

All one can suppose for Louis is, that he came of a humble stock whose modest disinterestedness, felt most when the emotions were in play, had been quite disproportionately cultivated. He was too much at the opposite pole from the savage who subdues a sweetheart with his club. But the case is not uncommon. We need, it seems, a theoretical and practical school for lovers, where affairs of the heart might be taught safely and with a due sense of their importance, under a strict lady principal.

The corresponding course for young ladies would provide, no doubt, a set of maxims including two, which might have been serviceable to Joyce Merrall:

(a) Never admit an intimacy because you do not intend to marry.

(b) Never bind yourself conditionally. Say "We will see," or "I really cannot accept retaining fees."

Joyce's manner to George left nothing on which to reproach herself if ever he fell away from grace. She greeted him with her sweet, compassionate smile always—a little anxiously. The anxiety was due, not to a distrust of him sown in her mind by common report, but, first, to his looks—which seemed to tell of filial grief, or a woeful combat with the Enemy of Souls, or both—and afterwards to certain confessions he made to her. There was no fresh cause to doubt his sincerity of purpose: it was real enough, and touching. What he lacked was energy and application; but that defect showed later.

"It's hard," he said in the meantime. "When I think of myself going on all my life as I am, it seems a cruel affair, Joyce. Nobody to love, and my father dead and buried; what is there to live for?"

There were tears in his mournful eyes.

"Dear George! You forget what good you can do with all that money. Oh, I'm sure—I'm sure you will be happy." said his ardent comforter. "You must have seen how many people look miserable in Leeds. Please don't mind my saying this; but think what it might be to help them, and have them love you! Perhaps you couldn't spare a great deal, but to be able to do something, however little—I wish I were rich whenever I go there!"

"Yes, if I weren't so miserable myself," said George.

"Try!" she urged. "Oh, I think there is nothing so good as making others happy. You wouldn't be miserable while you were doing that."

He muttered, "You won't make me happy."

This turn which he always gave to her pleading distracted Joyce; for certainly she did not love him.

"It is so difficult," she said, "to do one's duty—to everybody."

He kept silence.

"You said you understand. . . . Oh, you shouldn't ask me, George! If you understand, you should try to put me out of your mind."

"What, when I'm trying to please you? How is it likely, Joyce? When Mr. Larkins was preaching on Sunday, I was saying to myself all the time, 'It wouldn't alter things if I gave away every penny.' . . . I wish he wouldn't preach at me; I've enough to worry me in my own mind. I can't do *nothing* for thinking of you! You don't know what love is, I think. You can't, or else you'd see how it might turn me into wrong ways."

"Oh, no, no! Not loving me!"

"It might, easy. I nearly went back to Leeds yesterday."

They were approaching a point in the road where he generally left her. "Oh, what can I do?" she said. "You *shouldn't* try to make me think I'm to blame. It isn't fair, George."

"Well," said the rogue, sulkily, "you asked me not to give up. Why do you look so beautiful, if I'm never to think about you? Joyce, I do love you! It comes on me sometimes—if I'd a bit of hope at all I think I could hold on better."

Joyce drew herself up. "I'm *not* to blame!" she said. "I didn't make myself. I don't think I am beautiful. If what you say were true, I should hate myself."

A little cowed, he hung his head then.

"I begged you to be good for your own sake, not for mine at all."

"I know that."

"Yes, but I am sorry for you; and there's nothing I don't wish for you, George. If you knew how I'd cried—yes, I've cried for you!"

George looked up gloomily, dissembling his surprise.

"What hope can I give you? You know father needs me," she pleaded, "and how much I love him. You—oh, you're unkind!" Joyce gave way to her tears, suddenly.

He let her alone until she mastered them. Then he said: "Well, will you give me a chance if you ever change your mind? You won't always think as you do now, you know. I've heard girls talk before. I asked you first, and I *am* keeping straight, Joyce; I'm keeping as straight as a parson. I might be a good man, and do a lot, if I had you for a wife. I don't care for money; I'd give mine away like a shot; you shall do whatever you like with it, there! Look here, I'll go and ask your father myself, if he can do without you!"

"If you do that," said Joyce steadily, but with an astounding flash of the eyes, "I'll never speak to you again. . . . I shan't change my mind; but if it is any help to you I *will* promise that—that is, if you won't vex me, or ask anything more, or talk about love as if—as if it were a dreadful thing."

"That's agreed, then."

He held out his hand; and she took it in ratification of the light bargain—with an extraordinary sense of relief.

CHAPTER XX

TRUE LOVE'S MASTERY

Down the valley, thin woods growing on the hillside slopes were sere, nipped by the early frosts and burned by the sun of late September. A shedding of brilliant leaves burnished the ground there, strewn among bracken and blackberry canes. Even to Wake House, the colour blazed a mat gold. "In her long nightgown sweet as boughs of May," Joyce looked out new slept; and saw it in sunshine over a level mist that hid the bottoms. She had an inspiration: the blackberries must be ripe.

It was her father's day, but he had a guest. Like a person of practical sense, but at heart most impatient, she did her morning's work, and then suggested blackberry jam!

The inspiration had been idyllic. Her mother talked prose. "Take Louis to help you," she said, and bustled across to the kitchen door with some intention. "It's no use bringing a basinful."

Joyce opened her eyes. "Mother! Louis gathering blackberries!"

"I'll warrant he will. What nonsense!" The best diplomacy is that which seems too blunt to hide a ruse. "Ezra!" Grace called out. "You've nought to do. Go down and ask Louis if

he can help us to get a boiling of blackberry."

It is one thing to follow a bright caprice, another to set out seriously on business. With Louis, although she liked him well, the business looked quite formidable; and as for his own grave share in approaching it, there is a couplet of Matthew Arnold's which describes him—he was thinking of a business more tremendous—

> "Tasks in our hours of insight willed
> May be in hours of gloom fulfilled."

By an effort of courage that gave him the air of offering bedside comfort, he kept this gloom from Joyce's eyes. Not one delusion aided him, except that George was loved. Condemned unjustly to be hanged, he might have attained the same mild mood in prospect of a formal protest on the scaffold. Joyce found herself thinking it Sunday, and took to throwing little stones for Rags.

That helped him in a moment. She laughed at Rags so buoyantly that George's sins were plainly not on her mind.

Her beauty smote him, as if for months he had not considered it closely. He kindled. The sun on her hair and joy-lit face caressed her for some queenlier fate than marriage with that clod.

What fate, he did not timidly ask himself: his thought as he watched her was only admiration. His own face glowed: Joyce caught the altered mood in it and flushed emboldened. Rags clamoured and leapt. As when alone, she lent herself to his romps, cried encouragements, called him silly old dog, patted him, roughed his coat, and at last ran free beside him.

For Louis it was a revelation. He had not so imagined her at any time. He followed not knowing whether he ran or walked, did not breathe or breathed, was himself or nothing. She was some blithe spirit, yet known to him; and, overtaking her, he caught her breathless, astonished, himself not less so. His arm was about her waist.

"Oh, Louis, I didn't think you—you'd do that!"

What light in her eyes!

"You made me," said he.

And at once she was grave; glad, so glad as to be afraid of herself—not of him at all. He had freed her; she checked the big word upon his lips; and they walked on, hearing each other breathe, not aware of the dog's barking.

Louis recovered first and threw him a stone far down a field below the road. "Ah, you make me live!" he said, trembling. "Do you know what I owe you, Joyce?"

She drank in his joy with her eyes, and shrank from it.

"Nothing; nothing!" she said quickly. "You mustn't think of anything for me." A great sense of humiliation, indefinable, abashed her.

He was silent for a long time, it seemed to Joyce. What unkind meaning had she expressed? The words had sprung to her lips with a vague thought not unkindly felt, but kindly. Had he meant *that?* Louis!

"Why not?" he asked.

His voice told her plainly she had hurt him, and she could not say why not!

"I think," she faltered, "I meant . . . you are always doing things. . . . You're not offended, Louis?"

"No. At you? Nothing you can ever do will offend me." But he hung his head.

"Or—hurt?"

"I mistook you, then?" As he spoke, he glanced with eyes that shrank from hers.

"What did you think I meant?"

"I thought," he answered, almost voicelessly—whatever it was, he thought it still, she knew—"You meant I . . . I mustn't talk to you like that."

"Oh, no! You can't offend me either."

He forced a smile. "That would have hurt me."

"Dear Louis!" she murmured, contrite.

And that was a kiss for his heart, which bounded, beat tumultuously. The joy of it thrilled him, overwhelming thought. He stopped. Joyce was surprised again as he took her hand—and then, for certain, she divined. She divined with a great shock of trouble, and drew the hand ever so little away.

So little though it was, he let her fingers go; but he said the words!

"Ah, I love you, Joyce. Will you let me?"

Joyce was very pale; went very cold.

"Louis, please don't say that! Please. Oh, I am so sorry!"

He looked bewildered; then he bowed to it.

"It's my fault," he said. "I misunderstood."

A moment later he raised his eyes with a certain firmness, although his lips, like hers, were white. "But I should have told you, anyway—not to ask you to love me, but just to let you know. . . . Everybody loves you. See, there's old Rags!" The dog was licking the hand Louis had relinquished.

Louis stooped and patted him, and so contrived to cover his emotion. Hers had been too piteous. But grief blinded him, and at his heart a knife cut barbarously. His mind grew dull with the pain.

Joyce did not find a word to say. Her feeling was, that she had done the cruellest thing in all the world; she had done it to Louis; and she could not help it, or soften it. Pity—or was it not more than pity?—ached within her like something hard and fiery. For she could very well have fallen at his feet, he was so splendidly kind.

"Another stone, old chap?" said Louis. "Where's that I threw? Eh? Where it is? Bring it, good lad!"

Rags was happy, at any rate. He frisked, and whined, and leapt at the wall for another downhill gallop. When Louis said "Bring it," he pointed out the stone with his nose.

Louis threw with all his might, and cleared his eyes while watching the old dog run.

"You know," she said, tremulously, "that I want to stay with my father, don't you?"

That had not been his interpretation.

He heard her as if some shutter had been thrown back, flooding a room with light. He was dazed; then greatly ashamed.

"Forgive me!" he faltered. "I shouldn't have spoken if I'd known that, Joyce." How well he thought it, now, that he had resigned her, leaving her quite free! He would not have spoken, truly: "But you . . . you don t mind," he dared to smile; "do you?"

Her beautiful glance fell; the blood came back to her face. "Oh, Louis, you make me feel too proud!" she said.

She made an avoiding step, and they went forward. How sweet she was! Womanly! Oh! and he should not lose her! As the turmoil of his mind abated, he chilled a little at the prospect of sharing her nunlike life, with the death of hope for him; but it was the chill of adoration, a feeling almost religious—adoration still glad and very pleasant, because his saint had heard and answered, knew his heart and walked beside him.

When the true lover has thought there is no bread, he says his grace devoutly over half a loaf.

"Here we are at the wood," said Louis. "Nay, it's all over, Rags, for you. This is our turn."

Joyce's admiration for him humbled her to something small, very unworthy; he had won her. Because she could not give him herself, he had her heart, which ached to serve him, to give him pleasure, to prove by some undiscoverable means her gratitude and modesty. She could not speak much; she was held by a queer sense of the scene's unreality. Her dominion over a man, over Louis, whom she had always set so high, seemed strange and doubtful. But all that she wished to say appeared in her look and in her gentleness.

Not indeed so legibly that his mind understood it. There was no need of that. Pride and a high sweet pleasure kept his heart thrilling, and made the sun-clear autumn wood a paradise. Was Adam expelled from Eden? His race may still return to it. Eden is there wherever they find the mate ordained.

But, as the old fable tells, it is not properly a place of labour. Grace Merrall exclaimed at the meagre crop of fruit there, forgetting that; and then, as she scanned her daughter's face, she did remember.

CHAPTER XXI

A DISENTANGLEMENT

STEPHEN MERRALL heard of the two impossible contracts together, and with extreme anxiety. His guest, an old friend home from New Zealand, had occupied

him wholly during three days, or he might have been of some avail.

So he told himself. Yet whether or not he could help Joyce now, or could ever have helped her without a strong constraint upon her freedom, her sense of honour and kindness even, he trembled to find himself not sure. It was incredible that she should have thought so lightly of the word given to George Marlowe. At all costs she must take that back.

Her obstinate loving purpose towards himself, so firm that she had made a conditional promise as if it were nothing, could only be discouraged now when she was freed of that promise.

Joyce knelt still at his knee after a scene of much emotion, and Stephen sat at a loss, with his hand upon her shoulder. She was gazing at the blind face. It told her less of his thought than he had let picked words express; but what she knew and divined was enough to wound and alarm her. She had brought her proofs of love to him very shyly, and he had not been able to conceal that he was startled, hurt, immensely solicitous. What troubled her was not his unselfishness, not at all the clash of generosities between them, but the fact that, longing to please, she had only mortified him, done miserably wrong, it seemed.

"About George, it isn't as if I'd said I might marry him, Dad," she urged tearfully. "You don't think I would ever do that, even if you weren't my very dearest? I couldn't. Oh, never!" She declared it with a convincing shudder.

"You see, my dear," said Stephen, "you told him very rightly that you weren't to blame for his miseries. But, now, look. Suppose you ever had to say to him, 'I've changed my mind about marrying, but I can't marry you.' He wouldn't behave so well as Louis did. He'd say, 'Oh, but you promised to give me a chance, Miss Merrall:' or does he call you Joyce? 'You can't break your word in that way. I've waited for you. All this time I've been trying to be a good boy—to be a good young man—because I had hopes?' Eh? Not to blame, then, dearie?"

Joyce was frightened. She checked his fondling of her hand; the playfulness of reproach was too bitter.

"Yes, but that won't ever happen," she said.

He remained so long silent, however, implying dissatisfaction with her assurances, that she asked him what he thought she ought to do. Only too gladly would she hear of a way out!

"Can't you tell him what I've said? Not that I said it, but that you've thought things over, Joyce, and wish to be released?"

She considered this, and her answer was given in a low tone, nervously. "I don't know what he'd do." At heart, she was afraid of the pleadings George might urge afresh. "But if you think so, Dad . . ."

A reflection struck doubt into his mind also. George Marlowe would suspect a rival suitor; and there was one. Coarse-fibred, perhaps he would drive her to pledge herself strongly against Louis.

"I'm afraid you must," Stephen said nervously, "if you are ever to be rid of him."

"But I . . . I daren't leave him quite to himself."

He smiled. "No, no, dearie. We'll see about that, of course. But I've a little plan, if you won't think me too meddlesome. Would you—darling heart, I hate to seem mistrustful; I'm not so of your mind at all, but only of his breeding—would you like to speak to him here, with me?"

Joyce sprang to put her arms about his neck and kiss him. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "how good you are, dear old Dad, and wise! You know just what I feel. He says things to me that I . . . he ought not to say, I think. And as he means—You do think he means well, *now?*"

"He'll surprise us all, no doubt," Stephen allowed. "I admit I didn't expect so much of him. But my dear, I hope you're not very vain of these 'results.' He had a shock, you know."

The drawback of being excessively kind to ill-bred people is that one may have to snub them, however greatly kind people hate that necessity. They much prefer being put upon, as far as possible; and Joyce grew extremely nervous as the time came.

Stephen sat at a loss with his hand on her shoulder

Not so the unfortunate Clod. An invitation to tea at Wake House brought him in the happiest good humour. He shone. To be quite fair to him, he had taken pains with his toilet; and the effulgent show he made was due as much to pomatum, and to a diamond scarf-pin, as it was to his innate cheerfulness—set free from previous care by this occasion. His excusable inference had been that Joyce, who penned the note, was making all smooth with her awful father for him. That, he allowed gratefully, was A1 at Lloyd's, copper-bottomed. Himself a mutable soul, he did not doubt this change, and his respect for her, a real and most

unusual sentiment towards any girl in George's mind, increased as Joyce appeared to act in his behalf.

I confess to a lively compassion. We must all aspire, or we perish. He had begun rather low; but the spice of sordid feeling in his suit, keen yet not all greedy, had been lost in the prospect of £12,000 in his own right. To the extent of his capacity, the Clod was now in love with Joyce Merrall, as well as with her charms.

He greeted her with a look sincerely grateful, her mother with evident pleasure, her father with such new deference that Stephen felt sorry for him. Joyce quailed. He, meanwhile, felt a general sympathy that warmed him. Stephen tactfully administered a little coolness at table, and then poor Joyce, being more at ease, grew gravely critical, a new thing with her.

Life's little ironies beset him. He had walked into a hornet's nest of them. She understood by love a greater and other thing than he, and missed some sign of his devotion. There was a deft little twist of hair upon his forehead, such as used to be called a love-lock. He had arranged it with much care; it looked, alas, like vanity. The downy fringe on his lip, a decoration of manhood worn with confidence, made her wonder how he kept it growing like eyebrows upside down. He talked about the funeral. His consoled appreciation of its honourable detail bewildered her. Was there really some comfort for him in the fact that four horses drew the hearse, "with those things on their heads," or that the coffin was "oak, silver plated, the best they could do?" When asked if he liked business, he answered that there was as much money made as he cared for. He meant this magnanimously: it sounded otherwise. There was nothing, in short, the Clod could say or do acceptably, and yet he had no misgivings.

"They tell me you're a singer, sir," he said to his host after tea. "I should like to hear you, if you feel inclined for it."

There was an awkward silence for a moment, which Joyce broke herself, with unexpected courage.

"George, I've something to say to you," she began, her face aflame but her eyes quite steady. "I asked you to come because of that promise I made to you."

"Don't say another word, Miss Merrall," he interposed very gallantly and promptly. "It's for me to speak; and if your father thinks anyways well of me, now I've settled down and set up for myself, I'm sure I'm proud to make an offer. It isn't my fault——"

"But I want to take it back," said Joyce, "if you please."

The Clod sat speechless.

"I've not changed my mind about—about marrying, George, but I think you'll be happier if we are just ordinary friends. I . . . I shall like you better."

"My daughter thinks," said Stephen kindly, "that a conditional promise of that sort would not be quite fair to you, and might turn out badly. I think so too, though, of course, I hope she will marry. It is wiser for young folk not to bind themselves, however slenderly."

"You see," said Grace in turn, "Joyce doesn't love you. You'd no right to ask her such a thing, if you'd known that."

"George did know," Joyce explained, "but he wanted me to think it over."

His dull eyes, which had turned from one to the other, filled with tears, and a flush of shame and injury mounted.

"I can see how it is," he said. "You don't think I'm good enough. That's what you meant before, I expect." He pulled himself together, and avowed a sense of grievance. "It's a queer thing to be asked to tea for. Joyce did talk as if she liked me, and I made her a fair offer, better than some would, though I say so. . . . It's all nought, then?"

"Oh, don't say that!" Joyce cried, touched. "I shall always want you to be happy, always."

"'Tisn't much use, is it?" said the Clod.

Stephen replied to him. "Ah, that depends upon yourself. If you want my daughter to be happy, it should be of some account, I think."

He had not thought of that, it is fair to say, and he looked humbler.

"Well," he brooded, "I expect I ought to think myself well off. But I'll be going." He got up, and stood with his hands in his trouser pockets. "We

can't all be happy. There's not much chance for me, any way."

Then his glance fell upon the blind man, and he said no more, but took his unaffected leave. Joyce was pale and shaken. She did not soon recover her spirits.

CHAPTER XXII

PRINCESS AND PEOPLE

It was now most of all, if Stephen had known it, that he might have thanked a happy foresight for hiding the cause of his blindness. The interesting fact that Joyce Merrall did not mean to marry had gone through Ousenup.

In the public eye she became a romantic figure, a sort of Daughter of Mercy. She saw, without being clearly aware of it, a special kindness in the looks of her father's workpeople; not knowing why, she lived more than ever in a pleasant atmosphere. Had Joyce been supposed to perform a penance, this general sympathy and admiration must have had a mournful cast.

The news of her choice of life was accredited by a report that George Marlowe had "axed her and gitten No"—a report circumstantial but incredible. Ousenup believed the news, however, when George confirmed this story.

He did so at unawares, being only sounded as to his knowledge of Joyce's mind. But, as the matter was mentioned rather often, he understood that a particular interest in her was imputed to him. George found this inquisition wearisome. He had some reason to be grateful to those who admired him least; for, thinking it likely enough that Joyce had made an excuse, they never troubled him.

Among the dalesfolk, Joyce Merrall was like a daughter of some minor king of Scandinavian story—served by their own forelders in another way. When Stephen called her fairy princess as a child, he dealt in the marvellous only as to fairydom. He was King of the Ousenupers. They knew what they owed to him, he what he owed to them; and King and subjects both discharged their obligations happily: which is more than happens in every larger empire. All that Queen Victoria won by making her home-life known to us, was his on the smaller scale. More was; for his kingdom knew no politics

Imagine, then, the interest of this piece of news about a personage whom Stephen's people thought of proudly.

But, alas, for Arcady! When George's mother put it about to save poor George's credit, she had need of all Madame de Pompadour's *insouciance*. After that the Deluge. She not only made an error of tactics, but introduced politics; and, for George and the reigning house alike, the times grew troublous soon and later.

George had his party. They made a Young Pretender of him. The chemical works and the Moorcock were hotbeds of a thriving treason, provoked by the scorn of the unco' guid for his sad ambition. His following wore no badge, while the Merrall wear was shawls and blue check smocks; but, like small factions everywhere, they made up in fervency what force they lacked in numbers. Against the princess nothing was intended. But if some loyal feeling went the length of implying in George a want of quality, up with the flag and speak plainly: a Marlowe any day before a Merrall! She was a proud young thing, at any rate, and what was old Sam Merrall but a weaver?

From this time forward Ousenup was a kingdom divided against itself, for a fancied rivalry which had no actual spirit. There might be no bad blood; but then, all Ousenupers are easy-tempered. Piquant party names, like Blind Bobbin-winder and Muck-spreeader, could not have been bandied everywhere in mere good humour.

The strife was masked by a fine facetiousness.

"How do?" said a Merrall with all the old urbanity, calm-spoken. "Hez your George plucked up at all?" And a Marlowe answered mildly, "Nay. But he will do. Yo' m' tell your Joyce we think so."

Or George's man spoke first, with an air of grim anxiety. "I hear ye've putten a stop to courtin'." "Why, partly!" said the Shawl. Which admission was made a standing joke at the Moorcock.

"We're no use, lads. They mean to dee off prattily."

A feud of the sexes never can be deadly; but this was much too playfu for one hearer—the Young Pretender himself. He sat among old friends with a new dignity, and with some consequent reserve—a demeanour imposed alike by his late accession of wealth and standing, and by his known reform. Their warmth embarrassed him.

He withdrew from the sorry audience, and went next day to Leeds till popular feeling cooled. It is said that, by princes, the compensations of private life are specially valued. They must be precious in particular to disappointed princes. George had had a trying time. He did not guess what use his enemies made of the bazaar story, or Ousenup might have lost him. They said that it showed he was not wanted. They proved triumphantly, on that plain evidence, that George had been rejected on his merits and Joyce had spared his feelings.

Aunt Selinah said so. She felt no doubt of it, and she was hugely pleased with her niece.

"What's this I hear, Joyce?" the dear old lady gushed, embracing her. "An affair? My dear child, there could be no hesitation; you're wiser than I thought you. Rather than see you married to that bumpkin, I'd take vermin-killer. You'll do much better, don't you worry."

Disdaining impertinent gossip, Miss Merrall yet took care to give it a useful turn; and after-events found her at the head of a smart intelligence department. In point of fact, Aunt Selinah led the Shawls.

The secret of her statecraft was a system of minor beneficences of old standing. She had her sick and her poor, her weekly round of social duties among her brother's people. She was his almoner too. It is not easy to say whether he or this tart spinster enjoyed more popularity, or had the better right to it. She would sit up a night with any one, and her tact with fractious invalids was marvellous, like her vigour. Old Dr. Ambler prayed her aid in awkward cases. A crazy moorside farmer, down with pneumonia, refused to take his physic: the terrible nurse sailed in upon him suddenly, and told him he was dying. The man demurred, as she supposed he would; "there was over much to be done," he said excitedly.

"Well, you can't help that," said she. "What are you doing looking out of the window? Lie down."

She put him down by the shoulders and he began to cry. Then she demanded. "Where's your medicine?"

"I willn't hae no meddicine!" the patient broke out violently. "It's puzzom! I hae my belly *full* o' puzzom now!"

Aunt Selinah found the bottle, and drank while he gazed at her. "Yes," she said, "you're right. Poison it is. But this is a kind to poison your complaint: it won't hurt *you*, you fool. When did you take it last?"

He had omitted six doses, and she gave him three at once.

Her own old remedies were sometimes quite unpleasant, too; but she never failed to apply them. Jellies and soups and well-boiled chickens made amends. She cut out garments, wrote letters for the illiterate, patched up quarrels, said prayers for all who needed them, made wills.

What Miss Merrall thought had not at once the force of public opinion. So much may be owned. She was much too strenuous and harsh for the Yorkshire humour, which keeps a quiet eye on things, half-closing it, like an artist; and it kept an eye upon her.

But, as a party leader, she was heartsome.

When Peter Marlowe's widow was asked to tea at Wake House, she could explain with half a word, the motives of that kindness. To Peter's memory, she was acceptably charitable; may one say, she set a pattern? But she called attention, at the same time, to those defects of character for which it was necessary to make the charitable allowance. His son appeared to inherit them, though indeed, Miss Merrall said, he had rather his timid little mother's way of creeping in and making himself agreeable. As to his addresses, she laughed openly.

"Oh, dear yes! We've 'put a stop to

courting.' You can live to regret that nonsense, I've noticed."

Old Ezra put her claim to leadership very well when he said: "She's a rare hand wi' t' kettledrum. She brays th' heead in; but folk likes to hear her do 't."

"Well, happen so," said Betty, who had no cause to love her well. "Poor thing, she's niver hed bairnes to soften her."

That was very much the general praise and plain apology. Her followers paused just where she most pressed on, and Betty's further word was equally that of the party:

"Eh, but Joyce munnot grow to be like her!"

They said so as gravely as if Aunt Selinah were a horse thief, or a comedy actress.

She gave him three doses at once

(To be continued)

Strawberry Land

BY the especial favour of fortune manifested in the genial good nature of its inhabitants, the writer was initiated into the mysteries of strawberry land. Botley, the metropolis of the district, had long been known to him as a wayside station, whereat (if one journey by slow train in the month of June) importunate urchins tender huge baskets of the "queen of fruits" at a price which, to the urban mind, seems sacrificial to the last degree. But it was only after a long day passed in the company of pickers and packers, carters and station officials, that he was able to realise fully what it means to be "one of the biggest strawberry districts in England."

Everyone was ready to talk of strawberries—not that the topic possessed any novelty but because it represented the chief business of life at that particular moment to every man, woman and child in the neighbourhood. It was remarkable, too, that the fruit was discussed solely on its merits as a marketable commodity. No one seemed to think of it as a refreshing summer delicacy—this privilege being left for the benefit of the retail buyer. Indeed, the youngest child in the one main street of Botley village had become surfeited of strawberries long ago.

To an outsider, however, the aesthetic phase of fruit culture appeals strongly. How beautiful—how irresistibly tantalizing is the thought of the growing strawberry peeping from its bower of cool, green leaves. Could fruit possibly be dantier? In the early morning, when the white mists still linger in the valleys, and the hedgerows glisten with myriads of sparkling drops—then is the time to see and to gather the strawberry at its very best. The busy pickers, jealous of each cool morning moment, are already moving in slow ranks across the field, robbing each plant of its ripened hoard. But the visitor, standing for the first time in his life with acres of strawberries on every side, discovers a sudden fastidiousness. His first strawberry should be one worthy the occasion. Yet how is he to make choice? Blackmore, himself a sage old market gardener, supplies just the hints that are needed. "It should be one (says he) that refused to ripen in the gross heat of yesterday, but has been slowly fostering goodness with the attestation of the stars. And now (if it has been properly managed, properly picked without touch of hand, and not laid down profanely) when the sun comes over the top of the hedge, the look of the strawberry will be this—at least, if it is of a proper sort. The bead of the footstalk will be stiff, the sepals of the calyx moist and crisp, the neck will show a narrow band of varnish, where the dew could find no hold, the belly of the fruit will be sleek and gentle, firm however to accept its fate; but the back that has dealt with the dew, and the sides where the colour of the back slopes downwards, upon them such a gloss of cold and diamond chastity will lie, that the human lips get out of patience with the eyes in no time."

So much for the appearance of the perfect strawberry. Needless to say it is not possible to market the fruit in this virgin comeliness. Yet by dint of unremitting care, strawberries prove capable of sustaining a railway journey of several hundreds of miles, and even of crossing the sea to Ireland without being greatly affected by the ordeal.

Whether the fruit travels ill or well depends, of course, upon the picking, the packing and the handling in transit. The picking and the packing are the concern of the grower. We are standing in a field amongst some one hundred and twenty pickers, the majority of whom are women, and lads of from sixteen to eighteen years of age. Here and there, strolling about the lines in seeming idleness, is a watchful foreman whose duty it is to see that the fruit is properly picked. The stalk of each ripe berry must be

pinched carefully in two—the fruit itself being untouched by the fingers. This is not quite so easy of quick accomplishment as might appear, and the novice is apt to drag away whole trusses of the plant—sprays of ripe, half-ripe and green fruit all at once. Then, too, it is necessary to avoid the introduction of earth, straw or leaves into the baskets, and the workers, in their hurry, are apt to be less work. The strawberries are first weighed, then a paper—giving the name of the fruit, the name of the grower, and the destination of the consignment—is tied over the top of each basket. And within an hour of picking, they are being stored away in the waggon which will bear them to the station.

Close to the packing shed stands the grower himself, the Napoleon of this

The Strawberry fields

scrupulous in this particular than is desirable. Moreover, bad or rotten fruit must be kept out at all cost. So that with several score of light-hearted lads and lasses under his eye, it is clear that the foreman's duties are sufficiently onerous, albeit he labours not with his hands.

Each picker, as his or her baskets are filled, bears them away to one of the little rustic shanties that are dotted at intervals about the fruit farm. Here, in the shadow, half-a-dozen packers are at ordered activity. Dressed appropriately in a white duck suit, he goes bare-headed the whole day through, scorning the fierce rays of the summer sun. With him he carries a small portfolio, and even as we stand to watch, despatches half-a-dozen telegrams by a waiting messenger. He must know whether the prices rule high or low at this or that market, and must instruct his salesmen here, there, and everywhere. Worry would seem to press hard upon his shoulders, but he

bears the burden lightly. He has kindly words for the workers, and even when fault-finding is necessary, it is administered with a good natured jovialness which renders it inoffensive.

At last the great man secures a moment's leisure, and turns to speak with us.

"We are just starting to pick for a jam contract—six tons of fruit. What? Oh, quite a small matter! But come and have a look."

A remark as to the pleasant nature of a picker's duties elicits the half-laughing rejoinder that the workers make a better thing out of the fruit than do the masters. The best of them earn from ten to twelve shillings a day throughout the season. Of course, the work in the open in the full glare of heaven's eye is trying; so, at first, is the constant stooping, which women, curiously enough, are said to stand better than men. Use, however,

Weighing strawberries

We gladly follow, our way leading through more strawberry fields. We learn as we trudge along, that our visit had been better timed had we come a week earlier. Then, the farm was really busy, sending away over 3,000 baskets on its best day—about 400 baskets going to the ton. Now, the fruit shows signs of giving out. So, at least, we are told, although to the stranger eye there still seem to be strawberries enough for the supply of all England.

is second nature; and after a little initial discomfort at the commencement of the season, the pickers manage to get through their day pleasantly enough.

Fruit for jam must be boiled as soon as possible after being picked. Each berry must be picked "clean"—that is to say without its green calyx or husk. Moreover, it is exceedingly important to keep leaves, straw and other foreign matter out of the baskets, the contract being for fruit ready to go directly into

the boiling coppers. A weighing machine has its place in one corner of the field, and here the pickers assemble as their baskets are filled. For every twelve pounds weight, the gatherer receives a ticket, the value of which, when paying time arrives, is four pence. When the fruit has been weighed, it is tipped into tubs, in which it is carried to the jam factory, some seven miles distant.

season are more than trebled. Furthermore, fruit-picking may be undertaken by several members of one family. Husband, wife and all but the very young children are sure of employment. So that a thrifty family, during the three or four weeks of strawberry picking, are in a position to add very substantially to the resources of the common purse.

Well-paid labour such as this is certain

A gipsy encampment

A good picker will earn as much as one shilling per hour. And as the day's work commences at five o'clock, and continues with more or less regularity until dusk, many of the workers carry home eight, nine, or even ten shillings at its close. When the ordinary wages of the agricultural labourer are taken into account (they vary from thirteen to eighteen shillings weekly), it will be seen that his earnings in the height of the strawberry

to attract workers from far and near. Those strange nomads, the gipsies, penetrate the district from all parts of the country, and big encampments are formed in the neighbourhood of the fruit farms. These, during the long hours of the day, are tenanted only by dogs and babies. But as the dusk settles upon the countryside, the workers return—swarthy men and tired-eyed women, all silent and hungry. Fires are lighted, food is cooked,

and ere long the meal of the day is in progress. Then, their hunger satisfied, the pickers seek a well-earned repose.

During the fruit season, the London and South Western Railway Company make special arrangements for coping with the sudden demand upon their services. When it is realised that a busy day means the despatch of some 30,000 baskets from the station, and that each of these must be handled with individual care, it becomes apparent that the transit of the strawberries is no small matter. Men are drawn from various parts of the Company's system where they can best be spared, and are assembled at Botley. As many of these temporary helpers come from metropolitan stations and goods yards, they regard their outing in the light of a holiday excursion. The work is light, and there are constant intervals of enforced idleness. Chaff, banter and good humour is the order of the day. And if any are inclined for strawberries, there is generally a damaged basket to be found.

Packing strawberries into vans

As each wagon arrives from the farm, it is drawn up beside the waiting fruit train at the siding. The baskets are then taken out and passed, two at a time, into the cool interior of the special fruit vans, where they are stowed away, side by side, upon shelves provided for the purpose. As each van is filled, the doors are shut and locked. And when a train is loaded, a waiting engine is backed on, coupled up, and another "fruit special" puffs away from the little wayside station.

Where does the fruit go to? Everywhere. As a matter of fact, Botley supplies strawberries to most of the big towns in England—London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds all taking giant's portions. Then, too, very large quantities go to Glasgow, into Wales, and even to Ireland. Surprise is often expressed that it is possible to send a fruit so delicate as the strawberry to such great distances with the assurance that it will be fresh and clean at the journey's end. The secret of the whole matter is found in the two words care and speed. The grower is responsible for the care. He must see that the fruit is absolutely clean and sound when it is put into the baskets, for one or two rotten or over ripe strawberries will work mischief to scores of their neighbours. Then, as to speed, the Railway Company make it their business to see that there shall be no delay where fruit trains are concerned. Signals fall like magic, ordinary goods traffic is shunted on to sidings, and the fruit train passes on its way unhindered. Thus the dwellers in far northern cities are able to purchase Hampshire strawberries "in the pink of perfection."

PERCY COLLINS.

Photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen

Dunrobin Castle

Days after Yellow Dust in Scotland

MY first introduction to gold-digging was in the seventies, when it was worked in Sutherland. Its discovery there caused quite a sensation, and hundreds flocked to the Strath of Kildonan to try their luck in this enticing and fickle quest. The yellow grains were found on the borders of Caithness in Strath Helmsdale, which runs up from the Atlantic into the heart of these Highland hills. After the work had proceeded for some months I determined to visit the unwonted sight. The scene was remarkable, for there, right in the heart of the silent hills, amid unbroken solitudes, you were ushered into surprising activities. By the roadside had suddenly arisen two hamlets set down in the untrodden heather. They were mere collections of shanties and tents of all sorts, rapidly reared for temporary occupation, one appropriately called by the Gaelic name of Bal-an-Oir—the Town of Gold. You seemed to be transported into the feverish life of gold-digging away in California, Australia, or New Zealand, instead of into the delightful seclusion of these lovely straths, the haunt of sheep and deer. Men of all aspects, garbs and characters, flitted restlessly to and fro. Shops drove a roaring trade in goods and liquors. Strangers wandered wonderingly amid the busy and heedless throng; while the burn that used to wimple in purity along its pebbly bed now ran brown, turbid, and frothing to the sea.

The digging itself was carried on up the stream in two lateral glens to the north. They presented a striking and memorable sight. In an open pastoral valley, in which sheep still quietly grazed not far away, you came upon hundreds of men in vigorous activity, along the course of the water, which wound its way by stony heaps, and bore its unaccustomed mud to the strath below. They were scattered along the banks, digging, burrowing, washing the red *débris* that covered the Silurian rocks which formed the matrix of the dust. Its original seat had yet to be discovered. The yellow grains were found only in the *débris* on the banks of the burn. The work was pursued in all sorts of fashions, from the use of the

puddling mattock and tin pan to the more ambitious operations of the real miners from abroad, who had come to renew past experiences. All the apparatus were variations on what was essential. This needed three stages: digging with pick and spade; washing into some water runnel, and securing the gold in some receptacle. Some of the miners realized at every stage; others did so only at the close of the day's work, leaving the grains in the pockets of the runnels, till gathered in the evening; others were content to wait till the end of the month. Though animated with a curious earnestness, visible in eye and attitude, most of them were quite ready for talk, and the place was crowded with onlookers. I was speedily attracted by a party of genuine gold-seekers from Australia, who had returned to the old country with something at bank, but who could not resist the desire to resume their old life here away in this Highland strath. They were stalwart fellows—muscular, bronzed, accustomed to hard work, and purpose-like in their style. They conducted operations on a large scale, having constructed a long water race from the upper part of the valley over a well paved cataract of stones, on which they threw the brown earth and gravel, allowing the gold to settle between the boulders. I wandered all over the place, delighted with the curious scene, and noting the varied personalities. They themselves formed the most interesting conglomeration of human *débris;* some of them good nuggets, many wanderers of doubtful character and careless reputation. I returned to the Australian group, watching their operations, talking freely while they worked, enjoying their chaff, their stories of foreign travel, and partaking of their hospitality, of which they had ample store. There we sat upon the heather; the big silent hills and the more distant mountain peaks looking down wonderingly on the strange crowds that had thus invaded their sanctities and immemorial solitudes; and the stream chafing at the rubbish that impeded its course. Not long after my visit all this wonderful activity, grave and gay, sordid and generous, passed like a dream of the night. Nothing remained of this transcript of colonial life, which had thus suddenly invaded the ancient glen and as quickly disappeared. The late Duke of Sutherland, seemingly afraid that these intruders might introduce an undesirable population, withdrew his permits, and the motley crowd, like Arabs in the desert, left not a trace behind. Now these streams are lovely as before, visited only by sportsmen with rod and gun, without any of the "vagrant blackguardism of the world."

My next acquaintance with gold-seeking was far off, in the Silurian Uplands of the Lead Hills, near the sources of the Clyde. I had gone there in quest of health and renovation from over-strain. Gold has been found in various parts of the country, but more about the Lead Hills than elsewhere, so much so that they were anciently called "God's Treasure House."

All the gold for Scottish coinage came then from these glens. Records exist of its systematic search before the time of James IV., and its re-discovery was made in 1502, one nugget having weighed two pounds three ounces. The search was pushed by James the V.; his gold coins, known as "Bonnet Pieces," from the flat cap on the effigy of the King, being made of this gold. Still more interesting is the fact that the Scots regalia, now in Edinburgh Castle, was adorned with Scots metal. James V. was fond of the Lead Hills gold, as he was of its fresh air and wild game—Crawford Castle, on the Clyde, being one of his favourite hunting resorts. Thus at a banquet to the French Ambassadors who accompanied his first Queen, Madeleine, the daughter of Francis I., he introduced to their notice the "Scotch fruit" of this region, as one of the courses, in the form of a dish of his pretty "Bonnet Pieces" recently coined.

In James the VI.'s days the search was still more actively prosecuted. The chief of the miners was a capable Englishman, called Bulmer, patronised and rewarded both by James and Elizabeth, and afterwards knighted as Sir Bevis Bulmer. He erected a mansion for himself, and his name is still associated with certain mounds, especially at one point on the Elvan, called "the Gold Scaurs," where

some three hundred men were once employed, and where £100,000 worth was realized. Old Scotia was then considered the British El Dorado!

Since then, however, the pursuit has languished, partly owing to the fact that more can be made of the lead beneath the surface than of the gold upon it. Accounts are preserved of big nuggets being found. The metal still exists in the surface gravel, but its habitat in mass in the mountains has never yet been well made out. Fine examples of gold in quartz veins exist, but not in paying amounts. The search is still continued by a few solitary miners, generally old men, who beguile their leisure by washing out gold from the *débris* of the hills. There, in their pleasant company, I used to spend happy hours, patiently imitating their processes, and winning, in the long run, a few scattered particles of the golden dust. They made not a little by selling it to visitors at a high price, who were glad to get possession of native gold. The district is unique in its scenery, which is strangely attractive and soothing to those who know it,—bare, bleak and common place as it looks to the eyes of the uninitiated. On the Elvan you pass the very mounds where Bulmer made and lost a fortune. Five miles upwards you reach the quaint village at the head of Glengonar, which joins the Clyde at Abington. Fourteen hundred feet above sea-level, its atmosphere is splendidly exhilarating to weary city-dwellers. It is surrounded by great rounded, rolling mountains, their very outline and tawny colour being soothing to shattered nerve and heart; clothed in pastoral verdure, which, in autumn, becomes brown and golden. They hide unrivalled solitudes, and balmy breezes sigh through their windlestraw grasses and over their treeless flanks. There you are in the very heart of the gold country, for in every stream the glittering sand may be found.

The village contains a most interesting, old-fashioned community,—not like rough coal miners, but cleanly, shy and intelligent men and women, with ancient privileges and pleasant holdings,—every house belonging to its own inhabitants, and held direct and inalienable from the lord of the manor, the Earl of Hopetoun, now Marquis of Linlithgow. It is a curious assemblage with a peculiar history, self-governing and possessed of a public library—founded by Allan Ramsay, who belonged to the village. The Elvan rises at the base of the Great Lowther, just behind the hill that guards the eastern flanks of the famous pass of the Enterkin, not far off. It receives as tributary the burn you are in search of, in the Long Cleuch. Above this the Elvan, under the name of the Short Cleuch, receives a side stream which meanders through a valley in which the gold is more or less abundant, and in which our aged friends, the gold-seekers, are at work. The Cow Cleuch burn runs through a series of mounds, which consist of the remains of the glaciers. There daily, in good weather, five or six of our old friends were at work, and I joined them frequently in the fascinating quest. They looked as patient as the hills around them, and never grumbled though they might end their daily labours without much gain, for there is the eternal hope that some day they may be rewarded with a remunerative find. They work mostly apart, and on your arrival, will likely be invisible,—hidden from view in some of the pits which they have laboriously dug in the red gravel under the black peat in which the gold is hidden. They soon emerge with a loaded barrow to bear it to the stream below, where their washing apparatus has been skilfully set.

It is a strange and impressive sight to see these aged men quietly labouring in the heart of these silent hills, grubbing in the old glacial dirt beds, striking examples of all seekers for riches the world over, in all ranks, high or low,—all equally grubbers with a muck rake and all equally delighted with a few grains of the dust that mayhap fall to their share.

The last time I was there four of them were at work. To enjoy the rare sensation and gain fresh air I arranged to take part in their labour. Leaving the village, we crossed the intervening hills, and in half

an hour dropped down into the Low Cleuch, under the shelter of the Lowthers above us, a secluded and romantic spot, surely the abode of the genii of the gold itself. The process is simple enough. The stream is your willing coadjutor and patient slave, if you know how to utilize its services. You build across it a rude dam of turf and boulders where most convenient for your diggings. At the near side you insert a wooden trough some six feet long, open at the ends, along which the water is conducted. You regulate its amount by a bar of wood or piece of stone at the upper end. Into this trough you tumble the gravel, stirring it with a rake, to enable the water, which you now liberate to clear out the sandy mud and leave at the bottom the grains you covet. At the lower end it falls on an iron sieve, perforated with holes, the finer materials passing through the holes along with the water and the rougher remaining on the top to be thrown out, when examined. The sand and small gravel that pass through drop into a trough beneath. You then agitate them to allow the gold to sink and remove the gravel and sand. It requires watchful eyes to detect the grains you seek.

That is all. But the quest is extraordinarily fascinating, nay absorbing to an incredible degree, so that most of the long hours are spent by the gold-seekers in absolute silence. The most interesting moment is when you kneel down to examine your trough—a concentrated instant of the nerve fever of Monte Carlo.

My first cleaning was reassuring, resulting in several good-sized particles and one bit of quartz with a small embedded nugget, which I now possess, as proud as a fisher of his first salmon. The variation in the value of your results is one of its most unaccountable features. This gives the hunt its peculiar and unique attraction, its endless possibilities of success alternated with equally attending disappointments are illustrations and proof that "hope springs eternal in the human breast."

But the finds, whatever they are, are received by the old experienced hands with unmurmuring calmness and practical philosophy; quite a lesson against impatience, all the results being accepted with undiminished, undemonstrative equanimity. Success may show itself in a quiet smile of satisfaction, but little is said by the tongue. It is altogether an admirable training in the true philosophy of life, soothing to the nerves, and invaluable as leading to philosophic acceptance of whatever comes as best with patience, calm and perseverance.

WILLIAM JOLLY.

A Summer Day

Just a day beside the sea
Sent from God for you and me;
Ocean's blue beneath, o'erhead;
Sands of gold for us to tread!

Just a world of gold and blue
New to-day for me and you;
Just true love to make, we pray,
All the year a Summer Day!

MARY FARRAH.

Profit and Loss

By John Oxenham

CHAPTER XXV

CLOUDS AND CLEARANCES

No. 21 Wynyatt Square was the abode of much peace and contentment, and of strenuous endeavour in many directions. There were several people there very much happier than ever they had been in their lives before, and some perhaps happier than they would ever be again.

Niel Felston found there more than he was as yet conscious of, though the knowledge was growing in him by degrees. His picture had reached the Academy just in time. It did not come back. It was well hung, excited much notice, and was sold at the private view.

He had at first been inclined to keep it, but before he had finished working in Joan's head and face on the shoulders of the Angel of the Narrow Way, the idea of his great Aranea picture had begun to take dim shape within him. And with that in his mind, when a surprisingly good offer came for the other, he let it go.

Joan's room became the centre of his life. All that she herself was to him we only know by his own life. The room itself, with its glass extension, made an admirable painting-room, and Joan desired no better than that he should use it. It was a new beam of many colours in her life, and she rejoiced in it greatly. While he worked busily with pencil and brush, they talked of anything and everything under the sun—almost. There were things in his past he would fain have forgotten now. But at all events they were past and done with. Even their ghosts were not likely ever to rise and trouble him. He stamped them into their graves and built a new reputation on them.

Bright days for Joan. She was by nature surely the sweetest and happiest, and one of the fairest souls God ever sent to be a blessing to her kind. She may have had her darker days, when the gentle wheels ran still more softly, and the black spread was over her chair as a warning to all and sundry. but the black spread was very rarely seen after Felston came. If she made a man of him, he made her a very happy girl, and brightened and widened still more a life that had never known narrowness, though its confines were of necessity sadly limited.

With wealth in his pocket, Niel the Improvident, must spend. After the picture was paid for, twice a week at least during the sunny weather, he hired a softly-hung, rubber-tyred coupé, at what expense he only knows. It was an extremely well-appointed turn-out and did him very great credit. When the little groom in buttons and very shiny hat drove it up to the door of No. 21, Niel and George between them carried Joan down to it, and arranged her like a picturesque young princess, and then he drove her far and wide to see the sights she had never seen before.

It would be hard to say which of them enjoyed these excursions most. If they gave Joan pleasure such as she had hardly dreamt of, the sight of her enjoyment stirred his heart to its heights and depths. She was to him the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. When this new radiance shone in her face, and the great brown eyes glowed and sparkled as he had never seen them before, he could hardly drive for looking at her, and many times he desired greatly to stop and paint her on the spot.

Joan's visible horizon was enlarged a thousand-fold that summer, and Niel Felston, stamping the past beneath his feet, said to himself that life was very good.

Then, too, Joan had her page of correspondence in the *Round Table*, which gave her much business each week. Here, indeed, was a mighty widening of her outlook, and she rejoiced in it greatly. Never was so sympathetic and enlightened a correspondent. To her readers she became an omniscient Minor Providence, dealing with their little mundane affairs

in a spirit of common-sense wisdom and the most delicate understanding and kindliness. For her omniscience she tapped all springs, from the British Museum per Niel Felston, to Jack Fairfax and the boys from Bart's. For the other things her own sweet heart was responsible, and Mrs. Barty's motherly wisdom enjoyed the constant levies that were made upon it, and was always at her disposal.

Mrs. Baird said it was the kernel of the paper, and only laughed at her husband when he said that she, and everybody else who read it, liked it chiefly because it made them feel as if they were reading other people's letters. He had to acknowledge, however, that he read and enjoyed it himself, so his strictures bore no weight.

Joan's abundant energy must naturally, under the circumstances, attempt painting. But there she had no success, and her only gain was a higher appreciation of other people's powers through the failure of her own.

Mary Lindsay, however, stepped delightedly into the vacated position, and brought with her so natural a gift, that Felston found it pleasant to help her, and prophesied great things for his pupil.

Therein, Master George, stupid fellow, found reason for heart-burning, and had a long-continued fit of the glooms, which caused his mother much anxiety, under the fear that he was working himself to death or sickening for some illness. Their common interest in brush and palette brought Mary and Niel much together, and induced a good fellowship between them which might well be mistaken for something more; which, indeed, as seen through George's temporarily-green glasses, was tending rapidly and inevitably to something very much more indeed.

Felston had not the slightest idea of his friend's feelings in the matter, and Mary, who perceived them plainly enough, could not very well explain to George in so many words that she loved him and him only. For he had religiously refrained from any actual word of love-making, till such time as he could offer her, along with a full heart, something more than an empty hand. Moreover, she was rejoicing greatly in this expansion of her powers through adequate and much longed-for cultivation, as the possessor of power always must. And she was just a little sore that her friend could not trust her as wholly as she could trust him. But trust comes more naturally to woman than to man, since woman is, by the grace of God, more heart than head. And therein I would not be mistakenly taken to imply that woman's wisdom is inferior to man's. There is a natural wisdom of the heart which goes straighter to the mark than any wisdom of the head. It may not always be perfectly logical, or capable of demonstration in advance, but it is often sticking in the bull's-eye while man's logical brain is proving, beyond all possibility of doubt, that an arrow feathered in that particular way cannot possibly fly at all.

So these two were temporarily at cross-purposes. But it all worked out right before the catastrophe came, and indeed it was these two and their love for one another that brought it all about.

Mary retained her position in the Burney household with its unusually good pay, and its quite unusual tax on nerve and temper. There had been many changes in her fellow-workers there. Governesses came, tempted by the high salary; and went, broken by the terrible strain of those four vacuous children. That Mary Lindsay had the courage and strength to hold on, was due to her own strong nature, and to the fact that her off-days were spent in the atmosphere, at once bracing and soothing, of Wynyatt Square.

George, in spite of his glooms, which were unnatural to him, and yet, perhaps, not entirely unwarrantable under the circumstances, still insisted on seeing her home each night from Kensington Palace Gardens. Even if she were destined for another, she was still Mary Lindsay. And he must see to her welfare, even though he were only shepherding another man's ewe lamb.

He was a little surprised that Felston did not himself jump at the chance, though as a matter of fact nothing was farther from Niel's thoughts. When he

Then, too, Joan had her page of Correspondence in "the Round Table"

noticed George's shut face he ascribed it to any reason but the right one—put it down to intensity of concentration on his literary work; supposed generally that a man who was writing a book had his mind pretty full; never for one moment imagined that he himself was the root and cause of bitterness, or that his friend could for one moment be so utterly silly as to suppose him capable of trying to supplant him. So George went up to Kensington Palace Gardens every other day, as regularly as the clock struck, and duly escorted Mary home. And many a gloomy walk they had, and many a laugh over them in the aftertimes.

At times George wound himself up to talk of commonplaces, and, if Mary was not feeling unusually beaten by the defective ones, she would respond in kind, and endeavour to get back to the old footing; and then George said to himself that she was frivolous, though he knew quite well that it was not so.

At other times, when the burden had been unusually heavy upon her, they would walk the whole way in almost unbroken silence. Such walks did nothing to lighten her load; and, to shake off the remembrance of them and of the Burney children, she would fling herself into the doings and discussions at home with an energy and gaiety which, by contrast, cut George to the heart and made him gloomier than ever.

We must make allowances for him. He had had no practical experience as a lover. He took it for granted that Mary had known all that was in him respecting herself. He overlooked the fact that, however much she knew, he had never himself told her of it,—in words, at all events, but had, on the contrary, of set purpose abstained from doing so. He would have been mightily surprised if she had made the first advances in a declaration of her love, and yet he was hurt at her apparent lack of understanding of all that was in him.

Meanwhile, since one learns best by experience, and he was ever a seeker after new experiences, possibly the experience was good for him.

His work at the office of the *Comet* kept him busily occupied all day, and gave him plenty of food for his thoughts to work on. Of Brinsley he saw but little. What he did see he liked, and the chief had always a kindly word and nod for him when they met. But Foxley had not yet "chucked the *Comet*," nor the *Comet* Foxley, and the editor's business was with his sub-editor, and not much with his sub-editor's assistant.

Foxley and he got on very well together, since George was hungry for work and experiences, and Foxley was quite at his disposal on both counts. Work he shovelled on to him with great satisfaction, since it left him the freer for his own undertakings. His experiences, however, were in inverse proportion to his own valuation of himself and them, and it did not take George very long to come to a proper estimate of both. His mental dimensions were limited. "How could any man who brought his hair down across his forehead like that have either height or depth?" said George. But Foxley had made one hit, or his publishers had made it for him, and he believed the world was at his feet. The world, however, has a way of rolling on, and unless a man, so placed, steps lively, it has a way of rolling past him before he gets his second kick.

George asked now and again how the next book was coming on. But Foxley was up to his eyes in the stories he had contracted to write for Potts, and so far the book was in abeyance.

"It's got to be a rouser, you see, my boy," he would reply. "Must beat the last, and those beastly stories are taking a good bit out of me. Plots such as I want are not evolved in a day, or even in a night. It takes a lot of hard thinking, and the harder you think the more convinced you become that the wise man was right, and that there's absolutely nothing new under the blessed old sun."

He was always busily at work in the office, though what he found to do George could not quite make out, since it seemed to him that he himself was doing most of the work that Foxley used to do. He made no objections, however. Work was experience, and those were the things he had come for.

He made the acquaintance, by sight at all events, of a great many men whom he was delighted to know and hear—writers and artists of note, who came up to see Brinsley, and were often shown into the sub-editor's room in preference to the general waiting-room outside. Foxley knew them all, of course, and treated them as equals, as became the author of a book that was approaching its 75,000th copy.

There were many other callers, friends of Foxley in his pre-historic days. To these he was the genial man of success, generous of advice, and slightly amused at their own stumbling efforts to follow in his steps.

Outside the office, he and George did not foregather much. Their paths lay apart. Foxley was enjoying to the utmost, in his own way, the success that had come to him. But it was a way that had no slightest attractions for George. He revelled in a good play as the consummate illustration of the noble art of story-telling. But dinners, theatres, music-halls, and hilarious suppers every night seemed to him a hideous waste of time with no compensating gain, since the experiences were always much the same, were not likely to be of any practical use, and generally resulted in a bad headache and a distaste for matutinal duty.

Every spare minute George had, walking to and from the office, at lunch, and best of all in his quiet room upstairs at home, he wrought at his book, and wrought the harder as a distraction from his perverse thoughts of the wayward Mary.

When at last it was finished—finished, that is, for the first time—he managed by great exertion of will, to leave it alone for a whole week. Then he went at it again, with the critical eye and pen of a total stranger who had not seen it for seven clear days. He chopped, and cut, and re-wrote bits, straightened out whatever was not plain, and smoothed and polished what seemed anyway rough, till it ran smooth on the tongue and expressed exactly what he meant it to mean, or at all events as nearly as he could get it. Many a struggle had he and the chimney pots with the limitations of language and his mother tongue. And many a night he went to bed with his brain in full cry after a word or phrase better than the one he had got, and fell asleep still chasing it, and woke in the middle of the night to catch it on the hop and nail it to the scribbling-pad under his pillow, the pencil of which had a way of working down during the night and admonishing him in various parts of his body.

At times the hieroglyphics he made in the dark only furnished him with a new puzzle in the morning, and once, when he left the scribbled pad under his pillow, the housemaid carried it down to Miss Joan, and plainly intimated that that wasn't the writing of a sane and sober person, and that if she hadn't known Master George, and seen him herself with her own eyes last night, and him as right as right, she'd have thought, etc., etc.

However, at last he decided that it was possible to work too much at a thing, and that over-polishing and over-chasing might wear good metal thin. So he took it down to Joan and bade her read it if she could, and say her say without fear or favour. And she and Mrs, Barty read it in two days, and in the nights thereof Mary Lindsay read it, and they all had one opinion of it, which opinion Master George valued but did not build upon.

Meg and Jack Fairfax were at this time the most shamelessly happy pair of young people within or without the four-mile radius. George had thought of asking Jack to cast his eye over the great work. But Jack, in addition to his other engagements, was up to the neck in a book of his own, so he forebore and sent it off without more ado to be typewritten, a proceeding which cost him the sum of six pounds sterling, and induced a further careful perusal and more corrections on its return.

Then, with some diffidence, because he knew she had little time to spare, but, as it turned out, to his own ultimate welfare, he took his precious burden to Mrs. Baird, and asked her if she thought she could manage just to glance over it.

"We're up to our eyes in work," she said gaily, "but I'll make time to get the hang of it and an idea of the style, if I have to stop up all night. Has Joan read

it? and your mother, and Mary Lindsay?"

"Yes, they've seen it."

"And what do they say about it?"

"I'd sooner not prejudice you."

"I understand," she said, with a smile, and turned to her own concerns. "We're doing wonders here. Mr. Felston's sketches are a great hit and advertising has taken a turn. It is such a relief when a thing is paying. The hardest work you can put into it is a pleasure, then. Joan's work is most excellent too."

"She takes great pleasure in it. I think she never was so happy before."

"And how's the *Comet?*"

"Sailing along. Nothing upsets its equanimity. The new things don't seem to affect it at all."

"And how do you get on with Richard Brinsley?"

"First rate. We hardly ever meet."

"And Foxley?"

"We get on all right. He doesn't impress me, perhaps, as much as he would like to."

"What's that book of his got up to now?"

"Seventy-five thousand, he says."

"What a curious world it is!" and he left her nodding her sage little head, and sped back to his work.

He went back a week later and she handed him his parcel.

"I read it all through," she said, "and I think it should go, and go well. There are one or two little points I would have altered. But they were chiefly in methods of expression, and after all one may tinker too much. Your plot is good and striking. It's been done before, with variations, of course. But so has everything else."

"So says the great Foxley."

"You'll try to serialise it, I suppose. It will pay heaps better than publishing at once—if you can manage it. Try——" and she named half-a-dozen likely openings. "If we used serials I would have made John take it. But we stick to our old plan—each number complete in itself. By the way, one of your stories will be in our next issue."

"Capital number!" and he sped away in the best spirits a rather love-sick young man was capable of.

He succeeded in detaching Jack Fairfax from his own concerns and Meg, long enough to get from him a list of the most likely openings for his story as a serial, and picking out from it the papers which Mrs. Baird had also suggested, the precious little craft started out on the troubled waters. It voyaged peacefully to and fro for a time, coming nearer and nearer by slow and appointed ways to its destined end—and that was the making of one man who cared not at the moment for the making, and the breaking of another who had believed himself made.

While the little ark was voyaging, George devoted his writing time to short stories and articles, which he sent out broadcast and spent much postage on. The *Round Table* had the pick of them, and would have taken more than it did but that John Baird never ceased to urge him to keep on trying for a wider market for his wares.

"Every sale you make outside, my boy, is a brick in your building and a step towards the ladder," he said more than once. "Your work is good. Keep on pegging at them. You'll get there in time."

So George pegged away in gloomy hopefulness. He was paying his way, thanks to the *Comet* stool. The only cloud on his horizon was the lack of understanding between himself and Mary Lindsay, and that drove him to his work with a grim earnestness which a brighter outlook might have failed to produce.

Now and again he made a sale to an outside journal, and reported it with sober joy at home, and took it as the first sign of a flowing tide, and looked out eagerly for publication. But months would drag on without any sign of its appearance, and he had to confess himself devoutly thankful that he did not depend for his living on the fruit of his brain.

"Now I know," he said gloomily to Fairfax one night, "why so few writers get to the top. The others all die before their work comes out."

"I suppose lots of 'em do," said Jack. "Thin reed to lean on at first."

"It's a shame," said George, with the vehemence of the unprinted. "If they

can't use the stuff why do they accept it? And if they do accept it they might at least pay for it."

"Some of 'em do. But not too many. Get into Parliament, old chap, and make it law that all literary work shall be paid for on acceptance."

"They not only keep the bread out of your mouth, but they bottle up your brains in their pigeon-holes and hinder your progress."

"Beastly bad form! But it's the way they're made."

"And if you live in spite of them, and climb the ladder, and don't need their help, they'll pay you in advance and sit on the stairs while you scribble drivel for them, and set it up before the ink's dry."

"Simple bald bitter truth, my child. When you're in the making you write and don't publish. When you're made you publish and don't write. Look at that story of Connor Gray's in the *Metropolitan*. Without his name to it they wouldn't have looked at it. As it is they've given him £1,000 for it and it's not worth two pence."

"But surely their readers have some sense, Jack," said Joan.

"Some have. There's a certain class that never use their own brains. Maybe they haven't got any. If Connor Gray copied out a page of Little Arthur's History of England they'd slobber over the beauty of his style and the originality of his ideas. It is a bit sickening. How's that little beast Foxley getting on, George?"

"He's all right as far as one can see."

"I always want to take him by that forelock of his and dust the street with him, every time I see him. Have you no hankerings that way yourself? I can't imagine anyone sitting in an office all day with him and not assaulting him every half hour."

"Good thing we're not all of us made that way, anyway, or there'd be big business at Bow Street. Foxley's something of a conceited ass, but perhaps if your book had sold 75,000 you'd be as bad. I've no doubt I would, though I'd try not to show it as plainly as Charles James does."

"Is he doing another book, or has that one pumped his fiery soul dry?"

"Going to do another, but it's got to be a rouser. No hurry for it. Doing a dozen shorts for Potts at £100 apiece at present."

"Humph!" in a snort of disgust from Jack. "I've twice the brains Foxley ever had or will have, but so far Potts can't find time to handle my stuff."

It was Mary after all who eventually dispersed the cloud that had risen between herself and George. She suffered more than she had permitted to show. But her nature was compounded about equally of sweetness and commonsense. And while a very proper pride bade her suffer in silence and wait patiently, common sense cried out at the absurdity of the whole thing. Wisdom consists simply in common sense prevailing over the less utilitarian virtues, and she gave it a free hand.

One night George was detained later than usual by some corrections for the earlier sheets of the paper. As soon as he was free he hurried west to escort Mary home.

She had had an unusually trying day. Evelyn Burney had been possessed of a devil all that day. Simply that. But it was enough to make things very uncomfortable for all concerned.

The night nurse, when handing over her charges to Mary, had said, "She's in an ugly mood. Best keep an eye on her," and Mary had kept near her, and watched carefully for the first symptoms of an outbreak.

It was a dull heavy day, wet outside, close and muggy within. Evelyn, the possessed, was more restless than usual during the morning. In the afternoon the children were all quietly making pothooks on their slates at the table, when, without a word, Evelyn rose in her might, leaned across to the opposite side, and brought her slate crashing down on the head of little Gwendoline before Mary could stop her. And so forceful was the blow that the slate flew in splinters as high as the ceiling, while the frame hung round the child's neck like a horse-collar.

Mary sprang round to little Gwen,

fearful of injury. But, beyond a more vacant look than usual on the poor little face, there seemed no great harm done. While she was carefully extricating the child's head from the frame, with the jagged spicules of slate sticking in all round it, Evelyn and Gordon, the eldest boy, indulged in a free fight. Gordon rose and smacked his sister in the face. She smacked back, and so they went on stolidly pounding at one another's faces like two automatic figures built to do that one thing and nothing else. Little Lancelot, meanwhile, went on doing pot-hooks without paying the slightest attention to the turmoil. It was that terrible self-concentration which made them so trying to the nerves. An outbreak such as Evelyn's, so long as no actual bodily harm resulted, was almost a relief from the deadly dull monotony. One may have too much even of relief, however, when it displays itself in so vigorous a fashion.

At tea time, Evelyn, her face still swollen from Gordon's punches, coolly emptied her cup over his head, and Mary, angry as she was, wondered whether this must not really be the stirrings of a memory within the child. There were several minor casualties during the day, but only such as she had grown hardened to. Nevertheless, she felt tired and worn when she left the house, and when she saw no sign of George, she turned at once and walked away towards home. It was still raining and she decided to take a 'bus as soon as she got to Oxford Street.

A voice at her elbow startled her.

"And how is Miss Lindsay? And how goes the menagerie?"

It was Mr. Frazer Burney, and it seemed to her that the smile on his face made him more hateful than ever. She had only met him three or four times during these months, generally as she entered or left the house, for, of course, he never went near the children. He had never addressed her with anything approaching familiarity before.

"The children have been unusually trying to-day, Mr. Burney," said Mary. "If you will permit me to say so, I think they are suffering from the weather, and a change of air might do them all good."

"Ah? And where would you suggest?" He was walking alongside her now.

"The seaside—anywhere—somewhere where they can get some good strong air into them."

"All the air in the world will never give them what they're short of," he said cheerfully. "Would you take charge of them to the seaside?"

"I don't know. I could do with a little change myself."

"Well, take it with them. I'll see to ——"

"I meant away from them," she said quickly. "They are rather trying at times. They get on one's nerves."

"Yes, I'm sure," he said sympathetically. "If you will take them away to some quiet place on the east coast, for a month or six weeks, it will do you all good, and I will see to all the arrangements."

"Oh, I don't know. I don't think.—That is my 'bus, please. Good-night!"

George had turned into Kensington Palace Gardens from High Street, just as Mary and Mr. Burney turned and walked towards the Bayswater Road. He knew Mary at a glance even under her umbrella. Her companion puzzled him for a moment. Then he said to himself that it was Felston, awakened at last to a sense of his responsibilities and opportunities, and he followed slowly and wished he hadn't come, and vowed he would come no more.

When Mary jumped hurriedly into her 'bus, Mr. Burney came striding back, too busy with his own thoughts to notice George. George, however, stood and stared after him with an utterly unjustifiable impulse towards personal violence. Recognising this, he turned and hurried after Mary's 'bus. That, however, was gone, so he jumped into the next, and they alighted at Giltspur Street within a few seconds of one another.

He had had time during his ride to become a trifle ashamed of his gloomy suspicions. He had even said to himself that he was an ass to feel about the matter as he did. He accordingly ranged up alongside Mary in a somewhat chastened humour.

And how goes the menagerie?

"I missed you," he said, and she jumped at his voice. "Foxley had left a bit of work undone, and the printers were waiting, so I had to stop and do it."

"You shouldn't have troubled to come—in the wet, too."

"If you'd sooner I didn't——" he began gloomily.

"Oh, George! *don't* be so silly! What's come over you lately? You know I'm always glad of your company on the way home."

"But not so glad of it when you get home," growled George.

Then Mary began to cry quietly, which was perhaps the very best thing she could have done under the circumstances. Evelyn's possession had upset her considerably, and Mr. Burney's undesired attentions had irritated her still more. George's undeserved onslaught completed her undoing.

He could not see her face, but some subtle instinct told him she was crying, and he felt himself a brute.

"I'm sorry. I'd no right to say that, Mary,——" he began.

"I-If you think it, y-you're welcome to say it," jerked Mary.

"Can't help thinking it," said George heavily, "when I see it with my own eyes every night and morning, and feel it all day long."

"See what?"

"Well—that things are not as they used to be between you and me."

"And whose fault is that?" she asked, with a touch of warmth. "It certainly isn't mine."

"Well, it isn't mine. I haven't changed—that is—not inside."

"And I'm quite sure I haven't."

George felt the lameness of all this. He had all a young man's aversion to an admission of jealousy of another man. It was an admission of inferiority. He possessed in full measure all the natural reserve of his northern blood. It was easier to suffer through the concealment of his feelings than to express them. But—he loved Mary Lindsay with all his heart, and his heart had been sore for many a day. And he was no coward.

"You are more to me than anything in my life," he said abruptly. They were in the wide space near the hospital, and they had it to themselves. He laid his hand on her arm and she stood facing him. "It seemed to me that something—someone—had come in between us, and—and——"

"Do you mean Niel and the painting?" she gasped. "Oh, George! How could you? And I've been rejoicing so in it. It was just what I needed. . . . But I'll give it all up if you feel that way. I'd no idea—. And—besides—can't you see? Niel loves every hair of Joan's head. He worships her. He never gives me a thought, except as a troublesome pupil. Oh, what a silly boy you've been! And I—thought you'd found someone else outside. And it's made me miserable ——"

Then he dived under the umbrella and kissed her, and a policeman sauntered round the corner, all agleam with the raindrops under the lamps, and caught them at it, and said: "Now then, move on there! Cawn't have no kerryings on of that kind here, you know."

And George slipped his arm round her, with all the blood in his body jumping and tingling and rushing up through it to experience the new sensation, and carry the word of it throughout the empire, and they went off under the umbrella. And the constable stood and looked after them and shook his head, his personal experiences having run chiefly to the lower phases of human nature.

It took them a good half hour to travel from the hospital to Wynyatt Square, a journey which Meg and Jack Fairfax could, when they chose, accomplish in something under seven minutes. So they were later than usual in reaching home.

"What was that beast Burney wanting with you?" asked George, as they turned into the Square.

"He was suggesting I should take the children to the seaside."

"I'll take jolly good care you don't. You shall get away from them altogether as soon as I can manage it. If I catch him talking to you again I shall go for him."

"You are more to me than anything in my life," he said abruptly

"Then I shall lose my place."

"I wish you'd never taken it. It must be killing work. And Burney has no right to speak to you or any decent woman He's a bad lot all through."

"I detested him from the first moment I met him at Saas-Mürrn."

"Ah! Saas-Mürrn! What times we had there!"

"Y-Yes—on the whole," said Mary. "But I liked some of the other places better."

"Saas-Mürrn stands all by itself. I can see you now standing on the edge of the shelf looking out over the valley, just as I saw you that first time. And I thought then, as I think now, that there never was a sweeter——"

"They'll think we're lost," said Mary, as she disentangled herself. They were on the top step by this time.

"And we've been finding ourselves," and they went in.

"I was beginning to be afraid something had happened to you," said Mrs. Barty, as she came out of the dining-room at the sound of them.

"So it has," said George, and she caught the ring in his voice. And then, more softly, he said, "Mother dear, your daughter dear," and she knew that whatever cloud had been between them was dissipated.

"God bless you, dear!" she said to Mary, and kissed her warmly. "Doubly my daughter now, and I could not wish a better," and the kind hand that was at Mary's back patted it gently to tell more things than words could express.

They were all delighted at the news, though it was no surprise to them.

Joan sparkled and beamed at them. Niel, unconscious of the part he had played in the matter, congratulated them warmly, and said he had been expecting it for months past. Meg and Jack assured them there was nothing like it. The boys in their own way expressed their approval, though they were all half in love with Mary themselves.

And so that little cloud rolled by and their sky seemed bright and clear. But, in its very passing, it drew upon them that greater darkness which seemed like to overwhelm them all in unutterable disaster.

CHAPTER XXVI

STORM GERMS

GEORGE BARTY found the path of letters a long, long path, as many another had found before him, and as all who follow him must find. It is a case of Spartan selection. The weakly die, or find some less precarious method of subsistence, which comes to the same thing so far as letters are concerned. And of those who survive, some become case-hardened, and, sick of lean days, write down to the level that pays them best. And some learn patience through the grinding of the mill, and from that, experience. And patience and experience wedded bring forth hope, and the little stranger's life is one long striving after the unattainable best. It is possible these may not make the most money. On the other hand there may be compensations which count for more with them. For I take it that the upward reach, although it fail of full accomplishment, still keeps a man's face to the sky. Whereas he who bends and gropes in mud sees mud, and mud is mud even though it carry payable gold.

George slogged away at his work. Sales or no sales, he went on producing the best that was in him, and sending it forth like the Ark-sick mariner, if perchance it might find rest outside for the sole of its foot. And as a rule it returned more promptly even than Noah's dove. And some of it, raven-like, never returned at all, whereby a spark of hope was left in him that it had found a home. And, now and again, at stray intervals, came olive leaves in the shape of small cheques.

Let no man say that, in this world at all events, the palm-leaf always goes to him who most deserves it. In the long run things average up fairly well on the whole, no doubt, but the distribution is apt to be somewhat uneven, so that when a man hath he receives still more, but until that good time comes he may go lean.

Now ravens as a class are not very lovable. Decorative, maybe, at a distance,

but on closer acquaintance quarrelsome and of manners and customs akin to the proverbial savages.

All the same, that primal raven seems to have received quite undue obloquy. At all events he did his best, and went beating to and fro in search of a dry spot, long after the dove had given it up as a bad job. Possibly he went on trying till he fell spent. In any case, the very fact of his not coming back must have given Noah the hope that he had found something which he preferred to the ark. The dove, on the other hand, seems to have given the matter up after a very cursory look round, and came home for a seven days' rest, while the raven was still at work. Quite possibly the raven, under a mistaken idea of what was required of him, devoted his time to a necessarily ineffectual search after plump worms, and never for a moment imagined that an olive leaf would do just as well. Whereas the dove nipped off the first leaf he found, and, lacking the raven's enterprise, came home with it and has borne the palm ever since.

However that may be, I know this, that many of George Barty's stories, which could find no resting place at that time, have—since he made his name—been welcomed at many times the price he would have rejoiced to accept for them then.

I offer no explanation. I give you simple fact. And there you see is my point—merit and the palm are not always synchronous.

The stool at the "Comet" was a godsend to him. It left him little time for brooding, and made his own higher work a delight to look forward to, a reward for duller service well done.

Each little success was at once a spur and a crown, but compared with expenditure—I do not refer to money matters—the income was small.

It would seem to you that George's position was not one which called for any complaint. He was very busy, and he was making a living, which is more than some folks ever succeed in doing. He insisted on paying for his board and lodging at home, just as Felston and the other boys did. But you must remember that three-fourths of his available working time, all of which he would have wished to devote to the higher work, was given to alien routine which another could have done just as well as he, while he had the belief that greater work lay waiting for him. He felt as he imagined a racehorse might feel if harnessed to a coal cart.

Then again, in spite of his occasional little successes, he could not but feel, and he felt it bitterly, that the progress he was making was so slow that, in the whirling rush of things, it amounted to no progress whatever. And that is a matter of serious import to the beginner. For lack of progress suggests either lack of power or power wasted in a wrong direction. Once introduce the element of doubt and you sap a man's energies. Continuous defeats, even though they be but small ones, tend to depress one. If continued long enough they break a man's spirit. With a single pin and much perseverance you may bleed a man to death. Defeats and snubs are to the inner man what the pin-pricks are to the outer.

Fortunate it was for him that he had such bulwarks of hope as Mary Lindsay and his own home folks, and so intense and growing a love for his work, that in the work itself he could find a high reward for all his labours. Though, being of this world, he could not afford to lose sight entirely of the lower reward which he thought he had a right to expect.

The Bairds' encouragement was of mighty service to him. They used his work pretty constantly, because they liked it and considered it good. But they never ceased, in his own interest, to urge him on in his attempt to gain a footing elsewhere as well.

Much familiarity with a man breeds either contempt or esteem. It depends upon the man. The more George saw of Foxley the less he felt able to esteem him. The success he had attained was more of a puzzle to him than ever.

Their first disagreement of moment was over the review of Crawford's book. Mrs. Baird had lent it to George after she had reviewed it for the *Round Table*.

"It is worth reading," she had said. "There are faults, of course, but they are small ones. I consider it an excellent book. It is worth seven of your friend Foxley's, and if it sells five thousand copies Crawford will consider himself fortunate. It *is* a queer world, my boy."

So George read it and found it good also. And when one day he came on a tart notice of the book smuggled into a late page of the *Comet*, his gorge rose at it.

It was none of his business, however,—except in the larger sense,—and he hesitated before speaking about it. But right would out.

"I say, Foxley," he broke out at last, "that's a rotten notice of that book of Crawford's."

"Oh? Know Crawford?" asked Foxley, glancing meditatively up at his junior.

"Don't know him from Adam. But I've read his book, and that notice gives an utterly unfair view of it."

"Crawford's an ass and a stuck-up prig. Thinks he's got a mission to reform the world. And he's too wordy. Will explain things to the last dot, when you could imagine them quite as well if not better. And those people Shutter and Dore are hogs. They practically flung my book back at my head, and as much as said it was not the class of thing they dealt in. You bet they've been sorry once or twice since then. 'Nemo me,'—you know."

"Still, it's hardly the thing to slate a man's book because you've a grudge against his publishers. How would you like it yourself?"

"Had it, my boy, lots of it. Only made me sell the faster. Nothing like a good slating notice to sell a book."

"This is a blessing in disguise for Crawford, then."

"It's one in the eye for Shutter and Dore, anyway, and not the first they've had nor the last they'll get."

There was nothing more to be said, and the notice went in.

Mrs. Baird tackled George about it the first time they met.

"Who did that absurd notice of Crawford's book for you?"

"Charles James."

"Did you see it before it went in?"

"Oh, I saw it and gave him my opinion about it."

"I'm glad of that. Why did he do it? It's a good book."

"It's Shutter and Dore's, and they flung 'Souls of Fire' at its author's head when he offered it to them. This is one of his replies."

"It's shameful," said little Mrs. Baird, with a stamp. "Why does Richard Brinsley permit it?"

"Well, you see, Richard is a very busy man, and he has to leave a good deal to other people."

"Pity he doesn't get honest people to leave it to then, and I shall tell him so the first time I see him. It's scandalous that a little self-seeking humbug like Foxley should have any power of mischief permitted him. I hope it's not infectious," she said, regarding George gravely.

"I don't think it's infectious," he said. "My fingers itch five times a day on an average to take Foxley by the forelock and mop the floor with him, as Jack Fairfax says."

"I wish you would," said Mrs. Baird, with energy.

Relations between the great sub-editor and his assistant had become somewhat strained, you perceive. But the great cataclysm was none of George's seeking or making.

He had ceased to ask Foxley how his next book was coming on. The question seemed to irritate him. But it was impossible for George to close his ears entirely to what passed when Foxley's many friends and callers interrogated him on the point, as they rarely failed to do.

"To tell you the truth, my dear boy," he heard him say one day to one of his special cronies, "I'm beginning to be afraid I'm getting a bit too discriminating in the matter of plots. Plot after plot I've rejected,—scores of 'em. It's one of the penalties of —er—success, you know, that there must be no going back, no resting even. Forward or fall out, is the word, and every possible thing

under the sun seems to have been done and done to death. Oh, it'll come all right in time. But in the meantime I'm getting a bit sick of making combinations. A's the man—B's the woman. What the deuce can they do that's never been done before? Give it up, eh? Well, it does take a deuce a lot of thinking, but I'll get there sometime, you bet. How do the shorts strike you?"

"Rattlers!"

"I put a deuce of a lot of work into 'em," he said, reflectively if not regretfully. "And I'm bound to say I think pretty well of them. Old Potts—" and he stopped abruptly.

"What does that old duffer say about 'em?"

"Says they're hardly up to 'Souls' standard. Wish he'd try to boil down a three-volume novel into six thousand words himself, then he'd know more about it. Can't turn yourself round in six thousand words."

"Tight fit," said the other sympathetically. "By the way"—with a thoughtful drop of the voice, so low that it did not get across the room,—"what would it be worth to me if I was able to help you out, old chap?"

"Why, how do you mean?" bristled Foxley, much as the lion may have bristled at first sight of the mouse's impudence.

"Keep your hair on, my boy," said the other softly. "Quiet's the word if I do it. It's a darned nasty thing to do, but it's for a friend and I'm as hard up as a rat."

"What the deuce are you driving at, Biddles?" His visitor was one Bidlake, sub-editor of a monthly, *The Cosmos*. George had not made his acquaintance, and Bidlake paid no attention to assistant-sub-editors.

"I can put you on to a plot. The best thing I've come across for a very long time, and we see a heap of stuff at *The Cosmos*."

"H'm!" and Foxley regarded him dubiously. "Another man's plot! That's playing pretty low, you know, and besides—there may be consequences."

"Not if you work it right. You can twist it so that it's own father wouldn't be able to swear to it. Well, now, what's it worth—if you use it? No use—no pay!"

And Foxley did some hard thinking in the next few minutes.

Candidly he did not like it. On the other hand he was at his wits' end. Only that morning his publishers had written urgently asking when they might expect something from him, and intimating very plainly that they were getting tired of waiting. All the benefit of their immense advertising of Book I. would be lost if Book II. did not follow within a reasonable time, and the public had a very short memory, and so on and so on. And the very keel of No. II. was not yet laid!

"Who's the man?" he asked.

"Fellow named Bertie. Don't know him. Never heard of him. New man. I can keep his stuff in quad till you're out, if you drive ahead."

"Well, if it's any use to me I'll give you £100," said Foxley. "But I don't suppose it will be, and I don't much like the idea anyhow."

"That's all right. If you don't use it you don't pay. Shall I bring you the MS. to run through?"

"No. I think I'd better not see it at all."

"All right. I'll dot you down a synopsis of it. You can read Pitman's, can't you?"

"If you write plain. Bit out of practice."

"I'll send it on to you to-morrow. You'll like it. So long!"

And the unconscious father sat quietly grinding away at proofs in his cupboard while black treachery to his first-born was being negotiated under his very nose.

CHAPTER XXVII

STORM HATCHING

FROM the amount of work that shortly began to come across to his side of the room, and from Charles James's deep absorption in other matters, George came to the conclusion that Foxley had at last settled on a plot, and was deep in

his book. In spite of a certain sympathy and fellow-feeling for a brother of the craft, it did seem to him that his immediate superior was indulging in a very wide latitude, in drawing a salary from the *Comet* for work he did not do, and utilising its time for his own affairs. However, he worked away and said nothing, but could not help wondering how soon the chief's eyes would open to this somewhat incongruous state of matters.

The end came quickly.

Half-a-dozen limping replies from Foxley to questions respecting current matters roused Brinsley's suspicions. He came in to the sub-editor's room during lunch time and found George grinding away there at his proofs. He nodded and asked, "Foxley out?"

"At lunch, sir."

"And why aren't you at lunch?"

"I am," said George, with a smile and a bite from a scone he had sent out for. "I wanted to get through these things so I stopped in."

"I want the proof of Mackellar's article for a moment. Have you got it there, Barty?"

"No, sir, not here," said George, glancing through his pile.

Brinsley walked over to Foxley's desk, flung up the roller top, and looked about among the litter, poked it with his finger for a minute or two, then closed the desk and went back to his own room. When he went out to his own lunch he went through into the printing office and called for the files of corrected proofs for the last three weeks, glanced over them, and went thoughtfully on his way.

In the afternoon he came suddenly into the sub-editorial room again and walked over to Foxley's desk, at which that young gentleman was writing for his life. Foxley looked up with a start and a flush.

"I want a word with you, Foxley," said Brinsley, skimming the desk with a glance, and the two retired to the chief's room.

Foxley emerged ten minutes later, his raven's wing drooping very limply over an angry red face, and fire in his eye.

"I presume I've got to thank you for this turn-up," he flung across at George.

"What turn-up? I know nothing about it. What's wrong?"

"Services dispensed with. Go as soon as you like. Wasn't he in asking you about me?"

"He's never asked a single thing about you since I came."

"H'm!" said Foxley doubtfully. "Well, I'm off anyway," and he began gathering his papers together. "Fortunately I can get along without the *Comet*, and I've no doubt the *Comet* can get along without me. You've got everything pretty well at your finger ends, Barty, but if there's anything crops up that you want to ask me about, drop me a line to the Junior Grosvenor and I'll help you through.—I think I've got everything that belongs to me," he said, after a prolonged interval of sorting, and arranging, and tearing and tying up. "You'll be taking this desk, I expect. If you come across any old love letters you might just fire them along to the Junior Grosvenor. One generally overlooks something," and so he departed, and George worked away at his proofs in his cupboard.

During the afternoon Mr. Brinsley sauntered in with a cigar in his mouth and stood looking at him.

"How do you stand now, Barty?" he asked.

"I shall manage all right, sir. I'll finish them before I leave."

Brinsley strolled over to the vacant desk and sat down in the chair and looked things over. A grim smile flickered over his face occasionally at things he found there. He took to opening and shutting the drawers and glancing over their contents.

Certain papers he placed in a bundle and eventually took them away with him. He knew Master Foxley and his venomous little disposition. It is possible, indeed, that a chat he had had with Mrs. Baird a few days before, was the mainspring of his present action. He thought the scraps he had collected would be quite sufficient to muzzle his late subordinate if he tried to snap at him, and to justify his own action if need be.

I presume I've got to thank you for this turn-up

"You can take this desk now, Barty," said Brinsley. "You'll get more light here. We'll discuss future arrangements when this week's number is out. Think you'll come through all right?"

"I have done other weeks," said George, with a smile.

At which Brinsley laughed quietly, and said, "Yes, I see you've been doing it pretty well all," and then more soberly, and with a darkening of the face, "That young man will come to a bad end if he's not careful. His notions of honesty are extremely elementary."

The result of all this was that George occupied Foxley's place, with an increase of salary, and a new assistant sub under him. The closer intercourse which this brought about between himself and his chief lead to a pleasant increase of friendliness between them, and George valued it highly.

"How's your own writing getting on?" asked Brinsley, one day when they had been discussing *Comet* matters.

"It's a long lane," said George, drily, "and a rather rough road at first. I suppose it gets smoother further on. I'm on the stones yet."

"And the book? Not found a home yet?"

"Not yet," said George, with a flush. The Wandering-Jew-like proclivities of his cherished first-born were rather a sore subject with him.

"I'd like to have a look at it. Your good friend Mrs. Baird was almost gushing to me about it the other day, and she is not much given to gushing. Where is it?"

"It's with *The Cosmos* people. They've had it for over three months. I've written several times asking them to send it back if they're not going to take it. They say they're considering it."

"Ah! *The Cosmos*," said Brinsley thoughtfully, looking past George.—"Well, now, if I were you, I'd get it back. I happen to know that *The Cosmos* is in pretty low water just now. It belongs to a company and they're all at loggerheads. If they accept it, the chances are about even as to your ever getting paid for it."

"The sooner it's out of their hands the better then."

"Decidedly! Get it back to-day if you can."

"I'll go up at lunch time."

"By the way, I hear Foxley was up yesterday. What was he wanting?"

"He came to see if he'd left any papers behind him. Seemed to think he had."

"Ah, he always was a careless young man. What did you say to him?"

"Told him I hadn't seen any, but if I came across any I'd send them on to him."

George went up to *The Cosmos* office at lunch time, but he did not get his story. He was shown into Mr. Bidlake's room, and George recognised him at once as one of the many men who used to come up to see Foxley Bidlake however did not recognise him. Foxley had never introduced them, and Bidlake had paid no special attention to the industrous worker in the corner cupboard.

"Pleased to see you, Mr. Bertie," said he cheerfully. "You've come about your story, I suppose. I'm sorry we've kept it so long. But we get such a heap of stuff sent in that it takes time to go through it with discrimination."

"I want it back if you can let me have it," said George. "There's another man wanting to see it and I promised to get it for him to-day."

"Sorry! But that won't be possible. Our chief's away in Switzerland. Gone for a rest, and the chance to go quietly through a selection of MS., yours among them. I've great hopes of him taking it. If he does, we should begin publishing at the beginning of the year."

"Could you get it for me by writing to him?"

"Well, I might possibly. But if he wants it he won't let it go. Seems a pity to lose a chance, don't you think?"

"I don't know what the chance may be worth, but I'd be obliged if you'd write and ask him to send it back at once."

"Of course, if you say so. But it does seem a pity when there's every chance of his taking it."

"If you'll write to-night I'll call on Friday. That should give him time to reply."

"All right, Mr. Bertie."

And when his visitor had gone, Bidlake opened the bottom drawer of his desk and looked thoughtfully at George's manuscript lying there, and pursed his lips perplexedly. "I can stave him off for a bit," he said to himself, "but he looks a determined sort of a cuss. I wonder how much longer that ass Foxley is going to be with his book.—Shall I tell him of this or not?" and he considered the point carefully.

George duly came round again on the Friday, but Mr. Bidlake was out. He called again on Saturday, with like result; and again on Monday, when he saw Bidlake who told him that no reply had yet been received from Switzerland. He called every day for a fortnight, and on the last day Bidlake handed him his story, saying that it had arrived that very morning. The editor of *The Cosmos* returned to town next day, with a fine coat of tan from much mountain climbing and a clear eye which had not read a page of MS. for over a month.

George left the recovered parcel on Brinsley's desk, and waited in somewhat of a tumult for his ideas concerning it.

"I see you've got it at last," was all he said that day. "I heard Kerton was expected home to-morrow."

Two days later, however, he beckoned George into his room.

"Well, I've read that story of yours, Barty," he said, "and I consider it extremely good work. How would you like it to run through the *Comet?*"

"Like it?" gasped George, with the feelings of a drowning man who has been asked from the river bank if he would care for a helping hand.

"I'm just wondering who I could get to illustrate it. Cleaton's away, Lanyers is away,—"

"I can find you the man, and he'd do it well," said George.

"Who?"

"Niel Felston."

"He does those clever odd things for Baird. They've made quite a hit. Is that his usual style? I don't want to poach on a friend's preserves."

"I wouldn't for a moment," said George. "Felston can do any style you want. That was his picture in the Academy, "The Parting of the Ways." He's about the cleverest man I know, and, besides, he knows my story and all about the places and people."

"Ask him to do a couple of illustrations for, say, the first five thousand words, and let me see them as soon as possible. You're quite sure Baird will have no feeling about it?"

"Quite. But I'll ask him myself."

"We'll start it the week after next. Conyers' story can wait. He's got two serials running just now, and I'll be glad to have something outside."

So George ran up to the *Round Table* office that night and burst in on them with the news.

"That's capital. Richard Brinsley's as good a judge of a story as any man in London," said Mrs. Baird.

"Will you mind if Felston does the illustrations? I'll tell him to adopt quite a different style from the ones he does for you."

"Not a bit. His work has done us good but we never hoped to monopolise it. Besides, we don't clash with the *Comet*."

Niel took the matter up with enthusiasm. "I'll give the *Comet* such pictures as it doesn't often get," he said.

He skimmed through the first two chapters of the story again, picked out his scenes, and set them all posing as models, a proceeding which sent the entire household into a state of hysterical hilarity.

"Stop!" he shouted to Jack Fairfax, as he came in. "Stand just as you are for a minute, and keep your face exactly so! You'll do for the villain. I'll twist your nose so that nobody'll know you."

"Hanged if you will! Is he mad?" asked Jack gloomily.

"We're all a bit mad to-night, Jack," said Joan. "Niel is doing illustrations for George's story. It's coming out in the *Comet*. Why, where's Meg? Is she downstairs?"

"Not coming to-night," growled Jack. "Big explosion in Fore Street. All hands to the pumps. They were carrying them

in in a procession as I came past. I only got half a word with her. Abominably inconsiderate of people going blowing themselves up on Meg's night, when any other night in the week would have done them just as well."

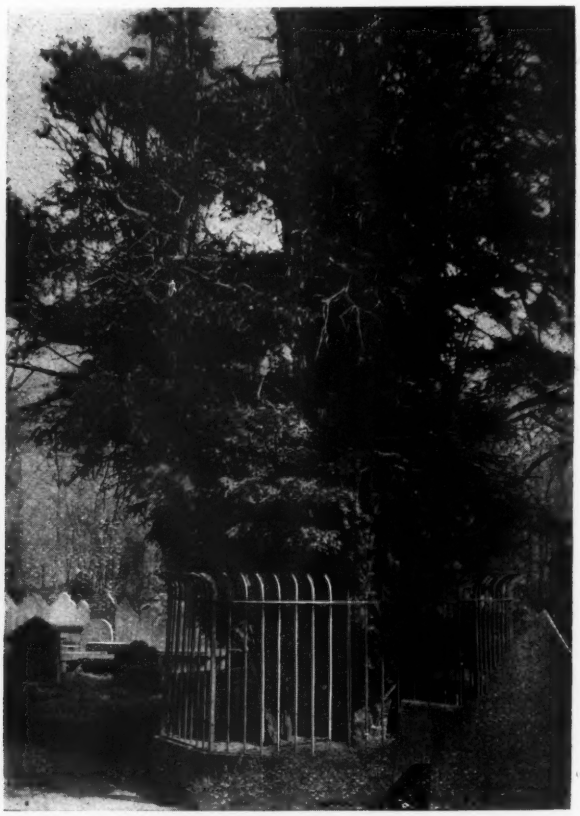
"Poor people!" murmured Joan. 'You and Meg don't count."

"Really coming out in the *Comet*, George?" asked Jack incredulously. "That's well worked. How did you manage it?"

"I didn't. Brinsley saw it and suggested it himself.

"Good business anyway. Congratulate you my boy! It was worth waiting for."

(To be continued)



Photograph by **The Great Tree of Eastham** *D. C Roose*

Floating Lights

BUILT of the very best materials, with the utmost care, and on lines that have been adopted after many years of far-reaching experience, an English lightship is a perfect vessel of her class. No craft afloat and in use by civilised nations has changed less than this. The finest battleship or ocean liner may be obsolete in ten years, but there are still on active service, defying storms and warning the sailor to give fatal shoals a wide berth, light-vessels that are fifty years old. These are out of date only because they are built of wood, whereas now all lightships are constructed either of iron or of wood and steel. The latter are called "composite" ships.

The Honourable Corporation of Trinity House, which controls all the seamarks round the English coast—lighthouses, lightships, beacons, buoys and fog-signals—has its lightships built by private firms, according to the specifications of its Surveyor of Shipping. From the moment the building is begun until the hour when the lightship ceases to be—and that is when she breaks adrift and is wrecked, or is sunk by collision, for there seems to be no instance on record of one of these stout craft dying a natural death—she is an object of incessant care by the Corporation, a body whose magnificent work has won a world-wide fame.

All the details of construction are equal to Lloyd's highest class requirements for a ship of 650 tons register. The iron, timber and workmanship have to be of the very best, and from beginning to end of construction a Trinity Surveyor watches the lightship. Every bolt is hammered home, every nail is driven in, every fitting put in place, and every coat of paint applied, under his ceaseless vigilance. Even if a shipbuilder wished to go wrong he would have no opportunity of doing so; but only firms of the highest repute are chosen to carry out the work of lightship building.

On one occasion a solitary shipyard at Sunderland had three vessels on hand at the same time for the Corporation—quite a remarkable record for any firm.

Not a whit less complete are the efforts to preserve the ship than the pains which are taken to make her a defier of storms. All iron work which is exposed to the weather is galvanised; it receives two coats of anti-corrosive paint, and afterwards two coats of oil-colour. In addition the bottom of the vessel receives four coats of composition immediately before leaving the contractor's hands. The whole ship gets four coats of paint, inside and outside, the finishing coat being applied with every article in place.

As a lightship is built to remain in one place and to ride out any storm that blows, whether from the broad Atlantic or lesser seas, she must be, and is, of enormous strength; she must also be, and is, a splendid seaboat. So buoyant is she that when other ships are smothered in the waves she will ride with dry deck, although her pitching and rolling are awesome things to witness. There is no fear of her ballast shifting, inasmuch as it consists of about sixty tons of cement, which forms part and parcel of the ship herself.

Every lightship now built is 103 ft. long and 24 ft. broad. The hold of a composite ship is 14 ft. deep and the height between decks is 7 ft., the iron ships having a depth of 15 ft. and a height between decks of 7 ft. 6 in. These dimensions enable the ship to stand much buffeting from wind and sea, and to give ample accommodation to her crew and stores. As she is the floating home of a number of men, year in and year out, she must have plenty of living room, and in this respect the crew are the most fortunate of seamen.

NOTE.—I am indebted to the late Mr. E. Price Edwards, of Trinity House, and to the Superintendent of Trinity Wharf, for many interesting details contained in this article.—W. W.

The forecastle is a very spacious, light and airy place, wonderfully different from most of the dens in which sailors have to spend their leisure and sleeping hours at sea. It is fitted for nine seamen, with lockers, table, seats, cupboards for oil-skins, etc., sailbin, stove and galley, the galley-stove being fitted with utensils for eleven men. The lockers for the bread are tin-lined. The men sleep in hammocks, which are, of course, removed during the day and allow of a clear space in the common living-room. The officers' cabin, which is aft, is fitted with two sleeping-bunks, sofas, tables, stove, wardrobe, bookcase and washstand, and is as comfortable a floating home as one could wish to have.

That nothing should be wanting to complete the comfort of the crew, an excellent bathroom is fitted on the starboard side of the vessel, containing an enamelled bath, a wash-basin, fresh and sea water pumps and all other requisites.

Large spaces of a lightship are occupied by the engine-room, which is amidships, and the room for oil tanks, which is farther aft. Still nearer the stern is the magazine, which contains what may be called the war material, for use in such work as signalling for lifeboats to succour ship-wrecked sailors. The engine-room of a lightship is a remarkable revelation to the visitor. Into the considerable bare apartment which exists when the contractor delivers the ship at Trinity Wharf, Blackwall, oil engines and compressed air cylinders are fitted. These cylinders supply the compressed air for working the windlass and the enormous fog-horn which in thick weather sends out its fearful bellow to indicate the lightship that is swallowed up in mist.

The Trinity Corporation officials do their work with great celerity. On visiting the lightship at Sunderland and descending into the engine-room two days before she was towed to the Thames, I stood in a large bare room; exactly three weeks later, entering the same engine-room at Blackwall, under the kind guidance of the Superintendent of Trinity Wharf, I found all the splendid machinery in position, and the space so fully occupied that it was only possible to get a photograph by climbing up to and perching on a shelf.

The oil cisterns have a capacity of no fewer than 960 gallons, and are objects of special care. They are coated inside and outside with the purest tin. The purity of this coating being of the utmost importance, one cistern out of each delivery is selected by the Engineer-in-Chief of Trinity House and the coating is analysed. As an example of the stringent conditions which the Corporation imposes on builders, it may be mentioned that if the tin is found to contain over one per cent. of inferior metals the whole of the delivery is rejected.

In the bottom of the vessel are four galvanised iron water-tanks, which will hold 1700 gallons of fresh water, so that there is no danger of the lightship men suffering from a thirst famine.

As I have said, everything about a lightship is of the very best, and of enormous strength. For instance, each of the sixteen sidelights, the round portholes which are seen in several of the photographs, weighs 33 lb., exclusive of the glass. Again, the rigging is made of galvanised crucible steel wire, and the screws by which it is secured are each tested to a strain of sixteen tons. The main deck is of teak, and is plated all over with iron plates. Every beam is supported by a pillar of solid iron two and a half inches in diameter, other pillars being fitted where they are considered necessary. The bulwarks are of steel and the bow chocks are of teak; the rudder is made of a single plate of iron five-eighths of an inch thick. Four absolutely watertight bulkheads, made of iron three-eighths of an inch thick, are provided to minimise the dangers of collision, the greatest peril which the lightship has to face.

It is obvious that as the *raison d'être* of a lightship is to show a friendly beam to the mariner everything centres round the lantern and the appliances for working and maintaining it. The mainmast, on which the lantern is suspended, is one of the most vital features of the ship, and extraordinary care is spent on its construction. The mast is 18 inches in diameter, is made of steel, and must be "perfectly

cylindrical, parallel and true." It must be exact almost to a hair's breadth, inclusive of the four guide-bars which run up to the mast-cap for the hoisting and lowering of the lantern.

The lantern is a wonderful product of skill and experience. It encircles the mainmast, and is fitted with a varying number of argand lamps and reflectors. For a fixed light the lamps are so arranged that they send out a constant band of light; if revolving, a certain number of lamps and reflectors, three, five or seven, as the case may be, are arranged on a face, three or more such faces being fitted in a framework. This framework is made to revolve by powerful clockwork, most carefully adjusted so that the proper intervals shall be preserved, and the faces show their combined beams at the appointed times. To overcome the motion of the vessel, which in a lightship is almost incessant and which in bad weather is very violent, each lamp is hung on a gimbal—pronounced, by the way, jimbal—an arrangement which enables it to have free play in all directions and constantly, by its own gravity, keep an almost vertical position.

When hoisted the lantern of a lightship is between 30 ft. and 40 ft. above the water, and although many lighthouses have far more powerful lights, still the floating lantern can send its friendly beams a distance of a round dozen miles in clear weather. Every lightship lantern like every lighthouse, has a distinct characteristic and one which enables it to be readily recognised by the sailor. It may be white, red, or green, revolving at fixed intervals, or flashing, or fixed; or a lightship may have two fixed lights. Many vessels mean many combinations, and with white, red and green as colours to work with, and fixed, flashing, and revolving systems in operation, some very ingenious combinations have been evolved.

The illuminant for the lanterns used to

The bows of a Lightship

be colza or rape oil only, as mineral oil was not considered safe enough for the trying conditions under which lightships do their work. Now it is American petroleum, which, as employed by the Trinity Corporation, is perfectly safe. The "flashing-point" of this oil is not less than 250 degrees—a standard of safety which will be readily understood when it is remembered that the Government "flashing-point" is only 73 degrees. For lighthouses, which are not pitched and tossed and rolled by ruthless seas, the "flashing-point" is 145 degrees. The illuminant in use in these structures is Scotch paraffin.

The mooring of the vessel is naturally as important a matter as the light itself. To serve her purpose the ship must keep in one place, and to enable her to hold her position despite currents, tides and storms a system must be adopted which is as perfect as skill and experience can make it. Such a system has been slowly evolved and in these days it is the rarest event for a lightship to break adrift. Formerly, when these vessels were first placed as seamarks, they frequently dragged their anchors and caused a distrust of them as danger indicators.

The mooring cable is made with the greatest care and of the very best material, and before being put into service is subjected to a far greater strain than is ever likely to be thrown upon it at sea. The links are of iron and are one inch and five-eighths in diameter. The chain is made in 15-fathoms lengths, with a swivel in the centre of each alternate length to prevent kinking. A lightship requires from 210 to 315 fathoms of chain cable—in other words, from a quarter to a third of a mile—so that she may have plenty to work on in bad weather. As a rule the cable is directly connected with a mushroom or Martin's anchor two tons in weight, and lying in the sea bed. The ship so moored swings round as the tide changes. Another method of securing her when she is in a narrow channel or has very little room to swing in is to employ two mushroom anchors connected by a length of 2-inch ground chain. This chain lies along the sea bottom and has a mushroom at each end. The chain in its centre has a ring and swivel to which a one and a half inch chain is attached. This in turn leads up to the vessel and she rides by it. If a lightship is unlucky enough to part from her moorings she has a couple of powerful anchors to let go. These are kept, ready for emergencies, in the anchor recesses in the forward part of the bulwarks, one on each side of the ship. The cables are worked by a powerful windlass, the motive power for which is compressed air, the maximum pressure being 30 lb. to the square inch.

It is by the skilful management of the cable that the vessel is able to ride out the fiercest storms. A short cable is enough for a smooth sea, but a long one is needed for storms, so that the lightship can ride over the crests of the highest waves and sink into the hollows of the deepest troughs. She must, too, have more cable allowed than is necessary to ride over even the most towering rollers, for she must never be permitted to reach the end of her tether and pull directly upon the mushroom. This extra cable, by reason of its own weight, acts as a spring, and prevents the ship from directly jerking or straining at the anchor. Long experience has made the officers of the lightships wonderfully clever at guaging the length of cable wanted.

This mushroom anchor is an umbrella-like appliance—hence its name. It has been and is extensively used for mooring lightships, but strong as its hold of the seabed is the mushroom is not good for all grounds, because it will drag and foul. This defect is remedied by the use of a new patent anchor, which has a better grip of the anchorage. Near these anchors at Trinity Wharf are many "sinkers," iron weights like huge flat irons, varying in size from 12 cwt. to 40 cwt., for holding the buoys in position. The most modern of these are hollowed out at the bottom, and in that way exercise a power of suction which is much superior to the old form of a flat-bottomed "sinker."

While referring to buoys it may be said that although they are not so striking or romantic as lightships or lighthouses, still

they serve in a humbler fashion just the same noble purpose—they warn the mariner off dangerous places. There are many kinds of buoys, each answering a specific purpose. One of the most remarkable is the bell and gas buoy, an invention which, in addition to tolling a bell dolefully by the action of the waves, is lighted constantly day and night. The illuminant is compressed gas, and the buoy will hold a three months' supply. The of which there is only one class, cost £200 each.

Like lightships, buoys will occasionally break loose and go wandering. Some are known to have had long trips all on their own account, for they have been picked up on the shores of France, Belgium, Denmark and Norway; while others have been ill-conditioned enough to vanish altogether. As buoys are frequently run into by vessels the iron structures are

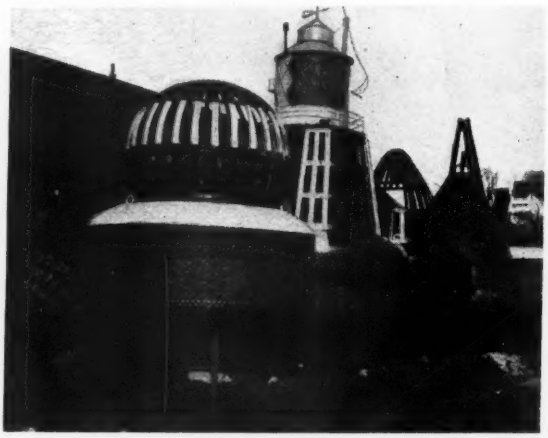
The Lantern and Foghorn

recharging is done from long cylinders which are carried out to sea by the Trinity tenders, and in which the gas is carried compressed up to ten atmospheres, the gas in the buoys being compressed up to five. Some of the buoys—there are more than a thousand round the coast of England—are of wood, and very old. They are still brought in and repaired and altered, but all new buoys are made of iron. The cost of buoys varies from £350 for the gas buoy to £31 for the can, conical, and spherical buoy of the fifth class. The bell buoys, made in watertight compartments, on the principle of a liner, so that if one or more is filled with water there is still air space enough to keep it afloat. Buoys are water ballasted, to keep them in an upright position, and steady them as much as possible.

Each lightship has a crew of eleven, all told—the master, the mate, three lamplighters and six seamen; but of these only seven are on board at one time, the other four being engaged in work at the Trinity district depot ashore. The master and

mate take command alternately, and each has a month afloat and a month ashore. The seamen have two months afloat and one ashore. A Trinity steamer visits each lightship monthly, making what is known as the monthly relief. She takes out the relief men and stores, water and provisions which will last well over the period that elapses before her next visit, for bad weather may make it impossible to get near the lightship, either to put the relief men on board or take off the men for the shore. In such a case she must watch for her chance—and take it—when the weather moderates.

On the stations round the English coast there are fifty-two lightships, and there is a reserve of eight spare vessels to take the places of any ships which are disabled by accident or require bringing in for overhauling or repair. The average cost of maintaining a lightship is £1,300 or £1,400 a year—a sum which includes lighting, wages, wear and tear of anchors and cables, etc.—making a rough total for the fifty-two active service ships of £70,000 per annum. That sum makes a considerable inroad upon the total income of about £300,000 which the Corporation possesses and which it expends under the auditorship of the Board of Trade.



Buoys at Trinity Wharf

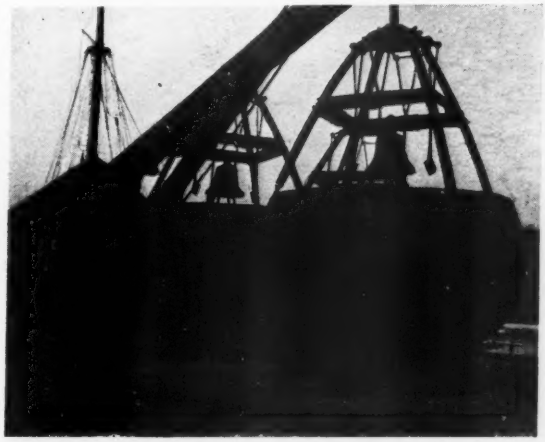
Wooden lightships have proved very serviceable, and experience has shown that for warmth and comfort they come an easy first. They will bear a great deal of repairing, and it may be said of some of them that they have become almost new by constant mending; but the body remains the same, the original foundation, as in the case of the *Victory*, is still there. Repairs to wooden lightships can be more easily carried out than with either composite or iron vessels.

Iron ships are somewhat cheaper than the composite; but as they have to be brought in more frequently for repairs, their cost of maintenance is as great as that of wood or composite ships. A wooden vessel will keep her station for seven years without needing overhauling, painting and repairing; but iron ships have to come in every three years.

The builder's cost of a lightship varies—that is to say, the cost of her as she is delivered to the Corporation at Blackwall, complete in every way, except for the machinery and lighting apparatus which are put in at Trinity Wharf. When material and labour are cheap an iron lightship may be built for about £9,000, and a composite ship for £10,000 or £11,000—an average, roundly speaking, of £10,000 per ship. Wooden vessels are no longer built. There are many expensive fittings to be put in by the Trinity officials, and these bring up the total cost of a lightship when ready for her station to about £12,000. The oil engines and receivers cost about £750; the lantern, lamps and clock, £550; the chain cables, £350, and the anchors, £90.

As a lightship on being launched is merely a finished hull and has no name she cannot be "christened" in the ordinary manner by breaking a bottle of wine over her bows; but the custom is usually observed, by way of wishing luck to the craft. When one of the ships at

Sunderland was about to take the water it was noticed by the men that there were no preparations for wishing success to her. The shipbuilder's attention was called to the omission, and he replied that the hull would have to be launched without any display, humorously adding that there was no wine for one thing, and, for another, times were bad and would not run to such extravagance. The ship was already slowly moving and the moment was critical. Superstition in hardy form still lingers on the banks of the Wear, and a resourceful shipwright, exclaiming, "Dash it! but she must be christened wi' summat!" rushed into the adjacent building, laid hands on a bottle of medicine, dashed back, and as the ship slipped away, hurled and broke it across her bows. In that way, in a little shower of "doctor's stuff," and amid general laughter they wished her luck at the beginning of her noble career.



Bell-buoys

The lightships which are being referred to are on the English coasts only and are under the direct control of the Trinity Corporation. Scotland has no lightships, because her coasts are so rocky that there are plenty of foundations for lighthouses. Ireland has a small number of lightships. The Scottish and Irish lights are not directly controlled by the Trinity Corporation, each country having a governing body of its own. Irish lightships are painted black, all the English vessels being red. In every case the name of the ship is painted on each side in large white letters, and is visible at a considerable distance.

The coast of England is particularly dangerous because of the shoals and sands which abound, and lightships are the only way of indicating the existence of the worst of these submarine perils. Lightships, it may be remarked, are a much more expensive form of lighting than lighthouses. The region where lightships are most abundant is on our East coast, between Spurn Point and the South Foreland. There are no fewer than thirty-three, and of these eleven cluster round the mouth of the Thames and its immediate vicinity. Famous amongst them are the Nore, the spot where the first lightship was placed in 1731, and the ship which is the best command in the service, and the four lightships which year in and year out, day and night, ceaselessly warn mariners to keep clear of the pitiless Goodwin Sands.

There is one great danger which besets lightships, as I have said, and that is collision. More casualties arise from that cause than any other. In this respect the crew are helpless. Their ship is not under way, and therefore not under control, and her people are powerless to command her. If a carelessly navigated ship or steamer is bearing down upon her she cannot escape; she must be struck, and it depends upon the force of the collision whether she sinks or keeps afloat. It is now some years since the Tongue lightship, at the entrance to the Thames, was cut down to the water's edge by a steamer—and a regular trader to the Thames, too, which ought to have known better—and sank so swiftly that her master and crew

had only just time to save themselves, while the Morecambe Bay lightship was not long ago sunk by collision. She was a fine new vessel fresh from the builder's yard.

Occasionally a lightship will break adrift. Quite recently one was torn from her moorings in a severe storm and was driven ashore and wrecked, but happily no lives were lost. So perfect is the organisation of Trinity House and so prompt are its officers to deal with casualties, that within two days the lost ship had been replaced by another vessel and the friendly warning light beamed over the waters as placidly as if nothing had happened.

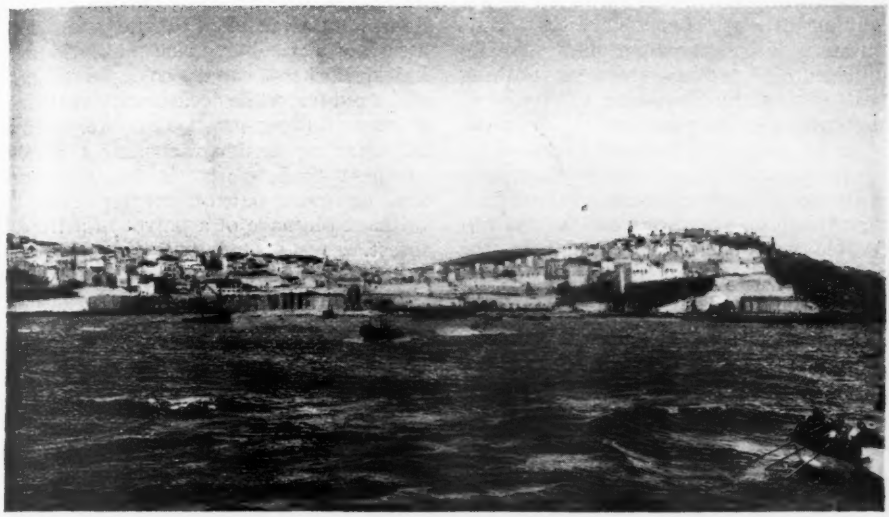
It is sometimes alleged against the Trinity Corporation that it is not up to date and fails to keep abreast with the times. This is an allegation based on ignorance, for the Corporation is not only anxious to adopt the most modern appliances, but is constantly, if quietly, at work testing inventions with the object of improving the lighting service of our coasts. That striking modern discovery, wireless telegraphy, has been thoroughly tried by the Corporation, and one learns with something of surprise that the system is only partially effective and successful. When used between two different points, each of which knows the other, wireless telegraphy is very successful. Communication was established, for example, between the East Goodwin lightship and the South Foreland and many messages passed to and fro; but wireless telegraphy has proved useless for conveying messages to or receiving them from passing ships, whose situations are not known. Nor is it of use in a fog. This has been the experience, so far, of Trinity House.

Submarine telegraphy has been more successful. There are now five lightships which are connected with the land by submarine cables. This system has been in use for several years and works very smoothly. It is curious, however, that these cables have not been the means of saving any life or doing anything which the old method of gun and rocket and flag signals was not capable of accomplishing.

The sailor's worst enemy is fog. Given a stout ship and plenty of room he has little to fear from wind and water, but the impenetrable air makes it impossible to fight fairly and with a free hand. He cannot tell where he is going and at any moment he may run upon rocks or shoals or collide with another vessel. In a fog the lightship as an illuminant carrier by night is useless, while in the daytime the ball is invisible. Recourse is therefore had to sound, and each lightship is fitted with a powerful fog-horn which is worked by compressed air. This contrivance is elaborate and ingenious and the melancholy note of the syren can be heard at a great distance. It sends its warning to the sailor, and he is able by means of it to keep clear of the danger which it is the purpose of the lightship to indicate.

Lightships and buoys require incessant attention and supervision. At Trinity Wharf, Mr J. G. Browne, the Superintendent, and his staff of nearly fifty officers and men are constantly at work, fitting up, altering, repairing and replacing ships and other seamarks in the district extending from the North Foreland to Southwold. A Trinity vessel is at all times ready to steam forth, and there is no demand which can be made on the Corporation which cannot be fully and promptly met. Mr Browne has, of course, charge of the most important of the Corporation's districts, and it is one of his duties—a duty which is shared by his brother superintendents—to supply anything relating to sea-marks on the shortest notice. What the extent of those duties are may be gathered from the fact that in this particular district there are no fewer than nineteen lightships and a perfect fleet of buoys—the bobbing structures which have been happily described by Mr. Price Edwards as "those jolly fellows who in their bright-coloured coats tumble and dip themselves far out in the salt green sea."

WALTER WOOD.



Photograph by *A. Cavilla, Tangier*

Impressions of Tangier

OF all Eastern places, Tangier is the most accessible, for it is only three or four hours' voyage from Gibraltar. The crossing, it is true, may be, and often is, choppy, but that is a small price to pay for the joys that await one in the little white town perched on the hill which forms the extreme point of the crescent of green hills surrounding the gleaming waters of the bay.

As soon as the steamer anchors outside the harbour it is surrounded by a crowd of small craft thronged with Moors in picturesque costumes, screaming themselves hoarse in their efforts to secure passengers.

After a few minutes of tossing in one of their cockle-shells of boats, the landing-stage is reached. But landing is no easy matter, for each boat struggles to obtain the first place, and another howling crowd is waiting to fight for the luggage. Beyond the harbour a third crowd of men with donkeys is assembled and the bewildered traveller is again assailed by wild cries and gesticulations as each man extols the virtues of his own particular beast. At length all is arranged, but to the uninitiated, the ride to the hotel is fraught with unknown perils, for there is absolutely no rule of the road, and it is only by cries of warning that the driver makes his way through the throng. At every turn the timid tourist is jostled by some fierce, picturesque creature (possibly minus an eye), whom he is in mortal terror of offending, and it is some time before he discovers that the shouts and wild gesticulations mean nothing at all, and that he is safe under the shadow of the Legations. At first, too, he can hardly rid himself of the idea that the whole thing is an exhibition got up for his entertainment, and it is not till he has frequented the town day after day that he realizes that the majority of the little open booths lining the streets are not there for his convenience at all, though there are plenty of Jewish shops filled with curios for the seduction of the unwary.

As he makes his way down the steep main street towards the mosque with its beautiful green tiled tower, he sees

graceful white-robed and turbaned figures reclining in the open doorways, while impassive faces gaze upon him in calm indifference. Perhaps there is nothing which strikes the newcomer so vividly as this contrast in the temper of the Oriental. Either he is shouting himself hoarse in an apparent access of rage, or he is wrapped in a lofty calm, oblivious, seemingly, to all his surroundings. This contrast is also observable in the town itself, for in the narrow, cobble-paved streets leading up from the wharf, and in the market-place outside the city gates, all is noise and bustle, while in the high-walled streets of the Kasbah at the summit of the hill, one feels as if one had entered a city of the dead. On either hand rise blank walls, broken only by an occasional gateway, while silent, white-veiled women creep noiselessly along. Here we have the East pure and unadulterated, but on the outskirts of the town, alas! modern Spanish houses are fast rising in hideous contrast to the original buildings. Curiously incongruous sights, indeed, meet one at every turn—here it is a dignified patriarchial figure contemplating the city from beneath an electric light, there an Arab boy watching the stream of traffic in the main street from the top of one of Huntley and Palmer's packing cases, while the Armstrong gun on the battery above the harbour is guarded by native soldiers who are blissfully ignorant of the working of it.

Fortunately, the Moors are not likely to adopt European fashions in dress, for they are the most conservative of races, and for picturesqueness and comfort the dress of the men leaves nothing to be desired. The thick bath-towel like covering of the women must certainly be rather smothering, but veiling is not very closely observed, at any rate among the working-women, and they are not hampered by long skirts. For, both men and women are bare to the knee, and with feet encased in the flat heel-less Morocco slippers, they walk with a grace and ease which Europeans might envy. In one respect the men have an advantage over their Western brethren in that they have unlimited scope for colour in dress. One hotel servant of our acquaintance, for instance, wore habitually a jacket of myrtle green cloth, a sash of a peculiarly rich pink, wide blue knickerbockers, canary coloured slippers, and a red fez, while occasionally he donned a beautiful pea-green pinafore. Set in the dazzling Eastern sunshine the effect of these crude contrasts was delightful, and no more out of keeping than the brilliant plumage of a parrot in a tropical forest.

The Riff tribesmen from the interior who frequent the town wear a garment of ruddy brown homespun, embroidered on the sleeves with many coloured wool. It has short sleeves, which may be dispensed with, and a pointed hood. This hood is a useful defence against the ubiquitous amateur photographer, of whom the rigorous Mahometan stands in dread.

Every night at sunset hundreds of these quaint brown-robed figures, looking like so many Capucin friars, gather in the upper part of the market-place to listen to the tales of a professional story-teller. For a long time beforehand he exhorts them in impassioned language to contribute liberally to the collection. Once when only fourpence was wanting to make up the desired sum, we suggested to our guide that we should supply the deficiency, but this he absolutely refused to let us do, declaring that they would consider it a sin to take the money from us. At length the audience was prevailed upon to satisfy the story-teller's demands, and he began his tale in a curious singsong chant, ending almost in a scream. It was, the guide said, a story of religious wars in Egypt. The audience, squatting on the ground, seemed so completely absorbed that we thought it an opportunity not to be missed for taking a snapshot. But some of the Moors on the fringe of the crowd, catching sight of the camera, rose and came towards us with threatening gestures, so that we judged discretion to be the better part of valour and beat a hasty retreat.

The story-teller's séance is only one of the many curious scenes which are being enacted every day in the market-place. Here a snake-charmer attended by a

tum-tum player will go through his hideous performance for a few pennies, while in the evening, the story-teller has a formidable rival in the professional fencer and his pupils. An enormous ring of spectators is formed round the fencers, and the performance is graceful in the extreme as the bare-legged men spring backwards and forwards, wielding their slight canes with a dexterous turn of the wrist. One evening the ring broke up as if by magic, the performers with one accord threw down their sticks and everyone ran full tilt down the hill to the far end of the market-place. Two Arabs, it seemed, had been fighting, but before the native soldiers could intervene they took refuge in the gardens of the German Embassy. For, however great in theory may be the Moor's hatred of foreign intervention, in practice they have reason to prefer foreign to native administration of justice, and frequently avail themselves of it.

As an instance of native justice:—during our stay at Tangier a man murdered his brother in an adjacent village and was promptly clapped into prison. We asked our guide the length of his term and he replied complacently, "Oh, two years, or if he has money to give the Governor, perhaps two months." Visitors are allowed to look through a hole in the wall into the prison, and except for their fetters the inmates do not look badly off. Baskets made by them are shot through the hole and money demanded, which goes towards the prisoners' maintenance.

Photograph by *A. Cavilla, Tangier*

The City Gates

But to return to the Market; words fail to convey the charm of the place—the shifting scenes, the glowing colour, and the picturesque figures which meet one at every turn.

The great space of hard mud trampled by a multitude of feet, is intersected by rough cobble-paved paths lined with wares of brilliant hues,—piles of oranges

and onions, and tiny stalls filled with vividly coloured sweets around which countless wasps are buzzing. In the centre of the space little low tents are erected, and one comes upon groups of veiled women with tethered goats, and on fine days, rows of camels resting after their journey from the interior, and regarding the world with an expression of lofty contempt. At all hours of the day a tinkling bell is to be heard as the swarthy Nubian water-seller with his hairy pig-skin bottle and his bright brass measuring-cups, makes his way through the crowd, while another familiar figure of the market-place is a good-natured Soudanese, as black as a coal, save for his gleaming white teeth. He is dressed in a many coloured garment supposed to represent the patched garb of the Prophet, and he plays upon a pair of cymbals while he waylays the passer-by, and addresses him with the unvarying formula: "Good morning, New York, Boston, Chikage (sic.)" It seems that the proprietor of a circus once took him on tour through America, and he is very proud of having travelled so far afield, and never loses an opportunity of announcing the fact. He has a rival in another Soudanese beggar, an old man who dances and plays a two-stringed instrument and makes himself generally ridiculous for the sake of a few coppers. He is always accompanied by his baby-daughter, a stolid little creature dressed in a quaint white garment, and incongruous European boots and socks which some misguided visitor has probably bestowed upon her. She submits to having her photograph taken, and will sit motionless by the hour, as is the fashion with Arab children. Beggars certainly abound in Tangier, but they are not nearly so persistent as those in Spain or Italy, and rarely turn their physical infirmities to profit. If, though, they should be suspected of madness, in however trifling a form, their livelihood is assured. Then it is considered an honour to minister to their wants—they are holy men, a race apart. One of these privileged people, with his shock of unkempt hair, is quite a feature of the place, and is everywhere treated with deference.

Other "holy men" are the pilgrims who have returned from Mecca. One of these, a lean, ascetic-looking man, is a waiter at an hotel. Another, wearing a flame-coloured robe of indescribable loveliness, is frequently to be seen at the entrance to the fish-market, where he is surrounded by a continual crowd, eager to relieve his necessities.

Descent from the Prophet or other holy person also constitutes sanctity, and to this class belongs the Sherief of Waizan. Riding home through the market-place one may be suddenly deserted by one's donkey-man, and see him rush to a dignified blue-robed figure, and kiss the hem of his garment—it is the Sherief, or holy man.

As for the interior life of the Moors, some glimpses may be had, though it be only glimpses. In the coffee-houses they throw off their passivity, and as one goes by the open door, one can see them seated on the matted floors, packed together along the walls, singing some harsh unmusical chant to the accompaniment of the most primitive instruments. But to hear the greatest babel of tongues one must go to the Koran schools with which the town abounds. Here one sees boys of all ages—many of them tiny mites—seated cross-legged on the floor, swaying backwards and forwards as they recite the lesson in a loud monotone. The teacher sits on a raised daïs above them, wielding a mighty bundle of rods, and before long he catches sight of the inquisitive intruders and signs to one of the scholars to shut the door unceremoniously in their faces. Workers in arts and crafts in adjoining shops are not so self-conscious, and pursue their various avocations oblivious to outsiders. Here in the narrow winding streets of the old town one comes upon shoemakers manufacturing the common yellow slippers of every-day wear, or the superior white kid ones embroidered in many-coloured silks. Here, too, one sees men engaged in cooking forcemeat on skewers over curious little stone ovens, and others busy hammering out patterns on brass trays of every shape and size.

Indeed, no matter how long a time one spends in this fascinating place, one is sure to see fresh sights up to the last day. But the charms of Tangier are by no means limited to the town itself. The gardens of the villas on the outskirts of the town are dreams of loveliness—veritable bowers of roses and palms, where nightingales are as common as sparrows, primitive ox-plough, while far away in the distance the Atlantic stretches like a silvery thread.

Turning in another direction, one mounts by rugged paths to a stretch of open land, like a vast Scotch moor. Here masses of white cystus, like a gigantic dog-rose, cover the hill-sides, and down in the valleys wild boar hide in the under-

Photograph by *A. Cavilla, Tangier*

The Fountain, Main Street

and the bee-eater, with its brilliant iridescent plumage, flashes to and fro in the sunshine.

As for the country pure and simple, it comes upon one as a surprise, for instead of the dreary waste of sand which the name of Africa conjures up, one finds beautiful rolling green country like the downs on a grand scale, with ranges of blue mountains bounding the horizon. Asphodel and purple iris grow at one's feet, and from the shadow of an olive grove one looks down upon a vast cultivated plain where Moors are driving the brush. Suddenly a turn in the road brings one in sight of the lighthouse on Cap Spartel, the extreme north-west point of Africa, where the steep aloe-dotted cliffs are washed by the waters of the Atlantic.

All these expeditions must be made with horses, mules or donkeys, as wheeled vehicles are practically unknown in Tangier. The streets in the town and the near neighbourhood are the roughest cobble-paved lanes, while the Fez road is nothing more than a sandy tract bordered with aloes and bamboo. In wet weather a stream meanders down the

centre of it, and droves of mules, donkeys and camels pick their way along it as best they can. A mile or so from the town it ceases altogether and the country is intersected by narrow paths only broad enough for one beast to pass at a time.

It is difficult to hire horses, but they can be bought at a low price. The mules and donkeys let out to visitors are the sorriest of steeds, with the most primitive harness imaginable. As often as not the reins are of rope, and if the stirrups or saddle go wrong as is frequently the case, the man in charge will cut off a strand or two from the bridle to mend the broken part. Expostulations are useless—it is "Kismet." English saddles are difficult to procure, and in nine cases out of ten are defective, so for donkeys at any rate, it is best to fall back on the simple pack-saddle. With a little practice one soon becomes proficient in the art of "sticking on," and if one does have an occasional mishap, at any rate one has not far to fall. Certainly, to any one of an adventurous turn of mind, the state of the roads and the primitive nature of the mounts, only give an additional zest to the rides.

With the French occupation good military roads will, no doubt, in time supersede the present apologies for them, and the Sultan may live to see the day when his motor-cars will no longer be mere useless toys.

Recent events have certainly proved that a strong foreign Protectorate would be an inestimable boon, not only to the country at large, but to the foreign residents in particular, but the charm of the place lies largely in its primitiveness. Let us hope this will not be too ruthlessly swept away.

ALICE E. REDPATH.

Photograph by *A. Cavilla, Tangier*

A Moorish Gentleman

The Parables of Jesus

IX—The Parable of the Unprofitable Servants (*S. Luke xvii.* 7-10)

THIS parable cannot, in comparison with many others, claim to rank as one of the most important. It is very short; its relation to the context is hard to construe. But it deals so directly with a characteristic British temperament that I venture to select it this month for our consideration. We need not spend time in discussing whether it was meant to be a caution to the disciples, lest they should presume upon their possession of the power of faith (verse 6); or whether it was meant to be a description of the Jewish religion of works in contrast with the new religion of faith. A simple and sure instinct brings home to our conscience the main lesson which our Lord enforced. It is that the only limit to the servant's duty is his master's will; that there is no point at which he can choose for himself to claim that he has done enough and is entitled to his ease; that the servant is always a debtor of service, the master is ever a debtor of reward. And it is this lesson of which our British race stands in very special need. Is it too much to say that our Lord's conclusion comes as a surprise, that if it had been spoken by the average upright conscientious Englishman, it would have run, "We have done that which was our duty to do; therefore we can claim to be profitable servants"?

For our race worships this sense of duty. It is our national idol. When on the great day of Trafalgar Nelson flung out his brave motto to the breeze, "England expects every man to do his duty," he was unfolding the national faith. In any audience, at any time, in any part of the world, the words go straight home to the heart of the nation. England expects every man to do his duty—so speaks our national conscience. England gets what she expects—this we would fain make our national boast. May we not in some degree claim that the boast is just? Still, in the main, it is true—God grant it may remain true—that you can expect the average Englishman to do his duty. Our whole public life rests upon that expectation. We need no despotism to set us in the right road; we do not look to any central office of experts to keep us straight. We entrust large and free powers of self-government to the average conscience of the average man. And our whole English public life would go to pieces unless the national faith had some warrant in fact. But it is, for the most part, abroad, where men confront other and less civilized nations, that this English ideal is best tested. In the public service at any rate the "white man's burden" is sustained by the sense of duty. The Viceroy of India said the other day that in the midst of his manifold labours he was sustained by a thrill of pride in the thought that a sense of duty, unfailing, all-pervading, was the real motive power of the vast machinery of Indian Government. Deep down, unexpressed, but shown by faithful acts there is in most Englishmen a quiet determination to be just, to keep his word, to do his duty. Nay, may we not go further? In his mind the word "duty" surely stands for something deeper than it seems to express. Suspicious as he is of emotion, reserved in speech, duty often means to him, God. It is not merely that his duty is his God, but that his God speaks to him in his duty, and there is an instinct of reverence for God in his obedience to it. As Tennyson says in that great ode which is as it were a Psalm of Duty—

> He that, ever following her commands,
> On, with toil of heart and knees and hands,
> Through the long gorge to the far light has won
> His path upward and prevailed,
> Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
> Are close upon the shining table-lands
> To which our God Himself is Moon and Sun.

Yet in spite of all this truth there confronts us this hard saying of our Lord: "We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do."

It is plain that our Lord discerns something wanting, some germ of danger in this contented devotion to duty. What is it? Is it not this—that duty, as it is commonly conceived, apart from its heroic aspect, tends to become simply what is expected or recognised by some limited and conventional standard? It is of this lower, but far more common, type of duty that our Lord is speaking in the parable. And here it is that we touch the defects of our British virtue, for in asking himself, "What is my duty?" the Englishman is apt to find an answer in the standard of public opinion by which he is surrounded. Duty too often means the average expectation in any given condition of life. Thus, at school, when he is a boy, the Englishman follows with ready and resolute determination all the rules and traditions of school life and school morality. He is half-ashamed and half-afraid to go beyond. In the army or the navy he will say, as I have so often heard said to me, "I am bound to do what the service requires, and to do it well; but when it comes to my private conduct, that is a matter entirely of my own concern." In business the code of right and wrong becomes so easily what is done by the average good firm. Is it not, on the lips of the men we meet, a frequent apology, "I do what is expected of a man in my position"? He refuses, he scorns to go beneath the accepted opinion of his class; but he is afraid to rise above it.

And there are two ways in which the real defectiveness of the sense of duty shows itself. The one is that it limits and narrows the life. It keeps it, indeed, within fixed and safe barriers, but the safety and the ease are had at the cost of progress. You see the average good Englishman, upright, and honourable. You like and respect him, yet, somehow, he suggests an arrested possibility. He is so suspicious of enthusiasm that he becomes incapable of it; so distrustful of ideals that he would rather do without them. He prefers the safety of the beaten track to the perils and the glories of the open hill. He is content to say, "Well, at least, we are profitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." You like him, you respect him, you trust him:

> Only he knows not God,
> Nor that high chivalry of His
> The soldier saints who row on row
> Burn upward, each to his point of bliss.

And the second defect which goes with this common conception of duty is a certain self-satisfaction. The standard is satisfied; the requirement is met; the expectation is answered. What more can be asked? Then we notice a certain smoothness of complacency sinking down upon the average dutiful man. How hard and impenetrable that smooth surface may become they best know who have tried to approach such a man at the close of life with the strange memory of the cross or with the appeal for some sign of penitence. For ten who will say by way of apologising for their life, "We have done that which was our duty to do," there is barely one who will add, "We are unprofitable servants." When we see the narrowness and the self-satisfaction that somehow or other spoils the dutiful man we realise how near the best of us may come to the Pharisee of the New Testament. "There is always," said an eminent French critic, "there is always a touch of the Pharisee in the good Englishman." That, too, is a hard saying. We resent it. Is it harder than the saying of our Lord in the parable? The spirit is wide. It ranges from the lowest forms in which instinctively we dislike it up to the highest in which, at least, we give our love, almost our admiration. When we meet the Pharisee who says in the tone of his voice or the posture of his figure, "Thank God, I am not as other men are, or even as this publican," we know that it is fundamentally wrong. But when we meet a rich young man, eager to do what is right, asking quite sincerely, "What must I do to inherit eternal life?" and then saying with honest frankness, "All these commandments have I kept from my youth up," then we like him, we admire him. It is indeed in the rich young ruler of the New Testament that the most attractive type of English character finds itself, as it were, mirrored, and there it is both loved and judged. "Then Jesus, beholding him, loved him, and said unto

him, One thing thou lackest : go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven ; and come, take up thy cross and follow Me."

What then do we need to redeem this great sense of duty from its dangers ? Two things at least. First, we need an inward personal ideal rising ever above the conventional standards of expectation. The inner spirit must refuse to accept limits from the outward circumstances of class or profession, but move past them on a quest of its own. It is thus that the spirit keeps its liberty, and moulds and masters the conditions by which it is surrounded, instead of allowing itself to be mastered and moulded by them. And where there is liberty there is the possibility of progress. It is only by the power of a free inward ideal that character expands and grows. Moreover, thus capable of progress, such a character is incapable of self-satisfaction. A man who is determined in his own inward life to be the best that he can be can never fold his hands and say complacently, " I am a profitable servant ; I have done that which it was my duty to do." If we can say " all these commandments have I kept," we are only at the best " not far from the Kingdom of God." As soon as we take the path of ceaseless effort and sacrifice, we enter within it.

For, secondly, the sense of duty to be complete needs the recognition of the infinite claim of an infinite God. We come back to the old truth—" The soul is made for God and can find its rest only in Him." That quest of the inward ideal, that impatience with every stage of attainment, is God's drawing of the soul into fellowship with Himself. It may be that the spirit in its own inward journey realises the need and finds the Presence of God. It may be that God Himself using some experience or influence of a man's life, lays hold upon him and bids him go forth to follow His leading to the end. In either case, it is this recognition of the infinite claim of an infinite God which redeems and transforms the sense of duty. There can then be no danger of halting and stopping short, for God's claims summon us to a never-ending progress towards union with Himself. There can be no danger of self-satisfaction, for God's own perfection is the goal, and at every stage we realise how far short of it we come. The more we realise that God Himself is the End for which He has given us our being the more conscious we become of the presence of rival aims and of our manifold surrenders to them ; and thus the sense of imperfection deepens into the sense of sin. It is our sin which entangles and impedes the soul in its true movement towards God and which bars the way to God's gracious movement towards us, and thus prevents the union of God and man for which we were made. But there is nothing in the mere *sense* of sin which avails either to remove its burden from the conscience or to break its power over the will. It is here that one welcomes with ever renewed thankfulness the knowledge that One in whom God and man were perfectly at one obtained, by a " full and sufficient " sacrifice of obedience, forgiveness for all sin, and has brought into our life the strength of a victorious will of good ; and that if only a man by faith and prayer and sacrament and self-sacrifice keeps hold upon Him, he is assured alike of that pardon and of that power. It is this encompassing security which brings into the long struggle out of self to God a sense of sureness and of peace. Being cleansed from sin we can serve God with a quiet mind.

Thus what we need to redeem and perfect the sense of duty is to remember that beyond what any standard of human opinion expects, beyond what " England expects," remains what God expects ; that God can expect nothing less than the union from mind and will into His ; that this expectation can only be met by that entire sacrifice of body, soul and spirit which is after all our reasonable service ; that to this Divine expectation we are kept true by the sense of our own unworthiness which leads us ever to plead the atonement and to accept the grace of Christ our Lord. It is only to him who honestly confesses " we are unprofitable servants ; we have only done that which was our duty to do " that, after long

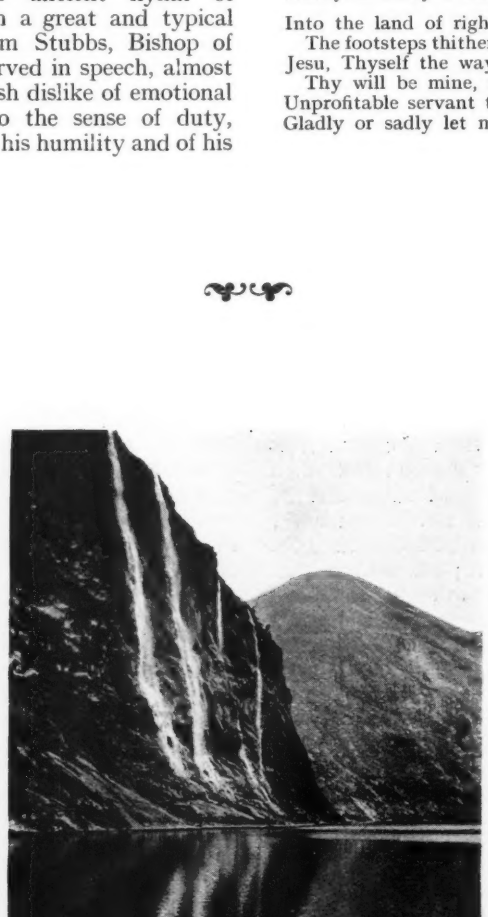
service, is assured the master's praise: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

I cannot better sum up the thought of this month than by quoting the words, adapted from the ancient hymn of Cleanthes, in which a great and typical Englishman, William Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, a man reserved in speech, almost morbid in his English dislike of emotional display, devoted to the sense of duty, reveals the secret of his humility and of his strength—

Lead me, Almighty Father, Spirit, Son,
Whither Thou wilt, I follow, no delay,
My will is Thine, and even had I none,
Grudging obedience still I will obey.
Faint-hearted, fearful, doubtful if I be,
Gladly or sadly I will follow Thee.

Into the land of righteousness I go,
The footsteps thither Thine and not my own,
Jesu, Thyself the way, alone I know,
Thy will be mine, for other have I none.
Unprofitable servant though I be,
Gladly or sadly let me follow Thee.

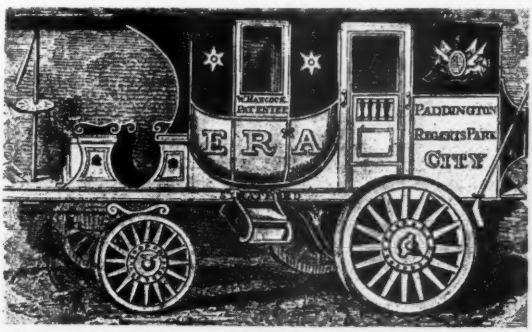
C. G. STEPNEY.



Seven Sisters Waterfall, Geiranger, Norway

The Transition of the Omnibus

IT is seventy-six years since George Shillibeer placed upon the streets of London two large vehicles, each drawn by three horses harnessed abreast, bearing on the panels the word "Omnibus." Shillibeer prospered greatly until a horseless vehicle, a railway, entered into competition with him for carrying passengers from London to Greenwich. He had twenty omnibuses on that road when it became known that a company had been formed for the construction of a railway between London and Greenwich, but he was not alarmed, feeling confident that nothing could affect the popularity of his smart and well-conducted omnibuses. A rhymester of the period was evidently of the same opinion, for he warned the public, in the following lines, that there were dangers attending railways from which omnibuses were free :—



The Era Steam Omnibus, 1833

"These pleasure and comfort with safety combine,
They will neither blow up nor explode like a mine :
Those who ride on the rail-road might half die with fear,
You can come to no harm in the safe Shillibeer."

"Here no draughts of air cause a crick in the neck
Or huge bursting boiler blows all to a wreck,
But as safe as at home you from all danger steer
While you travel abroad in the gay Shillibeer."

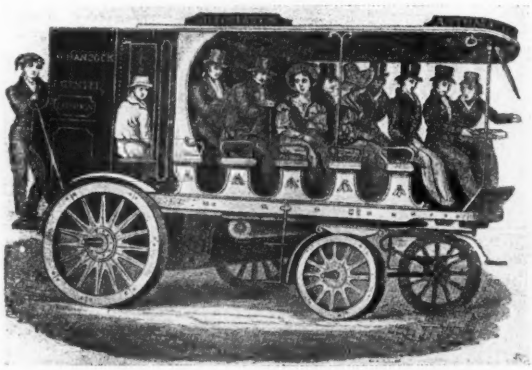
The fear of bursting boilers did not, however, deter the public from patronizing the railway, and before long Shillibeer was bankrupt. His failure did not mean the withdrawal of many omnibuses from the streets, for his imitators, who were many and prosperous, purchased his vehicles and placed them on other roads, he himself severing his connection with the trade and becoming, a few years later, an undertaker. The hearse he invented bore a strong resemblance to his first omnibuses, and it is noteworthy that the coaches that carried the dead proved far more profitable to him than those which carried the living.

In 1833, two years before the opening of the London and Greenwich Railway, several steam omnibuses were tried in London and the provinces, and many people predicted that horse-drawn omnibuses were doomed to early extinction. Others vowed that steam omnibuses were dangerous and that it would be folly to patronise them, an opinion to which Tom Hood humorously assented :—

"Instead of journeys, people now
May go upon a Gurney,
With steam to do the horse's work
By power of attorney :
Though with a load it may explode
And you may all be undone,
And find you're going up to Heaven
Instead of up to London."

The best of these pioneer motor-omnibuses were the "Era" and the "Autopsy," built and run by Walter Hancock, of Stratford. The "Era" was the better vehicle, but both were so eccentric in their behaviour, stopping when not required to do so and refusing to start when desired, that the public soon tired of them and resumed their patronage of the horse-drawn omnibuses. Hancock, however, was not easily dispirited, and profiting by the experience he had obtained, at considerable cost, he brought out, in July, 1835, the "Automaton," constructed to carry twenty-two passengers

and advertised to travel at an average speed of thirteen miles an hour. In the first five months it made 712 journeys, and carried 12,761 passengers, and Hancock was so satisfied with it that he wrote, "Years of practice have now put all doubts of the economy, safety and superiority of steam travelling on common roads at rest when compared with horse travelling." Nevertheless, the "Automaton" soon developed, though to a lesser degree, the faults of the "Autopsy" and the "Era," and Hancock only succeeded in making it profitable by continually changing its route. In every district in which it appeared there was, at first, great eagerness on the part of the public to obtain a ride, but this experience gained they were satisfied and continued to travel by horse-drawn omnibuses. They felt safer on the latter, for when a steam omnibus behaved in a manner which they did not understand they were fearful that the frequently predicted explosion was about to occur. There is, however, no record of an explosion having occurred on an omnibus of that period. The "Automaton" deteriorated considerably as time went on, and when, in 1840, the Turnpike Acts were enforced in London it was withdrawn from the streets.



The Automaton Steam Omnibus, 1835

Fifty-nine years elapsed between the withdrawal of the "Automaton" and the appearance on the streets of another motor-omnibus, but during the interval other rivals of the horse-drawn omnibus arose. Train started his tramways and the Underground Railway was opened, both to the detriment of the omnibuses, though a minor poet of the day declared in his eulogy of the prosaic 'bus:

"Poor Francis Train just hissed at thee his spite,
Then with his 'Tramways' sank in endless night;
And jobbing railways, near thy presence found,
Smitten with shame, hide fuming 'Underground.'"

The "endless night" of the tramways was not of long duration. Tramways were started in various parts of London, and reduced, almost to vanishing point, the profits of omnibuses on several old-established routes, while the Underground Railway proved so formidable a competitor that a large number had to be withdrawn from Euston and Marylebone Roads, and it was not until many years later that they were replaced.

In 1899 the second era of motor-omnibuses began, the first vehicle, propelled by electricity, running between Marble Arch and Notting Hill Gate. This omnibus was not licensed and no charge was made to passengers, the owners, being desirous of floating a large horseless omnibus company, giving free rides as an advertisement. No licensed vehicle of this proprietorship ever appeared on the streets. The first licensed motor-omnibus of the second era began running on Oct. 9th, 1899, its route being Kennington Park to Victoria Station *viâ* Westminster Bridge. The hope that this oil omnibus was the vehicle of the future was quickly dispelled, for the vibration was objectionable and breakdowns were by no means rare. In the spring of 1900 its route was altered to Kennington Park to Oxford Circus, and a motor-bus being a novelty in the West End, it was nearly always filled with passengers; but it was not profitable to the owners, and towards the end of the year it was withdrawn.

The next endeavour to establish motor-

omnibuses in London was made in September, 1901, on the Putney to Piccadilly Circus road, but it was not a serious attempt, the two petrol vehicles being simply motor wagonettes, licensed to carry eight passengers. There were no conductors to these wagonettes, the passengers being requested to place their fare in a little glass box fixed on the car, near the driver. In wet weather a canvas cover with glass sides was placed on the vehicle for the protection of passengers. Omnibuses of the same type were soon tried in other parts of London, some carrying more passengers, others less. One wagonette, described as an omnibus, was licensed to carry four passengers!

A great contrast to these little vehicles was the steam omnibus, licensed to carry thirty-six passengers, of the London Road Car Company, which began its public service early in December, 1901, running from Hammersmith to Oxford Circus *viâ* Shepherd's Bush. This omnibus, which towered above other vehicles, had a somewhat top-heavy appearance, partly due to the big awning above the outside seats. Before long it was found that this omnibus was not as successful as had been anticipated, and consequently it was withdrawn.

Small omnibuses of the wagonette tpye increased in number and were well patronised, but owing to the frequent breakdowns, which necessitated the conductors refunding the passengers' fares, they were far from being profitable. In fact one little motor-wagonette, always well filled during the ten months it was on the streets, resulted in a loss to its owner of nearly £1,000.

In April, 1902, the Pioneer Omnibus Company began running small motor-omnibuses from Kilburn to Marble Arch, but the proprietors unnecessarily increased their expenses by having conductors. Moreover, being anxious to act up to the name it had chosen, the Company provided its conductors with uniforms. Some people were under the impression that

A Milnes-Da'm'er Motor-bus at Hastings, 1904

this was the first time omnibus conductors had worn livery, but in the forties and fifties the conductors of the "Favorites," at that time belonging to Wilson of Highbury, were attired in uniforms.

Two weeks before Christmas, 1902, the London Motor Omnibus Syndicate placed two small petrol omnibuses on the Cricklewood to Oxford Circus road. They carried twelve passengers, all inside, and were rather smart looking vehicles,

Photograph by **Steam Omnibus "Chelmsford"** *R. Miller*

but the proprietors made a false move by fixing their fare a penny higher than those of the horse-drawn omnibuses. They soon realised their mistake and brought the fares in line with those of their opponents.

From Kilburn to Marble Arch has been a favourite route of the smaller type of motor-omnibuses, and in February, 1904, the London Power Omnibus Company placed several fourteen-seated vehicles on this road. They are still running.

For some years all the leading omnibus companies of London have been testing motor-omnibuses of various designs, but, with an exception or two, none had sufficient confidence in the reliability of the vehicles to put them to work on the streets. The L. G. O. C. had a double-decker at work for a time, but it was not satisfactory and was therefore withdrawn. But in 1904 the successful working of the motor-omnibuses at Hastings decided Messrs. Tilling and the Atlas and Waterloo Association to start similar vehicles in London. Two Milnes-Daimler omnibuses, each licensed to carry thirty-two passengers, were placed on the streets in October, Tilling's running from Peckham to Oxford Circus, and the Association's from Baker Street to Waterloo Station. In the following month the Road Car Company placed another full-sized omnibus on the Hammersmith to Oxford Circus road, and this, like the other two, is very successful. Then, in March, 1905, the newly-formed London

Motor-Omnibus Company began business with eight Milnes-Daimlers. These omnibuses, which have "Vanguard" painted in large letters on the panels, run, by a tortuous route, from Brondesbury to the Strand and are exceedingly well patronised.

The motor-omnibuses which are now running are the vanguard of a host which will be on the streets before the year is ended. The two premier companies have each fifty motor-omnibuses on order, the Atlas and Waterloo Association has forty, the Victoria Station Association twenty-five, the Camden Town Association twenty, and other companies, including some about to make their first entry into the field, have about one hundred, so that if the builders execute their orders punctually there will be at least two hundred and fifty on the roads before Christmas. The probability that there will be little delay in the delivery of the omnibuses is strengthened by the fact that the work is not in the hands of only one or two makers. Thorneycroft, Wolseley, Chelmsford, Milnes-Daimler, Orion, Straker-Squire, Durkopp, Mercedes and other types of omnibuses are being built, and are promised for early delivery. Some are already on the streets.

That the general substitution of motor for horse-drawn omnibuses will be profitable to the various companies is beyond doubt, for petrol will be sold at a lower rate to large buyers, and even the expense of the tyres is not as formidable an item as it was two years ago, but it would be very unwise to imagine that the earnings of motor-omnibuses will remain as large as they are now. Motor-omnibuses are still a novelty, but when there are four or five hundred on the streets there will not be that rush for each that there is at present and consequently the earnings will not be as high. Moreover, there will be certain hours when the motor-

Photograph by **The Finchley to Oxford Circus Motor-bus** *R. Miller*

omnibus, like the horse-drawn vehicle, will carry very few passengers. Another point of resemblance is that the constant stopping and restarting wears out the engines just as it wears out the horses. The companies, therefore, do not consider it a great recommendation that any particular omnibus can run several hundred miles without a stop: what they desire, and, it is believed have obtained, are omnibuses that will bear the strain of stopping and restarting every few hundred yards.

The possibilities of the motor-omnibuses are great, not the least of them being that before long we shall be able to ride by omnibus from Piccadilly to Bath or Brighton. Arrangements will probably be made for carrying luggage on long distance omnibuses, and then we shall see middle class family parties starting off for their annual summer holiday by omnibus instead of by train. And who will deny that, given fine weather, they will enjoy their journey far more than if they were boxed up in a stuffy third-class railway carriage?

HENRY CHARLES MOORE.

Photograph by **The Vanguard** *R. Miller*

Joan of Arc

In Rouen's Square the stake is set,
And faggots round it piled;
The cheeks of many a churl are wet,
Only the victim smiled:
The maddened mob that musters there,
May do their worst to-day,
Their power is impotent to her
Whose thoughts are far away.

The cherished haunts of childhood's bliss,
Must she desire in vain?
Her father's clasp, her mother's kiss
Must she not feel again?
Shall never lover link his lot
With her's? And to her breast,
Her happy mother-breast, shall not
Sweet baby-lips be pressed?

Photograph by *Neurdein*

The Great Days of Joan of Arc

From the mural painting by J. E. Lenepveu at the Panthéon

Lorraine's loved pastures round her seemed
In dreams to come and go;
Domremy's distant sheepfolds gleamed
With fleeces white as snow;
Champagne's rich vineyards on her view
Rose—radiant in the sun—
But ere their grapes take autumn's hue
Must her brief course be run.

The smoke above her cottage door
In curling eddies hung;
Ah! shall she watch it rise no more?
Dying, alas! so young.
The fields that with her "*Ave*" rang,
Must they forego their tune?
The lips that "*Pater noster*" sang,
Must they be silent soon?

Nay! willing is the sacrifice
Of life, and love, and all;
For plain the path of duty lies
Where God and country call.
So with calm eyes that never quailed,
Serene while others wept,
With dauntless faith that never failed
To those fierce flames she stepped.

So be her name for ever green!
Her glory ever great!
A peasant girl! yet Egypt's Queen
No firmer met her fate!
Fie on thee, fickle France, that spurned
The saint your streets who trod!
Blush, Britons, who so basely burned
An angel-guest from God!

J. Hudson, M.A.

The Evangelist's Four Daughters

CHAPTER I

THE gray old nave of Kettlebridge Cathedral was crowded with a vast congregation. People of all sorts and conditions were there assembled. They occupied seats down the centre space, they climbed the choir steps, and overflowed into the dimly lighted side aisles, where monumental figures with piously raised hands, reposed beneath the dust of ages, and battered standards drooped mournfully over the tombs of soldier heroes.

On an improvised pulpit at the foot of the steps stood the preacher, whose thundering declamations and whispered appeals were holding his audience spell-bound. He was a fine man, with iron-grey hair, a clear shaven countenance, and dark eyes which seemed to possess the power of reading the inmost thoughts of those upon whom they rested; while his voice had that peculiar magnetic thrill which none can hear unmoved.

As he stood there in a blaze of electric light from the pillar behind him, he looked, with his stern gaze and outstretched arm now like Elijah the prophet threatening wrath, and anon, as he sunk his voice and clasped his well-shaped hands in entreaty —the beloved disciple whose one and only message was love.

The Dean, a cheery-looking old man, with a ruddy complexion like a grazier, looked round, well pleased at the success of his daring scheme—a Mission for Kettlebridge.

He knew it was not approved by his clergy; some of whom sat in dignified protest by his side. He knew that before it began, Kettlebridge at large had scorned the suggestion that it required a Mission. Kettlebridge, which at its best contained considerably more than its share of evil-doers. But now the fame of Mr. Stafford's eloquence had spread abroad like wild fire, and some of the most hardened Kettlebridge sinners seemed in a fair way to be won by it.

The sermon came to its close—the last word of the preacher still echoed in the vaulted roof and neighbouring galleries, there was a moment of intense silence, then the organ began to play softly the plaintive air of a Mission hymn, and the evangelist, leaning his head on his hand, surveyed the assembly as it gradually breathed again. Then he became aware of a pair of grey eyes gazing earnestly, half-appealingly, at him through a mist of unshed tears. They belonged to a fashionably attired girl, who sat near the Dean's wife, her stately beauty set off to advantage beside the elder lady's commonplace features and unwieldy form.

The evangelist thought he remembered seeing her at dinner that evening before they came to the Cathedral, and he fancied the girl, who looked as if she had never had a serious thought in her life, regarded him half-reproachfully for having made her aware of unexpected emotions. Then the Dean's thick voice gave out the hymn —and the spell which compelled their mutual gaze, was broken.

There was a short supplementary service in one of the mouldy little chapels in the transept after the bulk of the congregation had left.

The evangelist was standing near the door, when he saw the girl with the grey eyes come in, behind some weeping penitents, constrainedly, as if moved against her will. At the entrance she paused and seemed inclined to turn away, but he stretched out his hand and drew her in.

The next minute she was on her knees on the cold stones, and the voice which had swayed the vast multitude as one man, whispered words of strength and comfort in her ear.

Late that evening she was seated at the piano in the barn-like drawing-room at the Deanery, when the evangelist came up to her. Divested of his clerical trappings he looked less like Elijah the prophet —more like an ordinary English parson, except that there was too much character in those finely chiselled features, and penetrating dark eyes, for the evangelist ever to look ordinary.

"Please don't leave off," he said gently,

taking a vacant chair close by. Then, as she smiled rather tremulously in response to his greeting, he added, "I think I saw you at dinner, but I don't fancy I was introduced to you, though I may have got confused in the number of introductions I have been honoured with."

She shook her head. "We were not introduced," she said. "They are remiss on that point as a rule here, but I am the Dean's niece—my name is Christiana Maurice."

"Christiana!" he repeated, as if the name pleased him. "Christiana went to the pilgrimage after all, you know," he murmured.

"Yes—I suppose so." She began to play again very softly.

"That's right," he said appreciatively, "I am like Saul, music has power to chase the evil spirits from me!"

"But surely you are never troubled by evil spirits, Mr. Stafford?" she cried half-banteringly, though her voice still betrayed the signs of recent tears, "I thought it was your business to drive them out of other people."

He smiled. "Could I not do so the better that I have known them myself," he replied, adding with a sigh, "but I sometimes feel depressed, and then music soothes me as nothing earthly can."

Christiana glanced shyly at her companion. He certainly looked like a man who had known sorrow, and then she remembered having heard that he was a widower, and wondered half-jealously, if he had been very fond of his wife and had never got over her loss. The Dean coming up the next moment with one of his ponderous speeches, put an end to further speculation on her part just then.

Next morning Christiana was out early, strolling about the old-world Deanery garden with its ruined walls and broken pillars where ivy and virginia creeper flourished. The dew lay heavy on the lawn and a light mist was gradually giving place before the sun.

Suddenly down one of the narrow box-edged paths, she came face to face with the evangelist.

"Good morning, I was just thinking of you," he said, holding out his hand.

"And I of you," she said simply, blushing a little as she made the admission.

They continued their stroll together.

"Now I want you to tell me all about yourself," said the evangelist.

"What—all my life?" she asked, surprised.

He smiled. "Not a very great *all* is it?" he said. "You cannot be more than twenty."

"That is just my age," she answered, and then she gave him a summary of her uneventful history. "You will think me a gay society butterfly," she ended half-regretfully, "but you do not know the charm of the world, Mr. Stafford."

"I know it," he said, laying his hand for an instant on her sunny head, "and I know the inevitable disillusionment. But you are meant for better things, Christiana," he added tenderly.

They patrolled the sheltered walks till the breakfast gong sounded. They admired the view of the Cathedral towers from one corner, and stooped down to peep through a rusty iron grating at the earthy smelling crypt in another. They seemed quite old friends as they turned to go in.

"Do you know," said Christiana naively, "when I came yesterday to pay my long-promised visit to the Deanery and found there was a Mission going on, I felt inclined to turn and flee—but now—I am glad I came."

He smiled down at her. Even an evangelist whose heart is in his work is not always proof against the subtle charm of unconscious flattery.

CHAPTER II

THE Cathedral Mission came to an end, as all things must. It had been an undoubted success, though the envious clergy, whose churches were never more than half filled, and those Kettlebridge citizens who by reason of their personal characters were against moral progress of any kind, prophesied with grim satisfaction that the effect would not last.

Christiana was among the number whom the Mission had impressed. She had attended every service most devoutly, and she would not have owned to herself how

much of the attraction she felt, depended on the personality of the preacher.

Both being guests under the same roof they had naturally seen a good deal of each other, and Christiana divined intuitively that the evangelist took more than a pastoral interest in her.

They had not often seen each other alone, however, except (and it was this exception that brightened the whole of the succeeding day) in those early morning meetings in the Deanery garden which both had unconsciously come to count upon.

A chill mist blotted out the Cathedral walls and distant cloisters, when they met on the last morning, and the sunflowers and primrose holly-hocks gleamed wanly through the haze.

"I can't believe it is really all over," said Christiana, as she gave the evangelist her hand on greeting.

"I am so glad it has been a help to you," he replied.

"It has. I feel another creature. But, oh, Mr. Stafford, I'm afraid when you are gone I shall go back. I am like a child not able to run alone."

"I shall think of you, be sure," he answered, adding, as if against his will, "I wish I could be near to help you."

"And—and can't you?" she breathed rather than spoke.

He shook his head.

"Yet you do care what becomes of me," she persisted.

"I do; God knows!" He looked at her and his eyes told the truth. "Christiana—don't tempt me," he cried hoarsely, seizing her two hands almost roughly.

The colour rushed into her cheeks. "Mr. Stafford," she said appealingly, "let me go with you. I should not mind what hardships your work entailed. Give me the right to comfort and cherish you."

"You do not know what you are asking," he cried hastily, letting her hands drop, "but *I* know, I cannot accept the sacrifice. Do not ask me to explain, Christiana," he continued in a pained voice, "but my life is and must be (save as regards its work) a peculiarly lonely one, and I must live it out as such to the end."

He paused a moment, and drew a deep breath, then he added more calmly, "But I love you, Christiana, and the remembrance of our friendship and of our talks in this dear old garden, will never leave me, but be something to cheer and inspire me all my days."

She looked up at him, smiling pathetically through her tears, while the grey mist seemed to shut them into a little world of their own. Then the Cathedral clock struck the hour, booming out hollowly in the heavy air, and they knew it was time to go in.

"Farewell, Christiana," said the evangelist softly, and he stooped and kissed her forehead.

* * * * *

Late that afternoon Mr. Stafford arrived at his own home—a big gloomy-looking house in the suburbs of a midland town.

"All well, Mrs. Burgoin," he enquired of his housekeeper, who came forward to receive him.

The simple question was, however, a figure of speech. Alas! When was it all well in the evangelist's household?

"About as usual, sir," answered the woman. "They've been asking repeatedly when you were coming back."

"I will go and see them at once," he replied, making for the wide staircase.

"Stop a minute, sir. Do let me give you some tea first," she urged. "You look dead tired."

"I will have it when I come down," said her master, and he hurried upstairs with the resolute air of one who braces himself for a disagreeable duty.

At a door in the corridor he paused—voices sounded from within—childish voices, and tinkling laughter of a kind that is more sad than tears.

Then he turned the handle and went in. It was a large room into which the evangelist entered, sparsely furnished, with two windows looking upon the walled-in garden below.

A doll's house of colossal dimensions occupied the space between the windows, and the table and floor were littered with dolls of all sorts and sizes, with their appurtenances, dolls' cradles and perambulators.

"Mr. Stafford, let me go with you"

But more remarkable than the arrangement of the room were its occupants—four undersized little women, with flat figures, wizened faces and birdlike eyes. They were all of mature age—probably the youngest was thirty, and all were alike in the one particular,—their sallow countenances were unlighted by reason.

Like his prototype Philip, in the early church, the evangelist had four daughters, virgins, but they did not prophesy, they played with dolls.

One was sitting on the floor with a large doll in her arms, two more were busily engaged making doll's clothes, and another who looked up with a frown at the intrusion, was rocking a doll's cradle with an anxious air, in a pitiful travesty of motherhood.

"Papa—don't you know Eugenia is not well?" she said reproachfully, while the others left their occupation and ran up to their father with every demonstration of pleasure.

"I want you to put your dolls away presently," said the evangelist, returning their caresses, "and I will come and read to you."

"Mrs. Burgoin has been reading us *The Pilgrim's Progress*," said the eldest. "But you don't look at my new doll, Papa! It has got longer hair than sisters' dolls."

"Very pretty," he answered absently.

"Susy has cut all her doll's hair off," said another, and went off into a fit of that aimless laughter which, often as he had heard it, always sent a chill through the evangelist's blood.

"I want a name for my new doll, Papa," continued the eldest daughter, "can you think of a pretty one?"

"Arabella, how would that do?" suggested her father.

"Oh no, Papa! That is an ugly name." Then a little gleam of intelligence came into the lustreless eyes. "I know Papa; there was a name in that book Mrs. Burgoin read about the Pilgrims—Chris—Chris—Christiana. Wouldn't that just suit dolly?"

She held up the hideous painted doll almost into the evangelist's face, standing on tip-toe to do so.

He thrust it aside with a sudden desperate movement. "No! no! not *Christiana*. Anything but that," he said sharply, and hurried from the room.

ISABEL SMITH.

Among the Heather

A summer sky of cloudless blue,
  A sea of purple heather,
Where, hand in hand, just I and you
  Wade, joyously, together.
Oh, blue, blue sky!
  Oh, summer weather!
With love and I
  Among the heather!

A winter sky of sombre grey,
  And bitter, biting weather.
No longer, hand in hand, we stray,
  My love and I, together.
Oh, sky of lead!
  Oh, wintry weather!
Oh, love as dead
  As last year's heather!

An April sky, half smiles, half tears,
  (The perfect lovers' weather)
Composed, 'twould seem, of hopes and fears
  All tangled up together.
What matters rain?
  Or wind? Or weather?
Love blooms again
  As does the heather.

A. L. HARRIS

The Shelf and the World

The Nightingale and the Poets—Another View—" The Pleasant Voices "—What to do when one first hears the Cuckoo—Against hemorrhages—To kill snakes—To rid the house of mice—To preserve Flowers fresh—To Write Secretly—A Dead Friend—The Dog Clubman—Househunting—Empty Houses—A new Profession for Women—George Herbert's Church—Parson Hawker's Critic—Lady Blessington as a Humourist.

WRITING in a house around which the nightingales cease neither by day nor by night, I am in a position to say that the poets who have written about that exquisite friendly bird are all wrong. The nightingale utters neither eternal passion nor eternal pain. Its song is jocund rather than sorrowful, and is not always beautiful. It even has some very harsh notes. It has little variety or inspiration, going steadily through a definite series of movements, like a condensed symphony. To me its most beautiful note is the single cry that it repeats sometimes as often as fifteen times but for the most part only about six times, which is certainly wistful and plaintive in the highest degree. It must be this note of grief which has won for the bird its place in the literature of sadness, the poets being so pleased (as ever) to detect a pang of regret or woe that they have declined to hear, or have wholly disregarded, the bird's neutralising and vastly more numerous notes of joy and exultation.

All these remarks, which are dictated only by a desire for truth—for I adore the nightingale personally—apply to the bird singing alone. When one stands still in a lane in May and hears three at once, as is the right way, singing in a triangle, the three voices being merged in one in magnificent riotous defiance of the stillness of the night and the menace of darkness, then all that the poets say can be believed in—except that they have understated the case for the natural joyfulness of the bird. For one is gradually and hypnotically persuaded into the feeling that all this torrent of lovely music comes but from a single ecstatic breast.

My own favourite poetical reference to the nightingale is not in Keats, not in Arnold, not in Wordsworth, although he comes very near :

> Those notes of thine—they pierce and pierce ;
> Tumultuous harmony and fierce !

not in any of the classical places ; but in a translation by William Cory of a poem from the Greek anthology, the lament for Heraclitus, where the poet says :

> Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake,
> For death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

Here, in the phrase " pleasant voices," one finds expressed the charm and the friendliness of the bird, who, although a shy foreigner, sings never so well as when he is conscious of the proximity of man, and noisy man too.

Apropos of the birds of spring, I picked up at a stall the other day a little book—just a week too late. For among its many counsels is one that bears upon the first hearing of the cuckoo, and I had heard the cuckoo a week before. The title is *A Thousand Notable Things ; or, Various Subjects disclosed from the Secrets of Nature and Art*, and it is the eighteenth century forerunner of *Enquire Within*. This is the advice concerning the cuckoo :

> If you mark where your right foot doth stand at the first time that you do hear the cuckow, and then grave or take up the earth under the same ; wheresoever the same is sprinkled about, there will no fleas breed.—I know it hath proved true.

The book teems with other secrets not less surprising and valuable. No one who possesses it need ever be ill again of any disorder, particularly perhaps of nose bleeding, to which several remedies are allotted. I select two :

> To stop the bleeding of the nose. Take nine or ten fresh new leeks, and put a thread through the midst of them, but cut off the tops of the leaves, then hang them about the party's neck that bleeds, for that the leaves be upward to the nose, and the heads of them downward. It is also good to smell camphire dissolved in vinegar, and also to put the root of peony under the tongue.

You may stay the bleeding of the nose, if you write with the same blood in the forehead of the party that bleeds, these words following, Consumatum est.

For more general bleeding, after a wound, we have this:

Beware that nothing bind thy body hard when thou bleedest, and then hold thy hand full of shepherd's purse, and stedfastly look on the sun, and the bleeding will cease.—Proved.

No remedy could be more convenient for me than this, for our garden is overrun with Shepherd's Purse this spring.

Some of the counsels seem inadequate or illogical. Thus: "If you would kill snakes and adders strike them with a large radish." This wants much faith. Others again seem unnecessary, as when we have instructions how to bring back to life a fly that has been drowned in water or beer, which is done by laying the corpse in warm ashes (but they must not be burning or very hot) when it will recover and live again. This, the author adds, invidiously, is "very true." I quote three miscellaneous counsels:

Put two or more quick mice in a long or deep earthen pot, and set the same night unto a fire made of ash wood; when the pot begins to be hot, the mice therein will chirp or make a noise, whereat all the mice that are nigh them will run towards them, and so will leap into the fire, as though they should come to help their poor imprisoned friends and neighbours. The cause whereof Mizaldus ascribes to the smoke of the ashwood.

To keep all sorts of flowers almost in their perfect lustre all the year. Take an earthen glazed pot, with a close cover, air it well in the sun, then fill it with half spring water and half verjuice, and put a little bay salt into it, that may sprinkle over the bottom; put in your flowers with their long stalks, half blown, the stalks downward, and let the liquor cover the rest an inch or more; close up the vessel, and set it in a warm place, where no frost may get at it. When you take them out wash them in fair water, and hold them before a gentle fire, and they will open and spread in their proper colours.

To write Letters secretly, from one Friend to another, that cannot be Discovered.

Double in the middle a sheet of white paper, then cut holes through both the half sheets, like the panes of a glass window, or what fashion you please; then with a pin prick two little holes at each end, and cut your paper in two halves; give one half to your friend to whom you design to write, the other half keep yourself. Now when you write, lay your cut paper on half a sheet of writing paper, and stick two pins through the two holes that it stir not; write then your mind to your friend through these holes; then take off the paper with the holes, and write any nonsense to fill up the vacancy. When your friend receives your letter, let him lay this cut paper on it, putting the pins into the holes, and then the nonsense is covered, and he reads your mind.

Since I wrote last we have suffered bereavement by the death of a blue-gray Bedlington, who had lived with us for four or five years and in a way had become the head of the establishment, and seemed likely to deprive us in time of all independent will. I have known many dogs, but none so inflexible as this: a crystallised bachelor clubman among dogs, doing nothing that he did not want to and standing a little aloof from the world, and yet having just enough intensity in his peat-stream brown eyes and his nuzzling nose to elicit and retain as much affection as he needed. Of course to keep a Bedlington terrier in London or the South of England at all is a kind of cruelty; for the Bedlington is a miner's fancy, bred and nourished for no idler purpose than to meet other Bedlingtons in the waste and secret places of the North on Sunday mornings and fight it out to the full. A dog so disposed is not calculated to bring peace and blessing to Kensington Gardens, and therefore our friend had to be tamed into civility or at any rate public peace. He was, however, disposed to accept his fate until, three years ago, we went to France for six weeks, whither now no dog may go and come back again, and I sent him as a boarder to one of those handy men in the country who are prepared to do most things. I did not know that he lived in a village where the dogs were given to fighting and where the butcher's bull terrier too long had ruled. The result was that at the end of the six weeks I led our friend reluctantly back to his pacific quarters, dragging, like Goldsmith's "Traveller," at each remove a lengthening chain, for his mind was set on recent triumphs and much praise and the cowed contour of the butcher's bull terrier's bark once so confident and overmastering.

He was never quite the same afterwards. He had tasted blood; he had "gone it" a little; he was a hero. A new mood of independence and solitary adventure came upon him. In London he made some effort to remain with his property whenever we walked out; but in the country, none. For the last few months of his life he came home only for his meals; which is perhaps the least satisfactory thing that a dog can do. None the less he was our choice, and had been our good friend, and could always gaze or cosset his way back, and we were prepared to stand by him. But one day last month he ate some poisoned bread and died; and now there lives in the house, at our very heels, a black and white spaniel, always in broad laughter, of a social character so emphatic that he might be likened to a shadow. It is the completest contrast.

I think there can be few occupations more pleasant than to seek for a country house in the first true days of spring—as I did this year. It was not for myself but for a friend, who had put himself in my hands and was willing to take my word for the merits of the district which we ranged. The centre of this district is a market town lying two or three miles north of the South Downs, and we looked over several houses within an easy driving radius. My friend chose them all in turn (it was a day on which every country house with a garden seemed perfect) and it was delightful to watch him planning out the rooms and garden. These should be his own suite; here he would work; there he would put visitors; here should be roses and there sweet briars and a lavender hedge. The lawn must be made a little larger, for croquet; perhaps that tree might go. In one of the gardens was a ruined summer-house which he transformed instantly into a working room with an Italian loggia above it. My friend chose them all, I say, but he took none, and so we may have the agreeable task all over again in some other desirable quarter.

All the houses had spacious kitchen departments, brick ovens as well as ranges, wash houses, dairies and so forth, in the old-fashioned way. All had stabling too, and it was very good to move about on the cobbled stones amid the atmosphere of honest horses, after the petrolised highways and newspapers which we had left outside. For one returns to the past in an old house empty more thoroughly than in an old house occupied, however retrograde the occupants may be. In the old house occupied there will certainly be signs of the times—books, magazines, pictures: in the old house empty there are only the ghosts of ancient dwellers, and all is spacious and silent.

It occurred to me as we passed from room to room and debated their potentialities, what an interesting occupation for women of taste the advising upon decoration and adaptability of houses would be. Such advisers as exist are, I fancy, attached to business firms; but what I would advocate is independent counsellors, if real independence is any longer possible.

I was the other day at Bemerton, George Herbert's church near Salisbury, one of the sweetest little churches I ever saw, and as I came out I noticed on the wall of the vicarage opposite, since largely rebuilt, the lines which Herbert wrote for the mantel of the chimney in the hall in his day:

> To my Successor.
> If thou chance for to find
> A new house to thy mind,
> And built without thy cost:
> Be good to the poor,
> As God gives thee store,
> And then my labour's not lost.

It was pleasant to stand before the very house where on the Sunday before his death, holy Mr. Herbert "sung such hymns and anthems as the angels, and he, and Mr. Ferrar, now sing in Heaven."

Rather a nice little anthology might be made of verses inscribed on buildings, not a few of which probably would be vicarages. And this reminds me that in Mr. C. E. Byles' life of Hawker of Morwenstow, just published, are quoted not only the lines which that sturdy churchman and village autocrat cut in his vicarage wall, but also the comment upon them which

a local satirist offered. These are Hawker's lines:

A House, a Glebe, a Pound a Day;
A Pleasant Place to Watch and Pray,
Be true to Church—be kind to Poor,
O Minister! for evermore.

and this is the gloss of the parishioner, or more probably of a Dissenter smarting from some of Hawker's scorn for Non-conformists:

With all these benefits supplied,
A pound a day, and more beside,
How very good this man should prove,
How full of zeal, how full of love!

But different the time we see,
Since Jesus walked in Galilee,
And did poor fishermen prepare
His holy Gospel to declare.

Nor purse, nor scrip He bade them take,
But preach the Gospel for His sake,
And not a single word did say
Of house, or glebe, or pound a day.

Mr. Byles omits to say how Hawker met the criticism; but no doubt with vigour.

I notice that Messrs. Routledge, greatly daring, are adding to the annual supply of novels by new writers several ancient works of fiction that had a vogue but have become half-forgotten. These are for the most part of immense length like *John Buncle*: so long indeed and out-moded as to make one wonder whether it were not better to let sleeping novels lie. I expect that for the most part books that have been forgotten deserve their fate. Lady Blessington's, popular as they once were, certainly do. As novels, that is. But as works of humour they might enter upon a new career. By the kindly hand of time she has been translated, beginning as a heightened delineation by gilt edge and manners she is now a half comic writer. The lapse of years has brought to her pages what they never had in her own day—a quite delightful charm. Some such gracious fate may be in store for many of our own popular writers. Could anything be better than this from *The Two Friends?*—

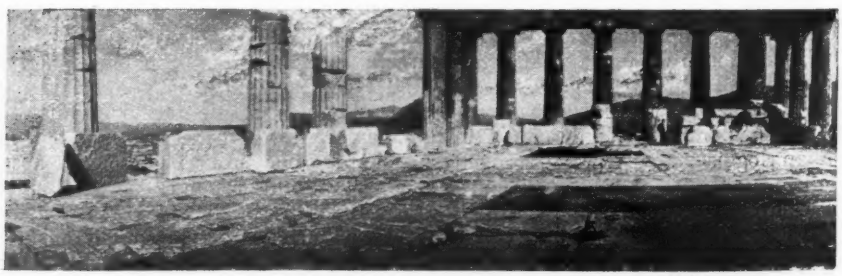
"You are late this morning, my dear Desbrow," said Lord Arlington, as he entered the dressing-room of his friend, who had not yet exchanged his robe *de chambre* for his morning toilette. "How jaded you look; but no wonder, for I dare be sworn you have passed the night in the House of Commons."

"You are correct in your surmise," replied Mr. Desbrow, "I did not get away until six o'clock this morning, and had the mortification to find myself voting in a most discouraging minority, and to have lost sleep, breath, and time, for no purpose."

"You do not include the worst part of the penalty," said Lord Arlington, "the inhaling the pestiferous air of the most impure atmosphere in London, the effects of which are even now visible in your languid visage—*chacun à son goût*. I left Crockford's exactly at the same hour that you left St. Stephen's, having paired off with Welsford, and sought my pillow with the comfortable reflection of being a winner of three thousand pounds, which Dame Fortune most opportunely sent me, when I was meditating the last resource of the destitute—a penitential letter to my father, or an application to a friend. For the Jews begin to look grave at my proposals—ungrateful rascals as they are—after my voting for their emancipation. Hang the dogs, I wish they would emancipate us."

"Will you never grow wise, Arlington?" asked his friend.

E. V. Lucas.



The Parthenon, Athens

A Reverie

From the painting by D. A. C. Artz, in the possession of W. J. Anderson, Esq., Glasgow

The Original of Die Vernon

IT is a reproach often brought against Sir Walter Scott that his heroes and heroines alone of all his characters fail to interest his readers, and we know from his apologetic references that they failed still more signally to interest their author. Sir Walter was the last man to saunter in the policies with Miss Bertram, Miss Mannering and young Hazelwood when there was Dandie Dinmont ready and able to discourse on the points of Dumple and the pedigree of Pepper and Mustard. Why should he linger in Miss Wardour's bower when he might take the road with Edie Ochiltree? What he did not care to do himself he would not inflict on his readers. Edith Bellenden, Isabella Wardour, Rose Bradwardine, Lucy Bertram, even the dear romantic figure of Green Mantle—mix them up and redistribute the rôles, and the novels would remain practically unchanged. These ladies are the normal heroines. In two of the novels the heroines distinctly fall below this level in the dangerous direction of being prigs; the Fair Maid of Perth would clearly come under Sir Walter's arraignment of the enthusiastic religious woman "who is not only a dangerous person but a perfect shower-bath on all social conviviality." How could he bestow such a lady-love on the most genial of his heroes? If Rowena is as near a prude as the Fair Maid is near a prig, it was simply because Scott, like the rest of us, had given his heart to Rebecca and resented the passionless success of her rival. Julia Mannering stands out from the other ladies by right of her diverting sprightliness, but a sharp tongue and power of repartee were what Scott rather dreaded in a young woman and distinctly discouraged in his daughter Anne.

But there are two heroines who stand in quite another category, and are among the finest of Scott's creations. When he created Jeanie Deans he broke the convention that a heroine must be young and beautiful, interesting in situation, and the object of passionate devotion, he broke the convention and created the homespun tutelary saint of Presbyterian Scotland, one of the immortal figures in literature. It was as great a triumph when, adhering to the convention of a young, beautiful, romantic, distressed and passionately loved heroine he created a creature as original and romantic as Diana Vernon. She owns no sisterhood with the other blameless ladies of the Waverleys, rather she counts cousin with Beatrice and Rosalind and Portia. Like them she is witty, high-spirited and loving, like them she plays on every note passing from playful authority to serious heroism, and, like them, melting into womanly tenderness.

It is curious that originals were found by two of Scott's friends for both Jeanie Deans and Die Vernon. The Heart of Mid Lothian appeared in 1817; a year earlier Scott had lost by death one of his dearest friends, Lady Douglas, a daughter of the Buccleuch Family. Her cousin and Scott's correspondent, the shrewd and sympathetic Lady Louisa Stewart, was convinced that the idea of this lady's life unconsciously creeping "into his study of imagination" had given the individual charm to the tender-hearted self-reliant character of Jeanie.

Captain Basil Hall writing in 1834 professed to have found the original who suggested to Scott the captivating figure of Diana, in the person of an old Scottish lady of 74, then on her lonely death-bed in a castle in Styria.

It was in the days when Walter Scott was young. The date is vague, for youth being no question of birthdays and calendars, but rather of the spirit in which a man faces each new day, Scott's youth may be said to cover a period of five and thirty years. To be more precise then, it was in the "nineties" when the eighteenth century was old in years, and Scott and Scott's world were young by the same measure.

There is no greater delusion than the smug reflection of the elderly; "Ah, we we were all young once." By no means,

my good sir. Youth, real youth, compounded of such rare elements as a warm heart, a vigorous brain, an infinite curiosity, the open road, an empty purse, a friend to talk and laugh with, a lady to adore in secret and, added to these, some great and generous cause or some alluring and engrossing art—such a youth is as rare as genius, and such a youth was Scott's. He was already, though unconsciously, living a double life, half his time away in a dreamland of his own where the past lived again, the other half taking his full, joyous, active share in the world of men around him. For seven consecutive summers he had made his raids into Liddesdale, harvesting ballads and legends and "auld nick-nackets." His note-books of this date are full of the most curious, varied and fascinating lore; all the amazing knowledge which furnished out the Waverley novels was being garnered in these years.

Yet the day seemed hardly long enough for all his professional and social activities. For some years he [Alan Fairford] and William Clerk [Darsie Latimer] had been sweeping the dust of the Parliament House with their gowns, learning law and studying lawyers, making some fees and many friends, laughing, arguing, retailing jests and stories.

Cut off by his lameness from other volunteering, but flushed with the ardour of the times, he was already organising, with James Skene, the Edinburgh Light Horse. Another young lawyer, William Erskine, was already his confidant and fastidious literary critic. These young advocates, all friends, all ambitious, many of them destined for destinction, formed with their sisters, toasts and partners, an intimate society, meeting often and in the simplest way in their respective flats and houses in the streets of newer Edinburgh. Among the most genial social occasions were suppers in George Cranstoun's lodgings in Frederick Street, where his sister Miss Jane Anne Cranstoun was hostess. Rather older than most of the company she assumed a certain elder sister's attitude to her brothers and their friends, exercising a playful authority, much as Diana Vernon did over Frank Osbaldiston and his unruly troop of cousins. Well-born and conscious of unusual gifts of heart and intellect she allowed herself certain peculiarities of manners. She was constantly on horseback, and had the habit—less usual then than now in "elegant females"—of speaking her mind freely on all occasions. Her friendship with young Walter Scott was twisted with a double cord, she was among the first to suspect his genius, and her sympathy had divined the delicate secret of his long devotion to gentle Miss Stewart, of Fettercairn.

It was from Miss Cranstoun that Scott first heard of the German ballad "Leonore" which was to influence his genius so decidedly, Mrs. Barbauld, of all people, had recited a translation of this poem at a party at the house of Professor Dugald Stewart, Miss Cranstoun's brother-in-law. Miss Cranstoun's animated account of the ballad took such a hold of Scott that he never rested till he had, with much trouble, secured a copy of Bürger's poems. One night after supper he began to translate the ballad, it was daybreak before it was completed, and such was Scott's excitement that he could not rest without showing it so some understanding friend.

At half-past six that morning Miss Cranstoun's maid roused her saying that Mr. Scott was in the dining-room and wished to see her at once. She hurried down anxiously wondering what could be the cause of so untimely a visit. At the door he met her, holding out his manuscript and eagerly begged her to listen to his poem. As she listened with growing admiration to the fine spirited verses an idea flashed into the mind of the romantic and sympathetic woman. She knew that Scott was on the eve of setting out for a visit in the country where he hoped to meet the lady of his dreams. She begged him to leave the MS. with her, and when he was gone she set about carrying out her kindly scheme. Erskine was called into her counsel and together they took the poem to the well-known Edinburgh printer, Mr. Miller, and had a few copies beautifully printed and bound. One of these was at once despatched to

Die Vernon reading Frank Osbaldiston's Translations from Ariosto

(From the drawing by C. R. Leslie in "The Waverley Album," 1833)

Walter Scott—"to give it—Ah! to whom?"

The kind little plan succeeded as far as affording the young author a delightful surprise, and probably procuring for him the exquisite satisfaction of hearing his verses read in the voice of all others most melodious to his ear. Now there is a passage in Rob Roy, so unnecessary to the story but so full of feeling that one cannot doubt that it recalls a precious memory. Die Vernon has been reading Frank Osbaldiston's translations from Ariosto and has announced herself one of the unpopular family of "Tell truths." "There is a great deal of it," said she glancing along the paper and interrupting the sweetest sounds which mortal ears can drink in—those, namely, of a youthful poet's verses read by the lips which are dearest to him." The frank criticism was probably a reminiscence of Miss Cranstoun, but at the close of the sentence Scott's thoughts had taken the path which he generally kept closely barred against them.

The "lips dearest" to Scott were, as we know, to be for another. In the autumn of 1796 when he struggled, in his own manly way, through the sharp pain of misprized love Miss Cranstoun stood his firm friend. "Many an anxious thought I have about you" she ends a letter in which, in Diana's fashion she cloaks solicitude under airy nonsense. She earned the right to sign herself "most affectionately yours J.A.C."

The year 1797 saw vital changes in the circle of intimates. Miss Stewart, now the wife of Scott's generous rival Sir William Forbes, had passed into the retirement of her short but exquisitely happy married life. Scott himself—"his heart once broken, handsomely pieced together but

bearing the crack to his dying day"—had in the autumn married sprightly Charlotte Carpenter.

The little bride was warmly welcomed by the brethren both of the Light Horse and of the Parliament House, but the warm friend and confidante Miss Cranstoun was not there to give her blessing.

She had given her hand to Count Wenceslaus, of Purgstall, a distinguished Austrian nobleman who had come on a visit to Edinburgh. She was now the mistress of several wonderful old castles in Styria, where Scott might have seen in full swing that Feudal System so dear to his imagination. One of her castles, Reggersburg, is described as being like Stirling Castle; her one regret was that it did not look out on the Parliament Square of Edinburgh.

She wrote to Scott on his marriage in her warm-hearted way "To have a conviction that those I love are happy and don't forget me—I have no way to express my feelings, they come in a flood and destroy me." They break out again, those warm, strong feelings of hers in the last sentence of her letter "Is it then true, my God, that "Earl Walter" [a nickname among Scott's intimates] is a Benedick and that I am in Styria? Well, bless us all prays the separated from her brethren J. A. P.

She and Scott never met again, but for some time they corresponded. A bound volume of her letters at Abbotsford attest the regard in which Scott held her. He sent her his works as they appeared with the significant exception of Rob Roy.

She had an eventful, important, anxious, ultimately tragic life, the poor brilliant Countess. She and her husband were intimate with Goëthe, Schiller, Mozart and all who were best worth knowing in Germany, but the public life of Austrians in Count Purgstall's position was harassing and full of bitter mortification during the evil Napoleonic years.

One child was born of the marriage, so frail that only the mother's passionate devotion kept him alive to the age of nineteen, but so gifted that his uncle, Dugald Stewart, was amazed at the boy's mathematical and philosophical speculations. The Countess, that he might speak "the language of her heart," had an Aberdeenshire nurse for him, and the brilliant conversation of the last descendant of the historic house of Purgstall was expressed in good Scottish speech! Death bereft the Countess of husband and son within a short interval of each other. Her friends were anxious that she should return to Scotland, but in her impulsive romantic way, she had sworn to her son to lay her dust beside his, and in her devotion she believed that death would not too long delay. But she had not calculated on the vigorous constitution and indestructible vitality that she had inherited from her race, vitality which can reject no element of interest, no gladness nor sorrow up to the last of life. She had to contend for her possessions against innumerable claimants, for twelve years she suffered bodily pains and weakness, her coffin was prepared, with her husband's letters laid in it, but death did not come, nor, in spite of herself could she lose her vivid interest both in the large world of Europe and the small world of her feudal household. In 1834, when she was 74 and completely bedridden, an unspeakable longing for her own people, and the speech of her own country came over her, and a great dread of dying alone among servants. Hearing by chance that Captain Basil Hall [the son of friends in Scotland unseen for forty years] was travelling in Italy, she, grasping at straws, wrote entreating him to bring his family to spend the winter with her in her Castle of Hainfeld. It must have seemed a kindly miracle to the solitary woman to have at her bedside those whose faces and names recalled the friends of her youth, kind, interested listeners to her stories and reminiscences. Her dearest delight was the hour when the rest of the party was at dinner and the Halls' nurse brought the baby-boy to play on her bed. She knew the companionable quality of a good Scotch servant. In urging her invitation she had written to Captain Hall "Your precious Scotch nursery-maid and I will understand each other famously. Such a person ceases to be a servant, she is a friend."

Of all the Countess' lively talk, the most delightful related to the old merry days in Frederick Street when she was Walter Scott's confidante. As she described her young womanhood and her independent ways, bordering at times on eccentricity, it flashed through Basil Hall's mind that she might have suggested the heroine of Rob Roy. The Captain's mind was as ingenious as his hands; and following up a clue was as fascinating to him as devising a bell-rope for the invalid lady.

The first point he established was that Rob Roy was lacking in her presentation set of Waverley novels. Then he procured a copy of the book and read it aloud, watching narrowly to see how if affected his listener. It excited her more than any other of the novels had done, especially the part that relates to Cumberland. "Oh I know that scene" she would exclaim. "I remember describing it myself to Sir Walter Scott. That anecdote he had from me." But while she discussed all the other characters freely, about Diana Vernon she maintained so significant a silence that the Halls felt it would have been an impertinence to introduce the subject.

After all the evidence is slight, and it is fair to add that Lockhart repudiated Captain Hall's theories, but if it is merely claimed that Jane Anne Cranstoun suggested traits in Diana Vernon, we have enough to connect Scott's own early romance with the most romantic and convincing love affair in his novels.

It was Captain Hall's good fortune to be the means of clearing up a misunderstanding that weighed on the warm heart of the old Countess. She had some years previously sent Scott a little memoir of her son and husband, and had been hurt to receive no acknowledgement from her old friend. In a letter Captain Hall had from Lockhart during his visit to Hainfeld, Lockhart mentions finding among Scott's papers, an undated letter to the Countess thanking her for the memoir. She was much agitated at learning the fact, and was eager to be put in possession of so precious a letter. Before it came she had passed beyond the need of wise and consoling words. She had been urgent with the Halls to remain with her during the winter, again and again they had delayed their departure rather than agitate and disappoint her. With a curious confidence she begged them to remain over the spring solstice, assuring them with a prescience, serious but not uncheerful, that that date would set a term to their pious offices towards her. Nor was she mistaken. Almost as if she meant to show her considerateness and courtesy in the very act of dying, she died suddenly and peacefully a day or two before the date fixed for her friend's departure.

One cannot but regret that she never saw the letter Lockhart hastened to forward to her. It had been written as far back as 1822, when Scott was at the height of his fame and prosperity, yet, taking his tone from the sorrowful circumstances of his correspondent, he wrote pensively and soberly of the chances and changes of life.

"This is a melancholy letter" he wrote, "but it is chiefly so from the sad tone of yours, who have such real disasters to lament, while mine is only the humorous sadness which a retrospect on human life is sure to produce on the most prosperous. For my own course of life I have only to be ashamed of its prosperity and afraid of its termination, for I have little reason, arguing on the doctrine of chances, to hope that the same good fortune will attend me for ever. I have an affectionate and promising family, many friends, few unfriends and, I think, no enemies. I dwell among my own people and have many whose happiness is dependent on me, and which I study to the best of my power. I trust my temper, which you know is good and easy, has not been spoilt by flattery or prosperity. Should things therefore change with me—and in these times, or indeed in any times, such change is to be apprehended—I trust I shall be able to surrender these adventitious advantages, as I would my upper dress as something extremely comfortable but which I can make shift to do without."

It was with such sobering reflections that Sir Walter, in the time of his prosperity, built up "a cloudy screen to temper the deceitful ray."

FLORENCE MACCUNN.

Photograph by *W. Notman & Son, Montreal*

Harvest time in Manitoba

An Imperial Highway

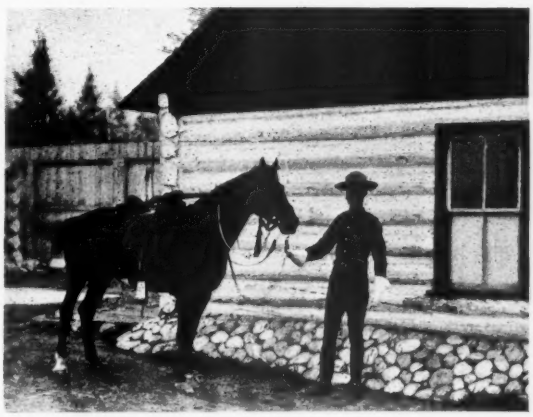
CANADA is a land of magnificent distances, and a journey across the country, four thousand miles from ocean to ocean, impresses the thinking traveller with the wealth of natural resources, and with the variety of scenery in these wide domains. This is Canada's growing time, and the country is progressing by leaps and bounds. There is improvement and development in the immense mineral and agricultural resources, a rapid increase of trade, and an enterprise in public works that might well tax the energies of older and richer States. A great undertaking of this nature is the Canadian Pacific Railway, a magnificently equipped road stretching across the continent, and forming a means for the speedy conveyance of troops and merchandise to our outposts of Empire in the Far East. Halifax, St. John, Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg—hundreds, or rather thousands, of miles apart—are stations on this great Imperial route, and the Canadian echoes the words of the Psalmist: "Thou has set my feet in a large room."

To the south and west of Winnipeg the country is a vast steppe, with not a tree or shrub to break the monotony. The train runs, hour after hour, through wheat-fields bending and ruffling in the wind like the waves of an emerald ocean. The wheat-fields stretch away to the horizon line, and are broken only by the brown lines of the fire-guards—a number of furrows left unsown, to act as a check in case of fire running through the ripening grain. Many of the homes in this rich grain-growing district are but miserable "shacks," the residences of young men "batching," whose pride of heart is not in their dwellings, but in the number of acres that they have sown in wheat. On the older farms the "shacks" have been superseded by comfortable wooden and brick buildings, the original "shack" often doing duty as a stable, and perhaps serving as a reminder of the day of small things. The soil of this wheat-growing belt is a rich black loam, free from stones, and immense crops are produced year after year without fertilizers. Towns and villages are springing up throughout the prairie-land, but the population, generally speaking, is sparce. This great colonial home-land is asking for those who are strong and willing, and not afraid of loneliness and hard work, to come in and possess a goodly heritage.

West of the Province of Manitoba the line of the Canadian Pacific runs through

the districts of Assiniboia and Alberta. Three hundred and sixty miles west of Winnipeg, in the district of Assiniboia, is Regina, the territorial capital. During the time that the railway was in process of construction, Regina rejoiced in the not very attractive title of "Pile of Bones.' Buffalo "runs" are trampled deep in every direction around Regina, and buffalo bones lie bleaching among the prairie flowers, silent testimonies of past times when vast herds of these strange-looking animals roamed over the plains, hunted by the improvident slaughter-loving Red Men and his pale-face brethren. The extinction of the buffalo hastened the end of the free roving life for the Indians of the plains. To prevent famine the Canadian Government has assumed guardianship over the Indians, and maintains a very complete system of watch and ward in the various Indian reserves.

The Governor of the districts and territories resides at Regina. His jurisdiction extends over an area of two millions of square miles. The territorial offices are located here; also the fine barracks, drill-hall and other buildings of the Mounted Police head-quarters. The members of the Mounted Police add largely to the social life of the western towns. The hold that this small body of cavalry has on law and order in the "Great North-West" is wonderful. Upon its members fall the duties of policing these great lone stretches, the preservation of order among restless Indian tribes, the correction of cattle thieves (the bane of ranchmen), and the general upholding of justice, that makes Britons sojourning under other flags realise how great is our heritage of liberty under the Union Jack.



Photograph by W. Notman & Son, Montreal

Mounted Police in Prairie Uniform

A visit we paid to the Indian Industrial School at Regina was particularly interesting. The buildings are surrounded by a fine farm and market garden worked by the pupils. They were bright looking boys and girls with a large supply of animal spirits. A number of the small boys were playing beside a muddy creek near the school, and had just fished an unlucky comrade out of the brown waters as we rode by. The haste with which they dispersed assured us of the fact that the creek was "out of bounds." The "translation of the savage" goes on apace in the various schools of the West. The children are taught the great truths of Christianity, and have the earnest self-sacrificing lives of their teachers ever before them. The majority of the pupils are quick to learn, and soon master the three "R's."

There is, of course, great diversity of dialect in the Indian schools. The mission work shows with what success the level-headed Canadians are taking up their share of the "white man's burden." The girls in the schools are taught to sew, and to do house-work, in the hope that they may in time be able to fill the gap in the servant problem of the West. The boys are trained in various handicrafts. They do the work of the farms, and manage the fine market-gardens that are always attached to the schools. We stopped at the door of the bake-house; two lads of seventeen and eighteen were taking light golden loaves from the oven. With great pride they showed us the rows

of loaves, and told us of the success of the former bakers, who were now in the Klondike cooking for a camp and earning "big money."

From the school we drove away over the prairie to visit an Assiniboine encampment. The camps were made of skins stretched over a framework of poles. Outside, a fire carefully banked with sods sent up long wreaths of pungent smoke on the midsummer air. Ponies were picketed near the tee-pees in the short, flower-besprinkled grass, bees hummed industriously, and down by the creek a dozen or more little naked Indians disported themselves on the bank. The old chief saw us coming, and hastily donned his most gorgeous blanket and feathers. He was a very old man and had seen many changes in his time. The conversation was carried on through an interpreter; one question asked was "Do you remember the buffalo?"

A change, as if an electric shock had moved him, passed over the old man's face; his eyes flashed fire, his thin nostrils dilated, and with rifle in hand he threw himself on the floor of the tent. With his ear to the ground he feigned to be listening intently. Then followed a most interesting pantomime. The old savage fought all his battles o'er again, and "thrice he slew the slain." With hand shading his eyes, he saw again the buffalo feeding near the wallow at the creek; slipping along on hands and knees he got a successful first shot. The old hunter was now in full cry; with blood-thirsty vim he shot and skinned imaginary buffalo; suddenly jumping to his feet, with a dramatic gesture he pulled a paper from his belt and thrust it into my hand; then drawing the blanket over his head, he squatted down in a mournful attitude. The paper was the Government permit to leave the reservation for the period of two weeks. "How are the mighty fallen!"

Moosejaw and Medicine Hat are the most important places in a day's journey west of Regina. At Moosejaw the Soo (Sault) Line, owned by the Canadian Pacific Company, comes up from the United States and joins the main line. This route is becoming very popular with the people of the North-Western States, and the traffic is large.

Moosejaw is the English abridged version of the Indian words which mean "The-creek-where-the-white-man-mended the-cart-with-a-moose-jawbone." In the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick many of the Micmac Indian names have been retained. In the West an English translation is often substituted for the Indian word.

Thus the Indian (Cree) name "Mus-ke-ke-waas-tootin" becomes the English Medicine Hat. The train officials say that the question as to "why" the town is named Medicine Hat is a stock one with tourists. The name perpetuates one of the Indian legends of the Saskatchewan. The town is built along both banks of the river. In the channel is a spot that never freezes even in the most severe winters. The Indians regard this spot with awe, and reverence it as the breathing place of the great spirit. Indian tradition says that "long, long ago" a hunting party encamped on the river bank. In the evening one of the braves standing near this spot saw the great spirit come out of the water in the form of a gigantic serpent. The spirit addressed the young man, and offered to make him the greatest warrior and "medicine man" of his tribe, on condition of the sacrifice of his wife. The young Indian was lately married, and the stipulation filled him with sadness. He pondered deeply over the matter; then with characteristic Indian guile he killed a favourite dog and cast its body into the open spot as a substitute for that of his wife. The great spirit haughtily refused the gift of the dog, and the brave returned in sadness to his tee-pee. He told the story to his squaw, who signified her willingness to die, and her body was made an offering to the spirit. The Indian was then directed to visit a certain spot below the "cut-banks," where he would find a medicine hat trimmed with ermine and feathers, the wearing of which would assure success in any undertaking. The Indian did as he was bidden, and the place of the gifts has ever since been known by the Cree name of

Mus-ke-ke-waas-tootin, or by the English translation of Medicine Hat.

During our stay at Medicine Hat we enjoyed the novel sight of a cattle round-up. All the great cattle ranches in Assiniboia, Alberta, and across the United States border in Montana send cowboys to look after their interests in the annual round-up. The cowboys, to use an Americanism, are "immense," and a round-up is Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" Show on its native heath. The dexterity with which these magnificent riders move through the herds, and the ease with which they bring down with the lariat animals singled out from amongst hundreds, fills the ordinary onlooker with amazement.

After the cattle belonging to the various owners have been selected and corralled, there comes the high day of branding. The owners' initials are burned into the animal's side with a red-hot iron. The bellowing of the frightened, tortured creatures, the smell of burning hides and hair, the hoarse expletives of the cowboys (who do not enjoy this part of the business) make the scene a Western inferno. The calves running beside their mothers are branded. Those that are weaned and unbranded have the special name of "mattocks." "Mattocks" become common property, and are sold to pay the expenses of the round-up. This explains a common advertisement in prairie newspapers, which is a puzzle to non-residents—"A sale of mattocks."

Photograph by *W. Notman & Son, Montreal*

Loop showing four tracks

The Canadian cowboy is a fine rider, brave and fearless. He is not of the type that terrorises the frontier villages. In Canada the laws in regard to keeping the peace are strictly enforced, and the rights of all classes are respected.

A story was told us of a ranch owner in Montana, who was moving into Canada.

His cowboys corralled the herds near a small Canadian town, charged themselves with whisky, and proceeded upon the usual course of "painting the town red." They galloped through the principal streets, shouting and firing revolvers and terrifying the inhabitants thoroughly. But the bold invaders had reckoned without their hosts. Outside of the town was a Mounted Police Station, the members of which put in their appearance, and, after a lively chase, landed the offenders in gaol, where their haughty spirits were humbled by the alternative of fine or imprisonment. They complained bitterly of the curtailing of their "fun" in Canada, and of the inexorable laws, and in a very short time went back in a body to the United States.

The style of riding in the West is either a canter or a tearing gallop. No one trots his horse. The Mounted Police and the cowboys sit loosely in their saddles, their knees pressed against the horses's sides, back bowed, and with long lazy pace go over the rough ground with an ease that fills the uninitiated with envy.

At Medicine Hat the passengers of the "Overland," or "Imperial Limited" as the fast train is called, were reinforced by large numbers coming up by the "Soo" line from the United States. The passengers were thoroughly cosmopolitan. There were Japanese students returning from terms at American colleges, mining engineers bound for the Kootenay and Klondike, ranchmen, tea-planters bound for Ceylon, passengers for Hawaii, Fiji, Australia, New Zealand, China and Japan. A special train preceding us carried troops for forts in British Columbia, and sailors for the British men-of-war in Chinese waters.

Shortly after leaving Medicine Hat, the hard and continuous puffing of the three engines showed that we were climbing a heavy grade. All night the short, quick gasps continued, and at daybreak we halted at Calgary, the most important town between Winnipeg and the coast.

Photograph by W. Notman & Son, Montreal

Stony Creek bridge

The sun rose in a flood of golden glory far away over the plains. In the west, the dim masses of the Rocky Mountains rose like a wall stretching between earth and sky. Slipping across the Bow River we ran into a station full of bustle and traffic. Lines of rail run north and south from Calgary. One extends as far north as Edmonton, and surveyed farther, into the great lone region of the Peace River. The branch running strikes through coal and gold-mining districts, and joins the main line by way of the Crow's Nest Pass in southern British Columbia.

An hour or two after leaving Calgary we were fairly among the mountains. The scenery for the next six hundred miles is indescribably grand. Three great mountain ranges are crossed, the Rocky, the Selkirks, and the Gold. The train defiles through the deep forest-covered valley of the Columbia River and down the gloomy canyons of the Fraser and Thompson to the Pacific coast. The works of nature are on a gigantic scale, wild beyond description, and almost over-powering in grandeur—great snow-covered mountain

peaks glistening in the sun ; rushing rivers foam-flecking the green waters ; magnificent glaciers flung against the mountain sides, sometimes dropping sheer over precipitious heights ; high placid lakes and deep, dark canyons in which the rumbling of the train re-echoed like continuous thunder. The traveller who passes through this mountain region realises the difficulties that had to be overcome in building the road, and the energy and force expended in invading, subduing, and holding in subjection these vast solitudes, which upreared their gaunt crests when the "morning stars first sang together." After viewing the mines, canals, railways and other public works of Canada a natural conclusion is, that Canadians have a special aptitude for engineering. The University of Toronto, the McGill University, and the Military College have most excellent departments of engineering. The Military College has given Girouard, Lang, and a number of other clever engineers to the Imperial Army.

The Canadian Pacific provides a number of "extras" not found on European railways—safety switches to run a train up the mountain side, observation cars where passengers can sit and enjoy the grandeur of nature, and last, but by no means least, nearly all the luxuries of home on the trains.

Photograph by *W. Notman & Son, Montreal*

Cascade, mountain and bridge, Banff

The Canadian Government has reserved a large tract at Banff, in the heart of the Rockies, for a national park. The Bow River whirls through the valley in a series of rapids and falls. The roads and bridle-paths winding along the mountain sides are maintained by the Dominion Government. There are numerous hot springs, many of them in medicinal caves in the mountain sides, and Banff is rapidly becoming a fashionable health resort. One of the "sights" during the summer of 1898 was the quaint English church. The indefatigable young clergyman has

probably finished his sanctuary ere this, but at the time of our visit the church was a most unique structure in granite and canvas. A few years before, during a wild storm in winter, a huge bolder broke from the mountain side, and, tearing its way through every obstruction, found a resting-place on the bit of level ground by the bank of the Bow. The Church of England clergyman, belonging to the energetic and muscular type of clerics, saw possibilities in the many tons of valuable stones "on his lot." Providence had sent the materials out of which a church could be constructed. Stonecutters and masons were called in, and foundation laid and a beautiful chancel built out of the granite boulder. The stone and the funds in hand gave out at the same time. Chancel and foundation were firm, but the nave was wanting. Summer was at hand and with it the tourist. The clergyman was equal to the occasion, and like the great and wise preacher of old, he wrought with his hands at the occupation of tent-maker. A strong frame was raised, the sides and roof were covered with canvas; inside, a floor of boards was laid, rough, but clean and smelling of the forest. The seats were plain board benches, and the light, filtering through the stained-glass window of the beautifully furnished chancel, fell softly on the windowless canvas walls and rough interior of the nave.

Vancouver, on the Pacific coast, is the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific road. It is a city of phenomenal growth, full of breezy business bustle that characterises the New World west. The city is as thoroughly cosmopolitan as would be expected of a station on the great Imperial route. The finest and fastest steamers on the Pacific await at Vancouver to carry passengers and mails to China and Japan; others take a southern course for the Fiji Islands, New Zealand, and Sydney. Vancouver is thus brought in touch with the great outlying parts of the Empire.

The resources of Canada are vast and varied. The wealth of her mines, fisheries, forests, and rolling prairies as yet hardly estimated; but the best product of this ambitious young nation, is the fine, manly and loyal Canadian people.

ROSS FRAME.

Photograph by *G. R. Ballance*

Curious formation of snow caused by a change in the direction of the wind

Snow Waves and Ripples

THE varied and interesting forms taken by accumulations of fallen snow under the action of wind have often been remarked upon, but it is only during the past year or two that any serious attempts have been made to study scientifically snow-waves and ripples, and to record the conditions under which they are formed. To the layman, the subject may appear trivial and scarcely worth the time spent upon it by scientific students, but as will be shown later on, a knowledge of these natural phenomena is of considerable practical use to travellers in the vast unbroken plains of the North, like those of Canada and Siberia.

The greatest living authority on snow-waves and ripples is Dr. Vaughan Cornish, who for years past has devoted his time and attention to the study of terrestrial surface-waves and wave-like surfaces, particularly in connection with the formation of sand-dunes and banks. The results of his investigations have been received with the greatest interest by the scientific world, and the art of navigating wide river estuaries has been considerably simplified by the new light which Dr. Cornish was able to throw upon the formation and direction of currents as a result of his observation of sand-waves near river-mouths.

While engaged in these studies Dr. Cornish had been much interested in the forms assumed by fallen snow, and in February, 1900, he made a series of investigations in Scotland, where during the winter months facilities offer themselves for preliminary researches. On the first occasion snow was falling sparsely, and

under the influence of a light breeze which blew at the time, the more prominent parts of the snow-surface had a tendency to arrange themselves in narrow ridges, about an inch separating row from row. After a while the breeze freshened somewhat, and then there were regular ripples of snow, the surfaces being smooth and the snow of a slightly closer texture than heretofore. A curious fact in connection with these gentle ripples was that the steeper face was on the w ndward side, whereas in sand ripples the steep face is always on the sheltered side. Generally the movement was down-wind, and as the surface was worn away the steep weather-face of the ripples retreated. But at intervals when the wind dropped or the snow fell more heavily, the ripples rushed up wind, the change in direction being due to the deposit of snow upon the weather-faces.

Photograph by G. R. Ballance

Waves caused by a heavy wind

In the second case which Dr. Cornish investigated in Scotland, snow was falling and a fresh breeze blew upon the uncompacted snow. The whole surface was covered by ripples, which rapidly increased in size, the ridges being from three to fifteen inches apart. These ridges were wonderfully parallel, but they wound in and out in a snake-like manner, never being straight for more than a few inches at a stretch. The steeper sides faced the wind, and the ridges were transverse to it.

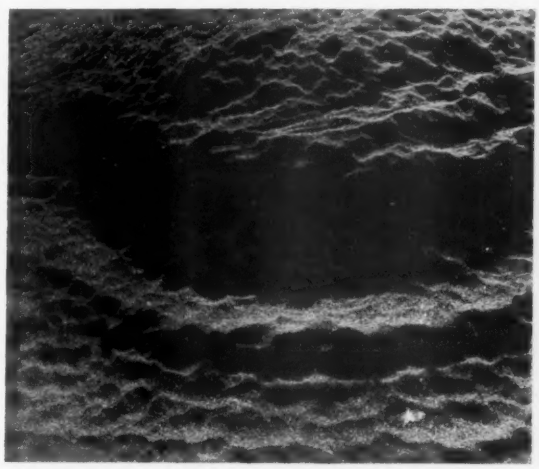
This latter fact is interesting in view of the third case that came under the scientist's notice. Here the wind blew away the more recently fallen snow and, acting on the compacted surface, gradually destroyed the transverse ridges and formed lines parallel to the wind.

What he saw in Scotland led Dr. Cornish to determine upon making exhaustive observations in a more fruitful field, and so in 1900 and 1901 he visited Canada and travelled in Quebec, Manitoba, the North-West Territory, and British Columbia, in search of waves and other surface forms of snow. The Dominion was chosen rather than Siberia or other countries because of the facilities of travel, and altogether nearly three months were spent in these researches. Dr. Cornish arrived in Canada on December 15th, and left on March 4th, covering during that period three thousand miles of snow-covered territory. The country was an ideal one for the purpose, and on the frozen lakes and rivers and on the open prairie the waves were everywhere found well-developed, oftentimes occurring in groups of a hundred or more succeeding ridges, and travelling at sufficiently rapid a rate for the movement to be easily perceptible. Here the steep faces of the waves were sometimes on the windward and sometimes on the lee-side, according to the character of the snow, the former being the case with wet and sticky snow such as falls at 32° Fah., and the latter with the dry and slippery substance which falls when the thermometer is at zero or lower.

Of course waves and ripples do not necessarily result from the action of a breeze upon a surface of snow, for if the snow falling at any given time is heavier

than that which the wind can remove from the ground, then drifts are caused without waves. Near Montreal waves were found nearly sixteen feet long and four and three-quarter inches high. They moved six and a-half feet in forty minutes, or an average of 1.96 inches a minute, but of course the rate was not at all regular during the period, being much more rapid in gusts and far slower in lulls. This movement of the waves was caused by the removal of snow from the windward side, and its accumulation on the lee face, the rapidity and extent of the process depending upon the force of the wind and consequently causing the variations in the speed referred to.

In his study of sand-waves, Dr. Cornish had found that there was under certain conditions a tendency for the first ridge of a group—that at the weather-end—to be eventually obliterated and a new ridge to form beyond the ridge group to leeward, and here, with the snow, the same tendency was manifest, so that sometimes there were two velocities, that of the individual waves and that of the whole group. Another curious sight in connection with the movement of the snow was afforded by the contrast between the slow wave movement of the ridges and the whirl and surge of the drift snow carried in suspension by the wind.



Photograph by *G. R. Ballance*

Snow ripples formed in a strong wind

The waves referred to above were seen on January 5th, and on the following morning they had been reduced to stationary ridges, wave-like in form, owing to the surface being "set" hard by the severe frost of the night. Thus the snow remained through the day, no thaw having occurred, and the freezing of the ridges enabled their form to be more carefully examined.

The study of the moving waves threw an interesting light on the covering by snow to a more or less uniform depth of a wide surface of ground. The waves as they roll onward generally leave a thin coating of the lower compressed layers, and this forms a surface which is very much adapted to the retention of falling snow, thus assisting to complete the covering of a smooth or rigid surface.

It naturally occurs to one that these snow-waves must gradually but surely increase in size, until at last they become so formidable as to render the progress of travellers very difficult, owing to the inequalities of the snow-covered plain. But by a wise provision of Nature the waves are prevented from attaining any great size, and in fact their tendency is to diminish so that the plain remains pretty level save for the permanent undulations of the ground itself. This useful result is achieved in the following manner. As the waves follow one another, the lower layers of snow become consolidated by pressure and the upper and looser parts moving more rapidly expose the lower, and a crust quickly forms. Thus the snow of the moving waves is constantly being added to the permanent covering of compact snow and only the freshly fallen or surface snow is carried in waves.

Extensive plains unhindered by

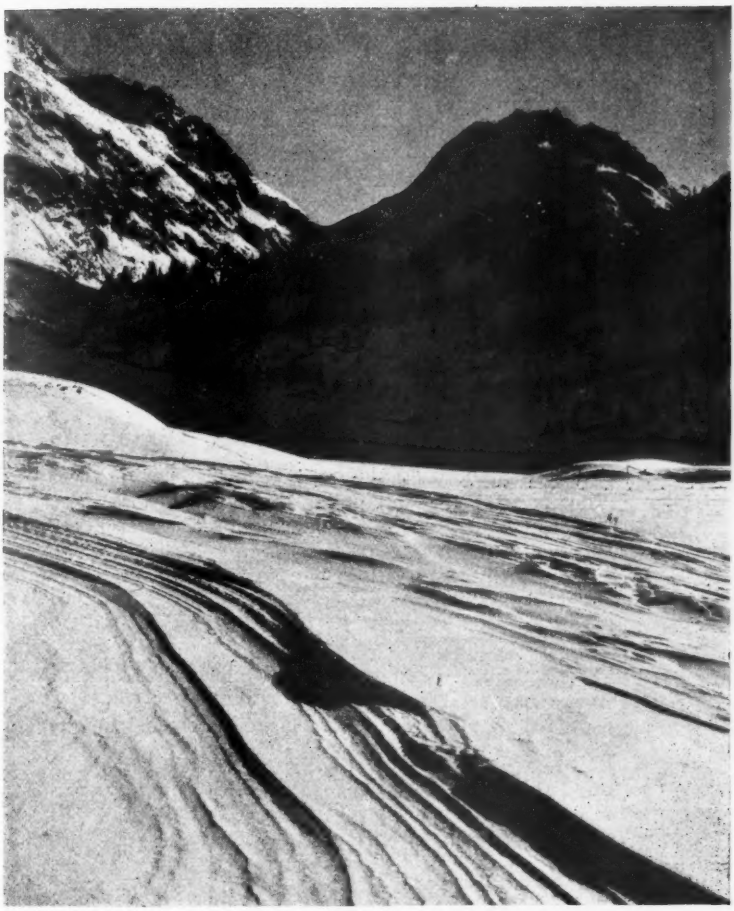
obstacles naturally provide the best fields for the formation of waves, although the ripples are to be found elsewhere. "Where the country is undulating," says Dr. Cornish, "I frequently saw the waves forming to leeward of a swell in the ground, and in the enclosed country trains of waves were formed where much snow had deposited near fences or outside copses. But, notwithstanding this fact, fixed inequalities or obstacles are on the whole unfavourable to the development of waves. The more unlevel the country and the more numerous the places of shelter, the shorter is the time during which the wind can drift the snow in waves, and the smaller is the extension of the individual groups of waves."

There were some surprises as to the atmospheric conditions necessary to produce waves. "On the morning of January, 23rd," says Dr. Cornish, "I went to the open prairie in a full gale of wind, in high hopes of a fine demonstration of wave-making. Snow was falling (about one or one and a-half inches during the day), and the drift hid the lower storeys of the houses as I looked back towards the town. Not the vestige of a wave was formed during the whole morning. Temperature 20° Fahrenheit. In a copse the surface was rippled or mottled in the manner familiar to us in England and Scotland." At another time after a continuous fall of snow, the wind blew strongly and the whole ground was covered by great waves over thirty feet in length, and seven or eight inches high. The changes in the formations were often very rapid as in the following case. "For a time all the ripples in a patch of drift snow grew at the same rate thus, preserving approximate equality among themselves; but presently a new thing occurred, namely, the ridge farthest to windward began rapidly to outgrow the others. I suppose this happened when the patch of drift snow had risen as high as, or higher than, its surroundings. A deflection of the wind due to the growth of the weather-most ridge was soon observed, and some of the drift-snow in the centre of the patch began to travel backwards against the wind. This fact was speedily followed by failure of the ripples which became indistinct and after a time vanished altogether, except that in some cases at any rate, there was a little rippling left at the tips of the two horns of the now sickle-shaped or barchan-drift."

When the snow is either too sticky or too compact to be drifted like loose, dry snow into normal waves, stratification is formed, which is revealed to the observer by wind-erosion.

One interesting discovery was made by Dr. Cornish which suggests an explanation of what has hitherto been regarded as a popular error. The inhabitants of these districts say that the snow on the prairies "dwindles away." On January 28th, when the thermometer was at 10° Fahrenheit, the scientist took snow from the upper two inches of some of the waves, and weighing it found it to have a specific gravity of 0.38. At the same time in a copse near by, the snow, which also had no crust on the surface, was examined and found to have a specific gravity of 0.19—about twice as heavy as newly-fallen snow, but only half as heavy as the snow which had been chased about by the wind. "If the samples taken be truly representative," says Dr. Cornish, "they indicate that after an interval, when eight inches of measured snow-fall would be represented in a wooded country by a four-inch layer, there would be only a two-inch layer on the prairie," and he thinks that the above measurements may help to explain the popular idea of the "dwindling away" of snow.

With regard to the practical utility of a knowledge of snow-waves and ripples, Baron Wrangell, the well-known Russian explorer (after whom Wrangell Island was named), has told how travellers, possessing such a knowledge, have been able to find their way after losing their bearings. When the sky was overclouded and the ordinary means of steering a course were non-existent, wayfarers knowing a certain wind and understanding the influence which it had upon snow-surfaces, have been able by studying the ripples to discover the points of the compass. Even when there had been recent falls of snow,



Photograph by *G. R. Ballance*

Well formed and regular wave of snow

covering the waves, travellers would get out of their sledges and by sweeping away the upper surfaces of the snow, would expose to view the frozen ripples below, and thus gain the knowledge of their position which they desired.

The study of snow-waves is really in its infancy at present. From the scientists' point of view there is still much to be learnt, and undoubtedly considerable attention will continue to be given to the subject by Dr. Vaughan Cornish and others. Even amateurs may make a most interesting study of the subject in England by watching light or heavy falls of snow on open plains and commons, and very often good photographs can be taken which form more interesting collections than mere ordinary photographs. Of course in the South of our islands the snowfall is too small and rare for anything like systematic and connected study, but a beginning may be made and it will be found that the interest of the subject grows upon one.

CHARLES RAY.

A Dreamer

I dare to dream!
The blue skies tremble through the shifting cloud;
Grasses with rain are bowed;
And far-off mountains shimmer in blue haze;
While many a bird-note strays,
And soulful summer leads me by the hand
Into her fairyland.

I dare to dream,
And through the dream forever leaps and cries
A longing for my race; for him who tries
To sing but cannot, crushed by thoughts of wrong:
While birds in concert throng,
With fairest notes, love takes me by the hand,
To weep the silent band.

I dream; I dare to dream:
These would be songful, too, and raise the note
Which near and far remote
Lifts the great ancient weight of winter's face,
And her cold, sinuous trace;
But far within the walls where pass their days
No greening colour strays!

I dare to dream,—
These have not strength to sing! The wheels drone on
From dawn to dawn;
They tell of power in steam, electric power
And all the new age-dower,
Link continent with continent and lay
A hand on slow delay!

I dare to dream,
That this is skill of hand; no soul is there;
The electric spot is touched; the currents flow
But who may rightly know
The ancient joy which wild wayfarers feel
As, passing close, the dandelion's wheel
Lifts light from earth below?

I dare to dream,
These would be songful like the bards, and birds,
This silent race, no words
May fitly move, enwrapt so close with gloom!
In Nature's ancient room,
Her unpolluted meadows, her free air,
There they might dream and dare!

WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.

Princess Joyce

By Keighley Snowden

CHAPTER XXIII

SLIPPERS AND A BEDQUILT

GRACE MERRALL began to knit a white bedquilt.

She did so almost without purpose, or, as Maeterlink sees the bees for ever toiling, with that sure instinct of self-sacrifice which he calls the Spirit of the Hive.

No one but she, not even the husband from whom she kept no secrets, knew what bed the quilt was intended for; this secret being rather felt than known, even by her. Joyce said she would not marry; the loving mother-spirit answered with a piece of labour. What then? She did not hope to lose her daughter. Without its younger queen the hive would make poor music, Stephen be doubly blind. She had no secret to tell him! He, too, supposed the day would come, and seemed to wish for it. She said nothing, then, but knitted square upon square. The older bees leave all to the younger. They quit the hive itself.

Stephen sat with a quiet mind, and in two younger voices thought he heard the future. He was entirely happy.

They spoke seldom, in the neighbourly evenings when his friends were there. It sometimes happened, even, that they said no more than "Good evening" and "Good night." Still he heard the future confidently, as if they refrained from talk in reverence for it.

Alone, he had great thoughts of it, race-proud, seeing his children's children and theirs after them. That endless boon and miracle set contemplation reeling. For his love admitted no misgivings. Kind hearts and loveliness, honest minds and manliness, were what he saw replenishing the earth.

His dear child's choice was now free, and he knew something more than she did; he knew that Louis was loved.

Stephen had that secret of his own, kept not from his wife indeed, but from his son to be, his foster-son; and he felt like the hatcher of some pleasant plot, who smiles with sly benevolence and pats his people on the shoulder. Let it work. Louis would make a fine discovery one day, and come to tell them of it; whereupon there might be cheerful things to see to. What about that partnership? That terrible responsibility? Chaffing speeches on it ran in his head:

"Now that you've stolen half the family, young man, have you any objection to my relinquishment of half the business?"

"You're uncommonly diffident, Louis; but pray explain to me how you accept Joyce Merrall and decline a partnership?"

"Well, sweetheart, you'll lose your father's name, you know; but see if you can persuade that Louis of yours to let me keep it in the firm."

Joyce herself already tasted womanhood.

She was aware of a difference in the manner of her father's friends. They paid her more attention, sometimes asked for her opinion. It was embarrassing. In her case a secret of some sort appeared to be imputed. She had to overcome a shyness very strange to her, before she understood that this new dignity was an acknowledgment of her wise behaviour with George Marlowe; and, even so, she half-resented it. What had been done about George she approved, of course; but it gave her no feeling that she merited consideration. Much otherwise.

But Louis's love was a new wonder at waking every day, and always the same thought came, that she owed him a duty of great kindness. She rose perplexed, her face looking sad in the glass, her pleasant unshaped idea of him forgotten in that concern. Yet, when he came, she was very happy.

Ought she to feel so selfishly? Compunction was inevitable, because he said so little to her. If he had talked as usual,

she would not have questioned this pleasure which his presence gave.

Joyce resolved to make him a pair of woollen slippers, for the winter.

Working the slippers set her heart at rest. Smile, if you please; but sometimes, in the brightest nights, this sweet girl robbed herself of sleep to stitch them. Never again would a gift for him be consecrated so.

Fair thoughts went in with the stitches. Memories of Louis more than he had of her went in; and for any one of them, told by her musing lips, he would have waked a night himself, or a week of nights. Thoughts of mystery and life went in. hopes and sighs; thoughts of the silent house, moon and starshine, God's great goodness, prayer. The moon streamed in on her daintiness, reclined on pillows there, and wrapped with a shawl against the night-cold: incredible, if even he had seen the picture.

He saw her stitch by a better light, and grudged the work her eyes (which moonlight tried). But he did not grudge the slippers to her father—who was, of course, to have them! On seeing them first, he had said with a smile, "To him that hath shall be given," and three other people had smiled, being all in a secret together.

Joyce mistook his mildness for complacency.

She loved him for it; and doubts of it beset her only as she recalled, still wondering, the impulsive scene of his avowal. Indeed, he came more seldom to the house now. She was sorry for that; but Louis did not let her think herself avoided. He was teaching languages and shorthand to five poor lads, who, out among the hills, had no fair chance of learning things commercial.

But Louis had found that expedient, it had not offered itself.

After the joy of seeing her came always such repining restlessness, that, very soon, he had perceived one thing clearly: the choice, for him, lay between life spoiled and life lived still more busily. To have told his love was no amelioration. He had been quieter-hearted in the days when he did not dare to aspire.

It was not alone that sweet recollections plagued him now—that he had held her once in his arms—but that now she was not so far aloof, so etherial. She knew; and her merely grateful looks mocked his hopelessness. He must do and say no more now, but school himself to mortifications; and, while his mind accepted this, he rarely set out for Wake House without a reluctance at the heart of desire, a bitterness in sweet expectancy. That "worm i' the bud" was hateful, for it set him thinking too far forward. "Some day, some day," sang his hopes; and afterwards a melancholy passion cried, "How long?"

He lashed himself for a thought disloyal at once to his ideals, to Stephen and to her. So he dutifully taught small classes.

This occupied him two nights a week. But the ordeal of going to see her was not to be faced on every off-night; he sat with his mother, reading aloud or sinking all his mind in chess problems.

Louis lived in an old grey cottage of stone, which had been built, as streets are paved, with an honest eye to durability. A row of three such cottages, gardenless and unæsthetic, stood in a place of wintry blasts indifferent to them. The doorposts and the windowsills were flat; the three squab chimneys measured fourteen inches high from the "rigging." This order of domestic architecture has no name. But, in respect of weather-proof merits, it is a distinct advance upon Kit's Coty House, which is more than can be said for certain later styles. A primary quality, of any true house is, that it shall be lovable, and therefore trustworthy at least, with some look of permanence. Louis loved this undistinguished little stronghold, in which he had lived all his life.

Walls and roof and cocoa-nut-matted floor were stone alike, all quarried from the hill; and, within doors, it was comfortable. They had one room to live in, and two small rooms to sleep in. Downstairs, he could stand upon the floor and take down a flitch of bacon from the black oak rafters. Upstairs, he could only stand his height beneath the rigging aforesaid. The windows were small, an inheritance of the days when light was taxed, or of Old Norse preference for warmth.

Fair thoughts went in with the stitches

All they possessed was plain, not excepting the eight-day clock in a fluted case, and the trim chest of drawers, brass-furnished. In any but the rocking-chair, you sat upon naked oak. The walls were lime-washed; Louis renewed their coat of white once a year, donning his mother's apron and a paper cap. The chimney shelf held no ornaments, but only a brass inkstand, canisters, and two bright candlesticks. The pictures, naively chosen for some pleasant human interest, were a few engravings. A string of hanging bookshelves, a sampler, and a framed funeral-card shared the walls with them. As for the little round deal table, it wore a cloth of faded red damask, but rather to keep its whiteness than to masquerade in finery. By the window stood a dresser; in the window-seat, plants. There was a spacious hearth under the bread-flake. The door opened with a latch.

A house is dearer when one pair of hands has done almost all the work of it for half a century; when a family has grown up in it and gone; when the lost head of the house will not come back to it.

And yet—perhaps it was only his mother Louis loved, not the house at all. Hers was one of those comfortable strong faces that age beautifies. He loved the subtle pursings about her mouth, and the wrinkles which made her spectacled eyes look kinder. She wore a black lace cap. Beneath the frill of it one saw a little of the smooth brown hair, which hardly a trace of grey had touched at seventy. Her voice was gentle, with a sweet fulness, rare in the voices of old people.

Since he was fifteen Louis had been her bread-winner, and had made her fire. Nowadays he washed her floors too, a service she talked about with extraordinary pride, seeing he was the mill manager.

Pride of another kind made her refuse a better house with the honourable addition of a servant. Grace Merrall was the only woman well known to her who had such help; which, justifiable in her case for Stephen's sake, would have seemed to herself as great a piece of affectation as to be dressed by a maid.

"Nay, nay!" she said excitedly, all her modesty taking alarm, when Louis pressed her. "Nay, I cannot do wi' a strange lass, Louis. I'll think about resting when thou brings home a wife."

That was the natural way. And be sure that she desired nothing so much in life, or so secretly, as to see her youngest lad and best make a match with Joyce Merrall.

Joyce had come to her for the size of the slippers.

Evenings at home were not a new thing with him, although Mrs. Knight went to bed so early that he could sit with Stephen after bidding her good-night. But Stephen, for his part, divined the mood which multiplied them. Hence perhaps a certain express invitation, that Louis should bring his mother across for an evening's music. Certainly Stephen believed that he, and nobody else, arranged this entertainment. But, the slippers being finished—worked and soled, and there in the bedroom for Mrs. Knight to see when she took her things off—there may be some doubt of that. Men are a little dull to the art of pleasantly-planned surprises.

Louis wondered at her readiness to go. The hills were so trying that she rarely went out now except to chapel; but this invitation pleased her, no less than him. She seemed younger than he had feared. Coming home she carried a parcel which Joyce had given her at the door, and she would not let him handle it.

"Be quiet" she said. "Thou wants to know what's in it, I can see."

While he hung his coat up she laid the slippers upon the hearth and got to her rocking-chair, a little flushed. Her hands rustled the paper though she tried to hold them still. He seemed very slow to see; but what a face he had when he did see! First surprise, and then delight.

"Well?" she said as he grew sober. "Thou says nought. Will-ta-n't try 'em on?"

He took the slippers up and looked at them. He thought a fearful deal of Joyce's love-gift, she could tell. He turned them over in his hands, and looked at the work in them, as if they were something strange and precious.

"Nay, Louis," she had to say at last,

"niver look white. Thou'll mak' me think they are-not welcome."

"Welcome!" he said. "Don't, mother. . . . But I can never put them on my feet."

So he laid them down on the table, smiled, took up one of them, looked at it again, set it down away from the other—and went and leaned with an arm against the mantelshelf, masking his face.

She knew what that must mean. The paper slipped from her knee as she watched him through her spectacles. Then she got upon her feet, and laid a shaking hand on his shoulder.

"Louis," she said, unsteadily, "thou munnot tak't to heart."

CHAPTER XXIV

THE CLOD ASSERTS HIMSELF

ABOUT this time a small accident of events, a mischievous trick of blind coincidence or something wiser—who shall say?—had opened Joyce's eyes a little wider to the character of the Clod.

George brought home with him from Leeds a normal state of mind and a friend of sporting proclivities. He had "fallen very far from grace" in a fortnight. To state his own view, he was showing a little spirit. He thought himself badly treated; and the agreeable plunge into former dissipations gave him courage to act in that conviction.

The friend in question, a Mr. Prince Varley, was ten years his senior, and must be accorded any credit that belongs to a bad man when he saves another from playing the hypocrite. He saved the Clod at unawares. The visit was of his own proposing, and he did not know what figure George had cut of late so strangely.

Mr. Varley was made very much at home. It is to be feared that George's admiration for him went too cheap, great as it was and much as it governed the style in which he played the host. To entertain this man-about-town, a dull and flashy person, he let his aspirations go with his painful piety, his ill-requited love with his business habits. The sacrifice had to be made. It cost his ductile amiability much more uneasiness than may be thought, as well as more than his guest suspected; but when he came to look at it, well, Joyce Merrall was sour grapes! She did not care; anyhow, if she did he would soon find out. Time enough to "do her way" when she came round a bit. In the circumstances, he heard with some relief about his mother's visit to Wake House. It left a door open—and, after all, his Prince was only staying for a week.

Pretender George appeared once more among his followers in the character known to them, but with an air of larger confidence, a certain rakishness befitting the host's part. Aunt Selinah heard of it in due course, and made no allowance for his sense of injury.

Mr. Varley being a gentleman of strong tastes, George arranged for him a dog-fight, a cock-fight, and admission to a Sunday gambling-school. That was "doing him well." But as these entertainments were all of a nature disapproved of by the police, they could be offered with a certain privacy. George felt, moreover, that he owed something to his position, and freely explained the motive with which he patronised them. He was there for the delectation of his friend, who was presumably there for the satisfaction of a gentlemanly curiosity. Patronage without participation. George put up the stakes, but he was not to be looked upon as a votary.

As for the gambling-school, he did not even promote it. It was an established thing, and the presence of these distinguished amateurs was purely accidental. But it came as a happy after-course, on the last day of Mr. Varley's visit.

Pitch-and-toss for coppers does not rank in itself, perhaps, as a gentlemanly diversion. It yet derives a certain charm from being tabooed. Played upon the high moors, it may be thought romantic. It is undoubtedly antique. The word "school," in this connection, has not the common meaning, but is clearly the Anglo-Saxon "scolu," a troop, throng or crowd. Wayfarers on the well-kept moorland road from Ousenup to Hebden, from Yorkshire over the great Backbone into Lancashire,

may any Monday trace the perfect trampled circle of the school, if there has been no rain to efface it. Except by rare good luck, that is all they will ever see of it; as rings in grass are all one sees—or nowadays hears—of the ancient fairies. While play goes on there are sentinels, called crows, on all the high ground near, and at a croak the sport is discontinued; at a louder croak the school vanishes among the heather. The more urgent warning means "Police."

Our virtuosi, out for a stroll where space and air invite one, approached auspiciously, hailed with the gentlest crow of a shy fraternity. The sentinel presently waved an arm to them.

"What's up?" said Mr. Varley.

"It's a school," said George, and then explained the technical term to his townsman.

Mr. Prince Varley desired to see this curious thing. George thought it might be managed that he should. They came in sight of the gang with swinging canes and a glitter from Mr. Varley's scarf-pin, and sundry men reposing sat up or stood by the roadside. Others appeared, a score or so in all. They looked expectant. To George's nod they returned respectful greetings, unanimously—a cordial chorus asking after his health. Half of them had seen the dog and cock fights, the other half were interested. George stopped and spoke familiarly. He is not to be blamed for omitting a conscious condescension, since all those collarless roughs were men of a certain virtue, unfashionable but excellent, which George and his friend might well appreciate. Gamblers and poachers, wearing neither canes nor scarf-pins, furtive, violent, coarse, they yet were men of their word.

"Now then," said George, "we'll double your stakes. . . . Throw up!"

With money one can do so much! They were free of the ring immediately, both trusted and admired. Only a strict accepted Socialism could hinder such successes.

Fate was hard on George—ironical. It showed him to Joyce Merrall in these proud minutes; for the school took courage, and merely left the roadway clear when she with her father was driven by, going to see a sick relative at Heptonstall. He could not well take cover when they were bold; and Joyce, wondering what the crowd might mean, saw him look shy in the midst of it. She saw his companion, too, and felt a little spasm of special dislike for Mr. Varley.

"They're gamblin'," said Ezra briefly—when she asked for an explanation.

It was from Ezra, not from her, that Stephen heard of George's being among them. She was loyal. More than that, she had had a shock.

Gambling, and on a Sunday, and in such company! George appeared to have dropped suddenly into the very slough of wickedness. Was it at all her fault? Ah, miserable! No other charitable way of thinking could offer itself to her simplicity, and she sat shivering and silent.

From this day on, till a drastic turn of affairs released her spirit, Joyce was under a dark obsession which altered her.

Aunt Selinah came with tales of his idleness and frank debauchery; for now, supposing that all was "up," he made no more pretences. "Well, Joyce," she bantered with a horrid cheerfulness, "that young man of yours is going it. There won't be very much left of Peter's patent manures long, or of his money either. George drinks, I hear. They say he's only once been near the works since coming home again. So I trust you're flattered."

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "You seem to be glad, Aunt."

"I'm glad, my dear," Miss Merrall said quietly, "that you've nothing to do with him;" and passed to something else.

Her father said nothing. And here was the dolorous thing in this perplexity; her separation from him;—the two facts that she was unable to think just as he did, and that for the first time something made it impossible to open all her heart to him.

By her own fault, it seemed, but yet in spite of her, she was pushed a little away from this dear father to whom she had vowed her life and wished to yield everything. He was right, she knew quite well; she could never doubt him; but he did not know just what she felt, and it would only distress him anew to be told.

The cause of her wan looks, her unrefreshing nights and her listlessness was simply that she had to think by herself, and keep silence. She saw George wilfully descending to the everlasting bonfire, in which at Ousenup they still believed, although her father did not. A kind word might save him, and she would have liked to speak it.

Stephen's discerning tenderness almost broke her down sometimes. It implied so much love and sympathy in a way that stunned her with self-reproach. If she could have cried! In her own room she did so, unhappily aware of having shirked his quiet embraces, or troubled almost passionately after accepting them with a double mind.

Why was Louis so distant? The thought of asking him to do something helpful to George beset her frequently.

One day her mother had a letter. She read it with others at breakfast, and, as she realised that the writer was George Marlowe, her voice shook a little.

"Dear Mrs. Merrall," it ran, "my mother and I would be pleased if you could return her visit on Saturday, the 19th, with Mr. Merrall and Joyce. You might come before tea-time if that will suit.—Yours respectfully,

"GEORGE MARLOWE."

Her father alone showed no surprise. "Ah," he said. "We must think about that. Go on with the next, dear."

Not considering that Mrs. Marlowe might have inspired or dictated it, she took this note upon reflection to be a sign that George was contrite—craving, possibly, for help and forgiveness! Charity is not so certainly clear-eyed as Humour: her tears distort things. Joyce resolved to say what she thought of it, and her spirits rose. But when her father came in to tea, even as she kissed him he forestalled her.

"I've accepted George Marlowe's invitation for you and myself, Grace," he said. "I thought, dearie, *you'd* feel a little awkward." He drew her to him. "Any way, he might misconstrue it. Eh?"

She was content; and Louis must have written the acceptance. But, when they returned from Mrs. Marlowe's, it appeared that George had not been there to meet them. The meaning of that was plain to her; and her father was pleased, Joyce could see. But—what was George doing?

The Clod, by dint of asserting himself one way and another, became something of a fixed idea with her, an Old Man of the Sea upon her study of commiseration. What George might be doing, what new snares be entangled in, it gave her perpetual anxiety to think. She bestirred herself to escape the ugly, dunning notion, but too much happened to engage her with it; too much gossip challenged her. And, principally, no one seemed to care.

It was a happy thought of Aunt Selinah's that her niece required a change. She took her down to Brighton for a fortnight, and kept her well amused there.

CHAPTER XXV

A STUDY IN REMORSE

"MY dear Louis," said Stephen, "you have only yourself to blame; forgive me if I seem to pick a hole in your admirable course of conduct, which is perfect of its kind, but I think you are faint-hearted. Why in the world else do you leave her so much alone?"

Louis winced at the raillery, but did not answer the question.

"Or is it," the blind man conceded, with a return to his normal manner, "that you love her too well to urge her much? Ah? I'll point out to you, Louis, an obvious little duty of our sex." He joined his fingers. "When the other sex appears to us most admirable, the modest among us have to consider that God made both the sexes. Each has its qualities. One of ours is doggedness, you know."

If Stephen talked gently, he might be expected to show a little of that masculine quality. Louis felt extremely ill at ease. His true reason for holding off could not be avowed to the man concerned. The exhortation continued.

"I think, perhaps, my thick-and-thin mistrust of a certain young man, who shall be nameless in your presence, is founded, mainly, in the fact that he seems to want doggedness. Now, you, if you don't mind

my paying a rare compliment—but I won't. You don't just now deserve it."

Still the manager held his tongue.

"The fact is, Louis," said his patron and adoptive father, "I'd like to see this matter settled. It looks me in the face like book debts, prophesying pleasant things but not performing them."

Louis began his evasive defence—after a longish pause. "You haven't mentioned all my reasons," he said steadily. "I do love her too well to force myself upon her. She doesn't want to marry me; you can't mean that I ought to worry her and make her unhappy. She doesn't love *me*——"

"Once more, how do you know that?"

The interruption was so happily toned that he could not go on. It offered too sweet a hope magnanimously.

"Did she tell you so?"

"I didn't ask her," he answered, flushing. "She put me off kindly. But if she loved me well enough—besides, I know by the way she looks at me." At all costs, Louis in his confusion had to beat off this attack.

"Ah," said Stephen, "there I can't contradict you. But I simply don't believe you, Louis; if I know my daughter's heart, she does love you. In any case, you've certainly a right to try more than once—if you have the courage. I had to ask Grace four times."

"That was different," Louis put in.

"How so?"

"Didn't she . . . feel as I do? . . . I mean, if I weren't your confidential man, I shouldn't have the same opportunities."

"Is that why you make them fewer now-a-days?"

"Yes, it is! Partly."

"I thought so. My dear Louis, as long as you tell me Joyce won't marry you, I shall calmly go on saying that you have yourself to blame. You *don't* know. I contradict you flatly, after all. It's too long since you sounded her; she was surprised then, and you've no right to hold by any answer she gave hastily."

"Not quite hastily," said Louis, and immediately wished the words unspoken.

"How do you mean?" Stephen asked.

He had to tell part of the truth now. "She told me she had made up her mind never to marry."

Stephen divined that he knew the rest of it, from his halting utterance. He was silent. The burden of his blindness never seemed so great as when he considered how it had insensibly put fetters upon the happiness of those dearest to him. Here was Louis in a conspiracy with his dearest of all; and suddenly he blamed himself.

He had made too much use of her. He saw that if he had left her free like other men's children to live her life apart naturally, hidden the great pleasure he found in sharing her sensations and her sight, all would have now been very well, happy for her, and Louis, and all of them; and the startling strong remorse that overwhelmed him was, perhaps, his first full sense of sufferance. He paled under it, grasping the arms of his chair.

When he spoke at last, it was in a voice of such diminished volume that Louis quaked.

"You are immensely kind to me," he said. "But you might be still kinder, Louis. The trouble is that I'm blind, and don't know how to pretend I'm not. I succeed with extraordinary cunning in making myself a killjoy."

A sharp cry of protest burst from Louis. In all the years he had known him, Stephen had never spoken of his affliction; and the faltering of his splendid courage, the sudden revelation, as it seemed, of an under-world of bitter thoughts, wrung the young man's heart.

"Forgive me," his dear friend continued, quickly and more lightly. "That sounds dismal. What I want to say is, that, for myself, I don't think I have had the least occasion, Louis, to feel rebellious at what happened to me eighteen years ago. On the contrary. I'm loved, and served, and helped along and coddled, as never man was, I should think. God forgive me! I've been absolutely and supremely happy, at a cost—at what a cruel cost, my dear Louis, you begin to set me pondering."

"Stephen, don't!" cried Louis. "You're all wrong. You can't think so. Do you mean to accuse us all of pretending to love you when we don't? Cost! What

cost? If you mean cost in other people's happiness—well, I don't know how to talk to you!"

"Yet you know what I do mean."

Louis could not deny it. He rushed to meet the emergency.

'I know that Joyce and I, Stephen, could never be happier than we have been, never! I don't believe there is a happier house than yours in the world. How you can fancy that your own happiness is bought by the sacrifice of ours, or any one's—I must say it—it isn't like you! I mean that you never spoke before in such a strain. Why do you question our choice, as if it weren't perfectly free?"

Stephen divined that he knew the rest

"Fiddle!"

Interrupted by this surprising expression in a speech of great earnestness and felicity, Louis was aware of an odd excitement. Time to analyse it would have told him that he did not speak from his heart—that he was beaten, and knew it.

"Fiddle! I said. Joyce *may* think so, but you—you deceive yourself too generously. And if Joyce thinks it really, the fault is mine, Louis."

He spoke more gravely, and with his habitual self-mastery.

"That is the proof of my egregious egoism all these years. I've accustomed her to feel as if I couldn't get on without

her, which is nonsense; and now," he smiled, "you're in league with her to make a monster of me. I refuse, that's all. And I say you might be kinder."

The defence was briskly blown to pieces. "I must try," said Louis, repentant. "But if Joyce would be happier with you, after all?"

"If you had asked her before she went away," Stephen said quizzically, "I think you might have escaped my lecture. Joyce hasn't been at all like herself. I don't mean to say that you'll find it plain sailing. But, you know, faint heart never won fair lady; and I think you may trust me to say the right thing to her on my side. What a pair you are, to be sure!"

"Well," sighed Louis, with a final touch of obstinacy, "it's she who must decide."

"I know. I've a long mistake to undo and atone for."

Stephen's chin sank upon his breast. A glimmering of his heroic meaning shot into Louis's mind and held him silent, with a sense of reverence and unpayable obligation. There were times when Stephen appeared to him a saint-like man.

"I'm very fond of her, Louis." He spoke with emotion, excusing himself. "Foolish."

"You are the wisest man I know; and the kindest."

"But very blind."

CHAPTER XXVI

WITH SCORPIONS

THE Clod's progress was that of Hogarth's Rake, from bad to worse; and, though he did not go so far, it looked as if Bethesda Chapel should lament the loss of a rich supporter.

He still pursued the primrose path in Mr. Varley's company. Not headlong, but agreeably. They went to Thirsk and Ripon races, and five days afterwards to Beverley; whereupon he was seen in riding breeches and a figured waistcoat, which gave him somewhat the look of a glorified stable-boy. His moderation shows in the fact that he did not run down to Newmarket Heath between those meetings; for at Ripon George won five and twenty pounds. Nor must he be supposed quite reckless of the Patent Compost. There was a Louis Knight at the Marlowe establishment; and there the general opinion was, that, in leaving things to him, George knew which side his bread was buttered on.

But he drank too much, as all regretted. Shrewd enough to take good care of himself when sober, popularity and a free purse were snares to him. He approximated to Louis's conception of him. Poor Mrs. Marlowe, fond, vain, and feeble-minded, had quietly condoned some rare excesses on Peter's part; but she began to fear that her young hopeful was easily "led." She still condoned, because she tearfully blamed Joyce Merrall. George blamed Aunt Selinah; others blamed the Moorcock. Only unsympathetic folk blamed George exclusively.

Joyce herself was not of these; and, as fate would have it again, she saw him unfavourably at the moment of her return. He got out of the same late train from Aireley, on to the platform where he had introduced himself; and he had the misfortune to shoulder Aunt Selinah at the ticket-gate. She turned so sharply that Joyce noticed him.

George made an attempt to raise his cap as at other times, and smiled like Abner Dean of Angel's; but it may be that some basilisk effect of Aunt Selinah's look dried up his utterance. Whatever the cause, a greeting meant apologetically seemed wanting in respect, and she made way for him with a crushing affectation of non-recognition. George felt himself at fault. He waited, collecting himself while other passengers came out. So Miss Merrall spoke aside to her charge:

"There's George Marlowe. You mustn't see him, he's tipsy."

Joyce was horrorstruck and a little frightened. Nobody with whom she was acquainted had been drunk, and she did not know what sinister change might have come over him. She went very cold. Presently Aunt Selinah gripped her by the wrist, gave up the tickets, and strode out past him.

It seemed to George that he was misunderstood, and he followed the escaping ladies.

"I say! Miss Merrall!"

Twice he called her name. "Scandalous!" she gasped, and tripped upon a stone in the darkness. There were so many people to hear him.

"I want 'speak to you!"

He sounded so resolute that, with a sudden gust of temper, she turned imprudently to bay, still holding fast by Joyce. "This is intolerable!" she remarked for the ears of all and sundry; and half-a-dozen people stopped to watch the encounter.

George came up very steadily, and begged pardon. "I was just goin' to say," he explained, "'t I hope I didn't b-bump against you. Just been down to Aireley."

"Very well," said Aunt Selinah. "Perhaps we may now go on unmolested."

He started. They were leaving him with that rebuke; and, overcome with a sense of helplessness, he called upon Joyce. She heard a bystander speak roughly to him as they hurried away.

Aunt Selinah's comment was, "There! I hope you've had a lesson!" But in what sense she meant it Joyce was not sure.

There may be a doubt. If, like the ancients who made their slave-boys drunk, she wished him to serve as a shocking example, he had been neither wholly ridiculous nor revolting. If she meant a lesson in the inconvenience of dubious friendships, he had not very far presumed.

For Joyce, the incident was focussed in poor George's parting cry. It seemed pathetic; which indeed it was, though turns of humour in it escaped her. She had none of that snobbish goodness which takes most care of itself, and passes by upon the other side. Her fault was inexperience; she did not know how little she could do.

She wrote a little note before she slept, and rose to post it early, on a chill November morning. It was a perfectly discreet little note:—

"Dear George,—I cannot tell you how sorry I was to-night. You looked unhappy and strange. I think you ought to know that I am sad when I hear of your wild doings, or see you. Don't you wish to please me still? I am sure you cannot wish to make me miserable, as these things do.

"Ever your sincere friend,

"JOYCE MERRALL."

Such a gentle piece of pleading ought to have made some effect, even upon the Clod—but it had the disadvantage of being read with a thick head, and at any rate he was spiteful. That Joyce felt some distress pleased him a little, though it is fair to remember that he had not imagination or sympathy to guess how miserable she might be; and, since the Clod was less unhappy himself than glad to be thought so, much sympathy on her poor part was wasted on him.

She was to waste no more of it. Aunt Selinah found a terrible means of preventing waste of the kind.

For, just now, Stephen was very much at any one's mercy. Struck by the inveteracy of Joyce's interest in a lad who proved his worthlessness, he had had some sleepless nights; and, as usual, they depressed the nice balance of his temperament. He was easily made wakeful, lacking exercise; and the long unoccupied hours were much more wearisome than to a sighted man. Insomnia means some loss of clearness and of will-power.

He needed both. Revolving strange possibilities in the dark, he could not see his way to act for Louis without freeing his darling child to think of the other.

The truth was, that Stephen's discovery of what he deemed a long misconduct of his own destroyed self-confidence. It was too startling and too fresh. At every attempt to take a strong resolve the want of assurance, and the perplexity of that urgent problem, threw him back upon regrets and self-reproach. He lay quietly beside his sleeping wife and suffered a torment. A strong nature, he had been accustomed to think and act for himself, and he did not at once relieve his harassed mind by consultation with that practical helpmate. She was busy enough at all times with her household cares. Grace knew only that he was out of health and worried; she had, however, begun to be anxious.

"Why don't you take a walk with

Joyce?" she suggested. "You always sleep well after walking."

"I must see if I can't train Rags," he said facetiously. "Joyce is useful to you." And he let the days go by.

His sister came in a pure white heat of anger, its cause being that the Brighton trip was time and money wasted.

"What's this I hear about Joyce writing letters?" she demanded. "Stephen, if you have an ounce of authority you'll put your foot down, and stop that child from making a fool of herself before the whole parish. You let me take her away for a holiday, but I mustn't say a word, I suppose. Very well! I hope you're content with your system."

So George had shown somebody the letter. Stephen was annoyed; but he recalled the contents of it, which Joyce had read to him from a copy, and he answered that Selinah might set her mind at rest. Nobody would think the worse of his girl for such a kind little missive.

Miss Merrall lost her breath. "Then you mean to let this kind of thing go on?" she asked.

Stephen made a movement of impatience or nervousness, a little shifting of one foot on the carpet, and did not reply.

"You're past helping," she said. "I've always thought you were much too soft to be a father, but this would be unbelievable in a penny novel. Turn me out if you like; I shall say my say first. It's your plain and simple duty to forbid that girl to have anything more to do with such an offald wastrel. Grace knows it as well as I do. There isn't a decent house in Ousenup where they talk any other way—for all his light-come riches. I'm ashamed to go about, so now you know. . . . Of course," she sneered severely, "if you haven't made your mind up, and don't like to hurt her feelings, that's another matter, Stephen."

He sighed.

"No," he said. "I don't propose to turn you out, Selinah. But you scarcely help by talking wildly. I shall not do anything harsh, although I may have been in one respect too 'soft.'"

His wife looked up from her work, wondering what his plan might be.

"However, you wouldn't understand that. I want to say, sister, that I am very grateful to you for Joyce's holiday. You were quicker than I, for once, to see what the matter was. But there is no need to forbid her marrying George Marlowe. She loves her father, Selinah."

"I'm talking about her happiness, not her wedding, and you know it," she answered; looking as if she would like to shake him. "Loves her father! I suppose she does, and that's all that comes of spoiling her. Yes, you've been soft. You don't thank me for holding my tongue, I notice. Suppose you weren't here to coddle her and find her something to do?"

A flush of pain went over the blind man's face. He was silent.

Grace's eyes dilated. "Selinah!" she cried, in rough and breathless tones, "I willn't sit here and let yo' talk like that! Yo've no gradeliness!"

Grasping her work she rose, and faced the astonished spinster.

"Yo'd best go home, afore yo' say another word. This is my house; an' if Stephen doesn't turn yo' out I can do't myself, at need."

"Grace!"

Stephen's bass voice interrupted gravely calm, and calming his wife.

"Yo' bear over much, Stephen," she protested.

Aunt Selinah gasped out, "Well, upon my word!" Like all persons whose tongues run away with them, she could be sometimes bewildered at the effect she made upon a placid listener.

"I think, Selinah," Stephen said, "we'd better not pursue this subject. You and I don't quite understand each other."

"Humph! And I'm not to be thrown out?"

She wrapped her shawl about her.

"Well, I'm going! Don't imagine I expected to be listened to—I've done with you." She sniffed, and repeated at the door, "I've done with you."

But she launched the whole splenetic energy of her irritation in a fight with Joyce. She opened and shut the outer door, but did not go, after all.

(To be continued)

Castles of Indolence

FEW indeed are the persons who, in the course of their lives, have never entertained the view that they could find no happier dwelling-place than a Castle of Indolence. Those who pride themselves on their energy may declare that their only happiness is in work and activity; but still, at times, the great majority of mankind will frankly admit that nothing is more pleasing to them than a picture of perfect and prolonged rest.

It is from this feeling that springs much of the enjoyment that is derived from such poems as Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," and hence it is that the first part of the poem, in which the delights of idleness are alluringly set forth, is so much more popular than the second part, in which is described the rude awakening. Indeed, it has been remarked that Thomson found himself more inspired by the vice than by its consequences, so that we secretly feel inclined to resent the termination of the idlers' pleasure, and look upon the reforming knight, Sir Industry, as a dull and meddling fellow. We even feel that it is an act of wanton cruelty to drive these happy dreamers from their home, and from the shelter of

> The doors that knew no shrill alarming bell,
> No cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,

and only on reflection do we realize that their awakening would have been far more dreadful if Sir Industry had not aroused them.

If such feelings are inspired by a perusal of Thomson's poem, we are not surprised to find that, from the dawn of civilization, both poets and prose-writers have continued to express their yearnings to possess a peaceful retreat—a harbour of some kind from the storms of life, and even from the agitation of business and of pleasure. Some of the most widely-known verses of Horace and Virgil express this desire; and it would be easy to quote from other authors many passages of the same nature, which owe their immortality to their successful appeal to the sympathy of mankind.

It seems, then, that an immense number of people are agreed as to the desirability of possessing a Castle of Indolence; and it is only when the question of what kind of a castle arises, that differences begin to appear, and it becomes evident that hardly any feature is common to all the ideals; but perhaps the most general requirement, at any rate with poets and men of letters, is a garden. "I never had," says Cowley, in a letter to his friend Evelyn, "any other desire so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life, only to the culture of them, and study of Nature." And that honest statesman and mild Epicurean philosopher, Sir William Temple, has expressed a similar desire. "As the country life," he says, "and this part more particularly (gardening) were the inclination of my youth

itself, so they are the pleasures of my age; and I can truly say, that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any one of them, but often endeavoured to escape from them into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace in the common paths or circles of life."

But even among the lovers of gardens, and of trees and flowers, the ideal retreat varies from the stately "pleasure-dome" of Kubla Khan, with the grandeur of its surroundings,

> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man
> Down to a sunless sea,

to the humble, but no less poetically conceived, cell of the "gentle hermit of the grove," who, as described in poetry, with his quiet enjoyment of Nature, his herb gathering, his few books, and his plain but wholesome food, is such a soothing person that many long to be like him, and lead what Drayton calls "his sweet retired life."

Another place of retreat, which seems to have especially commended itself to many distinguished men, was the old English inn. Falstaff's, "Shall I not take mine ease at mine inn?" with its delightful duplication of the personal pronoun, has found an echo in the hearts of such men as Johnson, Shenstone, and Hazlitt. Indeed, according to Boswell, Johnson repeatedly "expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having, in any perfection, the tavern life." The freedom from "elegance" particularly pleased his somewhat slovenly nature. "At a tavern," he said on one occasion, "there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by men, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." And nearly identical ideas have been expressed by Shenstone, in his "Verses Written at an Inn at Henley"—

> I fly from pomp, I fly from state!
> I fly from Falsehood's specious grin!
> Freedom I love, and form I hate,
> And choose my lodgings at an inn.
>
> Here, waiter, take my sordid ore,
> Which lackeys else might hope to win;
> It buys what Courts have not in store,
> It buys me freedom at an inn.

And, coming nearer to our own day, Hazlitt, in the "Plain Speaker," has a passage in a very similar strain, describing the enjoyment he derived from a visit to an inn at Alton, with "its old-fashioned garden, embellished with beds of larkspur and a leaden Mercury." He warmly praises the place and his tranquillizing surroundings—amongst which he includes even the cream, the bread and butter, a silver coffee-pot, and "a grave-looking dark-coloured portrait of Charles II., hanging up over the tiled chimney-piece"—and he concludes his encomiums by saying: "This circumstance happened just five years ago, and it seems like yesterday. If I count my life so, by lustres, it will soon glide away; yet I shall not have to repine, if while it lasts, it is enriched by a few such recollections."

Those philosophers who have declared in favour of an inn, have probably come as near the true enjoyment of a Castle of Indolence as anyone; for they realized that rest, to be pleasurable, must be of only short duration. Any hope that the pleasure may be indefinitely prolonged is bound to meet with disappointment; for such a hope is founded on a fallacy—one which is known to logicians as "the fallacy of suppressed correlatives." This term may require a word of explanation: by relativity is here meant the fact of our nature that we cannot be impressed by, or made mentally alive to anything, without some change of state or impression. For example: in the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky the temperature does not vary throughout the year, and the darkness is unbroken, and therefore the fishes that inhabit the lakes in these caves can have no impression of heat and cold, or of light and darkness. In the same

William Hazlitt [at Alton]

way, the pleasures of rest are wholly relative to previous labour, and after the first luxury of the transition they become less and less felt, and can be renewed only after a renewal of the contrasting toil. And thus it comes about that a Castle of Indolence from which all activity is banished soon becomes the most wearisome of abodes; and thus, also, may we logically account for the stories of unhappy millionaires who, without resources in themselves, have found retirement insupportable, and of ex-tallow-chandlers who, amid their rose trees, have pined for their melting-tubs.

C. BICKERTON.

Our Champion Cricketer

You should see him gaily stand
With the "willow" in his hand—
Such cricket's really worthy of the name!—
When *he* captains his eleven,
Though he's only just turned seven,
He can show you how a Briton plays the game!

He can field, and umpire too,
And his bowling's straight and true,
And he's hard to beat at running up the score;
And he's noted for his catches
In the great "All-England" matches
With the merry team of boys and girls next door!

It's a task to bowl him out
When he's "in," there's not a doubt,
He's a terror with his bat, they all declare;
Every stroke is firm and steady,
And for every ball he's ready,
And *next* time you come, Australians, beware!

Oh! he's little, but he'll grow,
He's our future County "Pro,"
And it won't surprise us some day by-and-by
If our laddie's at the wicket,
Playing International Cricket,
Like a Darling, or a Ranji, or a Fry!

MARY FARRAH.

Profit and Loss

By John Oxenham

CHAPTER XXVIII

STORM BURSTS

Two weeks later, George Barty's story "A Man of Parts," started in the *Comet*, and it had been running six weeks when the long-expected book by the author of "Souls of Fire" was announced, with a great flourish of advertisements.

For weeks before, titillating paragraphs anent it had been enlivening the literary columns of the papers. The printers were working night and day to supply preliminary orders. All orders would be filled strictly in rotation. Day of publication postponed three times to permit of the provision of adequate supplies. Printers working Sundays in order to catch up with demand, and so on. Oh, they knew their business did Adhem and Pough, and if they were neither of them absolutely what you might, by any elasticity of diction, call men of letters, they could pull the strings with any American patent-medicine man. They played on the public curiosity in a masterly way, tickling it with tit-bits and exciting its appetite. "Souls of Fire" they assured the world was a great book —100,000 copies sold up to date—but the forthcoming one was a greater. The rarest combination of masterly plot with the cleverest characterisation. Hints as to certain well-known literary personages flitting about its pages under thinly-veiled disguises. The very name of the book was kept secret till it was issued. Anything and everything to excite talk and attract attention.

Brinsley's press copy came in the day before publication. He sat down to skim it over, and, as he read, his face darkened, bit by bit, till it grew very black indeed, and the overhanging brows pinched together and his mouth puckered grimly.

"Well,—I—*am*— ——!" he said at last, and then nodded his head slowly several times, and added—"or some one else is." And then he got up and took the book with him to the next room, and dropped it on George's desk with a quiet —"You might just run through that, Barty, and see what kind of a notice you can give it," and went back to his room and lit a cigar, and smoked, and did no work but apparently some very deep thinking.

He was not half way through it when his door opened suddenly and George Barty came in, and his face was twisted as grimly as Brinsley's had been a short time before. He was pale with excitement. He had Foxley's book in his hand.

"Have you seen this?" he asked abruptly.

Brinsley nodded.

"What's the meaning of it?" asked George breathlessly. "It's my book—my plot at all events—"

"Sit down!" said Brinsley, and just then there came a tap at the door and John Baird was announced.

"Show him in," said Brinsley.

"Ah!" said Baird. "I see you're on the business. What the deuce is the meaning of it, Brinsley?"

"Barty was just asking the question as you came in. That's what we've got to find out, Baird. And it'll be a very nasty bit of business, unless I'm mistaken."

"Do you know when Foxley began on this book?" he asked George.

"I cannot say exactly, of course. He was very late in starting, I know—And I happened to know, from his talk with some of the men who used to come in to see him, that he had difficulty in finding a plot to his mind.—His publishers could say the exact time they began getting his copy."

"They could if they would. But all this will only appeal to them in the light of an advertisement. I know them. When was your book finished, Barty?"

"It was partly written at Monte Carlo in February, and finished in London in March and April."

"Did you discuss it with anybody in the beginning? The idea of it, I mean. The plot is somewhat original."

"With Niel Felston, by way of amusing him when he was sick. Nobody else. We discussed the plot and I adopted some suggestions he made."

"You never by any chance discussed it with Foxley."

"Never a word. My people at home, and Mrs. Baird, read it when I had it typed—that was in April. I have the bill at home."

"Who typed it?" asked Baird.

"Miss Joynson, up Holborn."

"There's a possible leakage there," said Baird.

"No, it's not there," said Brinsley thoughtfully. "I think we can get closer than that. Tell me," he said, looking at George, "Whose hands it passed through before it got to *The Cosmos* people's?"

George named the various magazines he had sent it to.

"It stopped with *The Cosmos* for some months, you told me. And I remember the trouble you had to get it back. It was Bidlake, the sub-editor there, you always saw, wasn't it?"

"Yes. The editor was in Switzerland and had my story with him."

"So Bidlake said anyway. Had you ever seen Bidlake before?"

"Only round my corner when he used to come in seeing Foxley. I did not know who he was then."

"Quite so. There's the leak, Baird. I'll bet you fifty pounds Bidlake's the man."

"I don't know him," said Baird.

"I do," said Brinsley. "I'll find out to-day from Kerton if he actually had your story away with him. If he had *not*, then we prove Bidlake a liar. And the chances are your story was in his desk all the time, and he was sitting on it till Foxley's book came out.—Gad! wait a moment," and he turned to his own desk and began opening the drawers and rooting in them. He found a packet of papers at last, and ran through it and picked out some sheets of shorthand notes. "I'd forgotten that. There's the whole thing in a nutshell."

"What is it?" asked Baird.

"You're not a shorthand man, are you?"

"No," said Baird. "Never had time to learn."

"You are, Barty. See if you can make this out," and he handed the slips over to George, who bent and pored over them.

"Why, it's a rough précis of my plot," he said at last. "What's the meaning of it?"

"I found that among Foxley's refuse after he'd left," said Brinsley. "But I didn't know it's value then as I hadn't read your story. You didn't write that?"

"Not I. Why, he's even got the initials of my characters all through. Where do you suppose he got it from?"

"From Bidlake, unless I'm mistaken. That's not Foxley's writing. No one can read his stuff, not even himself sometimes. The question is how to deal with the matter. We're six weeks into the story. The similarity of the plots is patent. We're in for a row and there's no avoiding it. I'm sorry you should be launched on a boom of this kind, my boy,"—to George,—"but it's not of your seeking. I've been thinking it all out while you were looking at Foxley's book. What's your idea, Baird, and what does your wife say? I've a very high opinion of her sagacity, as you know."

"She wants Foxley ground to powder and flung to the winds."

"That is from the heart not from the head. The matter will need very judicious handling, or there will always remain in some people's minds a doubt as to which head the false cap fits best. For Barty's future we must have it made quite clear."

"The whole thing is disgusting," said George, "and I hate to be mixed up in it. It means absolute ruin to Foxley if this all comes out, and he's got a wife, I believe, and some children. I'd sooner sacrifice my story."

"You can't," said Brinsley, "even if it would be wise to do so, and it would not. It's as clear a case of literary larceny as ever was committed, and the innocent man shall not suffer if I can

"Have you seen this?" he asked abruptly

prevent it. It would be practical suicide."

"I could change my pseudonym," said George. "It's not got any market value yet."

"You are known to a certain number as Guy Bertie, and it would creep out" said Brinsley. "If we stopped the story, it would take you the rest of your life to make literary men believe it was not you who were at fault in the matter, to say nothing of outsiders. Isn't that so, Baird?"

"Yes, I'm afraid that's so. But I can see heaps of difficulties in bringing it home to Foxley. What do you advise yourself, Brinsley?"

"I think our only plan is to go quietly on and tackle the row when it comes. But—" he said doubtfully—"I really don't know. I hate to sit quiet while that book is selling by the thousand. Suppose you and I pay Foxley a visit, Baird, and see what he's got to say about it?"

"I'm willing. But I doubt if anything will come of it."

"It may clear the ground and show us our way. If Foxley loses his temper he may let drop more than he intends. Anyway, as a matter of experience, I would rather like to see how he takes it."

But it was one thing to call on Foxley and quite another thing to catch him at home.

He lived at Brixton, where he had a wife and two children, whom he kept much in the background. Since the sudden development of his fortunes, he had taken rooms in the Temple and was more at home there than at Brixton. Latterly, however, his success had flown to his head and his life had grown more erratic than ever. There was never any difficulty in finding out where he was not; but where he was, was matter for speculation, and search for him was only another name for loss of time.

So after several vain attempts they gave it up and waited events.

A paragraph in the *Athenæum* sounded the first note of the battle, by calling attention to the striking resemblance between the plot of Foxley's new book and the story appearing in the *Comet*.

The following week further reference was made to the matter, and the other literary papers took up the cry.

"Literary coincidences are by no means unknown," said the *Athenæum*, "but the practical identity of plot between Mr. Guy Bertie's story "A Man of Parts," at present appearing in the *Comet*, and Mr. Foxley's new book, "The Man with Three Faces," is too startling to be lightly passed over. The plot on which both stories are based is original and striking—and identical. That two writers, presumably unknown to one another, should both light upon it just at the same moment is almost inconceivable. If not a case of coincidence, then—what? For the honour of the craft we think some explanation is due. Our columns are open to the respective authors. Their replies will be awaited with interest by our readers."

The utterances of the other papers were to much the same effect. Some of the daily papers took the matter up as likely to amuse their readers, and demands for explanation filled the air.

An enterprising evening sheet ran Foxley to earth, after a long and arduous chase, and published a column interview with him at his club.

Divested of frillings the gist of Foxley's deliverance was this,—

"I see no cause for hysterics about this matter. Coincidence of thought is as common as similarity of feature. The only wonder is that it does not occur much more frequently. I read a paragraph in a paper, or some friend sends me a note of something he has seen or heard, or thinks would interest me. It starts a certain train of thought in my mind. I weave my own fancies round it and eventually the story evolves itself. Thousands of others may have read the same paragraph or heard of the same incident. What on earth is to prevent their thoughts running on similar lines to my own?

I have never met Mr. Guy Bertie. I do not know him, nor have I ever read any of his writings. How the plot of his story comes to resemble mine so closely I cannot, of course, explain beyond what I have just said. I should certainly never

It was one thing to call on Foxley, another to catch him at home

think of accusing him of stealing my plot. It is true his story commenced before my book came out. But the book was of course written, and in the printers' hands a long time previously. It would have been issued earlier but for the constant cry for more, and the desire of my publishers to put all the trade on an equal footing."

That seemed fair and straightforward enough, even magnanimous, on the part of Mr. Foxley, and those interested in the matter waited Mr. Guy Bertie's reply. Meanwhile the book was selling by the ton, and many who bought it and had seen the discussion in the papers, bought the *Comet* also, to see for themselves how closely the two ran side by side.

The next number of the *Athenæum* contained a letter from Mr. Richard Brinsley. It said simply :—

"Mr. Guy Bertie absolutely declines to be mixed up in any discussion of this unpleasant matter. He leaves himself entirely in my hands, and requests me to deal with the matter as I judge best. On his attention being called to the coincidence of the plots, Mr. Bertie instantly offered to suffer the complete suppression of his story,—no small matter, I may point out, for a new writer. But that I could not permit, either for his sake or for the sake of my readers.

The whole question lies in a nutshell. Which story was written first? And had the writer of the second story any possible access to the MS. of the first? I therefore call upon Mr. Foxley or his publishers to indicate the exact date on which the MS. of his story, or any part of it, was completed. And, as I shall furnish the most incontestable proofs of my own side of the case, I ask similar proofs from Mr. Foxley."

Foxley's reply to this was through the mouth of the interviewer once more.

"Mr. Brinsley ought to know, by this time, that the date of the committal of a story to paper bears no necessary relation to the time of its evolution. My plots turn over in my mind for months before a word is written down. Moreover, a plot is frequently the gradual piecing together, or boiling down, of a number of others from which the round whole is slowly educed. The MS. of my book was in the hands of my publishers long before the *Comet* story began."

"And Mr. Brimstone?" asked the interviewer, referring to one of the characters in Foxley's book, a truculent newspaper man.

"He is a composite character," said Mr. Foxley quickly—I quote the interviewer's words—"and is modelled on no single person."

"You were on the *Comet* for a time with Mr. Brinsley, I think, Mr. Foxley?"

"Yes, I was associated with Brinsley for a time. We always got on very well together. I consider him a very able man."

"And there was nothing in your business relations which suggests grounds for this attack upon you?"

"Oh, please don't put it that way," said Mr. Foxley. "I do not so regard it myself, nor, I am sure, does Mr. Brinsley."

Brinsley's answer to this in the *Athenæum* was short and pointed.

"Mr. Foxley does not answer my questions.

Will he, or will he not, tell us when his MS. was delivered to his publishers?

What went on in his brain, before he committed anything to paper, does not in the least concern us or affect the question at issue.

Mr. Foxley's services on the *Comet* were dispensed with simply because he preferred doing his own work in my time to doing my work for which I paid him.

I ask him once more for dates—and the proofs of them,"

To that Foxley made no reply.

The position was becoming decidedly uncomfortable. In the privacy of his own chambers, he and Bidlake had an unseemly wrangle which left him in a worse position than before.

He accused Bidlake of deceiving him.

Bidlake coolly enquired how?

"You offered me some suggestions for a story," said Foxley. "I had no

idea you were going to steal another man's plot complete and foist it on to me."

"Oh, ho!" said Bidlake. "That's your game, is it, my boy? Very well! Now see here, my little son! You're in a deuce of a hole, and you know it, and I know it. Your hole is pretty well feathered, however, Mine is bare. The trifle you have given me doesn't count. You're raking in thousands. I claim a fair share."

"What do you mean?" said Foxley, green in the face.

"I mean what I say. It's plain enough, isn't it? A word from me will bust you sky high, if you don't want it said, you've got to pay for it. See?"

"I see—a case of blackmail!"

"Not at all, my boy. Say partnership. Sounds nicer. Without my help your shower of gold would never have come off. As it is, I claim a share. What shall we say—half? Well, perhaps that would be a bit steep. You did a bit of the work, didn't you?"

"I did it all," said Foxley, "and I'll be hanged—"

"You will, my boy, you will. But there's no need to anticipate. You'll find it a sight easier to square me. Suppose we say one-fifth? That's not exorbitant. Give me a note, now and here, saying you'll pay me one fifth of all you make out of this book, and I'll clear out—to America, or Honolulu, or anywhere else where one can enjoy one's self,—as soon as I get the cash."

"I don't see how that's going to help me out of the hole you've got me into?"

"Pay me and I'll quit, and if the worst comes to the worst you can put it all onto me,—as you have it in your mind to do now, but can't unless I say the word."

"Why couldn't you keep that man's confounded story buried as you promised to?"

"Did as long as I could. He came after it fourteen times, and I told him Kerton had it with him in Switzerland. Then Kerton came home and that game was up."

"And why the deuce couldn't you tell me he'd got it back and might let it loose at any moment?"

"And what good would that have done? Your book was in your publishers' hands. For anything I knew it might take him ten years to get his out."

"What kind of a fellow is he?"

"Nice-looking young chap. I feel a bit sorry for him."

"Pity you didn't feel it before you stole his book."

"Bless me, man! I didn't steal his book. We were discussing plots in the ordinary way of business. I happened to mention one which struck me as somewhat original. You nefariously purloin, seize, and make use of it. Am I to blame? Not the least little bit, my boy, unless I choose. No one was more surprised than I when I found you'd turned our little conversation to your own private ends, I assure you! Oh, no, my dear, you can't fix it on George Bidlake—unless G. B. chooses. And you know his terms."

"You're a bad lot, Bidlake."

"Pair of us, my friend, and not a ha'porth to choose between us. Well—to be or not to be? Your conversation is delightful, but I don't want to stop here all night. Am I to go to Honolulu, or am I to stop here and see you, as you say, hanged?"

"I must think it all out. I don't at present see how any amount I might pay you is going to get me out of the hole. Brinsley's on the warpath and he's a—"

"Oh, hang old Brimstone! Adopt my suggestion and you draw his teeth. He'll bluster a bit maybe, but that'll soon blow over, and you'll have heaps of solid consolation in the nibs. If you steal another man's plot for your next book, take my advice and kill the man, and bury him and his manuscript in your back garden. Not the slightest use looking at me like that, my boy. You wouldn't find me a good subject for sudden death. I'll give you till to-morrow to decide. If I don't hear from you by then, I go straight to Brinsley and give him my version of the matter. And then—farewell Mr. Foxley. Strikes me the Temple is not good for my health," and he went.

And Foxley sat for a long time with his hands in his pockets, staring at the

toes of his boots and thinking deeply.

He was not fool enough to suppose for one moment that if he agreed to Bidlake's proposal it would be the last of his exactions. The man would have him at his mercy and could wring him dry. What an utter idiot he had been to use that plot! But there,—he had been at his wits' end, pushed on all sides, and he had jumped at the possible way out without full consideration of what he was doing or of the consequences. And then, who could possibly have foreseen the complication with the *Comet?* That other story might have dragged out a couple of years on publishing office shelves. And Brinsley mixing himself up in the matter was another aggravation of unlucky chance.

Still, if he agreed to Bidlake's suggestion and took the risk of the future—of course there was always the chance of his death—he could probably get out of the present coil with some small loss of prestige. And the public very soon forgets. If, by dint of much thought, he could make his next book an advance on either of the others, he could still hold his own,—with Bidlake playing skeleton in the background—a skeleton with a bony hand always asking for more.

There was only one other way,—and that was to go straight to Brinsley, explain the circumstances, and plead guilty to them, acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Guy Bertie, and offer him a share of the profits of the book. Brinsley was a magnanimous man. And he had,—to an extent just short of libel—caricatured him as Mr. Brimstone in his book! What a fool he had been! No, he couldn't go to Brinsley. It was too much!

So he was driven back to Bidlake. And that was hateful too. And so he sat tossing between two stools, both of which were seated with pointed nails, till he hated himself, and the world in general, and Bidlake most of all, and could not make up his mind what to do.

Two other ideas obtruded their heads like grisly snakes.

One was to get all the money he could from his publishers—he had been able to abrogate the usual rule of distant settlement, and was to receive cheques on account from time to time according to the sales—and go abroad himself, leaving the field to his adversaries.

The other was to end the whole trouble by blowing his brains out.

The first had more attraction than the last.

To carry it out he would have to muzzle Bidlake in some way—give him the undertaking he wanted, but put off giving him any actual cash, under plea of not having yet received any himself,—and he would have to keep Brinsley at bay long enough to get all the cash he possibly could out of Adhem and Pough.

And that was the course he finally decided on.

CHAPTER XXIX

A RATTLE OF DRY BONES

MEANWHILE George Barty was having worries of his own which made even the Foxley complication seem almost trivial.

That matter caused him at first no little distress of mind. For he could see no way out of it but by the destruction of Foxley's reputation, and, bitterly as he resented the theft of his plot, the thought of bringing another man to ruin lay heavy on him.

He would very willingly have let the whole matter drop, and changed his writing name and made a fresh start. But, as Brinsley had emphatically said, to do so would be at risk of his own reputation, and a man's reputation is his first and last stronghold, and is not to be quixotically surrendered even to save another man. For his pen-name was known to some, and the matter had been forced into such prominence that it was almost inevitable that, in the end, his identity would leak out and a haze of suspicion hang round him all his life.

So he left himself in his friends' hands and bent his strong young shoulders to another burden.

Mary Lindsay had written at once to her father in Australia telling him of her engagement to George Barty. She looked forward to nothing but equanimity to

Foxley sat for a long time, thinking deeply

his reply. It was a long time in coming, but when it came it astounded her.

"My dear Mary,"—wrote Mr. Lindsay—

"The news of your engagement was a great surprise to me, and at the risk of causing you some pain I write at once to tell you that I cannot permit it. I do not know Mr. George Barty personally, but I have made my own enquiries, and I regret to say that there are circumstances in connection with Mr. Barty's family history which make an alliance with him extremely undesirable—in fact impossible. Unless you decide to act in open opposition to my wishes you will at once terminate this engagement and have nothing more to do with Mr. Barty or his family.

Apart from disabilities attaching to Mr. Barty—for which I do not for a moment hold him personally responsible—I have other hopes for you. We have struck a great deposit of tin on the Glen Ingalls property, and before very long you will be in a position—if you fall in with my views—to choose from any in the land.

Believe me, my dear girl, my wishes are all for your welfare, and—I know what I am doing.

Your loving father,

CHARLES LINDSAY."

This letter caused Mary very great surprise, and still greater distress. It hit her like a physical blow. From the way it was worded, it was impossible for her to show it to either George or Mrs. Barty, without causing them pain equal to her own. And yet to tell that her father withheld his consent, and at the same time to withhold his reasons, would place her in a painfully awkward position.

She fled to her bedroom, and pondered it there with crumpled brows and tightened lips, and gradually rising wrath and rebellion in her heart.

What did it matter to her though there was that in the family history of the Bartys which would not bear inspection? It was no dead and gone Barty she wanted to marry, but this George Barty whom she knew and loved, and who was good and honest and true, and marry him she would—she said to herself—father or no father. And if it came to that, how many families were there in Australia, ay or even here in England, who could show an absolutely clean record. There were black sheep in every flock, and she did not suppose their own family was any exception to the rule.

She had cried a little at first, but by degrees hot indignation dried her tears and only itself remained.

It was absurd and unjust, she said to herself. Her father had raised no objections to her coming away and supporting herself. Now, when she had chosen a way that led to happiness, he thought fit to interfere, and she was not going to stand it.

The question was,—what to do about this most unpleasant letter, and it caused her much greater trouble than the letter itself. They knew she had written home about her engagement to George. They had a right to expect to hear how her home-folks received the news. To show them the letter was to wound sorely those whom she had come to love even more dearly than the folks at home, and she would do anything sooner than that.

And yet to suppress it completely was almost impossible.

Her nature was simple and straightforward. The very thought of concealment or prevarication was offensive to her. Had her mother been alive, her wishes, even in such a matter, would have carried more weight with her. But her mother had died when she was a very small girl. She barely remembered her. Her father, while always kind, had never been very sympathetic. And her brothers took after him, while she supposed she took after her mother.

The boys had grown up on the ranche, versed in sheep-craft and horses, as their father was, and slightly scornful of the girl to whom these things did not appeal, except as representing the family fortunes.

Yes, Mrs. Barty and Joan and George were dearer to her than her own people had ever been, and was she, for the shadow cast by some ancestor, close or remote,

she did not care which it was—was she, for so intangible a thing as that, to give up her friends and that which was so much dearer still? She had promptly decided in her own mind that she would not. Her chief anxiety now was what to do about her father's letter.

It took her a long time to come to a decision. But by slow degrees her common sense showed her two things. That if wounding was inevitable, then the fewer wounded the better. And that since she and George hoped to pass their lives together there should be no concealments between them. Her father's letter had wounded her, it would wound George. They would bear it together. If their love and trust could not stand it they were not worth much.

Having so decided, she waited with such composure as she could summon, till he came home that night, and then quietly followed him up to his den.

"Hello!" he cried, in answer to her tap, and flung open the door. "Why, Mary?—Anything wrong, dear?" he asked anxiously, as he caught the signals in her face.

"Nothing wrong," she said quietly. "Only an annoyance which you must help me to bear, George. This is my father's answer to my letter telling him of our engagement. It has hurt me and it will hurt you, dear,—"

"Whatever hurts you hurts me,"—he began.

"I know, dear. I would very much sooner not have shown it to you at all. But it seemed to me, George, that it would not be right. I could not mislead you and I want no concealments—from you. I want to share your burdens, and you must share mine. And if you care for me as I care for you, and every one of you, that letter will make no difference to us. Now read it and get done with it."

She saw his face flush as he read it, and it seemed to grow more than usually rugged about the deep-set eyes.

"It is quite true, dear," he said very quietly, when he had finished reading. "My father disgraced himself and was transported. He committed forgery. My mother has never said a word about it. It must have nearly killed her at the time. I don't think Meg or Joan know anything at all about it. All I could ever learn from my mother was that our father died in the Australian desert, where he had gone with an exploring party, and he died a brave man's death,"—Mary was regarding him with strange excited eyes.—"That set me searching the newspapers at the Museum and I found it out at last—more than I wanted. It told of his death in the desert—the convict George Barty,—and spoke well of him. Only one man got through alive, and he was another convict named—now, that is odd! I never till this moment thought of it in that connection, He was named Lindsay—Charles Lindsay——"

"And he was my father," said Mary, with sparkling eyes. "I knew about the expedition and that he was the only survivor, but I never knew he had been a convict. I am so glad. It was the Charles Desmond Gray expedition——"

"Yes——"

"How very very strange, George, that we two should come together from opposite ends of the earth."

"It is very strange. You have no doubt about your father being that same Charles Lindsay?"

"I have heard him tell of the terrible time in the desert dozens of times. The other matter was never named. One does not talk of those things out there. Many of them have some such record behind them, and it is quietly ignored and never spoken of. How glad I am I showed you that letter. I was inclined to burn it and say nothing about it, and it has tortured me all day. What shall we say to your mother?"

George pondered the question for a time, and then said, "I am inclined to think the best way will be to take her into our confidence. She is very wise, and very strong in the higher matters. This trouble helped to make her what she is, This reference to it will not shake her. Without the discovery we have just made it would distress her greatly no doubt. As it is, the sting is drawn and she will advise us what to do."

"We will tell her," said Mary. "Oh,

I *am* so glad I showed it to you. If I hadn't, it would have been a thorn in the flesh all the time. As it is, I think I am happier than I was before."

So that night, when all the rest had gone to bed, they gave Margaret Barty Charles Lindsay's letter, and told her all their news.

She took it very quietly. The gentle face flushed, just as George's had done, at the ruthless reference to the old trouble, but the tender lips quivered only once, and the beautiful shining eyes swam more softly than usual for a moment, and then were lit with a pure steady radiance which lighted a responsive faith wherever it touched. She did not speak for a minute or two, and then said softly:

"God's ways are very strange ways sometimes, my dears, and all we can do is to trust Him." And presently to Mary: "I am sorry your father writes in that way, dear. Knowing what he knows it seems to me a little unjust. But no doubt it was his love for you dictated it, and it is not for us to judge. Under all the circumstances I do not think that letter, or even your father's wishes, should part you. I believe George's happiness in life is bound up in you, and I believe you feel the same towards George——"

"Absolutely," said Mary quickly. "I love everyone of you more than ever I loved my own people. My own mother died when I was four. If she had lived I would have liked her to be just exactly like you, dear," and she kissed the gentle face fervently.

"Would you like me to write to your father?" asked Mrs. Barty, after a thoughtful pause. "I would just tell him how dearly you love one another, and how it would mar your lives to be parted——"

"We don't intend to be parted," said Mary hotly, and George said, "Not a bit of it!" and kissed her warmly, and stood with his arm round his own property.

"And," continued Mrs. Barty, "I would tell him that, under all the circumstances, I hope he will withdraw his opposition which certainly seems somewhat ill-founded."

"And I will write and tell him I intend to marry George if fifty fathers said No," said Mary, upon which George paid her with another kiss.

"Suppose you let me write this mail, and you will have time to cool down before the next," said Mrs. Barty, with a smile. "You have plenty of time before you. George has his way to make, and you could not think of marrying for two or three years at the soonest. In that time you may have changed your minds——"

"Never!" and a joint kiss met in mid air.

"Or something may happen——"

And how far beyond their wildest imaginings that something was!

Mrs. Barty's letter to Mary's father did not reach him till a long time afterwards. Not, in fact, until it had followed him to London. In the light of after events, it is invested with a quite peculiar pathos.

"Dear Mr. Lindsay,"—she wrote—"I have not the advantage of knowing you personally, nor you me. But I venture to write to you on behalf of your child and mine. They love one another very dearly. I think I may even go so far as to say that their future happiness is bound up in one another.

"Mary has shown me your letter objecting to her engagement to my son. But I put it to you fairly. Will the stated grounds for your objection hold water? As you truly say, there have been matters in the past which might in some cases offer a bar to their happiness. Is your own family quite clear of such? Are you personally, in a position to cast stones at my son for anything his father may have done?"—You see even the gentlest of doves will ruffle in defence of its young. "My boy is a good and honest and honourable boy,—and why should not his own mother say it? I am told, by those who understand such matters better than I, that he has a career in letters before him. If devotion to his work will ensure success, and if that is the best thing for him, he will be successful. He has been a good son and a good brother.

My father disgraced himself and was transported

He will prove a good husband. What do you want more? If you truly have your daughter's happiness at heart, you will withdraw your opposition and let the young people follow their own hearts. Mary is as dear to me as my own girls, and my desire for her happiness is as great as for theirs. She has been more than a friend to us all from the first day she came here, and, with herself and George, I thank God for sending her to us.

Yours sincerely,

"MARGARET BARTY."

The next mail brought nothing for Mary. But the following one brought a short note from Mr. Lindsay, to the effect that he was starting almost immediately for London, in connection with the floating of his tin property on the London market. He would write as soon as he arrived, and meanwhile he hoped she was acting on the advice contained in his last letter.

They had decided to say nothing about Mr. Lindsay's letter to Joan or Meg. It would only open up the old wound of which both were in complete ignorance.

Joan was busier and happier than she had ever been in her life. Between her and Niel Felston had sprung up an affection, deep and true,—pathetic, perhaps, in the necessary limitation of its possibilities—all the deeper and truer, possibly, from its entire unselfishness and absolute devotion on either side. Each gave wholly and asked but love in return.

Joan had brought out all that was good in Felston, and with the gentlest and most delicate care nurtured the new life into strength and vigour. She not only made him strong, she made him use his strength. And he, rejoicing in his new-found powers, wrought mightily of that which was in him.

By degrees, as Joan's influence grew, he came to look back on the soiled page of the past with bitter disgust. Gambling had been the cleanest of his vices. And when the recollection of them all came back on him at times, as he stood at work in Joan's room, with the knowledge that those wonderful eyes of hers were on him, he shivered at the thought that she must surely see some after-marks upon him. The page was turned down indeed, but he would have had it torn out and done away with, and that is beyond any man's power of accomplishment. The happiest of crowns rarely lacks its thorns, and the sharpest are the unforgettable follies of the past.

It was in the springtide of this new life that he painted his great picture, "Aranea Felicissima," and it is just a portrait of Joan Barty as seen through Niel Felston's eyes. None but a true artist, intimately acquainted with his model in all her moods and tenses, and inspired by something beyond even his love for his art and his love for his model, could have painted such a picture. It is very difficult to state in cold black and white just what there was in it that captured you at first glance and made you look, and look, and come back from other rooms to look again. But, perhaps, in a word, you felt the inspiration of the thing, and there, I think, you have the whole story.

Niel Felston when he painted the Aranea was inspired—by regret, gratitude, hope, and a love which he felt, but hardly yet understood. Behind him, lay the abyss out of which he had crawled hand in hand with death. Before him, lay the void flushed mistily with new hopes. The one tangible thing to which his sick soul could cling with some confidence was his work. And the thought and sight of this girl with the wonderful face, and the eyes which told him more than all the words in the world could tell, inspired him to a mighty work.

At first sight it captivates you simply by its exquisite beauty—Joan's beauty. But as you look, and look, there grows in you the knowledge that it is something far deeper than the beauty of it that draws you back to it again and again. You feel the richer for looking, and the purer and the better and the nobler for looking, as though some marvellous virtue flowed out from the canvas for the healing of troubled souls.

Well, the painting of it healed one sick soul, and perhaps some of the healing unconsciously got into the picture and so flows out again.

It represents Joan lying back in her chair with her head on a pale-blue figured-silk cushion, her brown hair rippling round her in masses. She is dressed in a loose white silk gown, open at the throat, where the smooth white neck just shows through a ruffling of dainty white laces. In the slim white hands which lie in her lap, is a piece of tapestry work. She is not working, but through her fingers, streaming from the work or to it, there run innumerable silken threads of every conceivable shade. And these, in the most wonderful way, weave and blend themselves together, below, and above, and all round, till they form a background to the picture, iridescent but subdued, compact, of multitudinous rainbow hues, yet never obtrusive, every single thread wrought with extreme and loving care, and each in itself seeming instinct with some hidden meaning.

That wonderful background with its complexity of speaking threads only serves to throw the central figure into prominence, and the centre of the whole is of course the lovely face. And the beauty of the face centres in the great brown eyes, radiant and soft as far-away stars, but full of something which the stars know nothing of. They hold you like a glimpse of heaven. Are they pensive? Do they question? Are they full of knowledge and deep, deep thoughts? Do they look right into your heart, and challenge all that is best in you to come out and be of service? All these, and very much more. They are strong and gentle, tender and true, sad and glad,—nay let me draw from the words of that fat old pagan, Paul Desvigneaux, and say at once, that they come nearer to my idea of what the eyes of Christ may have been like than any eyes I ever saw. And that it was, I suppose, which wrought so upon all who saw the picture, and came back again and again for another look at it.

It represents ten months of very hard work, and something more which is not measured by months or years, on the part of Niel Felston, and it is a consummation of Joan in many moods, but Joan herself as we knew her,—"only," as Jack Fairfax said, "more so," for none of us knew her as Niel Felston did.

The picture was practically completed before the storm broke over them, and perhaps it was just as well. Though, through it all, Joan maintained that sweet serenity which was proof against all outward disturbance because its roots struck deep and tapped the hidden springs.

CHAPTER XXX

STORM FRUIT

In pursuit of the plan he had finally decided on, Foxley sent to the crafty Bidlake a vaguely worded undertaking to pay to him, as and when received, one-fifth of the profits of a certain venture in which they were jointly interested, but told him at the same time that he could pay him nothing until the venture began to make some return.

Bidlake's reply to this was a request for £100 at once as he was hard up. Further, he stated that if the necessity arose for a journey on his part to the States, more money would have to be provided as he would not start until he got it.

Foxley sent him the £100 with a curt note to the effect that he was hard up himself and would be till the end of the quarter.

Meanwhile, the one-sided controversy continued in the papers. No reply having been received to his last demand, Brinsley wrote in the *Athenæum* the following week:—

> "Mr. Foxley does not reply. I make him one more offer, or, if you please, I give him one more chance of settling this matter and setting himself right—if he can.
>
> "I have lodged with the Editor of the *Athenæum* such proofs as I hold, of the date when Mr. Guy Bertie's story left his hands and was first offered for sale; also the magazines to which it was sent, and the dates when it was sent and received back by him.
>
> "Will Mr. Foxley do the same, and place his dates—and proofs—in the same hands. The verdict of the

Editor of the *Athenæum* will be accepted by us as final."

To this, in pursuit of his plan, Foxley made no reply.

He was said to be abroad in search of health, and local colour for his next book. Even Bidlake failed to find him.

Brinsley's last communication to the *Athenæum* was in the nature of an ultimatum. His next was a direct impeachment and made considerable stir.

"Still Mr. Foxley does not reply," wrote Brinsley. "I now, therefore, charge him explicitly, and with full knowledge of the seriousness of such a charge to such a man, with knowingly procuring and using the plot of Mr. Guy Bertie's story, and I am prepared to prove my charge to the hilt as and when he will. In justice to Mr. Bertie I will repeat what I stated at the beginning of this controversy, viz., that, when the matter was brought to his knowledge, Mr. Bertie, while indignant at the treatment he had been subjected to, offered instantly to suppress his story and to leave Mr. Foxley in possession of his ill-gotten gains, rather than be mixed up even as victim, in so unpleasant a scandal involving another man's reputation. I pointed out to Mr. Bertie that, matters having gone so far, one or other reputation must go by the board, and that he had no right to sacrifice his own quixotically.

"On that, Mr. Bertie—though still reluctant to proceed to extremities—left the matter in my hands, and has had nothing whatever to do with it since.

"As to my own action in pressing this painful affair to a conclusion, I have done so simply in the interests of the profession of which I am proud to be a member. The basis of the present system of the disposal of literary work is honour. That basis must be maintained above suspicion and at all costs. In the present instance, I am in a position to show that it has been most flagrantly outraged. It is, I am glad to say, the first case of the kind that has come under my notice. For the sake of my profession I have felt it impossible to pass it over. The law of honour has been broken, and—he who breaks pays.

"Once more I charge Mr. Charles James Foxley with the deliberate theft of the plot of another man's story. If he has any word to say in reply, let him say it.

RICHARD BRINSLEY,
"Editor of the *Comet*."

Foxley never replied. As a literary quantity he disappeared. Rumour assigned him a residence on the Continent, in the States, and elsewhere. He may have continued writing under another name. Under his own, it is doubtful if even Adhem and Pough would have risked the production of a book for him.

One man's loss is generally another man's gain in this world. Whence,—strife and malice and much uncharitableness, and the terrible game of Beggar my Neighbour.

George Barty, however, had been stirred by no such feelings, and he had nothing but regret at having been all unconsciously the means of bringing another man to the ground.

When mud is flying some is as likely to stick to the innocent as to the guilty. Even with his very small experience he knew that, with the busy short-memoried public, to be mixed up in a scandal is to carry a possible smirch. He could just imagine, when his book came out, some such discussion as this:—

"Let's see—Bertie, Bertie? Wasn't that the man who stole the other fellow's book and passed it off as his own? Low thing to do, don't you know! Not him that stole the other fellow's book? Sure? Oh, the other fellow stole his book? Well, I knew he was mixed up in it somehow. Beastly mean business, however it was." And the chances, he knew, would be ten to one, that, after all, the loose-minded one would retain the impression that the thief was named Bertie.

Thanks to Brinsley's valiant championship and straightforward handling of the matter, no such opinion could possibly obtain in literary circles. Through Brinsley he received many encouraging

messages, both verbal and written, complimenting him on his action in the matter. He made a number of very good friends, too, among the men who came up to see his chief, and the relations between himself and Brinsley were of the warmest.

One thing he flatly refused to be led into, and that was the issue of his story in book form.

He had many offers for it, some of them very tempting ones. But he discussed the whole matter with Brinsley and Mr. and Mrs. Baird, and upheld his own view of the matter.

"I have no doubt it would go, and perhaps even make a bit of a boom. But I don't want that kind of a boom. To the public it would be 'the book that smashed Foxley,' and I the smasher. I want the whole thing forgotten as soon as possible, and I'd sooner climb my steps than get shot up them in that way."

It was rather remarkable self-repression in so young a writer, and I do not think he lost by it in the end. It tightened his present friendships and made him many new ones.

He was working hard all this time. Every spare minute was given to his writing, and by degrees he found the market for his wares widening, to his very great content. Brinsley bespoke first sight of his next book for the *Comet*, and he set to work on it with keen enjoyment.

But, while the Foxley matter was still slowly uncoiling itself, George suddenly found himself once more chief actor in a drama of real life which taxed his powers of equanimity and endurance to the utmost, and brought changes into his life such as he had never dreamed of.

Possibly the greater trouble helped him through the annoyance of the smaller, as an aching tooth is forgotten in the rush and turmoil of battle.

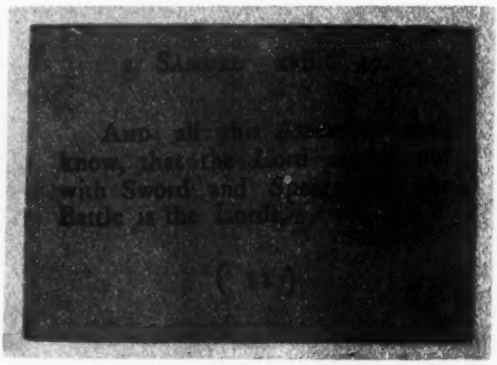
(To be continued)

Photograph by **Off Bude** *Frith & Co., Reigate*

A Curious Pack of Cards

AN old and curious pack of cards lies before me. They are not ordinary playing cards, but a kind in use amongst the "people called Methodists" and other Nonconformist societies during the closing years of the eighteenth century.

They are small oblong slips of paper, about two inches by three in size, yellow and worn with age and use. On one side of each card is printed a quotation from the Old or New Testament, and on the other a verse of a hymn bearing upon the subject of the text.



Very few packs, or fragments of packs of these scripture playing cards are now in existence, but it is evident that at one time a large variety of them were in circulation. They differed considerably in number and arrangement, some quoting only from Charles Wesley's hymns, and some using none of his, and quoting verses from now forgotten hymnals and hymn-writers. In some editions the texts were taken exclusively from the New Testament, and sometimes only from the Old, though the favourite method seems to have been to quote about equally from both.

The exact origin of the Scripture cards is uncertain, but a very generally accepted tradition attributes their invention to Charles Wesley. At least it is clear that he promoted their use if he did not himself invent them, and several cards in his own hand-writing are still preserved, numbered and evidently forming part of a complete manuscript set. There is no proof that John Wesley sanctioned their use, but at first he certainly appears to have tolerated it, for they were advertised on the covers of his magazine, where it was stated that they could be "had of Mr. Wesley's booksellers in Town or Country." The same advertisement, dated 1786, states that "The Scriptural Cards above-mentioned, appeared a few years since: Many persons were pleased with them, and now wish me to re-print them. I therefore take this opportunity of offering to my friends this New Edition, designed, viz.: to assist the simple followers of Jesus in their Journey thro' Life, 'till they return with all the redeemed of the Lord, with singing unto Zion."

The pack at present before me consists of fifty-six cards, and of these only two are missing. The first and last, numbers one and fifty-six, are inscribed "James Todd, Printer, Bedale," and it is probable that this set was arranged by John Moon, one of Wesley's preachers, who "travelled" in Stockton in the year 1795, and may at that time have had them printed at Bedale.

A great authority on Methodist hymnology has ascertained the source of all but five of the verses quoted on these fifty-four cards. No less than thirty-one are extracts from the works of Charles Wesley, though in many cases not from hymns included in any known hymnal or published collection of his poems. The card numbered 41 bears quite a dramatic verse by this writer. On one side is the text from Joshua vi. 16. "Joshua said unto the people, shout, for the Lord hath given you the city," and on the reverse side are the following descriptive lines :—

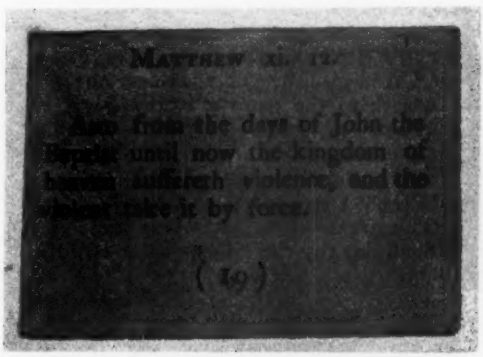
"The walls are compast round,
This circuit is the last:
The ark stands still: the trumpets sound
A long continued blast:

The people turn their eyes
On the devoted walls;
And shout, the mighty Joshua cries,
And lo! the city falls!"

Fourteen quotations are from the pen of Isaac Watts. One of these contains some peculiar spelling :—

"Awake our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone,
Awake and run the hevenly race,
And put a chearful courage on."

The second card in the pack bears four lines ascribed to John Newton, and a solitary quotation on the third card is attributed to Richard Burdsall, of York. The rhymes and the rhythm are somewhat unusual, to say nothing of the metaphors.



"The voice of free
grace cries escape
to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race
he hath open'd a
fountain;
For sin and uncleanness and ev'ry transgression,
His blood flow'd so freely in streams of salvation;
Hallelujah to the Lamb who hath sealed us a pardon,
And we'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan."

Cards four and five contain interesting verses by the Rev. Jehoiada Brewer, a Congregational Minister in Birmingham, born in Wales in 1752, and died 1817. The five anonymous quotations are of varying merit. One of them is designed to illuminate Exodus ii. 2, "And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with Pitch and put the Child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink." The verse on the other side of the card is :—

"Tho' doom'd to find a watery grave,
This infant, Lord, thy power can save,
And he, whose death's decreed by Pharoah's hand,
May rise a prophet to redeem the land."

The set concludes on card fifty-six, with a quotation from Charles Wesley. The text is Matthew xiv. 32, "And when they were come into the ship the wind ceased," and the appropriate lines are :—

"Come in, come in, thou Prince of Peace,
And all the storms of sin shall cease,
And fall no more to rise:
We then, if thou with us remain,
Our port shall in a moment gain,
And anchor in the skies."

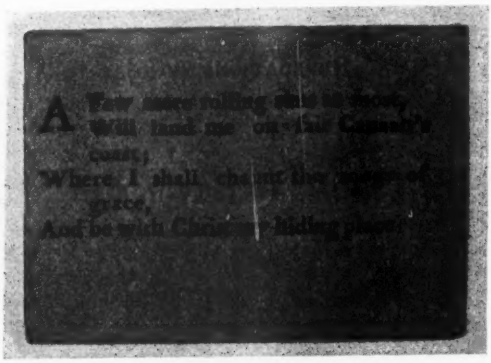
This and similar packs of Scripture playing cards appear to have been used in various ways by the early followers of Wesley and Whitefield, and amongst other religious communities. No doubt they were originally intended as a guide and help to profitable conversation among small parties of religiously disposed persons.

We can readily picture a little social gathering of early Methodists who, having partaken of a "dish of tea" at the hospitable board, now gather round the fire and seek to avoid the evils of frivolous gossip and worldly scandal, and direct conversation into edifying channels by means of the newly-invented cards. An older member of the group, possibly a Minister, or even the genial, sociable Charles Wesley himself, gravely shuffles and deals the cards. The person who receives the trump or turn-up card reads aloud the printed text and verse, or perhaps the little company sing the hymn from which the verse is quoted. This suggests the key-note for the evening's discussion, and the sister or brother whose card bears a text relating to the same subject will be the next to speak. Thus one by one the young men and maidens, and the dear old folk who are drawing near to that river so often alluded to in the metaphorical hymns of the period are gradually led to join in the conversation, and to contribute to

the general profit and encouragement.

Or perhaps they unite in singing Charles Wesley's verse on card twenty-three as being most expressive of their feelings at the particular gathering at which they are present :—

> "Come let us try if Jesu's love
> Will not as well inspire us :
> This is the theme of those above,
> This upon earth shall fire us.
> Say if your hearts are tun'd to sing,
> Is there a subject greater ?
> Harmony all its strains may bring,
> Jesu's name is sweeter."



Possibly no very serious fault is to be found with a gentleman who was assisted by the Scripture cards in his choice of a wife. In Nightingale's "Portraiture of Methodism," published in 1807, we are told that one of Wesley's preachers was employed one day in "choosing verses" in the company of several lady friends. He asked a certain lady to select a number, and on finding the text to be "Where thou goest, I will go ; and where thou lodgest I will lodge," he took the hint and married her.

Another instance throws a very different light on the dangers of the custom of choosing or "drawing" cards, and attaching superstitious meanings to the words found upon them. An old writer in the *Arminian Magazine*, 1791, gives a sad account of a lady who thus attached a fatal significance to "Mr. Charles Wesley's Scripture Cards." He says :— "One day she drew one for herself which was, 'my breath is corrupt, my days are extinct, the graves are ready for me.' At the same time her husband drew another for her which was, 'there is but a step between me and death.' Her sister then drew a third for her which was, 'and when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons he gathered up his feet into the bed and yielded up the ghost.'" After this we are not in the least surprised to hear that the poor lady died before the day was over.

Numerous instances are recorded of matters of business and decisions of all kinds being settled by shuffling and cutting the cards. Many good men and women firmly believed that Providence spoke to them by this means, and it will easily be seen how perilous such a habit of mind might become. John Wesley himself on more than one important occasion determined his conduct by "opening the Bible," and acting according to the tenour of the passage which first caught his eye, and this practice may have encouraged his early followers in employing the Scripture cards for the same purpose. It is certain, however, that both Wesley and his preachers subsequently discountenanced their use.

Dr. Adam Clarke wrote very strongly against them. He says, "In an evil hour they were first introduced, and have since been criminally tolerated. I have found them the constant companions of religious gossips ; and have seen them drawn for the purpose of shewing the success of journies, enterprises, etc. Very great mischief they have done to my own knowledge." As an originally innocuous and even edifying custom had thus degenerated into little better than a species of fortune-telling, it was obviously wise for the sincere and devout entirely to abandon and discourage it.

So "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," and this yellow, time-worn little pack of cards is now but an interesting relic of a curious religious "card game" over a hundred years ago.

MARY FARRAH.

Old Family Papers

A PILE of old family letters and diaries enables us to recall some historical events, public characters, and national customs as they appeared to our grandparents. Some savage customs still lingered in the land. A venerable relative used to relate to us in his old age, how, when with his regiment in Gravesend in 1816, he "hated to ride up to London, so many men were still hanging on gibbets on Shooters Hill and Blackheath." "On a windy night," he said, "when the chains rattled it was gruesome." As one walks over Blackheath now, with its pleasant villas and gay gardens, it is difficult to imagine the outrages that highwaymen perpetrated there eighty years ago, and the ghastly memorials of them. Sixty years earlier, the writer's grandfather went up to London, a little midshipman, to join his ship. He records how the pleasure of his first visit to the metropolis was clouded, for there on Temple Bar, to the horror of the little Scotchman, frowned the heads of Lord Lovat and various Scotch Jacobites.

In the earlier years of the nineteenth century the French Revolution was still a vivid and awful memory. To our grandparents, and all in old Tory surroundings, it was simply "the devil let loose for a season;" and one of them, on a visit to London in 1793, writes to his wife concisely describing the situation thus: "The French devils have murdered their King! The playhouses are all shut; I am glad I brought up my black coat."

A venerable lady, connected with my family, had been in Paris shortly before the Reign of Terror. She was then an enthusiastic young girl. Her narrative was full of thrilling interest, as she described to us a ball at the Tuileries in all its splendour. Afterwards, she watched the pathetic figure of Marie Antoinette when, holding the young Dauphin by the hand, she came out on the central balcony of the palace to bow to the people—a surly crowd below the window. In attendance upon the Queen was the beautiful Princess de Lamballe, afterwards so cruelly murdered. Though sixty long years had passed since our old friend had gazed on that lovely face, she could never recall the scene without emotion.

The following narrative in one of our old diaries, was taken down from the lips of Lord Lauderdale, who had gone to Paris full of sympathy with the popular movement, in its earlier stages. He was there known as "Citoyen Maitland." "Lord Lauderdale told Alexander* that he was in Paris the day Louis XVI. was condemned. He said he was at a dinner party—the most extraordinary he could remember—the National Assembly was at the moment sitting in judgment on their King! The party was uncommonly joyous and gay, in such a degree as is peculiar to Frenchmen. He himself felt a weight he could not shake off, and he was the more surprised at the others, as all acknowledged that they considered that day the crisis of the Revolution. But their general expectation was that it would terminate favourably for the King. However, in the course of the entertainment, as message after message came in, every one saw the gloomy turn things were taking, and by degrees the gaiety subsided, and gave place to sad forebodings. At last, when they saw that the King's fate was inevitable, they said to each other that in all probability not one of them would have his head on his shoulders by that day twelvemonths. Sure enough, except Lord Lauderdale himself and one other, not one of that party survived the Reign of Terror! There was but one present whose spirits never gave way, and that was Dumouriez. The party broke up—Lord Lauderdale had sat next the Duc de Biron—and they agreed to go to the Assembly. The Duc de Biron said he had been present at many

* Alexander Pringle, Esq., of Whytebank, afterwards M.P. for Selkirkshire. The narrative is recorded by his sister.

parties in these eventful days, of all varieties and shades of opinion, but none so extraordinary as that. When Lord Lauderdale reached the Assembly, the great subject of interest was to hear the Duc d'Orleans give his vote. Lord Lauderdale waited for it till five in the morning, and when he rose to give it, the words of that speech, Lord Lauderdale said, he never forgot. He repeated it in French to Alexander, concluding with the fatal words, 'Mort au roi!' When the Duc d'Orleans finished, there was but one feeling throughout all that mass—whatever variety of opinions there might be, it was a clenched fist and the look of disgust with which men view a traitor. But it was a French Assembly, and the feeling was momentary; they went on with their proceedings, and Lord Lauderdale slipped out, thinking it high time for him to get out of Paris, and out of France. The state of the streets struck him as he walked home. He said to Alexander, 'Have you remarked at home on any common Justiciary trial, however long protracted, there is always a crowd hanging about to hear the result?' Alexander said he had never seen it otherwise. 'Well then,' said he, 'think of my surprise on such a night to walk the streets of Paris not meeting a creature —no anxiety, no curiosity—simply the watchman going his rounds!'"

"But it was different in the country. As he went to Calais crowds were watching and asking how it went with the King. He was obliged to say he hoped it would be well with him, for he saw that it would have been dangerous to have told the truth."

Our grandparents were too near the tragedy to be able to read it aright. Burke was their only exponent of the crisis. Carlyle had not yet spoken and given to the world the deeper interpretation that retribution sure and terrible must follow oppression, luxury, and selfishness.

The following letter, hitherto unpublished, from the poet Rogers, describes the "First Consul" in Paris, shortly after the peace of Amiens. The letter is dated "Paris, November 26th, 1802." He writes:

"Bonaparte has twice exhibited himself to the people since I came, once at the monthly review when he paraded on his white charger up and down the ranks of 6,000 horse and foot in the Place de Carousal; at every turn receiving petitions into his hand from well-dressed people. And once again in a fête, when the garden in front of the Tuileries was illuminated, and when between the other Consuls he sat uncovered in the balcony in the centre, taking snuff while a band of 150 performers played and sung in the open air immediately under him for half an hour. His profile is elegant—his eyes are grey and his eyebrows scarcely distinguishable, and his face is overspread with one dead hue. His head is indeed, to use the expression of a celebrated painter here, '*une tête de mort.*' But, it is the head of a giant. He measures less than five feet five inches, but his hat, as I am well informed, will spin round the head of the tallest and most robust general in his army."

The poet evidently did not come under the spell of Napoleon, but among our old friends was an officer* who had been on duty on the island of Elba when Napoleon was there as a prisoner. By his account, "The charm of Napoleon when he chose, was irresistible, and though his countenance was often heavy and surly, it would suddenly light up with a smile that fascinated even his enemies. On one occasion, the officers in Elba invited their friends to a picnic, among them were some English ladies who were bitterly hostile to "the little corporal." After lunch the company amused themselves with a game of "forfeits," and were very merry. The penalty pronounced on one of the English ladies was that (if ever she had the opportunity) she should kiss Napoleon. While the fun was at its height a clatter of hoofs startled them and Napoleon rode up. Dismounting he stepped with a bow into the midst of the circle, and begged for a share in the merriment. No one spoke, and all looked at the lady whose blushes betrayed her. But Napoleon would take no refusal, and

* General Sir Duncan Macgregor, K.C.B.

insisted on one of the officers explaining the English game. Then with a profound bow he went up to the lady and redeemed her forfeit, saluting her with such grace that the English party cheered him! At that time it was his game to make the English military guard believe that he was perfectly satisfied with Elba as a residence, and he assured our friend that his one desire was to open up the island with good roads, but all the while Napoleon was "making tracks" far from the little island of Elba.

Seven short months elapsed, and Napoleon found himself in a more remote island. In St. Helena he made no pretence of being satisfied with either his quarters or his company! Much sympathy has been expressed for the illustrious prisoner, and indignation with the officer whose thankless task it was to guard him—but there was another side of the picture. Twenty years ago the writer made the acquaintance of Miss Lowe, daughter of Sir Hudson Lowe—a venerable lady whose life was spent in deeds of mercy. This lady thus described the very difficult position in which her father found himself in St. Helena. He had been chosen as an exceptionally vigilent and energetic officer; one who "slept with one eye open." From the moment of his arrival in the island, Napoleon kept two objects in view; the first to elude Sir Hudson's vigilance, and, failing that object, he endeavoured by ceaseless complaints to have him recalled. Some of those complaints were too petty; one was natural in the circumstances: Napoleon bitterly resented what he believed to be a studied insult on Sir Hudson Lowe's part, in always addressing him as "general," never as a royal personage. Miss Lowe said that much would have been forgiven if her father had given in on this point. But he had no choice, the English Government positively refused that Napoleon should have any other title than general. Sir Hudson Lowe regretted their decision and thought it unnecessarily irritating, but he had only to obey, and as a loyal servant, to be silent. Lady Hudson chafed under those orders of Government. She was an agreeable and sympathetic woman, and longed in some way to lighten the tedium of Napoleon's exile, but she would not ask for an audience if she was only to be permitted to address him in terms that he felt to be humiliating. It was true delicacy of feeling that kept her from ever entering into his presence. Meanwhile, the caged lion grew more and more restless and morose: surely nothing could more forcibly illustrate the vindictive state of his mind than the clause of his will relating to Wellington, dated "Longwood, in the Island of St. Helena, 25th April, 1821." Translated it runs thus: "I leave 10,000 francs to the sub-officer Cantillon, who has undergone a prosecution, being accused of a desire to assassinate Lord Wellington, of which he has been declared innocent. Cantillon had as much rights to assassinate that oligarch as the latter had to send me to perish on a rock at St. Helena."*

Napoleon must have believed the accusation, or his bequest would have been without meaning and unearned. Cantillon lived forty-five years after to enjoy his legacy.

One month after Napoleon wrote this will he passed beyond all earthly ambitions and human rivalries. Shall we ever be able to understand that wonderful personality, or to measure his greatness and his littleness? An old French lady, dazzled against her will by his victorious career, used to say to us in despair of explaining it, "Vraiment, il était un meteor!"

One happy result followed the great war—a result often overlooked—England and Scotland became one in a new sense. As of late the war with the Transvaal had drawn the colonies closer to the Mother Country, so the great war with France was the fire that melted Great Britain into one. It must be remembered that one hundred years ago the name of "Bonny Prince Charlie" was still cherished in the Highland glens, and Culloden was still a bitter memory—there were still Scotchmen of the old school who mourned over the union and the supposed

* See "Wills" in "Haydon's Dictionary of Dates."

loss of national dignity, and who would have sympathised with an old family servant who used to complain that "Scotland was just preened* on to her less muckle neighbour."

The union was far from perfect, but the war with France called all patriotic men to stand side by side—the Guards and the Highland regiments charged together at Waterloo. The Highlanders were special favourites in Wellington's army. Our old diary records: "The exemplary conduct of the 78th Highlanders when quartered at Brussels made them beloved there. They were billeted in private houses, and every one became a favourite. After the Battle of Waterloo the first ladies of Brussels were seen with their own hands dressing the wounds of those men."

England's foes and England's heroes were now the foes and heroes of Scotland also. Especially was this illustrated in the universal pride in Nelson—the whole nation gloried in his success and mourned his loss. The veteran officer already quoted related the following incident, illustrating the hold that Nelson had on the hearts of his countrymen. Our friend was serving in Portugal, and was at a banquet at the English Legation in Lisbon. At the end of the dining-hall stood a bust of Nelson. Before the dinner was ended a messenger came in bearing important despatches for the ambassador. The seals were black. The ambassador rose from the table, and, bowing to his guests, he said, "Gentlemen, excuse me, I must read those despatches alone," and left the room. The guests sat and waited in breathless anxiety. At last their host returned, and walking up without a word to the bust of Nelson, he burst into tears. Then turning to the company he said, "Gentlemen, we have gained a great victory, but at a terrible price—Lord Nelson is dead!" For some time the sense of loss overpowered all interest in the victory.

* Pinned on.

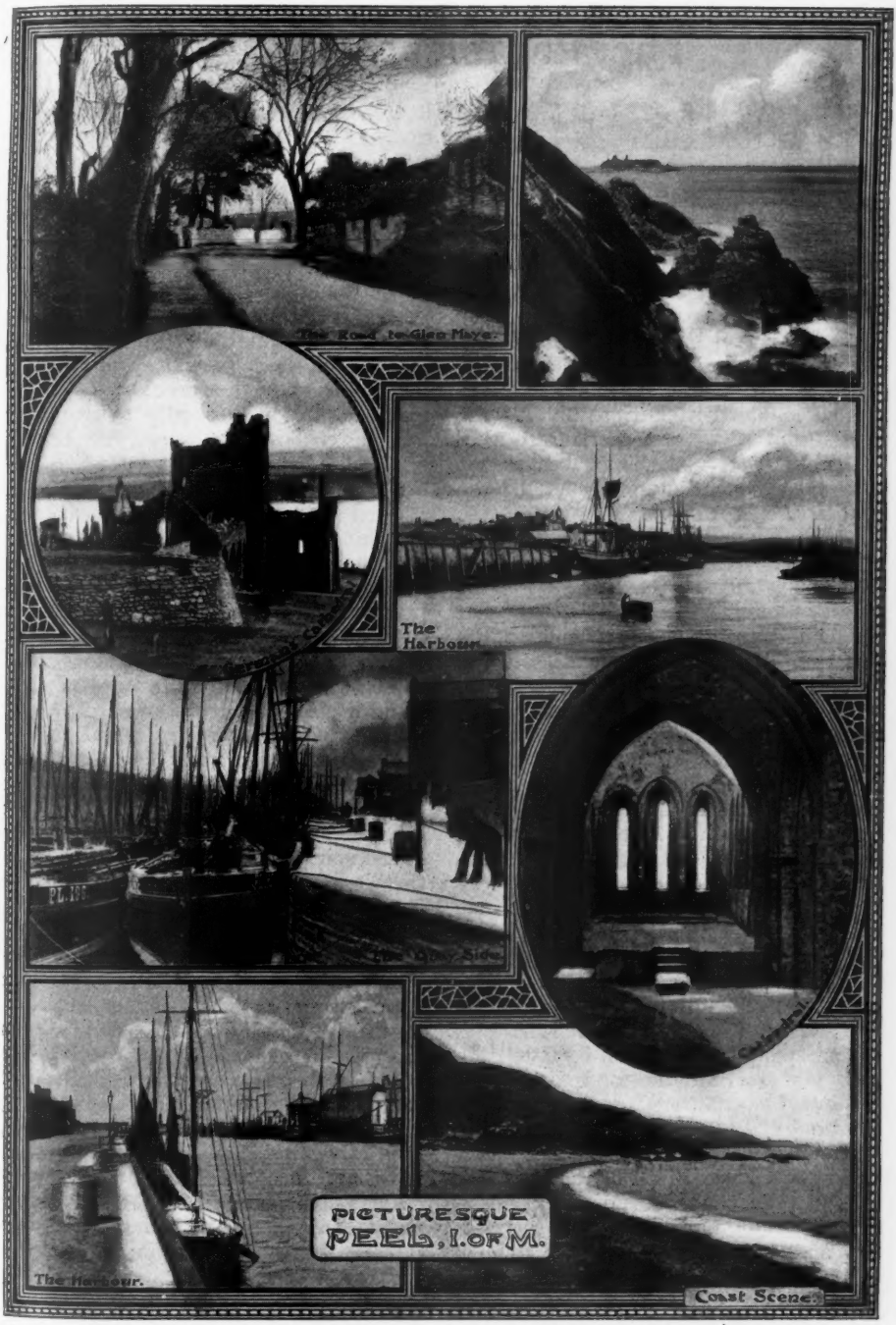
The records of the day describe that great national mourning, when "Royal Dukes, Peers of England, the Mayor and Corporation of London, and ten thousand naval and military men followed Nelson's funeral car to St. Paul's." The wave of sorrow swept over the land and flooded quiet homes far from busy London; even the children wept, and understood that a great calamity had befallen the country. A little family incident illustrates the general grief. In the home of our grandparents, on Tweedside, all the family and household were clothed in black, and the youngest girl, a child of six, "begged for a black frock too." In her long life afterwards, when many a sorrow crossed her path, she never forgot the mysterious awe of that first mourning for one whose face she had never seen, and it seemed to us a link with the past history to hear her say, "My first black frock was for Nelson!"

Nearly half a century elapsed before the Great Duke was laid beside Nelson. Wellington had lived to enjoy all the honours that a grateful nation could pour on him. We can remember well that stern but kind face and formal military salute as he rode through the streets of London in 1851. It was the year of the Great Exhibition, peace and prosperity blessed the land, and the nation felt that to none were they more indebted for that peace than to the Iron Duke. The cheers that greeted him at the Great Exhibition were as hearty as those for Royalty. Wellington lived to see the fruit of his labours and the land at rest—but Nelson was taken in England's darkest day—

> Like a summer-dried fountain
> When our need was the sorest.

Perhaps it is natural to us to exaggerate the greatness of the heroes of our early days. As in a mist on the mountains, we see a form magnified far beyond its real size, so the mist of years may deceive us, as we look back and say, "There were giants in those days."

J. BALLARD.


The Road to Glen Maye.
The Harbour.
The Harbour.
Coast Scene.
PICTURESQUE
PEEL, I. OF M.

The Parables of Jesus

X--The Unjust Steward (*St. Luke xvi.* 1-14)

THIS is a parable which excessive literalism has turned into a maze of subtleties. It has indeed difficulties of its own; but these have been magnified and complicated by a perverted industry which has attempted to extort the most fantastic theories out of every clause. A list of the hundreds of interpretations which during all these centuries have gathered round and entangled in obscurity this parable of the unjust steward is a pathetic record of wasted ingenuity—pathetic, because it represents such a pitiable abuse of the right reverence which is due to all the words of Jesus. Here, more perhaps than in any other parable, the simplest will be found to be at once the clearest and the deepest explanation. It seems plain that our Lord was using a story of worldly acuteness—a story perhaps which He had heard in ordinary talk—to teach a lesson of spiritual prudence. The details of the steward's clever fraud are of no intrinsic importance: our Lord makes no comment on them. He merely takes the man's foresight and promptitude—wicked as they were in their application—as an illustration of qualities which have a necessary place in the spiritual life.

1. The concluding words give the real key to the interpretation of the parable: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." The test of every man's real value is his answer to the question—What is the ultimate aim of your life? Tell me what you are really living for and I will tell you what you are. In the last resort, there are but two answers to that supreme question: the one, God; the other, Mammon. The aim of life must be finally either the service of self or the service of God. Most men, capable of asking themselves the question, avoid and postpone the answer. But while their thought delays, their life moves: and its main movement gives the answer. Every man's life—whatever his theories may be—is gradually settling down into a final answer. To succeed is to look that answer fairly in the face and choose and concentrate all one's energies upon it. To fail, is to avoid it, or, worse still, to adapt sometimes one answer, sometimes the other. Divided service has always the doom of failure and futility upon it. He who—in the common way of speaking—tries to "make the best of both worlds" makes nothing really of either. He merely loses his chance of enjoying either himself or God. If the unjust steward had hesitated in carrying out his crime, had allowed scruples of conscience to hamper and hinder him, he would have failed hopelessly—he would have lost both the stewardship to which he had been unfaithful and the friends whom he tried by his trick to secure. His only chance was to be prompt, thorough, unscrupulous; and he succeeded. Therefore his "lord commended the unrighteous steward because he had done prudently; for the sons of this world are for their own generation wiser, more prudent, than the sons of the light." That is, with reference to their own real standard of life, their own choice of its main motive, once they have made the choice, their success depends on the determination with which they act upon it. Because they recognise this fact, and allow no scruples to deter them, no half-heartedness and fearfulness to trouble them, they win their object. And thus, in their own chosen line, they are an example of prudence to the "sons of the light" in theirs. If these sons of the light really mean to choose God as their Master, and His service as the aim of their life, they should be just as wholehearted, decided, and courageous. If they, consciously or unconsciously, try to make terms for themselves and their own desires, or to make compromises with "the world," then they are doomed to a double failure. They will fail to enjoy Mammon because their service of it will

be spoiled by the scruples and rebukes of conscience. They will fail to enjoy God, because their service of Him will be spoiled by their indulgence of alien desires.

In teaching this lesson, the parable of the unjust steward has a striking modern parallel in Browning's poem, "The Statue and the Bust." That poem has often caused the same difficulties: it enforces the same truth. The two lovers are condemned because they had not the courage and wholeheartedness to stake all for the fulfilment of their love. Let me quote the words in which the poet points his moral;

"Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be what it will!
The counter our lovers staked was lost
As surely as if it were lawful coin:
And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say,
You of the virtue (we issue join)
How strive you? *De te, fabula!*"

That is just our Lord's warning to us who wish to be "the sons of the light," the servants of God. "Concerning you is the parable: how are *you* striving in your life's aim? Are you, for your generation—with reference to your professed purpose—showing anything like the foresight, the decisiveness, the tenacity of the unjust steward? But for *your* success these qualities are just as necessary as for his." It is a truth strangely forgotten but abundantly verified by experience that if it is worth while to be religious at all, it is worth while to be religious "out and out." That is, after all—so the parable teaches us—commonsense, prudence. The success, the happiness of religion depends upon its thoroughness. A half-heart in religion means a heavy heart. Why is it that so many of us who have set out upon the way of Christian discipleship move with steps so languid and eyes so dull, find on the road so much mere struggle and toil, so little freedom and joy? Is it not because we are not yet in our heart of hearts wholly given over to the service of God: because we are really keeping something back in our self-surrender? On the other hand, why is it that others, tried often even more severely, move along in tranquil joy, with some inner music lightening their march—those of whom Keble beautifully speaks—

"There are in this loud streaming tide
Of human care and crime
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime:
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat"?

It is because their self-surrender has been whole-hearted. They realise our Lord's promise: "There is no man that hath left home, or brethren, or sisters or mother or father, or children, or lands for my sake and for the Gospel's sake, but he shall receive a hundredfold now in this time, houses and brethren and sisters and mothers and children and lands, with persecutions, and in the world to come eternal life." The success of sacrifice is always in proportion to its completeness. If we wish to serve God at all we must will to serve Him altogether. As William Law in his wonderful "Serious Call" insists with impressive repetition, we must decide once for all and never falter in our decision that the one aim of life is to be "to seek to please God in everything as the best and happiest thing in the world." For "no servant can serve two masters; ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

2. But does this mean that we are to abandon the world altogether? to treat its duties, its business, its pursuits, its wealth as if it were a Mammon so necessarily unrighteous that we can have no dealings with it? The answer of the parable is, No. This is the second main key to the interpretation. You will find it in verse 9. followed and explained by verse 10-13. "I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends out of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when it shall fail, they may receive you into the eternal Tabernacle." The almost startling paradox of our Lord's command—to make friendship for eternity out of this unrighteous Mammon—itself arrests the attention. It is as if He said, "Do not suppose that because this Mammon is in itself unrighteous you can despise or neglect it. On the contrary, you are to use it for your eternal good: you are to accept your use of it as a test of your faithfulness. Taken as a master, followed as in itself an

all-sufficient object of life, it is unrighteous: but used as a servant, as an instrument for realising the glory of God, it is capable of providing you with resources of eternal value." The parable is a rebuke of a false "other worldliness." Business, money, position—these are opportunities entrusted to us as stewards, for which we have to give an account to our Maker. The parable shows us the place which they have in the service of God.

(i.) They furnish a discipline of fidelity (verses 10-12.) To persons of a certain temperament, it is comparatively easy to serve God in fine feelings, in devout meditations, in eager attendance at religious services, in conspicuous acts of charity. But it is a far severer test to serve God in "serving tables," in doing daily business thoroughly and cheerfully, in keeping a watchful eye on the relations of expenditure and income, in paying small debts promptly, in discharging with scrupulous care the little, often irksome duties of home and family life. But these are just the lesser duties by which our fitness for the greater duties is disciplined and tested. No man, who has accepted or continues in a post of business can plead as an excuse for neglecting it that he is engaged in religious duties. His primary religious duty is to do his business as well as he can. No woman, who is charged with the task of keeping her house, can plead as an excuse for leaving it untidy or uncomfortable, or restless, that she is busy with "Church work." Her primary church work is to be the centre of a happy home. The testimony to the real thoroughness of our religion which is at once the hardest to earn and the most rigorously exacted by the observant world is the testimony borne to it by our workaday character. Let me give a very simple illustration. Suppose the question is—"Has this young man in business the real signs of a vocation to the ministry?" Testimonials are at hand as to his devotion to church services, his eloquent addresses to children and the like. But we remain uncertain. Then a letter comes from his employers: "We gladly bear testimony to the integrity and efficiency with which Mr. A. has done his work. We entrusted him lately with a special task requiring great application and persistence; and we were entirely satisfied with the result." That letter is of decisive value. It gives to the others just the assurance which otherwise would have been wanting. For—"He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much." Nay, we may go further. There will always be something desultory, shifting, inconsistent, untrustworthy in the religious emotions or thoughts or labours which have not this solid foundation in the honest and faithful doing of a day's work. You may, for example, almost assume that a man who shows want of method in his business affairs will somehow and somewhere show want of *will* in his religion—want of honest, single-eyed consistency. A sure, steadfast, progressive spiritual life cannot be combined with slack and careless business habits. "If ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous Mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches?"

Once again we may summon an English poet to enforce this lesson of the parable. You may remember the noble words in which Tennyson's King Arthur rebukes his knights because they forsook their vows to wander in quest of the vision of the Holy Grail and vindicates his own steadfastness at the post of duty.

> "And some among you hold that if the King
> Had seen the sight he would have sworn the vow:
> Not easily, seeing that the King must guard
> That which he rules, and is but as the hind
> To whom a space of land is given to plough,
> Who may not wander from the allotted field
> Before his work be done: but being done,
> Let visions of the night or of the day
> Come as they will: and many a time they come,
> Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,
> This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
> This air that smites his forehead is not air
> But vision—yea, his very hand and foot—
> In moments when he feels he cannot die,
> And knows himself no vision to himself,
> Nor the high God a vision, nor that One
> Who rose again."

His faithfulness to his immediate duty won for him the "true riches."

(2) "Mammon" is to be used, secondly, as a means of providing resources which will stand us in good stead when we pass

from this present scene into the eternal world. The unjust steward knew that his gains were gone, past recovery, but his astuteness provided him with friends who would save him in the hour of his dismissal from beggary. We too know that an hour will come when all our Mammon—our money, comforts, successes, position—will "fail." Naked we came into the world, and naked we shall leave it. Dust we are and to dust we shall return. We cannot take with us beyond the grave our business or the success it may have gained for us, our money or the pleasures it may have bought. But we can take the good we may have won or done. The moral qualities with which our use of Mammon may have strengthened and disciplined our character, the kindness it may have enabled us to show, the compassion it may have enabled us to realise, the self-sacrifice it may have enabled us to practise, the strength and cheer it may have enabled us to give to our fellows—these are secured for us, waiting as it were in the eternal world to speak for us, and to welcome us. It is well for us to contemplate that solitary journey which awaits us all when death has knocked at the door and summoned us forth. Let me quote the words of Samuel Rutherford: "Take with you in your journey what you may carry with you, your conscience, faith, hope, patience, meekness, goodness, brotherly kindness: for such wares as these are of great price in the high and new country whither ye go. As for other things which are but this world's vanity and trash . . . ye will do best not to carry them with you. Ye found them here; leave them here." Mammon itself, after all, is "but this world's vanity and trash." It shall fail—that is certain. It has no value or credit beyond the grave. But the good we do with it—that is laid up for us in the new life to which we pass, so that we can draw upon it when we shall be stripped of all our possessions. We shall meet it as a friend ready to receive us into the eternal tabernacles.

C. G. STEPNEY.

Photograph by **Portrush** *Frith & Co., Reigate*

Behind the Lattice and the Veil

YOUR eye can scan every beauty of your European belle as she passes you by in the park or the Bois, but the possibilities of the pretty Moslem in the streets of Constantinople are merely suggested, and that in a way that is as fascinating as it is provoking.

Through a soft black net flashes the glance of dark liquid eyes, and the gleam of a dazzling alabaster complexion, and so the inevitable veil only serves to enhance a thousandfold the charms of the Turkish coquette. The Sultan is continually issuing orders enforcing the wearing of the thick black veil that effectually hides those charms, but these orders are perhaps obeyed for a day, and then the Turkish beauty again brings out her thinnest and most transparent gauze.

Just as her veil fails to hide her face, so also her trim black tchartchaff fails in its end, that of hiding her figure, and it is to-day taking lines that are distinctly Parisian, instead of being the shapeless black cloak that her grandmother wore over her baggy trousers.

But, alas ! how often the tchartchaff and the veil are but a thin disguise for the ungainly form and haggish face of the ordinary Turkish woman.

Very seldom does the true Turkish girl keep long any beauty she possesses ; like all Oriental women, she matures very early, and the reign of the belle is short.

Want of exercise, both of mind and body, soon makes the Turkish girl develope into a fat unattractive woman.

In these Eastern women their want of bodily exercise is betrayed in their ungainly figures, just as their want of mental exercise is revealed in their lack of expression, and their childish curiosity and inordinate love of gossip. I have seen some lovely Turkish girls, indeed the beauty of one haunts me still. She was sitting by the Bosphorus with her veil thrown carelessly back, revealing a perfect oval face with a creamy complexion, large dark eyes, liquid and dreamy, full crimson lips, and finely-pencilled eyebrows, and as she smiled when I passed she displayed two rows of dazzlingly white teeth. I have never, however, seen a beautiful Turkish *woman*. If you do meet a beautiful woman in a Turkish house, you will probably find on enquiring into her history that she is either a Circassian or a Georgian, two races that have for centuries supplied the Turkish harems with wives and slaves of great beauty.

The true Turkish type is a fat figure, a sallow hag-like face, with hard expressionless black eyes. You meet it every day in the *dames turques* on a Turkish railway, and directly you meet it it betrays its characteristics.

As soon as you enter a *dames turques* your fellow passengers will at once throw back their veils and devour every detail of your costume, and before you are seated you will probably be asked how much you paid for the material of your dress, nor will they scruple to take it in their hands and examine and discuss its quality. They will find out how that frill is put on, and this tuck arranged, not improbably will they pick up your skirt to see what your petticoat is like ! You will then be asked whether you are married or not, and if you are married how many children you have, what your husband's occupation is, and what income he has !

And all these questions are not impertinent in their eyes, but a rather flattering interest in your affairs, or so you must regard them.

Such curiosity is, however, the natural outcome of the limited lives they lead. They have no large interests in life, from the time they put on the veil at thirteen or fourteen their lives are a continual narrow, shut-up existence. Shut up metaphorically, not practically, Practically the Turkish woman is as free as her European sister, or at least the Turkish woman of the middle or lower classes. She goes out and in as she likes, but in her position with regard to men, and this exception means everything, the Turkish woman is a slave, a slave to the Mohammedan idea that woman is merely

an instrument for man's pleasure, that she is a plaything, a toy, she has hardly a soul, and certainly no mind.

But she has a body, and as her body gives her her only importance, it is her object in life to make that body attractive, to adorn it in silks and laces and flashing jewels. Beneath the tchartchaff almost every Turkish woman is a European, and the orthodox trousers of the Moslem women are practically never seen. It is Paris and Vienna that supply the gowns of the ladies of the grand harems, while cheap Manchester cottons in befrilled blouses of loud patterns peep out from under the tchartchaffs of the less wealthy.

The Turks love the loudest colours and boldest patterns, and as the ladies of the Royal Harem pass by in their carriages on their way to the Selamlik you catch flashes of pink and purple brocades, flowers and ribbons of red and blue and scarlet, all softened by the white muslin of the picturesque yashmak.

A Turkish Belle in Yashmak and Ferejah

Unfortunately, the yashmak is only worn on state occasions, and by ladies of high degree, though it is imagined by some people to be the universal adornment of Turkish women. The tchartchaff of black or dark coloured brocade is the ordinary street costume, worn with a black veil more or less thick.

The tchartchaff consists of a perfectly plain skirt that is slipped over the indoor dress, and a cape that is fastened over the head and tied in at the waist. The veil is first pinned on to the hair, and the tchartchaff fastened over it, keeps it in place. The black-veiled figures of the women give the only mysterious and sombre note to the prodigality of colour that makes the streets of Constantinople a continual feast for the eyes.

The most striking fact about the Turkish woman as you see her in the streets or travelling is that she is never in the company of a man, even of her own husband. To be seen with one's father would be a terrible breach of Turkish etiquette. A eunuch is the only man privileged to escort a Turkish lady, and a lady of social position never goes out except followed by her man-servant!

The higher you go in the social scale the less freedom you naturally find, and you can hardly conceive a duller existence than that of the *grande dame* of Turkey.

Harem life is not to-day the picturesque mystery usually depicted by writers of romance, but simple unalloyed dulness.

It is even unrelieved by the exciting possibilities of polygamy, for the modern, Turk, like most modern men, finds one wife quite as much as he can manage—financially speaking.

The distinction between the harem or women's apartments, and the Selamlik, the men's apartments, is, however, still rigidly observed, and the Turkish women never cross the threshold of the Selamlik. Most Turkish households are composed of a mixed crowd of relations. There is usually the mother of the head of the house, who is, after him, the person of most importance in it, then possibly one or two aunts or uncles, besides the mistress and the children of the house, and if any of the daughters of the house are married they at least begin their married life in their old home. I knew of one old Turk

whose household, including his slaves, consisted of forty people—but then he was old-fashioned enough to have two wives!

In spite of the proverbial mother-in-law these mixed families are not the Fiasco one would expect from our Western experience, and the reason is not far to seek. In an Eastern household everyone has their clearly defined position, and as they accept that position there is no friction. The harem is often under the rule of an old hag of a grandmother, but it *is* under her rule, and as there is no rebellion consequently there is peace.

The profoundest respect for parents is inculcated by all Mohammedan teaching, and this gives the mother-in-law her privileged position, and also exacts from the young people a deference that is, unfortunately, quite out of fashion in the West. The precocious child and the emancipated daughter are both unknown quantities in the Turkish family, for there the old adage of children's being seen and not heard is still put into practice, and unless they are spoken to, children even when of age, are never expected to speak, either at table or in any assembly of their elders.

Although smoking is so universal a habit among Turkish women, it would be considered very disrespectful for a girl to smoke in the presence of older people, though she might do it with impunity among her contemporaries. In everything, even in the greeting between a parent and his child, when the latter respectfully kisses her father's hand, in everything is seen the deference that youth pays to age. "A man can get another wife, but he cannot get another mother," is the Turk's explanation of putting his mother before his wife, and as it is the accepted order of things, the wife does not feel aggrieved.

Moreover, it is to his mother's agency that the Turk usually owes his wife, for the Turkish mother with a marriageable son goes the round of the harems and selects the most eligible *parti*, for whom the son then makes an offer. If his offer be accepted by the lady's parents, the civil contract takes place, and is celebrated by a big dinner party. This dinner is given by the bride's father, and the guests of the harem and the Selamlik dine separately.

Though they are both under the same roof, celebrating the most important event in their lives, the betrothed couple do not see each other, and even if the engagement be one of some years' duration, the bridegroom does not see his bride's face until the moment he throws back her veil after they are man and wife, when he looks for the first time on the face of the woman he has married!

At this critical moment the young couple are left alone, and it is interesting to notice the bridegroom's expression as he emerges from the ordeal.

"*Elle est comme ci, comme ca,*" was one young man's sole comment, accompanied by an eloquent shrug, as he rejoined the company after beholding his bride for the first time.

"*Mais elle est charmante, tout à fait charmante,*" was the enthusiastic remark of a happier bridegroom under the same circumstances.

It is all a question of chance, but it does not seem to work out badly. I have seen perfectly happy old married couples who had never seen each other until after they were married. After all, love is blind, and, therefore, not infrequently makes mistakes, and chance itself is no blinder.

Until they are married the young man is expected to send frequent presents to his *fiancée*, presents of jewellery or dress usually, as these are the two things best beloved of the Turkish woman. During the yearly feast of Bairam, however, the bride's father must send to his future son-in-law a *trousseau*, consisting of two complete sets of apparel, from two collars down to two pairs of shoes!

The monotony of a Turkish girl's life can hardly be conceived by us who enjoy the varied free life of Western women. At fifteen or sixteen, or even earlier, she becomes engaged, but that fact makes little or no difference to her life, and when she is married even she probably continues to live in the house in which she was born, without even the break of a honeymoon!

From its very *raison d'être* the life in

a harem must be monotonous, to be cut off from all intercourse with men means that every family must live very much to itself, since there can be no unrestrained intercourse between unrelated families. And, except for ceremonious calls upon each other, the women of Turkish families have no outside interest in their lives. and fasting in the month of Ramazan is, as a rule, all the religion they occupy themselves with. Harem life is like convent life, but with this important difference that harem life has no inspiration and no resource.

Nor is the modern harem itself the luxuriously comfortable abode depicted

Ladies in Yashmak followed by Maid in Tchartchaff

They are not allowed even to enter a restaurant or café. There are no concerts or theatres or balls for them, nothing excepting such entertainments as the rich are able to have privately in their harems. Reading, smoking, working, and a little walking is the unvaried programme of their daily lives, and every day is like every other, even the Moslem Sunday (Friday) brings no variety.

The women only go to Mosque once a year, unless they are religious, and the higher class Turkish women are not usually religious This yearly visit to the Mosque by painters of the East. To begin with, it is usually Europeanized until it has no touch of the East, and is only a travesty of the taste of the West. The rugs and hangings and divans are all superseded by linoleums and muslin curtains, and velvet upholstered chairs! The wall-papers are in colouring and pattern what you would have chosen for your servants' bed-rooms twenty years ago! The rooms are more like the showrooms of an upholsterers than the lived-in rooms of a home, excepting that the modern upholsterer is artistic.

I remember once being ushered into the dining-room of a grand Pacha's harem, where the furniture was all maplewood upholstered in scarlet velvet, the floor covered with a brown linoleum, and the paper buff with bunches of mustard-colour roses! In one corner of the room there was a fitted wash-hand basin of yellow china, with a magenta-flowered pattern. This hideous innovation took the place of the silver jug and basin usually held by slaves at the door of the room before and after meals for those dining to wash their fingers in, for the Turks always wash before and after eating, a custom that is a relic of the time when fingers were more in requisition than forks!

The Turkish women have lost all their own Oriental picturesqueness, and have not yet gained that indefinable charm that belongs to cultivated women of the West, a charm that is revealed, even in the atmosphere of a Western woman's home.

Many Turkish women are highly educated; they read and speak, perhaps, English and French, they are often good musicians, and usually beautiful workers, but all those little touches and little graces that reveal a woman in a house are entirely wanting in an Eastern harem. The women check all their natural Oriental taste and strive to be European, and the result is pitiable. They have given up their beautiful Eastern embroidery for crude European crewel work on satin. They think flowers in the house the proper thing so they have a hideous conglomeration of velvet and satin atrocities in gilt jars. The truth is they are like children; they have still to be educated. At present they blindly imitate without any discrimination, but increased intercourse with Europeans will be their education, and in this the salvation of the Turkish woman lies.

This intercourse is at present not particularly encouraged. I know, for instance, one Turkish professor who was summoned to appear before the Chief of the Police because his wife had been reported by spies as being present at an afternoon tea party at an American house!

In our free country we can hardly imagine the want of liberty the Turks endure. You never know whether or not your next door neighbour is a spy paid to report your outgoings and incomings, the most innocent of which are subject to suspicion.

I once invited a Turkish girl to take coffee with me after dinner, and although our houses were only a quarter of a mile away from each other, she had to refuse as the Sultan had just issued an Irade enforcing the regulation that no Turkish woman should be out after sunset! A Turkish woman has not only not to be seen by a man, but she must run no avoidable risk of being seen by one, hence it is quite impossible for her to mix freely with Europeans. If she pays an afternoon call and is shown into a drawing-room where any men are present, a sort of polite panic ensues, which is uncomfortable not only for the hostess but also for the visitor herself.

The present Sultan is continually repressing any sign of emancipation in the Turkish woman, having even gone so far, I believe, as to express his disapproval of foreign governesses in harems. His object is, of course, perfectly clear: he is afraid of the political result of educating the women of his country, knowing the power and influence women possess.

MARGARET MACGREGOR

The Incident of the Bank Counter

By John Pendleton

THOUGH every individual at one time or other yearns for wealth, habitual dabblers in lucre have generally been regarded with feelings of contempt. The money changers in the Temple received scant courtesy. The Jews who came to this country at the heels of the Normans waxed fat on usury; but were deprived of houses and lands, and compelled by the rough and ready methods of the first King Edward's time to disgorge the substantial sums they had accumulated by high rates of interest.

The Lombards, the Italian merchants who succeeded the Jews as money-lenders, were ousted in turn by the London goldsmiths. The latter, a sturdy, shrewd set, held their own for a time, and developed into a useful body of bankers; yet they did not escape the Nemesis that, in a less civilised age, inevitably overtook hoarders of gold. These men were particularly valuable to the Crown, which fell into the convenient but awkward habit of seizing their cash balances. The Chancellor of the Exchequer at his wit's end how to make both ends meet, after the abnormal war expenditure, must look back with a sigh of regret to this free and easy process of making up a deficit. But it had a drawback. The arbitrary withdrawal of ready money from circulation paralysed trade, and at the close of the seventeenth century the Bank of England was established practically as a financial safeguard.

Gradually the private banker has been superseded by the joint stock bank of this or that company both in London and the provinces. His dingy den has given place to conspicuous building of more or less architectural beauty; and his old battered desk to the highly polished mahogany or rosewood counter. With the expansion of trade, and the extension of business, bankers have not only lost their disrepute for usury, but even their individuality. No one pretends that the joint stock bank, which is really a money-making machine, is carried on as a philanthropic institution. It is essentially a dividend maker, demanding like Shylock, its pound of flesh, or rather its five per cent. interest, or more if the bank rate is higher, on its loans; but it is a great convenience alike to public body, to trader, and to private individual.

Of course the person with a big overdraft is apt to think that every half-year gets shorter, and the charges for interest, commission, and postage heavier; but the customers who keep fairly straight with their balances, are, on the whole, satisfied with their treatment. Banking has become so popular that nearly everybody with large or small income, can produce a pass-book and banks have multiplied in our cities, and opened branches in the remotest villages. Indeed, the bank inspector, going his gin-horse round to examine the books, is obliged now and again to go further than the railway—to drive possibly for miles over country road, or moorland track, till he has reached his distant objective.

The steady flow of business at the head office of bank in city, or the almost somnolent case of financial life in branch bank in small town, seems to give little opportunity to either tragic or diverting incident. The clerks are staid, or impassive, whether the bank is in busy street that shakes with the move of traffic, or in old-fashioned market-place, that echoes with solitary footfall, or the lowing of kine, yet there is no centre of our commercial system so prolific in incident as the bank counter.

Agent or clerk lapses from rectitude, trumps up the story of a daring bank robbery, and actually assaults himself to avert suspicion till the books are examined and his crime is, as it were, nailed to the counter. The impudent thief by glove, umbrella, or other tricks, diverts the customer's attention, and manages to seize a bundle of bank notes, or a cashier's bag, and disappears, till his conscience, or more imperative detective discloses his whereabouts. The bank counter, or the

greed of gold it prompts is responsible for a variety of wickedness, from theft and forgery to murder; but it is also the arena of awkward and humorous incident, accentuated in some degree by the ignorance of the customer on one side, and the mask of stoicism worn by the clerk on the other.

The bank clerk is invariably gentlemanly; but he is never fussy or demonstrative. He knows the value of self-repression, and impresses the customer with the idea that he is hard and metallic like the gold he shovels. Though suavely polite, especially to a lady, or a profitable customer, he has no sense of humour while on duty. He is too lofty to enjoy a joke in business hours. Not long ago a tipsy artisan deceived by the brass plate on the door, lurched into a bank in a northern city, and swaying against the immaculate counter under the impression that it was a public house bar, shouted, "A glass o' bitter!" "How will you take it?" softly murmured the bland clerk. The question was the stereotyped one, familiar to every payee at the bank counter; but it was new to the fuddled individual, who looked up in amazement, scratched his head, and staggered out muttering.

Industrial vernacular seldom perturbs the bank clerk. The shock-headed man, covered with brick dust, who entered a branch bank, and aggressively asked, "Is the foreman in?" was subdued by the clerk's equable reply: "No, sir. We call him the manager; and you will find him at the head office."

The story is told of a rich old lady, who had nearly twenty thousand pounds standing to her credit at the bank, and yet was so ingenuous that she never expected any interest on her money. She was content that the bank, as in the case of property, deeds and jewellery, should hold her cash "for safe custody." The agent, of course, was only too delighted, for the old lady's whim meant a yearly saving of a nice sum to his company; and he was particularly respectful and sympathetic whenever she hobbled to the counter. She was altogether a different type of woman from the impulsive lady who bounces up to the bank counter, tugs at the fastening of her reticule, rasps open the bag, and flings a crumpled cheque over the box containing the credit notes, saying in melodramatic tone: "gold!" This is perhaps the only person that flutters the clerk. "Have you an account here," he mildly asks, smoothing out the cheque, and examining the signature. "No," she says sharply. "I'm afraid I cannot cash the cheque," he says, passing it slowly towards her. "Why?" she demands, indignantly, her face reddening like the glow of sunset, as she scowls, or flashes a look of defiance at the clerk. "It's a crossed cheque, madam," he says apologetically. "Well, crossed or not, what does it matter to me—I want my money—do you think I'm trying to swindle you?" she asks wildly. "No, madam," says the clerk awkwardly. "But we cannot depart from our rule. It's a crossed cheque; practically an instruction to us not to cash it. You will have to pass it through some friend's banking account." "Well—I never!" bursts out the woman, snatching the cheque, and stalking out of the bank in a fury, to see her solicitor, who has paid over her "little legacy" by crossed cheque.

Usually the fortunate people to whom legacies are payable enter the bank with pleasurable anticipation, and leave the counter satisfied with themselves and all the world. They are in a bubble of gratitude to the "dear departed," and apt to be generous to their friends. Two women in this emotional condition went to a bank, produced their cheques as payees, endorsed them, on the clerk's instructions and duly received the amounts to which they were entitled. But to the clerk's surprise they loitered near the counter whispering. He overheard such remarks as "I think he ought to have something." "No; he's above it." "You try." Then one of the women leaning confidentially over the counter, offered him twopence for his trouble, with a glib reference to its possible expenditure at the nearest public house. The clerk politely refused the doucier; but the lady insisted that he should take it, till she was informed that it was altogether against the rules of the bank that its servants should receive tips.

Then one of the women offered him twopence

Another of the fair sex, "coming into a large sum of money," was both maternal and lavish, offering the clerk who cashed the cheque, a sovereign saying: "You can buy your little girl a new frock with that!" "I haven't got a girl," he said, somewhat flustered. "Well, keep it till you get one," remarked the lady, pushing the coin towards him. "But I'm not married, madam," jerked out the clerk. "Oh, never mind," said the woman coolly. "Save it till you are!"

Nearly every person presenting a cheque at the counter for cash, gives a more or less senseless reply to the clerk's query: "How will you have it?" But the Uriah Heap person—the very humble individual—perhaps arouses the greatest disdain, especially if he goes on in this way: "Yes—thank you—it's a nice day, if not inconvenient I should like £20 in gold. And perhaps you could let me have £5 in half-sovereigns, and if it would not trouble you, £5 in silver." The man has, apparently, no idea that the safe is congested with gold and silver, and that it would not inconvenience the bank to pay him £3,000, instead of £30, were his cheque drawn for the larger sum.

The customer, after long association with the bank, is apt to look upon it rather as a gold mine into which he can continually dip without question. But that is not the opinion that obtains on the other side of the counter. "Can you let me have £50?" he says jauntily, pushing a penny for the cheque towards Midas. "Yes," says the agent; but being perhaps a little uneasy as to the customer's account, he adds, in sepulchral whisper: "Will you be paying something in soon?"

The bank clerk, on the other hand, is now and again placed in awkward pos tion, and is especially liable to shock in financial panic. Bullion must be plentiful or ruse adroit to stop the run, and there is both dramatic and pathetic incident at the bank counter. The failure of the Glasgow Bank, and the more recent collapse of Dumbell's in the Isle of Man were prolific in sad incident; but perhaps the run, lately, on one of the branches of the Manchester and Salford Savings' Bank produced the most ludicrous experience in the history of banking. A barber's customer undergoing the process of lathering, happened to mention the panic. The youth, who was dreamily wandering over his face, suddenly dropped the soap-sud brush, and fled from the shop. The proprietor was amazed; the customer indignant, but the latter finally clean shaved by another assistant, went his way. By-and-by, the youth, breathless, dashed into the shop.

"Where have you been, you fool?" asked the irate barber.

"I've been to the bank, sir," gasped the youth.

"What for?" asked his master.

"To draw out my money, sir."

"Had you much in?"

"Yes, sir; two shillings!" jerked out the youth, feverishly rattling his enormous capital now safely ensconced in his trousers-pocket. But the boy's withdrawal of his deposit was scarcely representative of the seriousness of the run. The bank paid £30,000 over the counter to disquieted customers; but did it with so little inconvenience that confidence was restored, and the bulk of the money paid in again.

The banker is thoroughly aware that he is not liable for the forged endorsement of a cheque, if he sees, that the name on the back tallies with the signature on the front of it. But the bank clerk, or cashier, who outwits the forger, is naturally proud of his achievement. He does this, now and again, in the politest way, simply telling the adventurer that there is evidently something wrong with the advice note, or signature, and asking him to call again. But the man, once off the threshold avoids that bank as though it were a pestilence, and considers himself fortunate if he does not find himself in the grasp of the police.

The bank note forger is more daring. He has become so expert, that he may possibly deceive the most experienced clerk. In a recent case, in which spurious notes were distributed in the metropolis "as freely as if they were tracts," a bank cashier handling one of skilful imitation, said: "There is something funny about the note; but I cannot pronounce it a

bad one." The forger prefers to get rid of his flimsy through confederates in tavern or shop; but though he says he "is not such a mug as to attempt to get one changed into cash himself," he has been known to brave detection at the bank counter, with the possible sequel of penal servitude.

The genuine Bank of England note has an interest apart from its money value, and its tendency to encourage crime. It is a work of art, especially its figure of Britannia, designed by Maclise, and it is pleasant to the touch, for there is an intuitive impression of wealth in its crisp feel and crackling sound obtained by the fine new linen of which it is manufactured. The "Story of a Bank Note" should be even more interesting than Jerrold's "Story of a Feather." The Bank of England will give value for a damaged note, if there is sufficient proof that the note is genuine. And this fact is frequently consolatory, insamuch as the tidying propensity of the British housewife, and the sweeping away of litter by the impatient business man are responsible for the destruction of many bank notes. The most careful individual, seeing a crumbled piece of paper on the mantelpiece, or on desk, has an irresistible desire to fling it into the grate; and in the Bank of England there are preserved ashes and fragments of notes that have been raked out of the fire. Probably two of the most curious relics, in the bank are the bits of paper that remain from twenty torn bank notes discovered in an old bedtick, and a number of sea-stained bank notes taken from the *Eurydice* which was wrecked by a squall in the Channel.

The question arises, "how does the money get to the bank counter?" The suggestion is that beyond the tills filled with gold, and the cupboard-like recesses, in the desk partitions, sprinkled with silver, loose, or in five-pound packets, or containing stacks of pass-books, there are huge bags or coffers in safe and strong room, heaped with bullion in readiness for any emergency. To some extent this is true, for the provincial banks in great cities keep a liberal supply of money at hand; but they would perhaps be temporarily inconvenienced by a run, and some years ago, an influential bank in a Midland city, anticipating from various rumours that customers might at any hour begin a rush for their money, sent two clerks to the Bank of England for bullion that amounted to five figures. The precious load was safely transferred from the vaults of the Bank in Threadneedle Street, to a cab, and from the cab to an engaged compartment of the north express at Euston. The clerks, armed with revolvers, were locked in with their treasure, and the guard of the train, who had been apprised of their precious load, came to the carriage door at every stopping-place, to see if "everything was right," for one never knows what may happen in a highly civilised country. So carefully had the transit of the bullion been planned, that its custodians were not permitted to quit the carriage for refreshment. Luncheon was served to them through the window, and they ate, with their eyes alternately on the plates and on the boxes filled with gold. Eventually they reached their destination in safety, with two detectives, in plain clothes, as protectors; and when the run came, several days afterwards, the staff were easily able to allay the fears of the customers, and to maintain the bank's credit.

Few people have any idea of the enormous sums that pass to and from London, in the shabby looking vehicles known as the "bullion van." More than one English and Continental mail has been robbed; and the railway thief is ever on the alert to filch luggage, the more valuable the more tempting. He has a craving for the jewel cases of the wealthy; but he does not often break into bank hoard in transit. The "bullion van." is safeguarded beyond the thief's ingenuity; yet it has been the scene of tragic incident. Some years ago one of these vehicles was sent from Scotland to London, with specie, in charge of two clerks. One fell dead at his post; and the other had to guard the treasure and his lifeless comrade, on the long run to the next stop, a weird and pathetic duty.

Statute Fairs and "Mops"

EVERY year during the autumn, a large number of people from all parts of the British Isles journey to Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon.

This visit does not always arise from a spirit of veneration for the birthplace of England's greatest poet and dramatist, or the locality in which he lived. The visit at this season is more often prompted by the desire to witness the famous Warwick and Stratford "Mops" or Statute Fairs. Ancient records show that these and similar fairs date back to very early periods, and at first were thorough commercial institutions, where goods difficult to obtain in the ordinary channels of dealing were brought ready to the hands of the buyers.

The Fortune-Teller at Warwick Statute Fair

The idea of profitably disposing of one's wares at these Statute Fairs seems, as time went on, to have evolved somewhat, for we find domestic servants, dairy maids, farm labourers, etc., realising that their opportunities of getting, or improving their, situations were greatly enhanced owing to the influx of visitors at such times. Eventually the hiring of servants became a regular and important feature of the Statute Fair.

The "Mop" however, according to Dr. Brewer, seems to represent the degenerate Statute Fair. Brewer says: "Some few days after the Statute Fair, a second, called a 'Mop' is held for the benefit of those not already hired. This fair mops, or wipes up, the refuse of the Statute Fair, carrying away the dregs of the servants left."

Sir Frederick Morton Eden, Bart., in his "State of the Poor," 1797, tells us in one of his notes: "In Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, and Berkshire, servants continue to attend the *Mopp* or *Statute*, as it is called (i.e. Michaelmas Fair), in order to be hired. Each person has a badge, or external mark, expressive of his occupation. A carter exhibits a piece of whip-cord tied to his hat; a cow-herd has a lock of cow-hair in his; and the dairymaid has the same descriptive mark attached to her breast. So in the North of England, at the spring hiring-term, the servants to be hired, who are almost always persons to be employed in husbandry, are to be distinguished from others who attend the market by their wearing a large *posie*, or *boquet* of flowers attheir breasts; which is no unapt emblem of their calling. Even in London, bricklayers and other house-labourers carry their respective implements to the places where they stand for hire; for which purpose they assemble in great numbers, in Cheapside and at Charing Cross, every morning at five or six o'clock."

It is recorded that in the year 1260 John de Plessetis granted a Charter to the burgesses of Warwick for a "Three days' faire." A fair to transact business such as that mentioned above.

How long it remained a business fair seems a very doubtful point, but there is every reason to assume that the frivolous element was quickly introduced, and with surprising results.

Large crowds of people invariably appreciate the efforts of those who try to entertain them. And the boisterous merriment devices, such as catching soaped pigs, climbing greasy poles for a leg of mutton, eating hot hasty puddings, grinning through horse-collars, wheelbarrow and sack races, etc., seem to have largely provided "mirth and diversion to the gaping crowd." The enterprising showman with his marvels real, and unreal, and his accompanying throng, did the rest.

In "Brand's Popular Antiquities" is recorded a note relating to "Bartholomew Faire" in 1641, which will serve to illustrate how popular this entertaining element seems to have become. It reads as follows: "Hither resort people of all sorts and conditions. Christ Church cloisters are now hung full of pictures. It is remarkable and worth your observation to beholde and heare the strange sights and confused noise in the faire. Here a knave in a fool's coate, with a trumpet sounding, or on a drumme beating, invites you to see his puppets; there a rogue like a wild woodman, or in an antick shape like an incubus, desires your company to view his motion; on the other side, hocus pocus, with three yards of tape, or ribbin, in's hand, showing his art of legerdemaine, to the admiration and astonishment of a company of cockoloaches. Amongst these, you shall see a gray goose-cap (as wise as the rest), with a what do ye lacke, in his mouth, stand in his boothe, shaking a rattle, or scraping on a fiddle, with which children are so taken, that they presentlie cry out for these fopperies; and all these together make such a distracted noise, that you would thinck Babell were not comparable to it. Here there are also your gamesters in action; some turning of a whimsey, others throwing for pewter, who can quickly dissolve a round shilling into a three halfpenny saucer . . . well fare the alehouses therein, yet better may a man fare (but at a dearer rate) in the pig-market, alias pasty-nooke, or pye-corner, where pigges are alhoures of the day on the stalls piping hot, and would cry (if they could speak) 'come eat me.'"

This description of a seventeenth century "Faire" if applied to the "Mop" or Statute Fair of to-day, with one or two slight modifications, would not be at all inapplicable.

It is true the modern riding machines with their dazzling electric lights, abundant glittering external ornaments, and organs of varying musical capabilities, have created a newer and more healthy atmosphere amongst such institutions which compliment might also be extended to the ever-advancing cinematograph, which, in a similar manner, has superseded the many undesirable side-shows. Yet the description of "Bartholomew Faire" given above, would hold good in many points.

The "strange sights and confused noise," the "knave in a fool's coate," the wild woodman,—better known to-day, perhaps, as "The Wild Man of the Woods"—the conjuror "showing his art of legerdemaine," the clown with his "rattle, or scraping on a fiddle," the "gamesters in action,"—with cheap silver watches as baits; and in more humble form as Professors in flaming red cap and gown, who for the small fee of one penny and the date of your birth will foretell your future life, and "guarantee to give everybody satisfaction"—these are there as large as ever.

Even the "piping hot" pigs still remain, a number of which could be seen roasting whole in the streets of Stratford on Wednesday, October 12th, of last year. Not to mention nine ox-roastings, which the writer counted in the various streets of the town on the same day.

One of these latter events at Warwick is here illustrated. The large gravy tins and spoon should be observed. The method is to build, in the open market square or street, a three-sided wall, which carries fire-bars, and so serves as a huge fire-place. The ox is then impaled whole on a thick pole or "spit," braced with iron stays, in front of the

fire. The pole at one end has a wheel attached which is manipulated by means of the spokes, and in this way the ox is continually turned round as it roasts. When cooked it is retailed out to the numerous visitors at 6d. and 8d. per plate with vegetables.

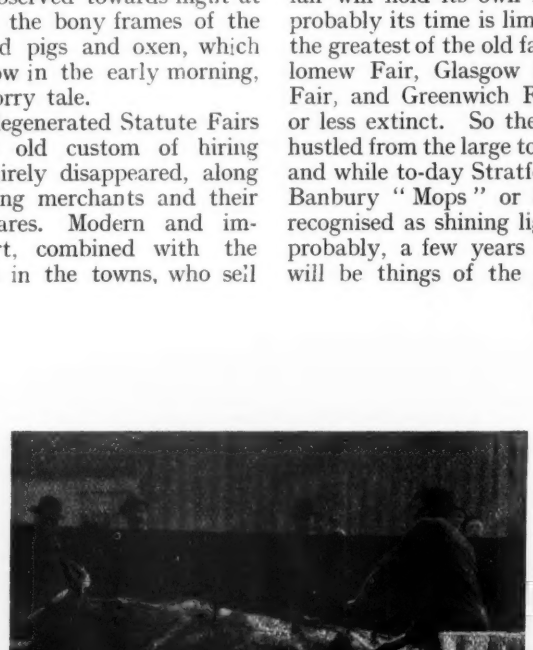
That the thousands of visitors and excursionists do ample justice to this fare can be readily observed towards night at Stratford, where the bony frames of the numerous roasted pigs and oxen, which made a bold show in the early morning, tell their own sorry tale.

Such are the degenerated Statute Fairs of to-day. The old custom of hiring servants has entirely disappeared, along with the travelling merchants and their miscellaneous wares. Modern and improved transport, combined with the numerous dealers in the towns, who sell all necessary articles, has sounded the death-knell of the old time fairs.

Amongst the subsisting rites of these old customs, one which remains much as it was first adopted, is that of publicly proclaiming the opening day and duration of the fair. This is still carried on, at least at Warwick.

How long the present day crude pleasure-fair will hold its own is difficult to say; probably its time is limited, for nearly all the greatest of the old fairs such as Bartholomew Fair, Glasgow Fair, Donnybrook Fair, and Greenwich Fair are now more or less extinct. So these institutions get hustled from the large towns to the smaller, and while to-day Stratford, Warwick, and Banbury "Mops" or Statute Fairs, are recognised as shining lights of their kind, probably, a few years hence, these, too, will be things of the past.

JOHN J. WARD.



Ox-Roasting at Warwick Fair

The Shelf and the World

The Early Icelanders—We-mund's Boast—The Story of Fly, the Mare—Thang-brand, the Christian—Cormac appraises Steingerd—The Tricks of Memory—John Poole and Charles Macklin—The Tedium of Uniform Spelling—American Pronunciation—In the Interest of Poets—Practical Jokes—A Subject for a Picture and Story.

THE most interesting book that I have read for a very long time is the *Origines Islandicæ* of the late Gudbrand Vigfusson and Frederick York Powell, being a collection of sagas and other writings relating to the settlement and early history of Iceland. For all its learned air, its notes and indexes, genealogies and sub-sections, it is packed with human nature, expressed in the simplest and most direct prose that exists—for the translation is as terse and straightforward as the original. The first book to be given is the *Landnáma-Bóc*, or the book of settlements, compiled early in the twelfth century by Are. It sets down very briefly the history of the founders of the Icelandic families, but now and then extends the narrative a little down some picturesque by-way. Here is a passage :—

Hrod-Wolf Hewer or Slasher was the name of a man. He dwelt at North More, and his homestead was called Mould-ton. His sons were these : We-mund and Mould-peak, great fighters, and blacksmiths both. We-mund quoth this verse to his brother while he was at the smithy working :—

" I bore alone from eleven men
The fame of slaying. Blow harder thou ! "

And here is the story of a horse which it pleased the old historian to incorporate :—

Thore Dove-Neb was a freedman of Oxen-Thore. He came in his ship into the mouth of Gong-scard-water. The whole country-side to the west was settled ere this ; so he went north over Iockle-water to Land-slip, and took land in settlement between Gleed-blast-water and Deep-water, and dwelt at Fly-mere.

At that time there came out a ship into the mouth of Colban's river oyce-mouth laden with live stock, and they lost in Brine-ness-shaw a young mare ; and Thore Dove-neb bought the chance of finding her, and found her. She was the swiftest of all horses, and was called Fly. Erne was the name of a man that went about the land from point to point ; he was a wizard. He waylaid Thore in Win-ware-dale, against his riding south of the Keel, and wagered with Thore as to which of them had the better horse, for he had a very good stallion ; and each of them laid 100 pieces of silver. They both rode south over the Keel, till they came to a course which is now called Dove-neb's course ; but there was such great difference between the horses, that Thore had turned, and was coming to meet Erne, who was no more than half way up the course. Erne took the loss of his wager so to heart, that he would not live any longer ; and he went up under a fell that is now called Erne's fell, and did away with himself. But as for Fly she was left at Dove-neb's-course, for she was very tired ; and when Thore came back from the Moot he found a grey and dark-maned stallion with her. She was big with foal by him and from these sprang Eith-fax, which was sent abroad, and was seven men's death at Miors in one day, and perished there. Fly was lost in a moss at Fly-mere.

Later in the book we come to the *Libellus Islandorum* and the *Christne Saga*, which describe the coming of Christianity to Iceland and the change of religion. The *Libellus* records :—

An-laf Rex, the son of Tryggve, the son of An-laf, the son of Harold Fair-hair, brought Christendom into Norway and into Iceland. He sent hither to the land the priest that was called Thang-brand, and he here taught men Christendom, and baptized all them that received the faith. But Hall o' Side, the son of Thorstan, let himself be baptized at the first, and Shelty Scegge's son of Thurs-water-dale, and Gizor the White, the son of Tait, the son of Cetil-beorn's son of Moss-fell, and many other chiefs. Nevertheless they were the more part that spake against and refused it. And when he had been there one winter or two, then he went away, and he slew here two or three men who had libelled him.

For the proper appreciation of the *Origines Islandicæ* it is necessary to have also the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale* of the same editors, to follow the many cross references to the lyrical passages. That is a book which it is not too easy to possess. There is nothing in the new book quite so fine as Cormac's verses in the *Corpus* on Steingerd's worth :—

One eye of hers, that lies in her fair face, I value at three hundreds. The locks she is combing (she is a costly thing) I value at five hundreds. The whole body of her that makes my misery I value at Iceland, Hunland, the land of the Hords (Norway), and Denmark. I value her at England, Sweden, and Ireland too. The

slates shall float as light as corn on the water, and the earth shall sink, the huge mountains shall drop into the deep sea, ere a lady so fair as Steingerd shall be born. Yet she loves me not !

That the tricks of memory are very extraordinary every one has noted, but there is one of her vagaries upon which I have never seen any comment, and that is her occasional whim to inflict aphasia upon two or three persons at the same moment. The other evening, for example, three people sitting at table and reminding each other in turn of the good things in *Adam Bede*, and all well versed in George Eliot, were each unable to recall the name of Mrs. Poyser. This sounds incredible, but it is true. All knew Mrs. Poyser's name as well as their own, but one of them forgetting it, the other two, by what looks like infectiousness, forgot it also. It seems to me that what one forgets can be as wonderful as what one remembers. The humorist who said he had a poor memory but an excellent forgettery was perhaps very near a truth. It is possible that Memory has her mischievous (or kindly) sister: that they are really two, one against the other, and not, as we have been accustomed to think, one, who occasionally naps.

Lapses of memory can be very comic. The funniest farce which I think I ever saw was based entirely on an excellent forgettery. It was called "Mr. Gatherwool at Home," one of Charles Mathews's rapid eccentricities, and when I saw it, it was played by Mr. Kendal. Mr. Gatherwool forgets everything immediately, with much more completeness than even "The Headless Man" did. In one of his letters Dickens tells Macready of his visits to Poole, the dramatist, then an old man with a failing memory. He was in the habit, whenever he came upon a word in the paper which he did not understand, or when he thought of anything he wished to communicate, of writing it down to ask or tell Dickens when next he called. On one occasion he had on his paper, among other things, the questions, "What is croquet?" and "What is an Albert chain?" On another he spent some minutes searching his mind and his notes for a very important remark which he wished to make. At last he came upon it: "Thank God I am not a dram-drinker." This is a little like the passage in the *Life of Macklin* where Kirkman describes literally a conversation with the old actor, then well over a hundred. His faculties were fairly sound, but the continual loss of words, even very simple and necessary ones, troubled him. As thus:—

Q. But does it not afford you great pleasure when any person comes to see you?

A. Why, not so much as one would expect, sir.

Q. Are you not pleased when your friends come and converse with you?

A. I am always very happy to see my friends, and I should be very happy to hold a—a—a, see there now——

Q. A conversation you mean, sir?

A. Ay, a conversation.

The fine old fellow could not remember the name of the destroyer of all.

Q. But are you not afraid to die?

A. Not in the least, sir—I never did any person any serious mischief in my life:—even when I gambled, I never cheated:—I know that a—a—a—see, now—death, I mean, must come, and I am ready to give it up (meaning the ghost).

I wonder if ever before or since a dying man forgot the name of death.

In an interesting article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* I find a writer deploring the want of individuality which has come upon literature with the advent of a single and severe standard of spelling. Why, he asks, should everyone spell alike? And he cites a passage from Bacon's essays to illustrate the charm which we are losing by our pedantry. It is, I can assure this writer, very often more the fault of the printer than the author. Many authors cannot spell correctly; all printers, or printers' readers, seem to be able to. But although spelling is now fixed, pronunciation is not, and what we lose of individuality in writing we can gain in talk. I sometimes wish that pronunciation were fixed, for it is very embarrassing to be conversing with someone who has a totally different way from one's own of applying stress; and this difficulty has grown since London became a suburb of New York. For example, Americans say "exquis'ite" where we say "ex'quisite," and the result is that the sensitive

man is careful never to use the word at all when in American company. There are many other words too, but "exquisite" occurs to me with most force at the moment. Of course English people also differ in their pronunciation. Two words suggest themselves as I write: "hos'pitable" and "clem'atis." Many people say "hospit'able" and "clema'tis." "Envelope," again, the noun. I say "en'velope"; others say "envel'ope" as if it were the adjective. The names of people—like Roj———, the Russian admiral, or Mr. Palairet, the cricketer—of course are legitimate causes of difference, but ordinary words should be as fixed as spelling, or spelling should be as fluid as pronunciation.

In the interests of poets I think that pronunciation should be taken in hand by some responsible body. The British Academy for choice. It is a scandal that at this late day poets should still have so few rhymes to "love." After "dove" and "above" have done their duty there is nothing but "move" and "prove" and so forth, which are mere eye rhymes. Why has it not been agreed to pronounce all words ending in "ove" in the same way? "I can't mŏve it," "You can't prŏve it," would very quickly come to sound all right; and our hymnal would be saved endless false rhymes. "Blood" again. It is absurd that at this date it has to be yoked by the hymn-writer, who is passionately addicted to the word, either to "mood" or "good" or "stood," or some other word that does not rhyme at all, except to the eye, which matters nothing in a hymn. Perhaps the best person to inaugurate such a reform is Mr. Loring, the compiler of the new *Rhymer's Lexicon*. This is one of the most amazing results of human industry that I ever had in my hands. I notice, by the way, that one of Mr. Loring's rhymes is "tinglish" for "English"; and this reminds me that the Americans have a much better way of pronouncing "English" than we have. They could never rhyme it to "tinglish" because they always give the initial "e" its value.

I was reading the other day of some of Theodore Hook and Charles Mathews's elaborate and habitual hoaxes, and the perusal excited the most fervent wish that the practical joke really is dead; although if, as some people hold, every obsolete fashion will one day come round again, by the law of reaction and circular progression, we are doomed, I suppose, to have extensive practical jokers once more in our midst. But may their return be long deferred.

> "Some ordinary habits of his (Theodore Hook's) were to hang pieces of meat on the bell-handles of suburban villas, in the evening, so that during the night every stray dog that happened to pass would give a tug; by this means the bell would be set ringing five times an hour to the consternation of the family, who, with candles in hand, might in vain search the garden, or peep into the road for the cause. He would cut signboards in half, and affix the odd pieces to each other, so that the signboard owners next day would have the pleasure of witnessing their various occupations interpreted by the most ridiculous announcements in the world. He would stitch his friend's clothes up in such a fashion that when, on the following morning, the friend got into them, the conclusion that he would at once jump to was that he had from some extraordinary and unaccountable cause become fearfully swelled during the night—a conclusion which Hook would take care to confirm by expressing his great concern at his friend's appearance, and entreating him to be allowed to call a doctor."

These were "some ordinary habits." What a man! He would also "carry a Highlander from a tobacconist's shop, after dark, and stagger with it towards a cab, in which he would deposit the painted figure, giving the cabman the address perhaps of some influential person, and bidding him drive carefully as the gentleman inside was a nobleman slightly intoxicated." I suppose that one very good reason for the absence of the practical joker to-day is the presence of that kill-joy, the policeman. The police have come in since Hook's time: perhaps he made them imperative. Nothing can so dispirit a practical joker as the large firm hand of the law. The law may to some extent have become a respecter of persons, but it still has no nose for a joke. The law refers all jokers to the scrutiny of the police station, which brings to bear upon them a want of sympathy more than Caledonian.

While turning over the pages of *The Gurneys of Earlham* the other day, I came upon a very agreeable subject for a painter who is at all in the Caldecott line, as Mr. Denby Sadler, for example, used to be. It is a kind of picture not much in vogue just now, but no doubt it will come to its own again. This is the passage :—

> " The sisters enjoyed themselves immensely. They scoured the country on their ponies in scarlet riding-habits. On one occasion it is recorded that the seven linked arms, drew a line across the road, and stopped the mail coach from ascending the neighbouring hill."

A subject for a picture being obviously useless to me, I offer this to any one who cares for it ; and being equally incapable of handling a murder plot, I offer to a story-teller with the same liberality the following suggestion which I find in an old note book. A, a passenger in search of health, on the *Panther*, a steam yacht, is hated by B, another passenger. One day he overhears B saying that if ever he were by any chance wrecked on a desert island with A, he would at once make it his business to kill A, because he knew that if he did not A would kill him. They are wrecked and cast together on a desert island, where each is on his guard against the other. A's problem is how to kill B ; B's how to kill A.—Here I leave it to the practised hand.

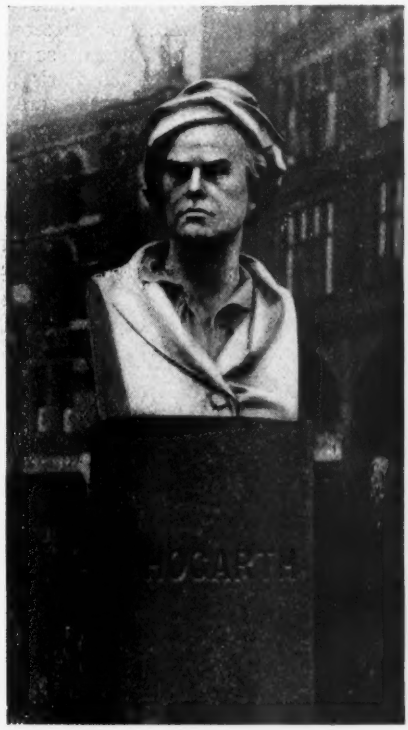
E. V. Lucas.

HADDOCK BOATS AT SEA

From the painting by Colin Hunter, A.R.A.

Hogarth's Chiswick Home and its Surroundings

"HOGARTH, a photographer who flattered not," is the summing up of the merits of England's greatest satirical painter by the greatest Victorian satirical poet. And Calverley, in his incomparable "Proverbial Philosophy," couples with Hogarth that marvellous word-delineator of character—Thackeray. They were both in a sense photographers who flattered not. The ordinary, beautifully finished portraits we see of pretty women and handsome men nearly always owe their miniature-like attractiveness not to the photography but to the touching up of the negative, or "retouching" as it is called—sometimes so elaborately done as to amount to what is termed pure "fake." Hogarth, like Thackeray, knew not retouching. Their works were fakeless, natural. Yet, though satirical, Hogarth set down naught in malice. He simply carried about with him wherever he went, no matter in what society, under all circumstances, a complete mental photographic apparatus which recorded, fixed and pigeon-holed, ready for instant use at any time the scenes—sordid, grovelling, dirty, vicious—of the London of his day. And London in his day was unblushingly coarse—very different from what it is nowadays. This is sometimes forgotten when looking at his pictures. He was eminently quick-sighted, shrewd and practical. He visibly and unmistakably proclaimed from the shop-window and picture-gallery the stern elementary lesson of humanity that the wages of sin is death. He who ran, if he could not *read*, should at any rate *see*. The pitiless, severe, exact moral monition was insisted upon. As the tree falls so shall it lie. The finely drawn creatures strutting to and fro on his mimic stage are good, and end in being good. Those bad, are lastingly bad, lost to heaven, irretrievably doomed to perdition. Hogarth combined with an unprecedented mechanical skill, derived from his early training as an engraver, an exquisite accuracy. His hands faithfully and unerringly carried out the dictates of his brain, but his work and method derived little, if any assistance from his heart. The unfathomable pity of Divine love and forgiveness the great Founder of the English school of subject-painters knew not how to portray. His mission was to teach, to scourge, to wake slumbering consciences, to pierce through the crust of indifference, to rub salt into the evil sores of life and manners,



Photograph by J. Harris Stone, M.A.
Bust by J. Denham, A.R.A.

"To tell men freely of their foulest faults,
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts,"

as equally as it was to crown the good. The unthinking crowd before his pictures,

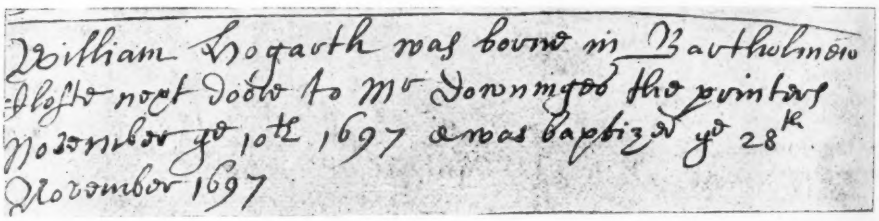
may perchance make blatant remarks. The thoughtful drink in the wealth of absorbingly interesting detail, in the progressive story pieces, quick to realize the awe-inspiring, unimpassioned tragedy and depart silent, maybe trembling.

Whatever certain critics may say to the contrary, Hogarth's life history, so far as we know it, shows that no prurient intentions ever directed his graver or his brush. He had no sympathy with sin, and probably England has never produced a more upright, manly, right-minded, cleanly-intentioned artist than the "little strutting consequential puppy" as his enemies (and he had plenty) dubbed him in his lifetime.

A true biography of Hogarth is one of the great books of the world never published. As a writer said of him—nearly 80 years ago—"he has given us the harvest, and we must be content without knowing exactly how he collected the seed."

Two of his works alone should endear him for ever to his countrymen. He painted his terribly powerful "Gin Lane" to express his awful disgust and even despair at the growing intemperance of the London of his day; and his keen sympathy with animals and abhorrence of cruelty to those who cannot speak for themselves was most clearly seen by his "Four Stages of Cruelty," prints published in 1751 (and most wisely for his object) at a price low enough to give them a wide circulation.

He knew his London as few have ever known it. He was born and bred in it. Bartholomew Close, on November 10th, 1697, saw his advent; and Nov. 28th his baptism at the fine old church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield (quite close to St. Bartholomew's Hospital) in the grand font there which remains to this day. The entry in the Register can also be seen, and it is additionally interesting from the attesting curious shorthand note of the Examiner of Registers in those days which happens to appear after the next entry to that concerning the infant Hogarth. His travels away from the city of his birth were extremely limited, so that his concentrated energies were not frittered away on other parts and foreign scenes. He only once went as far as Paris (in 1748) and his other expeditions were mere excursions round the Isle of Sheppy, and going to and fro between Isleworth, Lambert and Chiswick when he temporarily left his home at the sign of the "Golden Head" in Leicester Fields, now known as Leicester Square. In his day houses were unnumbered and known by signs. Hogarth's ideal painter was Vandyck—the delineator of Intellect—so he got a number of corks, cut them up, glued them together, carved out of the lump a bust of his guardian saint, gilded it and set it above his portals, plain for all folk to see. It was at the sign of the "Golden Head" that Mary Lewis, the faithful cousin of his wife, minded his business and was chief saleswoman of his prints, for it was by the sale of the impressions from his engraved plates that he mainly lived. The house in Leicester Square, which he took in 1733, was the last but two on the south-east side, the site of which is now occupied by part of Archbishop Tenison's school, and was


William Hogarth was borne in Bartholmew
Closte next doore to Mr Downinges the printers
November ye 10th 1697 & was baptized ye 28th
November 1697

Photograph by *J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

Register of William Hogarth's Birth

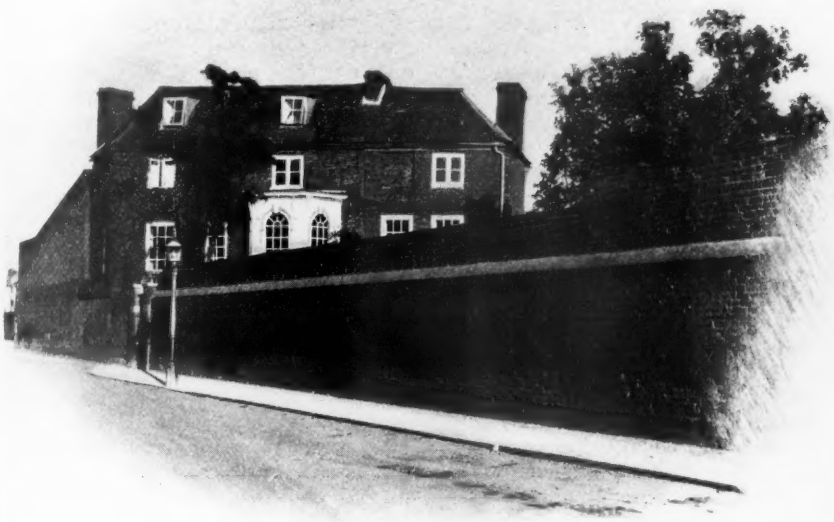
rated to the poor at £60 per annum, so it must have been fairly large and important for those days.

A bust of Hogarth in white marble, on a granite pedestal, by J. Denham, A.R.A., was placed in the south-east corner of Leicester Square when the centre garden was purchased and presented to the public for ever by Baron Grant in 1874. The other three corners have similar memorials of Reynolds, Hunter, and Newton, all of whom lived in or near the Square.

How few of the thousands daily passing through this busy spot on pleasure bent ever pause to gaze on the honest, homely features of this matter-of-fact Englishman with his round, open face, his forcible lips, his determined chin, and his straightforward eyes—which in life were blue! He is undoubtedly seen there by more French people than English, for Leicester Square is the centre of that nation in London, and the loungers on the benches are almost always foreigners. A curious irony for, singularly enough, Hogarth hated all foreigners, particularly the French!

Barry, who saw the artist in Castle Street, calls him "a little man in a sky-blue coat," and many inhabitants of the Square remembered him walking round the enclosure (for the centre was then enclosed) of an evening in his scarlet rocklow, or *roquelaure*, and cocked hat. One writer described him as walking about "with his hat cocked and stuck on one side, much in the manner of the great Frederick of Prussia." In other words his gait had a perkiness which even now is common to many little men.

In a deliberate, and declared, endeavour to emulate his ideal painter, Vandyck, he painted the portrait, now so famous,



Photograph by *J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

Hogarth's House, Chiswick

in 1739, of Captain Coram, the founder of the Foundling Hospital. There can be no question that this picture—still in the Hospital—is among the best face paintings of the English school, but in a style very remote and different from that of Vandyck. It was a labour, too, of love. He liked Coram and his work. He did all he could to help him. He subscribed money to the institution and attended the meetings. At his little red-brick country box by the Thames at Chiswick (for so he delighted to call it), his beloved wife—Jane Thornhill, the daughter of Sir James Thornhill—usually had some of the tiny foundlings to stay with her to restore the roses to their cheeks, made pale by the London air. And his wife was a treasure. Singularly, and contrary, too, to all the recognised and usual canons of dramatic art, his mother-in-law, Lady Thornhill, was also a treasure and a solace. When she died, in 1757, he was inconsolable. And no wonder. Hogarth, at the age of 31, fell in love with the beautiful daughter of Sir James Thornhill. He was then attending as a humble student the school that painter had established in Covent Garden. It was probably the first art school ever established in England and the foundation of the Royal Academy. Thornhill was the Member for Weymouth, and the rich, honoured, and much sought after Sergeant Painter and History Painter to the King. It required, therefore, some pluck and a considerable amount of self-assertion for the poor engraver of tankards and salvers, the humble apprentice of Mr. Ellis Gamble, of Cranbourne Street, to carry off and marry the daughter of so notable a man. The mother, however, took the side of the couple when she found her daughter's heart had followed her hand. But Sir James was furious. The painter of "pendulous allegories" looked down upon the designer of Vauxhall press tickets. It was no match for his daughter.

Sir James's anger lasted for two years. His wife interceded in vain. During these two years Hogarth had worked strenuously, and his reputation was rising. Where the entreaties of his wife were futile, and the submissiveness of the youthful Mrs. Hogarth of no avail, a ruse succeeded. Lady Thornhill advised her daughter to place in her father's way one of the great series of tragedy pictures which her husband had just painted. Accordingly one morning Mrs. Hogarth conveyed one of the paintings secretly into his dining room. Sir James noticed it, admired it, and inquired how it got there, and by whom it was painted. When told that it was by his son-in-law he exclaimed, "Very well, very well! The man who can make works like these can maintain a wife without a portion." Though this looked like an excuse for meanness the eulogy expressed had broken the ice and the father became reconciled and even generous to the runaway couple. So all ended well. The marriage in question took place on March 23rd, 1729, at Old Paddington Church, and neither party to the contract ever had cause to regret it, and it was a contract that lasted 35 years. But this, of course, should not be taken as an example to other intending couples who contemplate running away. It was an exception. The rule is as before.

Hogarth's father-in-law died in 1734, and in a notice of that painter in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, his son-in-law, Hogarth, after describing him as the "greatest history painter this kingdom ever produced" alludes to his daughter as being "now the wife of Mr. William Hogarth, admired for his curious miniature conversation pieces." This is interesting as showing what Hogarth himself thought of his own productions.

Here in the sweet retirement of his Chiswick box by the Thames where he spent his summers since 1748, he met his friends—David Garrick, the great Somerset novelist Fielding, Captain Coram of the Foundling Hospital, and others. Often they used to play with the little ones from the Hospital, for the Hogarths were childless. Here he buried near the shade of the Mulberry tree his dear dog, Trump, whose portrait he combined with his own in the well-known picture and engraving "Se ipse pinxit et sculpit, 1749." "Trump" is obviously a mongrel; consequently was most knowing and lovable, and much petted. The well bred do not

alone command love. The picture is in our national collection. The plate he destroyed in a fit of spleen and great irritation against Churchill, who had satirized the painter in ill-judged verse. Churchill died about two years before Hogarth, leaving his own epitaph, afterwards engraved upon a tombstone in Dover churchyard :—

"Life to the last enjoy'd—here Churchill lies."

Photograph by *J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

The White Bear and Whetstone

Now Churchill had led a life most disreputable, his early death being occasioned solely by his excesses. So a wit of the day thus satirically amended the epitaph :

"Life to the last enjoy'd ! Here Churchill *lies.*"

One of the best examples we know of the potentiality of stops and italics.

Hogarth's house itself is now surrounded by a poor class of cottages in dreary dismal rows of streets, and neighbouring manufactories for motors, torpedoes, and soap, detract considerably from the artistic interest of the spot. Still the Thames with its quaint water-side, twisty by-paths, oddly turning up old houses and ancient alleys enable one even now to form some idea of the past aspect of this part of London. In ownership and occupation the house has experienced many vicissitudes. A Mr. N. T. Hicks, a melodramatic actor of some fame on the Surrey side of the Thames inhabited it for many years. In 1886 we find Mr. Austin Dobson writing of the house :—

"The aspect of the place is ruinous in the extreme. The picturesque old red brick house is wofully dilapidated ; the great overhanging bow-window has a nodding crazy look, and a jumble of pig-styes and rubbish encumbered what, not so many years since, was a pretty, well-grown lawn. The Mulberry-tree, nevertheless, which dates from the painter's day, still drags on a maimed but healthy existence."

In 1891 the house was in the possession of Mr. Alfred Dawson, of Chiswick, and Colonel Shipway, the present owner, purchased it in 1902. It was then threatened with demolition for the utilization of the site for small workmen's dwellings. Colonel

Shipway put the premises into repair and has thrown them open to the public on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays on a payment for admission of sixpence each person. Up to April last, not four hundred persons had availed themselves of the permission, probably because the spot is unknown and so out of the world.

The house is not large, but the higgledy-piggledy arrangement of the rooms makes it most quaint. They are probably as they were in Hogarth's time. The large room with a fine north light—so loved of artists—with delightful bay window; the little top attic bedroom up the cork-screw stairs where the painter slept; the narrow cupboard at the back of the fireplace there for drying the paintings, and the quaint slit window in the roof whence a vision of Chiswick Church is obtained, and all over the walls oak-panelling. The personal articles associated, by fact or tradition, with Hogarth are restricted to one or two fenders, an old broken tool-box, a spinnet, and the two solid lead vases which were presents to the artist from his friend David Garrick. These latter used to adorn the tops of the two brick pillars on either side of the entrance gate. It is a pity that on the walls of the rooms have been hung very indifferent examples of the artist's engravings. The back of the house is now a yard for caravans and stray vehicles sometimes of quite Hogarth grotesqueness.

The Mulberry tree so laden with memories of artists, authors, doctors and illustrious personages, to say nothing of the romps beneath its shade of little Foundling children, Trump and other pets, has obviously long ago passed its zenith and is breaking up. It has had a very good innings, and the only regret one feels is that it cannot speak and relate all it has heard under its branches since it was planted there in the middle of the lawn by Hogarth. Fielding would tell his plots, and relate his endeavours to repress the ruffianism of London when he sat as a Bow Street Magistrate, Charles Churchill from Acton would ride over accompanied by his pointers and talk scandal, Mr. Ranby, the King's Surgeon, would hint at Court intrigues when he called from his house over the way. Another visitor was probably Philip James de Loutherbourg, R.A., who died at Hammersmith Terrace on March 11th, 1812, at the age of 72, and to whom a most fulsome epitaph is given on his tomb at the back of Hogarth's grave. That age was irritatingly noticeable for most preposterous post mortem eulogies in stilted, strained phraseology of which the churchyard of Chiswick affords typical examples. Good wine needs no bush. Departed merit best lives in past good deeds and works—not on tombstones.

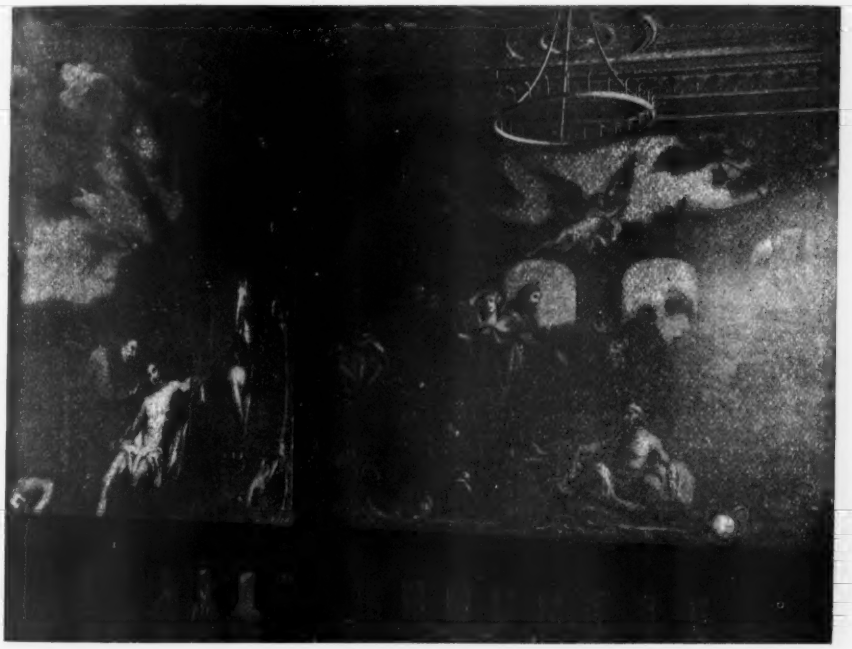
The ground beneath the little tomb-stone of Trump in the garden, said a writer in 1874 "has been excavated in the hope of finding his bones, but though a small skeleton was there it turned out to be that of a cat." The grave had already been despoiled! We searched in vain for any vestige of it.

The walls of the garden now enclose a small triangular plot, but probably in Hogarth's time the garden went very nearly down to the bank of the Thames, and all around were fields and solitary country lanes.

Chiswick Mall, one of the approaches to Hogarth's house, is even to this day much out of the world. Comparatively few Londoners even know how to get there. The electric tram passes by the entrance to old St. Peter's Square on the main road to Kew from Hammersmith Broadway, and a twisty bit at the far end, through a vista of poor cottages, leads to the Mall. St. Peter's Square is well worth a visit. The houses are embellished in front with old time stone eagles, urns, dogs, and mythical figures roughly cut in stone. A very quaint appearance and a startling contrast to the 20th century bustle and modern inventions only twenty yards away. The Mall runs alongside the Thames beside Chiswick Eyot, which is now simply a vast osier bed. The scythes of the mowers from time immemorial have been sharpened on the excellent whet-stone—as we can personally testify—hung by chains to the side post of the old water-side Inn, the "Red Lion." The instrument

has rudely carved on its non-business side, "I am the old whet-stone and have sharpened tools on this spot about 1,000 years."

It is clear, however, that the final "O" has been added, squeezed in, by some wag; but the liberty must have been taken many years ago, for no living person remembers the stone otherwise than it now is. Nearer Hogarth's time a still older inn occupied the site called "The



Photograph by *J. Harris Stone, M.A.*

The Paintings by William Hogarth at St. Bartholomew's Hospital

White Bear and Whetstone," and in those days that portion of the stone which is now worn away had rudely cut upon it: "Whet without, wet within." Why, in rebuilding, the name of the ancient hostelry should have changed, history sayeth not.

The houses on the Mall, all on one side facing the river, are of varied architecture and age—some very old. One of them, "Walpole House," is inhabited by the distinguished actor Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

Just as they did in Hogarth's day, barges come up here and when stuck in the mud at low water discharge their cargoes of bricks, cement, etc., directly into carts which can be driven right up to their sides. The painter's house can also be approached through Duke's Avenue, a long vista with well-grown trees on either side, from the high road, at the end of which is situated famous Chiswick House, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. The fine metal gates which were a feature of the place were removed from the entrance a few years ago and re-erected in front of the Duke's house in Picadilly, the wall there, which was then unbroken, being cut away in the centre for their lodgement.

At the end of Chiswick Mall is the Church. The ascent of a few steps leads one into the churchyard straight upon Hogarth's tomb, which occupies a striking position on the south side of the edifice within a short distance from the Thames. The tomb fell into a dilapidated

condition and was restored on its original lines in 1856 by a namesake of the painter, one William Hogarth, of Aberdeen. During the restoration it was found necessary to open the vault beneath, and then the few persons who were present saw the large coffin of Lady Thornhill, the still larger coffin of Hogarth's widow (who survived her husband 25 years) and the little coffin, in comparison, of the artist. The lines on the tomb were composed by his friend David Garrick, who was a frequent visitor to the little red brick country box. They are :—

" Farewell great painter of mankind !
Who reach'd the noblest point of art,
Whose *pictur'd morals* charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.

If *genius* fire thee, reader, stay ;
If *nature* touch thee, drop a tear ;
If neither move thee, turn away
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here."

As the epitaph had been condemned by many as stilted and conventional, Dr. Johnson supplied an intended substitute, which for pomposity and artificiality is certainly no improvement on the former. It runs :—

" The hand of Art here torpid lies
That traced the essential forms of Grace ;
Here Death has closed the curious eyes
That saw the manners in the face."

Each is unworthy of its author, and neither conveys a proper estimate of Hogarth's merits.

A very curious inscription (of which we took a photograph) is to be seen on a stone tablet let into the eastern wall of the Churchyard facing the high road. So dirty was it from the splashings of road mud that we had to give it a good washing before we could read a word. The lettering runs :—

" This wall was made at the charges of the right honourable and truelie pious Lorde Francis Russell, Duke of Bedford oute of the true zeal and care for the keeping of the churchyard and the wardrobe of Goddes saintes whose bodies lay therein buryed from violating by swine and other prophanations ; so witnessed :
William Walker A.D. 1623.
Rebuilt 1831. Refaced 1884."

Curiously enough there was no Duke of Bedford of the Russell family till 1694.

The last line of the inscription is on a separate stone and the lettering naturally more modern with proper Capitals. That swine should have been allowed to desecrate the graves only some seventy years before the birth of Hogarth shows that this part of the Thames bank was singularly wild and out of the world.

Nearly opposite this roadside mural inscription, a little further along Burlington Lane in the direction of Hogarth's house, is the old partially-timbered tavern, with overhanging eaves—the " Burlington Inn." For all we know to the contrary the hostelry may date back to nearly the artist's day.

A study of Hogarth's masterpieces, such as the " Rake's Progress," in the Sir John Soane's Museum (No. 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields) which are wonderfully well preserved and still brilliant in colour, imbues one with the knowledge of the artist's marvellous technique and also with his exceptional dramatic power. The Museum also contains two of Hogarth's ticket engravings, which by the courtesy of Mr. W. F. Spiers, the Curator, we were allowed to photograph.

The print " The Laughing Audience," was designed and engraved in 1733 as a subscription ticket to " The Rake's Progress " and " Southwark Fair." In its first state there was engraved below on the plate a receipt form, but in the later impressions this was removed and the picture issued as " A Pleased Audience at a Play."

The print " The Chorus or Rehearsal of the Oratorio of Judith," was designed and engraved in 1734 by Hogarth as a Receipt Ticket for " Midnight Modern Conversation." *Judith* was an opera by William Huggins, set to music by William Defesch.

The large paintings on the grand staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital—the Good Samaritan, the Pool of Bethesda, Rahere as founder of the Hospital and a Sick Man borne by Monks—were painted in 1736 and presented to the Hospital in return for which the painter was made a Life Governor. The pictures are on canvas attached to the walls and the staircase being dark it is most

difficult to photograph them—quite impossible without the aid of flashlight. By the courtesy of the Hospital authorities we were allowed to make the attempt.

Quite recently there has been a singular appreciation of Hogarth's works. On 3rd, June this year at Christie's his "Assembly at Wanstead House" came to the hammer and realised no less than £2,887 10s. 0d.—surely a record price for the painting of an artist at the age of thirty one years. Hogarth received from Lord Castlemaine, for whom he painted this picture in 1728 certainly not more than £100 or £150.

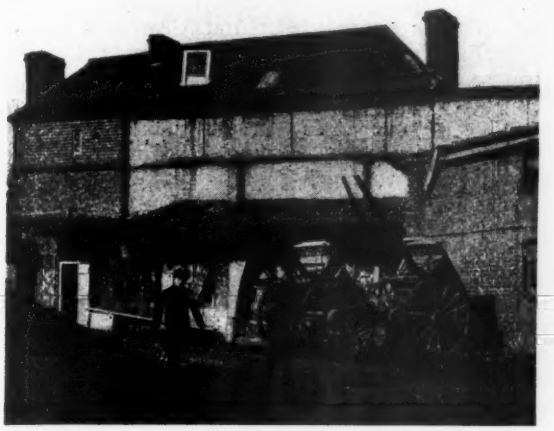
What an admirable Producer of Plays Hogarth would have made! He was born out of due time. His strength lay in scenic display. His stage was small but no single little particle of it was wasted. He was a forerunner of our Dion Boucicault and Sydney Ellison. He may be said to have forecasted the sensational novel, the Adelphi melodrama. They were not in his time, but very likely each owes to his early effort in that direction and the example he set, much of their strength and success. His friend, Fielding, the creator of "Amelia" wrote of him, "It hath been thought a vast commendation of a painter to say his figures seem to breathe; but surely it is a much greater and nobler applause that they appear to *think*."

There has been no Hogarth since his death—141 years ago. The sharp, breezy, cold water douch of pictorial satire is always beneficial and certainly just now much needed to brace up the sinews of our social life. The present state, for instance, of much of our society would benefit from the application.

There are notorious humbugs in every profession. The smug mask of respectability hides just as much impropriety and rottenness as it ever did. Cranks, frauds, charlatans, astrologers, spiritualists, fortune-tellers, and others of the same kidney, under various names and garbs, are not unknown even in the expensive habitations of sybaritic Bond Street, and the select, aristocratic drawing-rooms of Mayfair. Foreigners of doubtful pasts, long hair, and dubious titles, are, as in Hogarth's day, lauded up to the skies and fondled by certain sections of society.

But who will be the Hogarth of the social life of the 20th century? Let him arise; he is wanted and will be welcome. Here is an apartment, of ample dimensions, "to let."

J. HARRIS STONE.



Hogarth's House—from the back

Profit and Loss

By John Oxenham

CHAPTER XXXI

THE IRON-GREY MAN

"My father has arrived," Mary Lindsay announced one morning on receipt of a letter, and her lips tightened a trifle at the imminence of conflict. "He is stopping at the Grosvenor. He wants me to see him as soon as possible."

"You will go, of course, dear, at once," said Mrs. Barty.

"And I will go with you," said George. "I'm interested in this affair."

"I see no objection to your going if Mary does not," said Mrs. Barty.

"I'm certainly not going alone," said Mary. "We must present a bold front to the—well, we'll not say enemy yet. But as soon as he sees George he won't have a word to say, I expect."

So they set off immediately after breakfast, calling first at the office, to enable George to run through his share of the letters and arrange for an hour's absence.

He seated her in the visitor's chair with a morning paper, and sliced away at his letters, while she familiarised herself with the surroundings among which so much of his time was passed. Everything interested her, from the pile of new books set aside for notice, to the bristling spikes behind his desk on which were impaled the long fluttering galley-slips of set matter waiting future use. He went into Brinsley's room presently, with a bundle of correspondence, and came out again and beckoned her to come in.

Mr. Brinsley received her with much cordiality, said a few cheery words about George, their pleasant relations and his future prospects, and bade them run away and enjoy themselves while they were still young as they were getting older every minute.

Arrived at length at the Grosvenor, they were informed that Mr. Lindsay was out and was not expected back until the evening.

This was in the nature of a reprieve. They had been rather silent on the way up, at the near prospect of a possibly trying interview. Now they felt like children out for a holiday.

"It's a chance not to be missed," said George. "The office owes me a good many hours' overtime. We'll go and enjoy ourselves."

So they took 'bus down to Chelsea and strolled along the quaint old front, took a look at Carlyle's house, and went into the old Church. Then they crossed the river to Battersea Park and rambled among its deserted byways, with an enjoyment out of all proportion to the outward aspect of things. For it was a rather raw January morning, and the sky was grey with unshed snow, and the ground was soft and muddy, and their boots accumulated such loads of yellow gravel that when they issued from the wilderness they had to apply to a small shoe-black for relief. And George was enjoying himself so much that the small shoe-black blessed his stars, and promptly invested his unexpected windfall in a game of chuck-penny with his next neighbour on the beat, cleaned him out to his last copper, and then got his head severely punched for putting on side, and they made it up over a cup of coffee at a stall.

And George and Mary rambled on, across Chelsea Bridge, and up Vauxhall Bridge Road, till they came to Victoria Station again. And there they had lunch in a restaurant which they chose with much discrimination, and then they got into a 'bus, and he dropped off at his office and she went on home.

But all this was only a temporary postponement of the inevitable, and that same evening found them once more at the Grosvenor, and this time Mr. Lindsay was in, and they were shown up at once to a private parlour on the second floor.

The table was strewn with papers and coloured plans and maps, and Mr. Lindsay got up from it to greet his daughter. He was a tall, well set-up man of apparently

"And what brought me under the law?" asked Lindsay

fifty-five or sixty, with iron-grey hair and flowing beard. Very Australian, said George to himself, and eyed with interest the man who was not only Mary's father, but the man who had known his own father and had been with him when he died. He had strongly marked features. His eyebrows were iron-grey penthouses, and the eyes below seemed cold and hard, cold and hard at all events when they turned on George. He could trace no likeness to Mary in him. She took no doubt after her mother.

"Well, Mary?" said Mr. Lindsay, as his daughter entered and he rose to greet her, and then he saw George behind, and asked, "And this is——?"

"George," said Mary. "George Barty whom I am going to marry."

"Ah!" said Mr. Lindsay, and George saw the strong jaw clench inside in angry repression. "Won't you sit down, Mr. Barty? We must have some talk about this."

"That is what I came for, Mr. Lindsay," said George.

"You got my letter?" asked Lindsay of his daughter.

"Yes, father. Did you get a letter from Mrs. Barty? No, of course you couldn't before you left."

"No. What was it about?"

"About George and me. Your letter caused me great distress, and it was only after very long consideration that I decided to show it to George and Mrs. Barty. Why did you write so, father? You must know——" and she stopped.

"Must know what?" asked her father.

"You must know, Mr. Lindsay," said George, feeling her distress, "that the disabilities you mentioned as applying to my side, though they are none of my causing, apply equally to your own. Excuse me putting it so plainly, but this is a matter on which Mary's happiness depends equally with my own. We love one another very dearly. You say we must part because my father, whom I do not even remember, slipped and fell. I do not know much about the matter for I was never told, and what I know I had to find out for myself. When I did find it out it nearly broke my heart, as it must have gone near to breaking my mother's heart when it happened. She is, I think, one of the very best women God has created ——"

"She is," said Mary emphatically.

"And she has done enough good in the world to compensate for any wrong my father did, and for which we are none of us responsible. I have done nothing to forfeit any man's esteem, and I hope I never shall do. We are not rich but I am winning my way, and—and I ask your permission to marry Mary."

"What do you mean when you say your disabilities apply equally to me or to my side of the question?" asked Mr. Lindsay coldly.

"I mean, sir, that if my father had the misfortune to be a convict the same misfortune befel yourself,"—at which Lindsay flushed angrily for a moment.—"You and he were selected to form part of the Gray expedition. He died in the desert, you won through. That is all the difference between you as far as I can see. Possibly his was the nobler ending. I know nothing about that. At all events he lost his life doing his duty."

Mr. Lindsay regarded him thoughtfully for a time, and then said, "There are differences even in the matter of crime. Some are more ignoble than others. Do you know the nature of your father's crime?"

"He committed forgery, I have been told, under great stress. I have no doubt he did it for the sake of his wife and children. I do not know the circumstances and I dare not judge him. I think as kindly of him as I can. He did us a bitter wrong, but he may have done it mistakenly and for our sakes. I would dearly like to ask you about him as he was when you knew him. After all he was my father, whatever he had done."

"And what brought me under the law?" asked Lindsay.

"I have no idea," said George.

"I killed a man in hot blood, and never repented it, for he deserved his death ——"

"Ah!" said George. "Before I knew what my father's crime was I hoped it might be something like that. Yes, there

is a difference,—but—unless we knew all the circumstances of my father's case we cannot judge him. There may have been——"

"Forgery, however, is forgery," said Lindsay coldly, "and you can't get over it."

"And, after all, crime is crime, and breakers of the law are on much of a level in the eyes of the law," said George. "And I see no reason in all this why you should object to my marrying your daughter."

"I have other views for her."

"Apart from her own wishes?"

"A daughter's wishes ought to run with her father's."

"Possibly she may know best what makes for her own happiness."

"And quite possibly a father's experience may be of more value than his daughter's inexperience."

George shook his head. "Mary knows her own mind," he said. "Unless she bids me leave her I will not do so, for you or anyone else."

"And you?" he said, looking at Mary.

"George is more to me than anyone else in the world," she said.

"In fact you have made up your minds to follow your own line, regardless of my wishes, and have simply come here to tell me so."

"We hoped you would look at things from our point of view," said George. "But we do not intend to part with one another."

"Then there is nothing more to be said," said Mr. Lindsay. "You are acting against my wishes and must take the consequences. And I tell you plainly that the course you are taking will not make for your happiness. If you like to come here," he said, looking at Mary, "and live with me,—all well. If not, I wash my hands of you."

"If it must be so," said Mary sadly, "it must be so. I will not give George up."

"Then I wish you both good evening. Some day you will remember that I warned you," said Mr. Lindsay, and sat down to his maps and papers again, and George and Mary went out.

She had kept up bravely through the interview, but in the corridor George heard her catch her breath with a little sob. He passed her arm through his and stood a moment for her to recover herself. Then she dropped her veil and they passed out into the street.

"He is hard," said George.

"He has always been hard," she said. "I don't think he understands girls as well as he does boys. They always seemed to get on better with him than I did."

Mrs. Barty shared their disappointment at the result of the interview, but she had been prepared for it by Mr. Lindsay's letter. She was more than usually silent over her knitting that night, beaming softly upon them all as usual, but not joining in their talk, and evidently busy with her own thoughts.

"I think I will go and see your father myself, Mary dear," she said, at breakfast next morning. "Perhaps the old people may draw closer than the young."

"Oh, if you would, dear Mrs. Barty!" began Mary. "But—I am afraid it will only give you pain and do no good. He never changes his mind, and the more you try to make him, the harder he gets. I'm afraid it will do no good. We will just try and forget that he objects."

"I will see him, however, and see what I can do," said Mrs. Barty. "And as he is probably very busy, I will write to him to-day begging him to spare me five minutes to-morrow morning before he goes out."

So, after breakfast next morning, she arrayed herself in her best, and Joan and Mary finished off her toilet with loving little tugs and pats, and finally released her with words of approval.

"You are more like a duchess than any duchess I ever saw," said Joan.

"You have seen so many," smiled her mother.

"I have seen plenty in the park," said Mary, "and all of them put together couldn't come up to you."

"Dear, dear! I must be getting stout," laughed Mrs. Barty.

"You are the stoutest-hearted, and the dearest, and sweetest old lady that ever was," said Mary.

"I am only forty-six," said Margaret. "That is still comparatively young when you have got past forty."

George insisted on seeing her into a cab, and exacted a solemn promise that she would take one on her return.

"You would certainly get lost between here and Pimlico," he said, "and what would home be without its mother?"

"Oh, mother dear, do be careful in getting in and out of the cab!" said Joan anxiously.

"Bless me, child!" said her mother, "I got into cabs before you were ever dreamt of," and away she went.

But she was back inside a couple of hours. Mr. Lindsay had left early that morning for the continent, and they did not know anything about his future movements at the hotel.

CHAPTER XXXII

WHEELS OF CHANCE

For a clear comprehension of after events we must follow Charles Lindsay for a time, whereby we have an advantage over our friends in Wynyatt Square. They only arrived at partial knowledge of these matters later on. For the sake of continuity, however, it is as well to insert them here.

Mr. Lindsay had come to Europe with one sole end in view, and that was the flotation of his tin mine on the London market. It was an exceedingly rich find. Skilfully exploited it would more than repair the fortunes which had drooped and died with his thousands of tortured sheep on the parched ranges. He was a man of strong will and much energy, and he was determined that nothing should be wanting to compel success.

He had tried in the first place to float the property in the colony. But wool was bad, and everything was bad. The sheep had died by hundreds of thousands, and all spirit of enterprise had died with them.

So he turned everything he had left, which was not very much beyond the land on which the tin deposits lay, into money, to pay for the best obtainable surveys, assays, and reports. And armed with these, and a few letters of introduction, he came to London, anticipating no very great difficulty in getting the matter taken up there

But he found matters in London very little better than he had left them in Sydney. Australian wool had not very much to do with it indeed. That was only one dry bone among the many. There was no life anywhere. The public having suffered punishment from long-falling prices was, with sulky virtue, abstaining from speculation and even from investment, and Lindsay could not have chosen a worse time for bringing his wares to market any time these five years.

It only needed a couple of days to tell him this. In that time he had made the round of his letters of introduction, doubting the assertions of the first man, shaken in his doubts by the next, half convinced by the third, and wholly convinced at last by the agreement of all.

"In a month or two things may pick up a bit and there may be a chance," was the general verdict. But a month or two make all the difference in the world to a man whose resources are limited, who has strained himself to the utmost to accomplish this much, and who has no reserves to fall back upon.

So, with a possible fortune in his hand, —away off in Australia it is true, but still his if he could only turn it to account— Charles Lindsay found himself in a somewhat trying situation. It would tax his slender resources to the utmost to hold out for the necessary two or three months. To ask any of his new acquaintances for assistance was to stand condemned of the unpardonable sin of impecuniosity and to ruin all his chances. The strictest economy was necessary, and to that end he gave out at the hotel that he was going abroad for a time, and went into cheap lodgings in Burton Crescent, Bloomsbury.

There he spent two lean months, watching the slow revival of the markets, perfecting his schemes to meet various eventualities, and staying his appetite for larger things with the confident hope of the better times to come.

The worst was past at last. The advertising columns of the daily papers

If the tall man had not caught her, she would have fallen

began to swell somewhat with prospectuses of new companies, and it seemed to him that he might venture to approach some of his financial friends once more.

With that end in view,—since Burton Crescent is not an address calculated to inspire respect in financial circles, he moved his quarters to the First Avenue Hotel in Holborn, and as he descended there from a cab one evening, his daughter Mary happened to be passing with George Barty, on their way home from Kensington Palace Gardens.

It was one of those chance meetings which play so very much larger a part in the strange game of life than we are disposed to think sometimes. To put matters on a higher and truer plane, what seems to us mere accident is probably something infinitely greater. Accept the idea of an over-ruling hand in the game, and one's view of life deepens instantly into a recognition of the providential guidance of human affairs, and one's interest deepens in proportion.

If George and Mary had dallied two minutes longer in a certain tempting second-hand bookshop, where they had called to purchase a copy of "Sesame and Lilies" for Joan,—or if they had decided to postpone the purchase till a more convenient season, they would not have seen Charles Lindsay get out of his cab at the First Avenue Hotel. And if Mr. Lindsay's cab had not been blocked for three and a half minutes in Cheapside, by reason of the pavement being up, he would have been in the hotel before they got there. And things might have been a little different. But in the end they would have worked out right, for the Higher Hand always wins the game, and the sooner a man learns that part of his lesson, the better it is for his peace of mind.

But when and where that end would have come, and whether we should have seen it, is quite another question. So we return thanks—to the dilatory navigators of Cheapside, and to "Sesame and Lilies" in the second-hand bookshop.

They mentioned the matter to Mrs. Barty, of course. And equally, of course, she started off first thing next morning, arrayed in her best and looking like a duchess, to interview—Mary's father.

For though, after their previous attempts, they had quietly shelved the question and made up their minds to take no notice of Mr. Lindsay's unreasonable opposition, it caused Margaret Barty much quiet discomfort to think that, in order to make George happy, Mary must fly in the face of her father's wishes.

She believed that a few minutes' quiet talk with him might induce him to alter his views, and she had never shirked her duty from fear of personal discomfort.

She reached the hotel and stood for a moment looking about the entrance hall for someone to ask. Critical moment,—the last moment of outward peace she was to know for many a day.

A gorgeous giant in blue and gold was speaking to a tall gentleman with iron-grey hair and bushy beard. Margaret made for them, and as the hall porter turned to her,—

"I wish to see Mr. Lindsay, of Sydney, who is stopping here," she said.

"This is the gentleman," said the hall porter.

The tall man with the beard turned and looked at her and she at him. Two months of London had not obliterated the tan of Australia. His face paled till it was the colour of parchment.

And as Margaret Barty gazed, the ghost of a dead and buried past looked out at her from the deep-set eyes.

She stood speechless, motionless. Her face blanched, till her lips were colourless. Then the hall and the people began to swing slowly round her. Her hand crept up to her heart, and, if the tall man had not caught her, she would have fallen.

They carried her into a private parlour and a young lady from the office hurried in to assist. Mr. Lindsay left her in the young lady's care and hurried out.

Margaret Barty opened her eyes at last, with a sigh and a shiver. She glanced hurriedly round, saw only the girl, and sat up.

"I am afraid I fainted," she said presently. "I am sorry to have troubled you, my dear. I will take a little brandy and water. I have had a shock."

She scrupulously paid for her medicine, sat for a time as though expecting a visitor, and then asked them to call her a cab. Instead of going home she directed the man to John Sinclair's office in Old Broad Street.

Sinclair came out of his private room and welcomed her warmly.

"This is an unusual honour and an unexpected pleasure," he began. Then, seeing her deadly white face, he drew her quickly into his room and closed the door.

"What is it? What is wrong, Margaret?" he asked.

"My husband is alive. He is Mr. Lindsay, Mary's father."

"Good—God!" said Sinclair, and then—though he knew her much too well to have any real doubt in his own mind—"You are sure? It is not an accidental likeness?"

"He knew me and I knew him," she said slowly. "I went to his hotel to try and move him about Mary and George. He was in the hall. We knew one another. I fainted. He—I do not know. He did not come back."

"Poor lad! Poor girl!" said Sinclair at last. "It will break their lives."

"Mine broke twenty years ago," said Margaret.

"It has been the more beautiful for the breaking," he said. "What are we to do about them?"

"They must be told," she said. "But how,—oh, how to tell them? . . . It is infamy! . . . Poor, poor Mary! . . . And my poor boy!"

And they both sat in silence, trying to see their next step through this great darkness.

"You will help me?" said Margaret at last.

"You know I will, Margaret."

"Please be there at seven. It is George's late night. You must tell him. . . . Mary is waiting now to hear how I got on. How *am* I to tell her?"

"I will come with you now," said Sinclair. "It is easier for an outsider to deal with a thing of this kind."

"Thank you!" she said. "But you can never be an outsider, John. You are the best friend I ever had."

If he had had his way he would have been more, any time these last fifteen years, and she knew it.

So he took her downstairs and called a cab, and they went slowly away through the grinding whirlpools of the city to break Mary Lindsay's heart.

First, however, with the natural desire of a cautious man to eliminate as far as possible any possibility of mistake—since the bruising of many hearts depended on it—he took her back to the hotel and went inside while she sat in the cab. But all he could learn was that Lindsay had left half-an-hour previously with his baggage.

It was only half-past ten when they reached Wynyatt Square, so vast a change can a short hour and a half make—or a short minute if it comes to that—in one's life and prospects.

Mary was at the door before Mrs. Barty's foot was on the bottom step. Her face was eager for news. One look at Mrs. Barty's face turned her eagerness to anxiety, and the sight of John Sinclair increased it. She knew Mrs. Barty always turned to him when trouble was about.

"What is it?" she asked, as they came up the steps.

Mrs. Barty kissed her,—oh, so tenderly, and Mary saw that the gentle eyes were full of tears. "John Sinclair will tell you, dear," she said. "I will go to Joan," and she went on up the stairs, holding by the bannister rail because she could not see very clearly.

"Mother, dearest! What is it?" cried Joan, at sight of her. "Have you been run over?"

"No, dear. Listen to me and help me, Joan. You have much sense and we shall need all we have. It is something very terrible I have to tell you. You must not break down or faint. I did that for all the family. The man who calls himself Mr. Lindsay—Mary's father—is my husband, George Barty—your father."

"*Mother!*" cried Joan, her eyes blazing double their usual size in her amazement.

"He knew me in a moment, and I knew him. It struck me down, and when I came to he was gone."

"Then Mary—. But how—? I don't understand——" and then, "Oh, poor, poor George! It will kill him."

"It will not kill him, but it will break his heart," said Mrs. Barty quietly.

And in the little back parlour downstairs, John Sinclair stood before the other frightened girl and tried to make her sit down.

"Tell me quickly, please," she said. "Is it George?"

"No, dear. It has nothing to do with George. It is about your father——"

"Oh!" said Mary, with great relief, as though nothing she could be told on that subject was of such very great consequence.

"It is something very terrible, Mary," said Sinclair. "You must bear it like the brave girl you are——"

"Is he dead?"

"No. He died nominally years ago. The pity is that he has come to life again. Your father is Mrs. Barty's husband who was supposed to have died in the desert ——"

She gazed wildly at him, and gasped, "My father!—Mrs. Barty's husband!—Oh, no, no—George!"—and then she sank helplessly into a chair and gazed straight before her, seeing nothing, and her slim fingers caught hold of folds of her skirt and pinched them as tightly as a drowning man grips straws which cannot save him. She did not faint, but the shock of it stunned her, and she could neither think nor speak.

"What does it mean?" she asked at last, lifting her woeful eyes to his.

"We can only imagine how it has come about," he said. "I have been up to the hotel but he has gone."

"It is some terrible mistake."

"Mrs. Barty is not likely to have made a mistake in such a matter, dear. She says he knew her as quickly as she knew him. Then she fainted, and when she came to he was gone."

"I think I will go up to my room," said Mary, and crept away to cover like a wounded bird.

Then John Sinclair went up to Joan's room. He bent over and kissed her, still holding her shaking hand in his.

"This is a sore trouble," he said. "That poor girl is crushed. She has gone up to her room."

"Poor Mary! and poor George!" said Joan. "I find it hard to believe, and I do not understand it yet. If it is true, why did he do it, and why has he gone on doing it?"

"It is hard to say. One can only guess. Where is your mother?"

"She has gone to lie down. It is terrible for her. I thought she was going to break down again while she was telling me. Will you come back and help to break it to George, Uncle John? I am afraid for him. It will be awful."

"I will come back at seven. I promised your mother," and he went back to his work in the City.

George pushed through and got the paper closed up earlier than usual that night, and came striding home, eager to hear how his mother had fared with the iron-grey man.

He arrived before Sinclair, and went up to Joan's room three stairs at a time. He found Joan and Niel Felston talking together in whispers, as though a corpse were in the house.

"Hello, you two! Where's everybody? Where's Mary? Where's Mother? Don't go, old man,——" but Niel murmured something about fetching something and quietly left the room.

"George, dear," said Joan, gripping his hand convulsively in her small one, as he was about to go, "Wait here! Something very terrible has happened. John Sinclair was to be here to tell you——"

"What is it?—Mary?—Mother?"

"No. They are all right."

"Then what——?"

"It is about our father. Oh, why isn't John Sinclair here? ——'

"Our *father?*" cried George.

"They say he is not dead, and—and—he is Mr. Lindsay——"

"He is—*WHAT?*" shouted George. And just then the door opened and Sinclair came in.

"Sit down, George!" he said. "And I will tell you all we know. . . . Your mother went to see Mr. Lindsay at his hotel this morning. She met him face to

face and—recognised him, and he her. She states that he is George Barty, your father, whom we thought dead. The shock was too much for her, and when she came to herself he was gone."

George had been staring at him with wide eyes of horror.

"You say Mr. Lindsay—Mary's father—is—*our* father?" he jerked out at last.

"Your mother says so. She is suffering terribly, but chiefly at thought of you and Mary."

The boy's face was ghastly—white and drawn and pinched; his eyes were like caverns with live coals inside them.

"If all that is true," he said slowly, at last, as though feeling his way through a fog, "it would make Mary my half-sister——! What silly rot!" and he laughed,—a harsh laugh of derision. "What—! Mary, my *sister!* . . . Where is this man?" and he sprang up as though to go in instant search of him. "I will——"

"I went back to the hotel with your mother at once, my boy," said Sinclair quietly. "He had gone, bag and baggage. That looks bad, I'm afraid."

"We must find him. There are ways—. I don't believe a word of it. It is some horrible mistake. We must find the man at once——"

"You might search for a year, with all the detectives in London, and never find him if he doesn't want to be found. What would you do if you found him?" He was talking for the sake of talking. Any discussion of the matter was a safety-valve which might save an explosion.

"Wring it out of him," said George fiercely, "if there's anything to wring."

"You can't wring things out of people if they decline to be wrung," said Sinclair.

"And what do you advise?" rasped George. "Sit still and do nothing?"

"It is always the hardest thing to do. Sometimes it is the only thing one can do. But if we can find him we will, though I don't see how it will help us if we do."

"I will go upstairs," said George. "My head is in a whirl. I can't think straight at present," and he went.

Felston heard him go into his room and came down at once to Joan.

"It hits him hard," he said, as he shook hands with Sinclair. "I could tell it by the way he locked his door. Is there no room for doubt in the matter, Mr. Sinclair?"

"There is room for doubt in most things, but Mrs. Barty has no doubt about this, and she is not one to make a mistake in so serious a matter."

"If Mary and George had never come together it wouldn't have mattered so much——"

"That is the ghastly part of the business," said Sinclair, "and at present I see no way out. . . . Felston," he said, after a pause for consideration, "you must do what you can to keep him from brooding. Stir him up in any way you can. Let him talk. Let him go and try and find Lindsay. I was wrong in that. Anything sooner than sit there thinking. It would do no good if he found him probably, but he's better doing than thinking. He's strong, but it's a terrible blow. How is your mother, Joan?"

"She is prostrated. But she is very strong—inside I mean. Her grief is chiefly for George and Mary, I think. She bore her own sorrow twenty years ago."

"Yes," said Sinclair. "It was the thought of you little ones,—you weren't born then—that kept her up at that time. She has always thought more of other people than herself."

"She is the best mother that ever lived. Why did she have such a husband?" said Joan.

"Ah!" said Sinclair, and thought more than he said.

For, if this thing were true, and he had little hopes of it not being so, it was indeed a strange fulfilment of the words he remembered using to George Barty, that night when he and Mr. Burney came up to his house,—and the man's soul had succumbed to the temptations among which he had of his own choice cast it.

"There must be a great deal behind that we do not understand," he said, "and it is not for us to judge him. He could not possibly imagine that George and Mary would ever meet. That is a calamity no one could foresee——"

"The blame is his all the same," said Joan vehemently.

"Yes, the blame is his, and the suffering falls on innocent shoulders, as it so often does. Tell your mother I will come round to-morrow night, Joan. Good-night, dear! Good night, Felston!" and he went away.

"Would you try and get George to eat something, Niel," said Joan. "He always starves on press-day, and ill news lies twice as heavy on an empty stomach."

"I'll take him something up," said Niel, and went downstairs to see what he could get.

When he climbed to the top of the house with a tray, and knocked on George's door, it was some time before he could get a reply. But at last a muffled voice asked impatiently, "Well?—What is it?"

"A message from Joan."

The bed creaked, and George unlocked the door and stood in the doorway in the dark.

"What is it?" he asked angrily again.

"See here, old man, you'll be sick if you don't eat something——" and Niel pushed in with his tray.

"I've got more to eat than I want——" said George roughly.

"Yes, I know," said Niel, with equal brusqueness. "Eating your heart and all that. Don't be a fool, George! It won't help matters for you to starve yourself. You and I are going to find this man and screw the truth out of him. I don't want to have to carry you round, so set to and eat something, I tell you," and he struck a match and lit the gas, and fussed about setting out the things on the table, so as not to have to look at George, who sat blinking like a ruffled owl on the bedside.

"Now see here, George," said Niel, making talk. "Imagination is not my strong point,—take a bit of something, won't you?—" George gloomily picked up a piece of bread and broke bits off, and ate them as if they were poison, and drank a glass of water.—"But I can see possibilities of mistake in this matter.—Try a bit of that meat. It's uncommonly good.—And it's your place, and my place if you'll let me help, to get right at the bottom of things."

"What possibilities?" growled George, reaching for a knife and fork, and stabbing a slice of cold meat as if it were the body of an iron-gray man with a long beard. He had hardly eaten a bite since morning, and the sight of food made him hungry, in spite of the heart-sickness.

"Well, for instance," said Niel, delighted with his success so far, and racking his brain wildly for ideas, "even though this man should turn out to be your father, what proof have you that Mary is his daughter?"

"Only that she says she is and believes she is. That's all."

"Just as Joan believes *she* is. Because she is told so. She has never even seen him. There is quite a possible loophole there. Do you yourself believe Mary is your half-sister?"

"Do I?—No, I don't. That is—I know she isn't. I couldn't possibly feel towards Mary as I do, if she were. It is different altogether——"

"Exactly!—Try a bit of that pie!—And when it's a question of heart or brain you're generally safe in following heart. Isn't that so?"

"My mother might be mistaken—but I don't think that likely," said George, carving savagely into the pie. "But I'll swear Mary is no half-sister of mine, however that may come about."

"Does she resemble him at all?" asked Niel. "I wish I'd seen him. I'm pretty good at tracing resemblances or the reverse."

"She's about as like him as that salt spoon is like that jug."

"There you are," said Niel enthusiastically.

"She might take after her mother."

"Does she remember her mother?"

"No. She died when Mary was three or four."

"And who was she?"

"Daughter of Alexander Lindsay, a squatter in the back blocks. No relation to the Lindsay of the expedition. But this man, my father—if he is my father—had stayed with him as he came down towards the coast, and when he was set

free he went back at his invitation. Mary told me all about that after her father's letter set us on the track."

"What made him take the other Lindsay's name and place, do you suppose?"

"If offered him some advantage, I suppose, and he jumped at it. Possibly he had less time to serve than my father had."

"He'd have been freed in any case."

"He couldn't tell that. And he may have had other motives."

"Well, you see there are possibilities. Old Lindsay's daughter might have been married before, and Mary might be her daughter without being her second husband's. If we can get hold of this so-called Mr. Lindsay we may learn something. That's our first job. Try some of that tobacco. It's almost up to your Chubb mixture.—How'll we set to work now?"

"Detectives?" suggested George, filling his pipe.

"Unless you've some charge against him you could only go to private detectives, and they're slimy things to deal with."

"He's here about floating a tin mine or something of the kind."

"That's not absolutely criminal, but we might get at him through it. We must keep an eye on the papers. Mary will know where the property is."

"He might make his arrangements and get away back before it came out," said George.

"That's possible, of course. Know anyone on the Stock Exchange who could tell us who's got the thing in hand?"

"No. Sinclair might."

"We'll ask him to find out.—Finished? Then I'll take the things down. Won't you come and have a chat with Joan?"

"Not to-night. I feel pretty well done up with all this. Ask her to excuse me, old man. I shall turn in early." And Niel went off with his tray to receive Joan's thanks for having acquitted himself so well.

George sat smoking for a time, feeling very much the better, both bodily and mentally, for all that Niel had so skilfully wheedled into him. He got up and walked the room thoughtfully, and then he went quietly down the passage and tapped at Mary Lindsay's door.

She opened it instantly. She might have been waiting and longing for that tap.

"Oh, George!" she cried, and fell sobbing into his arms. He closed the door and held her to him, smoothing her hair as if she were a child.

"Take heart, dearest," he said. "You and I are not going to believe any such foolishness. I am certain there is a mistake somewhere."

"Oh, George! Is it possible? Oh, you give me hope! I have been in the bottomless pit ever since I heard. It was too terrible. Do you think your mother could possibly be mistaken?"

"I'm afraid not that, dear. But even if she is right it does not follow that you are his daughter."

"I don't understand. What do you mean?" she said, holding herself back to look into his face.

"Do you feel as if you were my sister, or half-sister, or anything less than I want you to be?"

"You know I don't," and she kissed him hungrily.

"Well, neither do I. Not the very least little bit. And we won't believe it till it is proved to the hilt. This man may be my father. He has certainly in some way acquired the right to call himself *your* father. But where we know of one deception there may be many, and I'm going to find out. With a man who has been living under a false name for twenty years, away off in Australia, the possibilities are almost endless. Have you any idea where you were born, Mary?"

"I suppose at Coonanbarra, where we lived until the drought."

"What is the nearest town?"

"Glen Tanar."

"I will write to the registrar there, and the minister if there is one, and anyone else you can think of, to see if they can give us any information. If we can't get it that way, I'll go across myself and find out. That you are not my sister I'm as certain as that I want you to be my wife."

"You give me hope, dear. My heart was sick," she said.

"We will hope together and stick together, and no one shall come between us. Now I am going to see my mother for a minute. Good-night, dearest. Be brave, and don't worry any more than you can help."

Mrs. Barty had gone to bed. Strong as she was,—with that inward strength which can endure so much more than the outward flesh—the day had been too much for her. The shock of that sudden meeting had numbed her for the moment, as an outward blow on the heart or head might have done. All she wanted was to lie still, and in quietness and confidence recover herself.

George stepped softly into the dark room, and she asked instantly, "Is that you, George?"

"Yes, Mother dear," and he bent over and kissed her, and sat down on the bedside, and felt for her hand.

"This has been a sore day for you, Mother," he said.

"And for you, my boy. How does Mary stand it?"

"I have just left her. She is feeling happier now. We are not going to believe it all till there is no possible hope."

Margaret Barty sighed. She was satisfied that there was no possible hope.

"I mean about his being her father," said George hastily. "We have nothing to go on there but assumption, you see, and—and—well,—we can't feel that we are brother and sister, and we don't intend to, one moment sooner than we have to."

"I am afraid there is no room for hope, George," said her rigid honesty and valiant habit of looking troubles squarely in the face.

"As to his being Mary's father there is, Mother, until it is proved, and we are going to cling to that doubt. He has misled us in the one thing. It leaves at all events the possibility of doubt in the other."

"I wish it might be so," she said quietly. "I hope it may be so. Now good-night, dear boy. I am very tired."

Meg and Jack Fairfax received the news with surprise equal to its magnitude. They were not, however, hit so hard as the others had been. Their own concerns occupied much of their thoughts, and the hopeful attitude maintained by Mary and George, to whom their sympathies naturally overflowed at once, tended to cast some doubt on the direct outcome of the calamity.

With the exception of John Sinclair, and Jack Fairfax, and Niel Felston, no one outside the family heard anything about the matter, and these were sufficiently members of it to keep their own counsel.

CHAPTER XXXIII

UNDER THE WHEELS

As the result of a family council on the following night, John Sinclair undertook to learn what he could respecting Mr. Lindsay's financial relations in the City, with the ultimate object of finding Lindsay himself.

Mrs. Barty was at first averse to following the matter up at all. She did not see that anything was to be gained, while the results to her husband might be painful. Such tender regret as might have survived the last twenty years, and the catastrophe that preceded them, died sudden death at sight of her husband in the flesh, and his instant fresh desertion. She bore no resentment, however. It was a quality one could not possibly associate with Margaret Barty. Her sole desire was to drop the veil once more and forget that it had ever been lifted.

But when they made it clear to her that, for the sake of George and Mary, the matter must be probed to the bottom, no matter who suffered in the process, she acquiesced at once, and stipulated only that the enquiry should be confined to the question of Mary's parentage.

For herself she had done with George Barty, the elder. Quiet as she was, and forgiving, and possessed of every gentle virtue, there were things which might indeed be forgiven, but could never be condoned, and she possessed the steel-like endurance and tenacity which not seldom form the corner stones of such a nature.

But Sinclair's enquiries elicited nothing. The tin business was not apparently flourishing enough to show its head yet.

The days became weeks, and matters in Wynyatt Square settled back by degrees into an apparently steady flow after the break over the rocks. The surface seemed almost as smooth as ever, but the currents below were shot with new impulses, as the waters below the fall are stirred with fuller life by what they gain in their descent. There was a closer knitting together of the circle through the menace from without. There was a subdual of surface gaiety, but there was a deepening and widening of their common faith, and hope, and love, and courage. And the sense of expectation which filled all their minds was akin to the bubbles from the fall and kept them charged with a certain excitement.

To Mary Lindsay and George Barty it was a time of quiet endurance, and at times of much mental agony with which they wrestled manfully and came out the stronger. They set their faces resolutely against the horrible doubt which Mrs. Barty's discovery had given rise to. When the serpent's head intruded into their Paradise, they trampled it under foot and clung the closer to one another.

At times, however, it was inevitable that, to each of them apart, the thought should come,—"If it should be so,—What?" And neither ever found the answer.

George over his work, at the office or upstairs in his room, and Mary amid the bewildering vacuities of her four innocents, would stop dead for the moment, face to face with that grisly head. And—"My God! my God! if it should be so—!" was George's cry deep down in his heart. And Mary's hand would slip to her heart with a fervent, "God pity us!" which her lips had no need to utter. And they hungered the more to meet quickly and draw strength one from the other, each crediting the other with the fuller belief and hiding the fears that lurked below.

George looked at Mary through new eyes as he said to himself, "Can it be possible?" And every fibre of his being cried out in acute physical pain that it could not be—that it was not; that never since man was made had brother yearned for sister as he yearned for Mary. And the idea grew stronger and stronger within him that, before their hearts could ever know rest again, he would have to go to Australia and find out everything for himself. Even though this Lindsay-Barty—for whom he entertained no slightest filial feeling—took solemn oath that Mary either was or was not his own daughter, they could none of them trust his word, and it was a matter in which no faintest shadow of doubt could be suffered to exist.

But, harassed and exercised in mind as he was by this matter, his work, after the first day or two, did not greatly suffer. On the contrary he turned to it at night with an energy born of a desperate desire to escape for a while from the tangles of the outer world into the ordered courses of his own creation, where he held the threads in his own hands and could bend matters to his own will.

He was deep in his second book, and the delight of the work had gripped him again and went far towards helping him to bear the outside troubles with a certain equanimity. He was conscious too of growing powers, of a deepening and widening of his outlooks on life, of larger sympathies and keener understandings, and strength made for quietness. Under such conditions the Foxley controversy was little more than a pin-prick, and he left the matter in the hands of his friends, desiring only to be kept out of it as far as was possible.

But now and again, and in spite of himself, the demon of doubt in his own self-constituted belief would grow too strong for him. Even his work would become impossible to him, and he could not sit still or settle to anything for the gloomy thoughts which rode him. Then he would up and out into the night, and cover untold leagues of gas-lit streets,—with gritting teeth, and crumpled face, and the horror of it all gnawing at his heart,—as though peace of mind lay only through the chastening and jading of the body. Those black pilgrimages were

perhaps not wholly without their uses. They taught him many things,—the stony loneliness of the great City, the utter insignificance of the single unit,—the abomination of desolation in the wanderer, while millions eat and drink and sleep all round with no more thought of him than of a used postage stamp. He came across many miseries greater than his own in those dogged trampings of his, miseries that were positive where his were still only possible, and nothing tunes a man's heart back to thankfulness more readily than the knowledge of depths deeper than his own. Rarely, as he stood on the top step and let himself in with his latchkey in the grey of the dawn, body-weary and heart perhaps somewhat less sick,—but he thanked God for Mary and his mother and Joan. Happy, I say again, the man who has three such white souls to think of and to cling to when the dark times are on him.

* * * * *

John Sinclair was sitting in his office one evening, clearing up some matters which had got shelved during an unusually busy day. It was after hours, and he had the place to himself, except for the one-armed commissionaire who acted as care-taker and lived upstairs, and whose wife was busily sweeping the outer office.

The commissionaire tapped on the door, and put in his head after carefully removing his cap and tucking it under his missing arm, and said, "A gentleman to see you, Mr. Sinclair, sir."

"Anybody I know, Brown? I'm just going."

"Stranger, sir. Says he must see you if you're in."

"Very well. Show him in," and the stranger promptly appeared—a tall, well-built man with iron-grey hair and bushy beard. Sinclair did not know him and stood looking at him enquiringly.

"You don't recognise me, Sinclair. I am George Barty," he said, and John Sinclair sat down. George Barty did the same.

"So it *was* you. I began to hope your wife was mistaken," said Sinclair at last.

"No, she wasn't mistaken, poor thing! I'm only sorry she came that day. It was a misfortune for both of us. I did my best to keep out of her way."

"What is the meaning of it all?"

"That would be a very long story. I took the other man's name and place because he had a better record behind him, and a shorter term in front, than I had. You were quite right, that night. It was a bad bargain I made with old Burney. You can't live among lepers without becoming leprous. I meant well, but the devils and the Devil were too much for me. I was in hell. The chance of escape offered, and I took it and burned my bridges."

"And now?"

"I want your help. The drought ruined me. Then I found tin on an outlying property. I tried to exploit it there, but things were dead and I had to come across. I found things almost as bad here. They're coming round, but they're slow yet and the waiting has exhausted my funds. What about that money I left you? All used, I suppose?"

"It is intact and has been out at compound interest from the day you left. Your wife declined to touch it."

"That was like her. What does it amount to now?"

"Over £10,000."

"That would help——"

"It belongs to your wife and children. You have treated them shamefully. The time may come when they'll need it!"

Barty flushed angrily but held himself in.

"You cannot think worse of me than I do of myself," he said quietly.

"I'm not at all sure of that," said Sinclair coldly. "Since you chose to be dead I'd have thought a good deal better of you if you'd stopped dead and not come back to break all their lives again. What about Mary Lindsay? Is she your daughter?"

"My daughter?" said Barty, with a look of much surprise. "Why, of course she's my daughter. Of course—since I had been married before——"

"I have reason to believe that Mary's mother had also been married before," said Sinclair quietly.

It was only a chance shot, and he

Then he would up and out into the night, and cover untold leagues of gas-lit streets

watched Barty's face keenly. It remained perfectly unmoved, but Sinclair got the impression of a momentary flicker in the cold blue eyes.

"What on earth made you think that?" said Barty. "Oh, I see. It's of George and Mary you're thinking. It's a nasty business that, and I'm very sorry for them. But I couldn't possibly foresee anything of the kind, and the moment I heard of it I did my best to part them."

"You don't answer my question," said Sinclair. "Had Mary's mother been married before you married her?"

"Of course she hadn't," said the other angrily. "Now, see here, Sinclair, that's a matter I can't cure and can hardly be held responsible for. I'm as sorry as I can be about it. All I can do is this.—If you'll help me with my scheme I'll make over a fair proportion of the profits to Mary and Margaret and the rest. I can't do more."

"You can't right this wrong with money. They wouldn't any of them touch a penny of it. If Mary is really your daughter there are two more broken lives to your account. But, I tell you candidly, your word carries no conviction to my mind."

"Why on earth should I lie to you about such a matter? It doesn't affect me in the slightest."

"If it did you would, I presume. How it might affect you I can't say at present. I shall make it my business to find out."

"And you won't give me any help in this tin matter?"

"I could not undertake any such responsibility," said Sinclair.

"I have surveys and reports and assays by all the very best men in the colony. They're beyond question."

Sinclair shook his head. "Outside my line."

"Then I must play my last card and that may drag you in. That's why I came to see you."

"What is the last card?"

"The Burneys. If they will go in I can get others in. If they won't——"

Sinclair shook his head again. "A nasty business!"

"When a man's at the end of his tether he can't be over particular."

"You'd have difficulty in fixing it on Burney now, I should say, apart from any other considerations."

"I can fix it all right. I came across little Zettner the other day, the Jew to whom Burney paid that cheque. He's a financier now, but not big enough for my thing. But he's open to business, and he knew as well as old Burney did who forged that cheque. I don't hanker to stir the mud up, but I've got a fortune in my hand and I'm going to realise it—one way or another. The only other way is for you to assist me or to let me have that money."

"I've done my duty by your family for the last twenty years," said Sinclair. "I'm not going to fail in it now."

"Then you force me to the other thing."

"I force you to nothing, but I'm not going to let you force me to a course I don't approve of. One of your daughters—the one you have never seen—is hopelessly crippled. She may need that money some day."

"It's a bit hard, you know,"—

"Hard? What has it been for your wife all these years? What was it for her that other morning, when you met her face to face and left her again? I had a certain amount of sympathy for you dead. Disgracefully alive, I have none. I won't help you in your schemes, but there is one thing I require of you."

"And what's that?"

"I want explicit information as to where and when you were married to Mary's mother, and where and when Mary was born."

"That won't help you at all. I don't know what bee you've got in your bonnet, man, but there's nothing in it."

"In that case you can have no objection to giving me the information. It may be of service or it may not. But until I have copies of those certificates I won't take your word for it."

"Then it can just rest where it is. You decline to help me. I decline to help you."

"If, for Mary's sake and George's, I could prove that she was not your

daughter, I might be tempted to let everything else slide and not interfere," said Sinclair meaningly, and watched his man keenly again, and again caught, as he thought, a sudden gleam in the blue eyes, like a tiny flake of molten steel struck out by the hammer.

"Now what do you mean by that?" said Barty. "Seems to me you're tempting me to lie to you in this matter, and I'm not going to do it. The trouble's big enough already."

"I don't want you to lie. I want you to tell me the simple truth. Where were you married? Where was Mary born?"

"Nothing for nothing, my friend. You won't help me. I certainly won't help you—even to the destruction of mare's nests and bees in your bonnet," and he got up to go.

"I want the date and place of your marriage, and the date and place of Mary's birth," said Sinclair once more, without moving a finger.

"And I decline to discuss the matter further."

"Tchutt, man! Australia hasn't sharpened your wits. I'm not asking a favour of you. I hold the whip. If you don't tell me what I want to know I will knock your company into a cocked hat."

"And how?"

"No need to go into details. I can do it from this desk in five minutes, as you know."

"Your consideration for your friends in Wynyatt Square is not apparently very deep."

"Deeper than you think, perhaps. The revival of the old scandal would be bitter, no doubt, but there are bitterer things than that."

"I see. . . . And if I give you what you want, you promise not to interfere in my affairs."

"I have no present desire to interfere in your affairs. That's all I can say. The rest would depend on circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"I can't say till they crop up."

"You're a good fighter, Sinclair, and a staunch friend, and a very hard man. . . . However, it's no good making two bites at a file. Write to the Registrar at Bandabra, Darling County, New South Wales, and ask him for copies of the register of the marriage of Charles and Mary Lindsay, and of the birth of their daughter, Mary."

"I understood you lived at Coonanbarra."

"Afterwards," said Barty, coolly, "Write to Bandabra, that will give you all you want. Now I'm going up to give old Burney a bad quarter of an hour," and he nodded and went out.

Sinclair turned in his chair and wrote a letter to the address Lindsay had given him, walked along to the post office and enclosed a couple of postal orders for a pound each in it, and posted it. Then he jumped into a cab and drove off to Wynyatt Square."

They were always glad to see him there. He had been the friend of the family before the flood and through it, and Margaret had always turned to him for counsel and sympathy. He found her and Joan alone in the Spider's Nest. And as soon as Mrs. Barty saw him she said—

"You have some news."

"Well, I have—such as it is. But it's nothing very definite. Perhaps suspicions would be nearer the mark," and he told them just what had passed.

"It is not much to go upon," said Mrs. Barty, with a quiet shake of the head.

"It sounds less in the telling, I confess. But it gave me, at the time, a very strong impression that there is something behind that we don't know yet."

"I would welcome anything that would help those two,—anything!" said Mrs. Barty. "They have suffered greatly. The way they cling to hope and one another is most wonderful."

"Shall we tell them, or wait till we have something more to go on?" said Sinclair.

"Tell them. It is always best," said Mrs. Barty. "I'll go and fetch them. Mary is in his room. He has liked to have her there while he is working of late."

And presently they came hastily down and heard all Sinclair had got to tell.

"Bandabra!" said Mary. "Why, that's hundreds of miles away from

Coonanbarra. I don't ever remember living there."

"You may have lived there before you remember," said Sinclair.

"It is possible," she said, with a thoughtful shake of the head, "but I never heard of it."

"I wrote to Coonanbarra over six weeks ago," said George. "Between the two we may learn something. If we don't, I'll go out myself if I have to work my passage. Meanwhile I'm surer than ever, every time I look at Mary, that there's something behind all this that we don't understand yet. And I'll never rest till I've got to the bottom of it."

(To be concluded)

Drifting

"*I shall arrive.*"—PARACELSUS.

I drift along the sea of Time,
  Nor am concerned my bark to guide
Either to north or southern clime,
Or east or west; I shall betime
  Arrive, though dim the waste and wide.

Why should I fret and strain and strive
  To reach an unknown distant shore?
It is enough I am alive:
In His own time I shall arrive:
  And would my effort compass more?

Rather I glide from day to day,
  And feel not either hope or fear;
I love the wide and trackless way,
The grey of dawn, the star's white ray,
  And take the blessings that lie near.

If any haven there should be
  Beyond the utmost fall and swell,
I shall arrive: across the sea
I drift unto my destiny
  In confidence that "all is well."

ELIZABETH B. PIERCY.

The Emperor Constantine's Arch

Rome in Africa

With illustrations from photographs by Aubrey Le Blond

"THE Algerian Pompeii is worth going a long way to see, if only because it is probably the most complete Roman town in existence," wrote Mr. Anthony Wilkin in his admirable book, "Among the Berbers of Algeria."

In truth this isolated city, far from any French settlement, in an upland valley of the Aurès Mountains which border the Sahara, made upon us a far greater impression than any Roman remains we have visited in other countries. It brought vividly home to us how far flung was the battle line of that wonderful people, many of whose structures still lie beneath the earth, which has preserved them so astonishingly well in the lonely sand-swept plains of Algeria, Tunis and Tripoli.

These countries became Roman colonies early in the second century, the governor residing at Carthage. Under him were various legions, notably the famous 3rd Legion. This was first stationed at Tebessa, but before long was moved on to Lambessa, an important camp fifteen miles from Timgad, the Pompeii of Africa.

Lambessa is reached by a magnificent modern French road from Batna, a drive of ten miles. Batna is a strongly-garrisoned town on the main line to Biskra, and about four hours from that place. There are two indifferent hotels at Batna at either of which the traveller can stay for his excursion to Lambessa and Timgad. If really interested in archaeology, he will require at least an entire day for each place, but the hurried tourist invariably crams the sights of both into a single expedition.

During the first three centuries of our era, the prosperity of North Africa was great. Corn, wine, and olives were exported in large quantities, while even in those days the Arab horse was renowned and of considerable value. Men of learning took up their abode in the flourishing

colonies with whose history are associated the names of St. Augustine, St. Cyprian, and the tutor of Marcus Aurelius. The Romans, in fact, had settled down in the land in a way the French can never hope to rival, and beautiful cities arose, where works of art of all sorts were rapidly accumulated.

Lambessa was a point of much strategic importance to the Romans, for it was on the way to the Sahara, *viâ* El Kantara, "the golden gate of the desert," where a great caravan route commenced.

Thanks to the two thousand or more inscriptions which have been found, we know much of the history of Lambessa. One now in the Louvre records the fact that the Emperor Hadrian held a review there, and delivered a harangue to the troops, his speech being engraved in full on the slab.

From that time forward, Lambessa was the most important military station in North Africa, and it is considered to furnish us at the present day with the best existing specimen of a camp of the Roman period.

In addition, however, to its requirements as a camp, Lambessa also had its civil quarter, besides which its neighbour Timgad served as a recruiting ground for the 3rd Legion.

Lambessa began to decline after the reign of the family of Septimus Severus. The Legion disgraced itself by taking sides in the quarrels of the Emperor Maximin and his rival, and were in consequence disbanded. On an inscription which was found in the temple of Esculapeus, the name of the 3rd Legion has been erased, doubtless at the time of their punishment. It is an interesting fact that some fifteen centuries later the name of Napoleon III., written on the wall of the Prætorium after his visit, received precisely similar treatment. Famous other cases of erasures will occur to the reader, such as that on the arch of Septimus Severus at Rome, where the name of his murdered son Geta was chiselled out, and again on the pedestal of a Statue of a Vestal in the House of the Vestals at Rome, where, perhaps because the lady it commemorated became a Christian, her name was considered unworthy of honour.

In this temple at Lambessa a noble inscription may still be read:—

> "Enter good
> Go out better."

Though the dispersion of the Legion marked the end of Lambessa, the *coup-de-grace* was given by a terrible earthquake which, in 268, wrought fearful havoc. By the fifth century Lambessa was merely a small provincial town.

The camp, when fully explored and excavated, will, it is thought, throw light on many obscure problems in Roman military archæology.

In visiting Lambessa the traveller (I do not write for the expert, but for the ordinary tourist), must bear in mind the preconceived plan the Romans always had in choosing the sites for their camps. They usually selected gently sloping ground, so that the general in command could have an uninterrupted view over all the regiments under his orders, as well as over the surrounding country. The neighbourhood of a river or a spring was essential. A position against a hillside was avoided as the enemy might surprise the garrison or throw projectiles from above on them. It is notable that Lambessa fulfilled all the required conditions.

The line of fortifications was always rectangular, and the angles were rounded so as to avoid the effect of projectiles on a sharp surface, and the better to command every inch of the ground.

Internally, the camp was divided into four parts, by two main streets intersecting each other at the centre, exactly like the modern French country towns of Algeria. Four gates gave access to the camp. Precisely at the intersection of the two chief streets was situated the quarters of the Commander-in-Chief. These were known as the Prætorium because, in time of war, the supreme magistrate of Rome was originally the prætor.

As Lambessa was a permanent camp, the buildings were solidly constructed of stone and brick. The Prætorium, which is well preserved, much resembled

in its plan a private house, with its central court and rooms opening off, but the entire building was of masonry, whereas many of the private dwellings had their upper stories of wood.

Four great military roads started from the four gates of the city. One highway, which further on divided into two branches went to Batna, El Kantara, and Biskra. The most important of the four roads, however, was that to Carthage, and this marvellous highway, paved throughout, could probably be laid bare at the present day in almost its entire length. Its course was *viâ* Timgad and Tebessa. The expense of constructing a mile of Roman road, with its pavement, side paths, and drainage system, has been estimated at about £800 of our money.*

The speed of travelling in those days was sometimes surprisingly rapid. The greatest achievement in fast locomotion in ancient times is said to have been the journey of Tiberius who, hastening to his dying brother, Drusus, covered 200 miles in 24 hours.

The roads near Lambessa are bordered by tombs, the most famous of which is that of Flavius Maximus, a captain of the 3rd Legion. As this was threatened with destruction, it was taken to pieces, the stones being numbered, and was then carefully re-erected on the same spot. A battalion of French troops filed past the monument when completed, and fired a volley in honour of the great soldier who had given his life on Algerian soil for his country.

Aqueducts, triumphal arches, and many other remains claim attention; the baths, built of bricks bearing the stamp of the 3rd Legion, were obviously constructed by the soldiers.

Between Lambessa and Timgad the road is by no means devoid of interest. Near a Roman arch by the side of the highway may be seen a well preserved ancient reservoir, and at various points during the drive traces of an elder civilization are visible.

Timgad, which was founded in the time of Trajan, prospered until the beginning of the fourth century. It began to be troubled during the reign of Constantine, when religious feuds broke out, schismatic bands making the city their battle-field. The incessant wars laid waste the country, and weakened the power of Rome. In 429 the Vandals, with whom some of the sects sided, brought pillage and ruin into the unhappy township. The Berbers profited by the disorder to descend from their fastnesses in the Aurès Mountains and pillage the defenceless country. In 535 the Byzantines fought a battle with the Vandals, when the Arab population rose and burnt Timgad to prevent its sheltering the common enemy. However, this was of no avail at the time—though doubtless the burning of Timgad did much to preserve all that the fire could not destroy—for Solomon, lieutenant of the Byzantine General, eventually beat the forces combined against him in the plains of Mamma, and four years later installed himself at Timgad, building a fort with materials taken from the ruined city.

In 565 a period of comparative quiet set in, the settlement and most of the neighbouring Berber and Arab tribes embracing Christianity. But at the end of the seventh century violent and romantic struggles took place. The Kahenna, a patriotic Christian woman from the Aurès Mountains, defeated the Mussulman troops, sent expressly from Egypt to subdue the country. The famous Marabout, Sidi Okba, whose tomb is familiar to all visitors to Biskra, was killed during this encounter. But new bands replaced their fallen co-religionists, and at last the heroic Kahenna and her fellow Christians had to abandon the struggle, and retire to their mountains.

The end of Timgad had now arrived. Earthquakes, the sand and dust of the Sirocco-parched plain, the soil washed down from the neighbouring hills, the vegetation growing over the ruins, gradually withdrew them from sight till our own day, when careful excavations, generously aided by the French Government, have revealed to us a large portion of a Roman town which, by reason of its excellent

* "Travel in the First Century," by C. A. J. Steel (Cambridge University Press).

state of preservation, the magnificence of its public buildings and the completeness of its arrangements, is unique. What we owe to Vesuvius in covering up the city of Pompeii and saving it from the gradual but complete destruction which all cities constantly inhabited and renewed must suffer, this we owe to the burning and forsaking of Timgad, which have left to us an entire town of the time of the Romans with its life and history plainly writ in stone.

Timgad, like all Roman towns, had its four gates and two principal streets. By a curious exception, however, the Cardo (which led from north to south) does not at Timgad follow on in the same line, but skirting the Forum it continues in a line parallel to its earlier course, and about 200 feet from the direct course it ordinarily would take.

It will be noticed in Timgad that the paving stones of the great roads are placed diagonally, and not parallel with the side of the street. Ruts formed less easily in pavements thus constructed, and the heavy chariots rolled along with the minimum of jolting.

The Forum is sure to be the first feature of the city the traveller visits. In very primitive times, a Forum was an uncovered space in front of a tomb, which belonged to the family owning the vault. Later on, the term was used for open spaces where, by degrees, shops and arcades were constructed. In the towns, the Fora were at first the headquarters of political life, as well as the spots where the markets were held. As time passed, however, the merchants chose suitable places elsewhere for the sale of goods and food, and established Marcella apart from the Fora. The latter were now given up entirely to municipal buildings and temples. The Romans delighted in stately and imposing constructions, and they liked to see the machinery of their constitution at work under their very eyes. Thus in the Forum there soon arose a Basilica, or Law Courts, a tribune from which harangues were given, various temples, and covered galleries where the citizens could walk and discuss the topics of the day. The Forum of Timgad was a magnificent one, in which all the requirements of the City found place. We can still see many of the bases of the statues of emperors and famous townspeople, while on the pavement we can trace outlines for games of various sorts of which marbles was the most popular. An inscription close by can still be read in Latin: "Hunt, bathe, play, laugh, this is to live."

At night the Forum was closed, and at the south-west angle was a small exit, close to which a room was reserved for the caretaker, who had to exercise, night and day, surveillance over all the gates of the Forum.

Near the Forum of Timgad was the Prison, and also the Curia, or Town Hall. In the latter two very valuable discoveries were made of the albums, or lists of the magistrates of the town. One of these is now in the Louvre. A set of apartments close by should not be overlooked, as it is unique amongst existing Roman excavated buildings. A sanitary engineer of the present day might take pride in the work.

At one end of the Forum stood the Temple of Victory, with the Tribune of Harangues close by. This was reached by nine steps, and across the top ran an iron balustrade, the means for fixing which are still visible. Outside the Forum, ranged along the street, is a row of columns. These supported the roof of an arcade where foot passengers were sheltered from sun or rain, and off which opened shops. Some of these still show the grooves for the shutters, and it is apparent from their disposition that the shutters were put up from the inside and that the door, too, closed internally, indicating that the owner must have slept in his shop.

The Theatre of Timgad is well preserved. It will be remembered that, following the system of the Greeks, the sites of theatres were chosen on hillsides where, with the minimum of labour, the seats could be simply hollowed out of the soil and then faced with stone, obviating the need for a costly external structure.

The fourteen pillars on which rested the wooden platform of the stage are still in place. Between the first row of pillars

and the wall of the *pulpitum* one still sees twelve hollowed stones in connection with the curtain. It must not be forgotten that in old days the curtain descended when an act commenced and was withdrawn when it ended, for instead of, as at present, hiding the stage, it was placed behind and formed a background to it.

Lambessa seems to have had no theatre of its own, for people flocked even from there to see the performances at Timgad.

The baths are very interesting, as they are fairly well preserved, and their heating arrangements are clearly seen. It is well known that the use of the bath was considered essential to health. First

The Arch of Trajan

The Auditorium of the Theatre was uncovered as far as the fourth series of seats. Above this it was vaulted over, and to right and left of the orchestra were the seats reserved for the priestesses. An awning could be spread over the whole theatre. The Theatre at Timgad seated 3,400 persons, and, including those who stood on the terraces above the vaulted portion, 4,000 spectators could be present.

A theatre like that of Timgad gave all sorts of performances: tragedies, comedies, pantomimes and concerts. The entertainments were usually paid for by different citizens who wished to show their gratitude for election to magisterial or other posts.

the Greeks, and later on the Romans, constructed large public and private baths which rapidly grew in importance under the emperors and became centres of social intercourse.

Following the custom of the Greeks, the Romans had a regular series of baths of different temperatures, regulated by hot air distributed in earthenware pipes. The buildings containing the baths were magnificently decorated with statues and mosaics.

The opening of the baths was announced by a trumpet call, and the bathers, having paid their entry fee at the door, first went through some mild gymnastics. In addition to the apartments for bathing and

gymnastics, the building contained halls where people could stroll about and converse; it was here that poets came to recite their verses and that philosophers taught their doctrines.

Bathing usually took place at about one or two o'clock in the afternoon preceding the chief meal of the day. But during the last years of the empire the baths were frequented even at night. Originally instituted solely for health, they soon became a *rendezvous* for pleasure, and the Romans spent their entire days there. The price of a bath ticket was equal to about a half-penny of our money. The finest and best preserved mosaics found at Timgad were in the gymnastic hall of the baths.

Near the entrance was a large cloak room, an important accessory to a bathing establishment, for no one might go in till he had taken off his clothing. The object of this rule was the prevention of theft of the ornaments and utensils of the baths. The poorer bathers, who had no slaves to guard their clothes, often lost them, through the dishonest persons who made a practice of hanging about the baths and stealing what they could. In the cloak room of the Timgad baths, a large and fine inscription was discovered, relating to their enlargement under Septimus Severus.

The Capitol, and the great Temple of Jupiter Capitolanus dominated the whole city. The Romans traced out the sites of their temples according to the position of the sun on the day when they began the work. Now, the position of the sun, of course, varies greatly with the season. This is why Roman temples are placed in various ways. For example, at Timgad, the Temple of Jupiter has its chief entrance on the North-east, while the little Temple of Victory in the Forum is further inclined to the East. One therefore need not be surprised that the Temple of Jupiter, instead of being straight across the street leading up to it, is on a bias, a disposition one cannot but think can have only been adopted with regret. The religion of the Etruscans taught that no town had a true foundation unless dedicated to the three divinities of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. Further, it was desirable that the temple should be built on an eminence. At Timgad we see these conditions fully carried out.

The great Statue of Jupiter, of which fragments only have been found, was about 35 feet high. Many rich marbles were also discovered in the vicinity of the temple, the fittings and decoration of which must have been in keeping with the huge size of the building and the magnificence of its remains.

One of the most curious edifices in Timgad is the *Marcellum* or market. The tables for the sale of goods stood in alcoves, and ran across them from wall to wall, so that the man in charge had to creep under his counter in order to install himself behind it. We see just the same arrangement to-day in the markets of the Arabs who seem in Algeria to have been inspired in various ways by the Roman colonists of nearly two thousand years ago. On the eight pedestals which remain in the market are inscriptions by which we learn that the structure was due to the liberality of a rich citizen and his wife in the second century. This gentleman was a commander in the army, and on his retirement he came back to live in his native city of Timgad.

The arrangement of the market is very like that of a building at Pompeii which long puzzled archæologists, but the discovery of the *Marcellum* at Timgad cleared up the matter at once. It is the only municipal market yet found in Africa.

In earliest times, cooks were not kept permanently in Roman houses. When, on special occasions, a cook was needed, it was usual to send to the market and there both a cook and the food required were obtained. The daily food of the Romans was much the same as that of their slaves, meat being only seen on their tables on very rare and solemn occasions.

The repasts of the primitive Romans were taken as follows:—When they rose in the morning they ate a piece of bread dipped in wine or salt, grapes, olives, cheese, milk, or eggs. About twelve o'clock came a rather more solid meal, while supper, the chief repast of the day, was partaken of about sunset.

The custom of a vegetable diet with only milk and eggs supplementing it fell into disuse after the conquest of Greece, and a reaction to the utmost extreme of luxury took its place. Professional bakers, skilled confectioners, trained chefs, replaced the simply taught women who had formerly carried out all that appertained to the feeding of the household.

fully laid out, while one of them had a curious design in curved stone work.

Seven Christian basilicas have been discovered in the town, one of which contains an inscription referring to its dedication in the reign of Constantine.

As we leave Timgad behind us, we cannot but ponder on the kindness of the hand of time as compared to that of man

The Greek Theatre at Timgad

It is interesting to notice that Timgad was built on a pre-conceived plan and all at one period. In 64 A.D., after the burning of Rome, it was decreed that in future when a new town was constructed, each house should be separated by a certain space from every other in order to prevent a fire from spreading. This was thirty-six years before the foundation of Timgad, and in this city we see that the decree was observed and each house isolated. Many of the private dwellings deserve attention; all had mosaic flooring and the little gardens adjoining are often tasteful

in the preservation of ancient monuments. Whereas at Rome the structures of olden days have served as quarries for the vanities of later times, at Timgad the friendly earth has covered up and preserved for us an entire city, and when the French Government has completed its excavations, it seems probable that Timgad will be the most perfect specimen of a Roman colonial city to which all interested in the life of two thousand years ago will look for a magnificent object lesson.

E. Le Blond.

Dream Love

Lord, with how small a thing
Thou canst prop up a heart against the grave!
A little glimmering
Is all we crave;
The lustre of a love that hath no being,
The pale point of a little star above
Flashing and fleeing, contents our seeing;
The house that never will be built, the gold
That never will be told,
The task we leave undone when we are cold!

THESE lovely lines by Robert Buchanan have never found a truer application than in the life of Charles Lamb—so dark and deep was the grave of despair that threatened to engulf him, so small a thing it was that propped up his heart against it.

Born in the shadow of the Temple and educated at Christ's Hospital, Lamb was a Londoner to the backbone, yet his visits to his grandmother in Hertfordshire were destined to have a lasting influence upon him, for it was there that the dream-love was awakened in his heart which ran through the gloomy fabric of his life like a thread of pure gold. The history of this love is, to a great extent, related in the story of "Rosamund Grey."

"Rosamond Grey was the most beautiful creature that eyes ever beheld," he writes, "her face had the sweetest expression in it—a gentleness, a modesty, a timidity, a certain charm, a grace without a name. She was a mild-eyed maid and everybody loved her. Young Allan Clare, when but a boy, sighed for her. Her yellow locks fell in bright and curling clusters, like

'Those hanging locks of young Apollo.'

Her voice was trembling and musical; a graceful diffidence pleaded for her whenever she spoke, and if she said but little that little found its way to the heart. Young and artless and innocent, thinking no harm and meaning none, affectionate as a smiling infant, playful, yet unobtrusive as a weaned lamb, everybody loved her. Young Allan Clare, when but a boy, sighed for her."

This description is really the description of Ann Simmons, the Alice Winterton of some of Lamb's later writings, who lived near the mansion of which his grandmother had the charge and on whom his boyish heart was set; while Allan Clare was drawn from his own book-loving and imaginative youth.

"He was never happier than when he could get Rosamund to walk out with him; he would make her admire the scenes he admired—fancy the wild flowers he fancied—watch the clouds he was watching—and not infrequently repeat to her poetry which he loved and made her love it."

The end of the tale is made to run in a different course from that which it took in real life, but in both cases the love was frustrated and the lives separated for ever, and in both cases also the violent disappointment left a chastened sadness behind it.

"I have been a quiet sufferer," wrote Lamb in the character of Allan, "from the beginning of my calamities it was given to me not to see the hand of man in them. I perceived a mighty arm, which none but myself could see, extended over them. I gave my heart to the Purifier and my will to the Sovereign Will of the Universe."

The first hint of trouble came to Lamb in the disturbance that his love produced in his own mind. For some weeks he was confined in the lunatic asylum at Hoxton, and that he understood the nature of his illness is shown by a letter to Coleridge in which he writes:

"It may convince you of my regard for you when I tell you that my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who, I am inclined to think, was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy."

Whether an enforced separation from his love was the cause of this frenzy, or whether the frenzy was the cause of the separation, does not clearly appear, but from the sonnets written in the year 1795, it is evident that already he looked upon his love as hopeless:

No more I hear her footsteps in the shade,
Her image only in these pleasant ways
Meets me self-wandering, where in happier days
I held free converse with the fair-haired maid.
I passed the little cottage which she loved,
The cottage which did once my all contain,
It spake of days which ne'er must come again.

The disorder of Lamb's mind was merely temporary, but he had no sooner recovered than a fearful tragedy overtook his house. In September, 1796, his only sister, Mary, who was ten years older than himself, and whose nerves had been overstrained by incessant household work and by attendance on her invalid parents, became suddenly mad and stabbed her mother to the heart before the eyes of her brother and of her paralysed father.

"I have something more to do than to feel," wrote Lamb to Coleridge, and this necessity for exertion in all probability prevented a return of his former insanity; it seemed indeed as if the horrors that had fallen upon him, steadied and settled his brain, for throughout the rest of his life there was no symptom of any mental derangement, notwithstanding his close companionship with his afflicted sister.

"God be praised, Coleridge," he writes a few days after the event, "wonderful as it is to tell I have never been otherwise than collected, calm; even on the dreadful day and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference, a tranquillity not of despair. I felt that I had something else to do than to regret. One little incident may make you understand my way of managing my mind. Within a day or two after the fatal one, we dressed for dinner a tongue which we had had for some weeks salted in the house. As I sat down a feeling like remorse struck me: this tongue poor Mary got for me and can I partake of it now when she is far away? A thought occurred and relieved me—if I give into this way of feeling, there is not a chair, a room, an object in her rooms, that will not awaken the keenest griefs. I must rise above such weaknesses."

When we consider that Charles was not yet twenty-one, and that his elder brother John refused to help him, so that the whole family were dependent upon his small salary at the East India House, it is impossible not to marvel at the strength and courage displayed in these words. The only way in which he could secure his sister from perpetual confinement was to make himself personally responsible for her to the authorities, and to this task he set himself for the remainder of his life. His attitude towards her was marked by no shadow of reproach; her deed he attributed solely to her mental disease, and though he felt that it made all idea of his marriage impossible, he yet dedicated to her his sonnets on his lost love.

"I mean to dedicate them to my sister," he writes to Coleridge on the 14th of November, "it will be unexpected, and it will give her pleasure," and they accordingly appeared, prefaced with the following words—touching in any case, but intensely so when we remember the circumstances in which they were penned:

The few following poems,
Creatures of the Fancy and the Feeling,
In Life's more vacant hours;
Produced for the most part by,
Love in Idleness,
are
With all a Brother's fondness,
Inscribed to Mary Anne Lamb,
The Author's best friend and sister.

He was, indeed, as he wrote to Coleridge, "wedded to the fortunes" of his father and his sister; but though no trace of bitterness tinged his utterances the intensity of his feeling is shown in the lines written in January, 1798:

Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?
I had a mother, but she died and left me,
Died prematurely in a day of horrors,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women,
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

* * *

For some they have died and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me, all are departed,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

But though his life was never to be free from care, days of less crushing sorrow were in store for him; his father's slow decay ended in death, Mary returned

to him and the brother and sister were united in a lifelong companionship, which, though it brought him much anxiety, was nevertheless his principal source of happiness. Far from repining, his letters to his friends show a resignation and a sweetness that have seldom been equalled and never surpassed, and playful gleams of fancy flash out against the dark background of his life.

That a man so overshadowed by fate could take any interest in his clothes seems an impossibility, and yet in November, 1798, he writes to Southey about his new coat.

"My tailor has brought me home a new coat lapelled with a velvet collar. He assures me everybody wears velvet collars now. Some are born fashionable, some achieve fashion, and others, like your humble servant, have greatness thrust upon them. The rogue has been making inroads hitherto by modest degrees, foisting upon me an additional button, recommending gaiters; but to come upon me thus in a full tide of luxury neither becomes him as a tailor or the ninth part of a man."

On another occasion we find him writing the following letter to Godwin to explain that his sister would not be able to come and spend the day with him as previously arranged.

"I am sorry to put you to the expense of twopenny postage; but I calculate thus: if Mary comes, she will—

eat Beef, two plates	4d.
Batter Pudding, one plate	2d.
Beer, a pint	2d.
Wine, 3 glasses (I drink no wine)	11d.
Chestnuts after dinner	2d.
Tea and supper	9d.
	2s. 6d.
from which deduct	2d. postage.
	2s. 4d.

You are a clear gainer by her not coming!"

This happy disposition of mind and his steady habits of work were the two safeguards of his life.

His letters are wonderful reading; instead of dwelling upon his lost love or the daily sorrows of his lot, he makes acute criticisms of poems, plays and books of every kind, and expatiates on the joys of London, its lighted shops, its crowds, its very dirt and mud, the book-stalls, the coffee-houses, the steam of soup from the kitchens, the ceaseless masquerade of the streets which made him at times "shed tears in the motley Strand for fullness of joy at so much life."

A visit of two days to Oxford in the year 1800, even though it was clouded by the fear that he was selfish in being able to enjoy himself apart from his sister, gave him a pleasure that remained with him to the end of his days. If ever there was a true son of Oxford on this earth, it was Charles Lamb the counting-house clerk, Lamb, whose education came to an end at the age of fifteen, Lamb, who knew no more of the City of Dreaming Spires than a flying visit in the vacation could afford him. There is a charm in his Essay on Oxford which is akin to the charm of the Essay on Dream Children; to walk through the halls and Colleges, to listen to the music in the chapels, to watch the quaintly-attired figures of Dons and scholars and fancy himself one of them, all these were delights which were still fresh with him after the lapse of years.

Lord, with how small a thing
Thou canst prop up a heart against the grave!

Some men can find no pleasure in the things that they possess, but Charles Lamb, walking cheerfully under his heavy burdens, could find pleasure in the things that were denied to him.

A marked instance of this power is to be found in his affection for Hester Savory, a young Quakeress to whom he never even spoke a word, but whom he used to meet in his daily walks while he lived at Pentonville. This was indeed "the lustre of a love which had no being," yet the mere gazing on his star contented him while he dreamt of the house that never should be built, the warm hearth that never should be kindled.

Nothing is known of Hester except a brief mention of her in a letter from Lamb to a friend, and his exquisite verses—"To Hester."

"I passed the little cottage which she loved"

When maidens such as Hester die
Their place ye may not well supply,
Tho' ye among a thousand try
With vain endeavour.
A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.
A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate
That flush'd her spirit;
I know not by what name beside
I shall it call—if t'was not pride
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.
Her parents held the Quaker rule
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was trained in Nature's school,
Nature had bless'd her.
A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester!
My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet as heretofore
Some summer morning;
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

But Hester Savory was never more to him than a distant object of admiration, while Ann Simmons had wandered hand in hand with him through the sunny days of his youth; it was to her that he turned in his thoughts of what might have been and of her that he writes under the name of Alice Winterton in the Essay on Dream Children.

To his little Dream Children, Alice and John, he tells of his early days and of his visits to his grandmother in the great house in Hertfordshire, and of their "pretty dead mother."

"I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice Winterton, and as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness and difficulty and denial, meant in maidens—when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech. "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair where I had fallen asleep." No man who can dream like this is wholly unhappy!

"I would scarce now have any of those untoward incidents and events of my life reversed," he writes in the Essay on New Year's Eve. "I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-contrived novel. Methinks it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair and fairer eyes of Alice Winterton, than that so passionate a love adventure should be lost."

Yet it must not be supposed that Lamb was indifferent to his trials; the greater his love for his sister the more keenly he felt his frequent separations from her, and at times his nerves almost broke down under the strain.

"My heart is quite sunk," he writes to Coleridge on one occasion, "and I don't know where to look for relief. Mary will get better again, but her being constantly subject to such relapses is dreadful, nor is it the least of our evils that her case and all our story is so well known around us. We are in a manner marked. Excuse my troubling you, but I have nobody by me to speak to me—I almost wish that Mary were dead."

And again at another time to Miss Wordsworth:

"Being by ourselves is bad and going out is bad. I get so irritable and wretched with fear that I constantly hasten on the disorder. You cannot conceive the misery of such a foresight. I am sure that for the week before she left me I was little better than light-headed. I now am calm, but sadly taken down and flat."

Yet, in her intervals of sanity, Mary Lamb was a delightful companion, and in many contemporary memoirs we find allusions to the informal little parties that were given by the brother and sister —Charles in his shabby clothes, with his awkward manner and his stammering tongue, and Mary with her bright, humorous speech, and the eyes of wistful devotion which followed him wherever he turned.

Writing to a friend in the year of his death, 1834, he says in answer to a suggestion on her part :

" It is no new thing for me to be left to my sister ; when she is not violent her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of this world. Her heart is obscure, not buried ; it breaks out occasionally and one can discern a strong mind struggling with the billows that have gone over it. I could be nowhere happier than under the same roof with her."

" You must die first, Mary," he said to her one day, and she, " with a little nod and kindly smile, replied—" Yes, I must die first, Charles."

Yet when Charles died from the effects of a fall in the 60th year of his age, Mary had still thirteen years to travel through, thirteen years of gradually deepening clouds from which at last nothing could rouse her but the sound of her brother's name.

The life of Lamb was one long renunciation ; his unfortunate impediment of speech prevented him from taking the scholarship that would have smoothed his way to the University, his long years of labour in the East India House hindered him from the literary career for which he thirsted, and the terrible cloud that hung over his family deprived him of the joys of wife and child. Yet no complaint ever passed his lips, and the words written to Coleridge, when at the age of barely twenty-one he took up his burden, formed the keynote of his life :

" I must conform to my situation, and I hope I am for the most part not unthankful."

Condemned to remain, as Wordsworth wrote,

An Elm without his Vine
That, round his trunk and branches might have clung
Enchanting and adorning,

he yet found in his dream love a secret source of solace. His sky was dark with clouds, yet he himself has recorded that the world was to him a place of gladness—honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets, were yet in the earth, the sun and moon yet reigned in Heaven ; the charms of Nature, the love of friends—all these were sweet to him and gave him a joy that never failed.

" Did you seize the grand opportunity of seeing Kosciusko while he was at Bristol ? " wrote Lamb to Coleridge. " I never saw a hero ; I wonder how they look ! "

Lamb may never have seen a hero, but there were many of his friends who recognised one in the shape of a small, spare man, with a long melancholy face and well-worn clothes, with a shy and awkward manner, and a stammering, stuttering speech !

MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

Princess Joyce

By Keighley Snowden

CHAPTER XXVII

AUNT SELINAH'S COUP DE GRACE

JOYCE'S affectionate concern for her father had now some justification; yet he had taken pains, and did so still, not to let her think herself a cause of his unhappiness.

She heard the note of unconfessed depression in his voice, which had not its ordinary fulness; and she felt it in endearments of which the tenderness was not, as usual, playful. If he had not explained it as an effect of wanting sleep, she would have sharply accused herself. They must have a long walk, he had said.

By this time, Louis's shyness had brought her to the point of owning in her heart that she loved him dearly. She was even engaged upon a kind of castle-building, which came of the thought that it might be possible, after all, to share the time between her father and a husband. That hopeful notion had electrified a Brighton reverie; and it began to look so practicable, and so good, that she had almost avowed it. She was sure it would please her father. She only waited to be assured, as well, that Louis's feeling towards her was unchanged.

In the pleasant, brooding hours when Joyce thought upon what had passed between them, and felt both womanly and humble, apprehensive and vaguely very happy, this way out promised a golden life. She grew eager, and built her castles a little feverishly.

There was to be a house somewhere near her mother's, not a large house, but some dear little cot of a place, easily managed and made pretty—leaving her time, plenty of time every day, to be still with her father when he needed her. She had ideas for its furnishing and decoration. She imagined him come to visit her, sitting in a chair reserved for him alone, while she described all to him. It was chiefly in the joy this imagined pleasure gave her that she designed the interior, seeing it vividly, dreaming the life she would lead quite clearly; and one thought, one big, inconceivable sweet moment, contained such treasure of happiness that she would not look at it. Her heart experienced a great commotion, as though before a shrine.

Was the time indeed to come? Might she so indeed fulfil herself, greatly destined as he had sometimes warned her? Oh, that would please him best of all! Why had she been so blind?

She saw him out of health and downcast, and cherished a happy surprise for him anxiously. But her aunt had first a word to say. Miss Merrall marched from the living-room into the kitchen, found her alone, and delivered the fierce attack at once.

"There you are! Joyce, I think it's time you knew what you were doing."

Joyce was duly attentive. Her aunt's *brusquerie*, which had always hitherto been softened for her, sounded ominous.

"I took you to Brighton to put George Marlowe out of your head. I didn't say much about him because I thought you had more sense. Here's your father breaking his heart over you, too silly to say a word, and you still go dilly-dallying and writing letters. Perhaps you'd like to know that George shows 'em about; a nice thing for all of us. I really don't know what you think, but if you've no respect for yourself you might show a little more respect for others."

Her niece had gone pale to the lips. "You are mistaken, Aunt," she said quietly.

"Oh, I don't accuse you of throwing yourself away, my dear child! You mean well, I daresay. But I must tell you that it isn't very dutiful conduct in a girl who owes her father all that you owe yours."

She had the grace to check herself; indeed, her sharp face reddened. Joyce gazed with eyes from which very genuine distress and bewilderment looked out.

"Has father said something?" she faltered.

"If he hasn't, that isn't to say that anyone needs to be told in so many words, I'm only his sister, but I can see what troubles him if you can't, child. He's far too kind to you. You must see for yourself the disgrace it is to have a drunken boy bragging about you; everybody talking. I hear of nothing else but your rebellious silly conduct."

Joyce's colour mounted. "I am not rebellious," she replied, "and I'm not ashamed of anything I've done, Aunt."

"You're not ashamed! Not ashamed!" Aunt Selinah looked as if somebody had told her she was no Christian.

"And I don't believe you're right about father. If he thought it disgraceful he would have spoken about it." But she had to fight down her tears.

"And you're not ashamed. Well, I am. And if you care about me as much as you seem to care about that precious young imbecile, you'll try to be a little less of a silly schoolgirl, Joyce. Your father hasn't spoken because he didn't know. I've just had the satisfaction of telling him."

"He *did* know!" flashed Joyce. "I keep nothing from my father. I—I love him, whatever you think."

"Pooh! I'm talking about the letter being shown round. And as for your love, and what you don't believe and do, I say again you're a wretched wilful child! How dare you contradict me?" Aunt Selinah's wiry little curls trembled. "This has been a trouble to your father for months, and you, in particular, owe him more considerate behaviour. Yes, you're old enough to know it—I *will* tell you! You would have heard of it some day, and I never saw any sense in keeping it from you; it was you who made your father blind, when you were a baby."

Joyce went very white, and her eyes were fixed with incredulous pain, and a kind of horror. She swayed; made as if to put her hands out; and then sank down by the table.

The foolish old termagant caught her breath as fear clutched her. "Oh, my heavens, what have I done!" she exclaimed, and hurried round to see. Her dear adorable niece, for whom she would certainly have entered a burning house without hesitation, lay the picture of death there.

With shaking fingers Aunt Selinah tore Joyce's collar off, and loosed her pretty bodice and her corsets; brought water and sprinkled it upon the colourless sweet face, and chafed her hands and offered up frantic prayers. For once in her life she was a coward; she dared not call for help. During a whole minute of extremity, she knew the perfect sensations of an unpremeditated murder; then Joyce's sigh of consciousness brought an hysterical rain of very useless tears.

"Oh, my pet! My poor, darling pet! I thought Aunt Selinah had killed you."

But Joyce's first movement put her arms away, silencing endearments. She knelt, still trembling, while her niece endeavoured to rise without help. Joyce sank into a chair and dried her face, shivering. She had still the look of dismay and incredulity; which presently fixed itself upon Aunt Selinah, who shrank and covered her eyes.

"Oh, I can see you'll never forgive me!" cried out the old soul bitterly. "I told you because I loved you, all the same. I did, I did! Don't look at me like that, Joyce, pray!"

Betty heard the last words. She appeared in the doorway, returned from an errand; and, taking in the situation at one wide-eyed glance, she spoke like the *Powerful's* gun at Ladysmith.

"*Now* what hae yo' done?"

In an instant Aunt Selinah scrambled up from her marrow-bones and stood at bay, extremely fierce and haggard.

"Yo' natterin' owd nowght! I declare if iver! What has she been sayin' to yo', Doy?"

But the sight of Joyce's disordered dress, her wet and colourless woeful face, the old maid's contrition, gave Betty a sufficient guess.

"Selinah Merrall," she demanded finally, "hae yo' telled her what she s'ouldn't know?"

"Hold your tongue!" said Aunt Selinah. "How dare you speak to me like that? Leave the kitchen, woman!" Which ancient formula sent Betty bound-

ing towards the inner door indeed, but not submissively. She was scarlet.

"I will that!" she exclaimed. "I'll bring them 'at can talk to yo'."

Happily or not, Joyce's frightened cry arrested her: "No, no! Betty! You mustn't!"

She had started up, her hands fluttering at the open bodice; and her eyes implored.

"You are quite wrong, Betty," she said more quietly, the old servant having turned to look at her. "You don't understand. This is between ourselves, and I—I think you'd better go upstairs or somewhere."

The guilty old maid was wiping her eyes with little quick movements. For a moment Betty gazed with lips apart, eyeing them both very doubtfully; and then her arms fell slack.

"It's a strange do, I think," she commented, "if yo'r mother munnot know. I wish I'd nut goane out, choose how it be."

A defiant glance at the enemy pointed her regret; and with that, and a certain deliberation of retirement, she left the kitchen. As she did so Aunt Selinah turned her back upon Joyce and there were sounds of quieter grief from her.

"Please go on," said the gallant girl. "You must tell me how it happened now."

"Of course it wasn't your fault," came the answer between her sniffs. "You were just a little baby. . . . You dropped a watch, in bed, on one of Stephen's eyes. Oh, Joyce"—she turned about, her thin yellow hands extended in a gesture of appeal—"I was mad, I think; forgive me—forgive me! I take back all I said, every word of it. And—don't tell your father! In pity! If you do—if he knows he'll never let me speak to you again. I'll fasten your bodice."

Joyce began to fasten it herself, however.

"Forgive me!"

"I do forgive you, Aunt," she said. "I'm glad you told me."

Something resolute in the tone of this assurance alarmed the penitent.

"And you—you won't speak of it?" she faltered.

Joyce's calm glance met her frankly. "No. . . . But don't kiss me, Aunt! I'm not quite steady."

She was, in fact, still pale; and her desire to be alone overmastered all other feelings. Aunt Selinah stooped and picked up her shawl, a miserable woman. She put it on so as to hide her face completely.

"I'll go out by the back way," she said; and Joyce heard a sob as the door was shut.

CHAPTER XXVIII

IN THE PARK

THE Prime Minister had won her campaign.

Joyce rallied her courage not to think, and went through the ordeal of bidding her father and mother good-night. Then she climbed to her room. Her heart was beating to a bitter-strong Beethoven-music, sorrowful and mutinous; a distracted, broken symphony which could only play itself out in solitude.

What was it that had stunned her? Something woeful and unalterable, not the crashing discord of the first bar, but a sobbing underphrase with recurrent echoes. She stood in the dark and tried to bring it back.

"I am not sorry," she told herself: not sorry that she owed more amends for fortune's spite to her father, and for his kindness, than she had ever dreamed of making. "I nearly cried when I kissed him. Oh, poor Dad! How cruel it must have been! Cruel! And all this time he has kept it from me." The tears that fell for him were not bitter at all, but sweet to her. They came in a warm shower, and ceased quickly.

It was terrible to have been the cause of such a thing! Joyce had fainted under the shock of it; and for that, at any rate, she felt sorry helplessly—immensely pitiful—full of dear admiration for his noble and wonderful goodness all her life. Instead of kissing him just now, she could have wept on her knees. She owed him what she could never pay—never! And now, when she knew it—dreadfully the feeling accused her!—she felt as if, somehow, there would never be any gladness in paying what she could pay—as if some part of her heart was dead.

She sat on her bed in a maze of sorrow, unable to think clearly. She had not only wished to be alone: her sensation was, vaguely, that something condemned her now to be alone always.

How was that? She took herself to bered nothing about it. There was no blame; she was a little baby! The misery seemed to be that nothing she could do would atone for that, and so there was nothing, now, that could give her pleasure.

Aunt Selinah chafed her hands

task almost fiercely. How was it that when she did not know what she owed him it had seemed so easy and so happy, but now it seemed hard, not happy at all? She could not blame herself for letting the watch fall. It was not that. She remem-

Why should it seem as if she grudged the little she *could* do, the unavailing little, so out-balanced by his love?

She denied that she grudged it! It was her duty; and she accepted it gladly—oh, gladly! It might be very poor when

done; so it would be; but it would be all she could give him, all.

His love was overwhelming; it daunted her. Hers for him, being a duty only, could not equal it. She gave her life; but his love was given freely; he had never done her harm. Something unjust in fate crushed her spirit.

Calm in a kind of stupor, she saw, now, why he would not admit of any sacrifice if he could help it. He had kept the cruel truth from her for this kind reason—that he did not wish her to think a duty bound her. It seemed to Joyce that she had never known what duty meant; she had done all for love. It made a difference as great as night from day. But again she asked, knowing the duty, why need she do it less for love? She loved him more now; she had never known before how dear and strong he was! Her breast went on labouring to rid itself of something which rose in her throat. What felt so dead, so cold?

Ought she to have promised not to tell him?

Yes, that was right. He must have been often pleased, dear, brave old dad, to think she did not know. When he urged her to leave him and marry Louis, he must.

As she thought of Louis, Joyce's mind was blank a moment; then a tempest shook her. She lay convulsed, stifling the tell-tale sounds of it.

Her grief was hours long, a total abandonment to bitterness, to the full symphony of bereaved love and hope, playing itself out to a sobbing close. What she could not realise by questioning, this heartbreak told her. Thought ceased with the first onset of it; and when it had exhausted her Joyce slept a little. Cold awoke her. She rose and undressed, mechanically, her hands very clumsy; shed a few tears more as her cheek felt the pillow; and then slumbered deeply, and late.

Betty came to call her at breakfast-time. She stood by the bedside with an uncustomary cup of tea, while Joyce tried to think what her illness was.

"Come, Doy! Rouse up an' sup this," the motherly soul was saying.

Presently she remembered, but without any shock, and raised herself on an elbow to let the tray be placed.

"Theere, now! Eh, but yo're a sad pictur'," said Betty by way of comfort. "Yo'r mother'll be down an' want to knaw what ails yo'; so be sharp, now, an' wesh that face."

"Do I look very bad?"

Betty brought her the hand-mirror. She flushed as she saw herself, and drew the unfastened nightgown over her bosom.

"What will yo' say?"

There was no concealment possible but by an evasion, she felt sure; her puffed eyes would never look right in time; and in evasions Joyce was unpractised.

"Best hev tooithwark," Betty thought. "I niver saw sich a slubbered face! For two pins I'd maul th' owd thing, an' rarely. It's a shame!"

"Don't," said Joyce. "Please don't speak of it again. Aunt Selinah did a great kindness to me, Betty."

The faithful soul disbelieved this evidently; but at all events Joyce felt no fear of an indiscretion. She had not even formally warned her, yet here was Betty helping to hush the trouble up, whatever trouble it might be.

"Well, ye knaw best!"

She indeed waited, curious for a confidence; but Joyce's eyes affectionately appealed to her. On a sudden she bustled away to her work.

CHAPTER XXIX

STEPHEN COUNTS THE COST OF RENUNCIATION

ONE beautiful hour for Stephen Merrall, long remembered by him, came of his sister's cruel-kind disloyalty.

It bloomed the same evening. He heard his daughter creep softly in to him, and felt her hands upon his shoulders. There was more tenderness than common in her way of kissing him. Then she slipped an arm about his neck, and linked her hands, and put her cheek against his cheek; sitting across his knees as she used to do when her head did not reach his shoulder yet, and when she wondered to hear how his big heart beat. It beat

now, certainly, for he thought she had come at last to speak of Louis.

He had even mistaken her approach from the door, which seemed to Stephen either mischievous (for in lighter moods she still played tricks upon him) or shyly happy, promising a confidence.

The first inspiration of her "duty" was easy, and delightful, after all; she had a promise to give, and came with the grace of certainty to please him. She only came quietly because, at the door, the pity and grateful devotion with which she saw him, sitting there patient, as her mother had just left him, throbbed very full and warm for him. His pallor was deeper than usual: she did not doubt that Aunt Selinah told the truth about his wakefulness at nights, and she was going to do a little good to that, at all events. Neither mischief nor a shy happiness showed in her face, but a beautiful compassion.

"Some news, darling heart?" he asked presently.

"No; nothing. Only that I'm going to be a good girl!"

Her voice for his ear, when low and winning, had an extraordinary charm of sound apart from the words; a thrill from her heart was in it, he thought.

"Dear Dad! You've been dreadfully upset about me; I think I know why you couldn't sleep. Will you be *very* pleased if I don't have anything more to do with George Marlowe?"

How womanly she seemed! She laid her hand upon his heart so surely. He held her close, and could not trust himself at once to speak.

"I won't," she promised. "You're worth a thousand George Marlowes. I want to belong to you every bit, if you'll have me."

Of course she did! His breast was big with the joy of it, while his troublesome eyes ached and smarted. Not now could he begin to put her love away, as he had to do. Another day for that; it must be done calmly, like a piece of business.

"God bless you, my dear," he said. "I didn't mistrust you."

Another day. She was too preciously God's gift to him just then, too marvellously real and warm in his arms. He felt her cheek too soft against his face, and the touch of her hair upon his forehead, and the sweet and shapely burden of her—pure-hearted, a very holy possession. Somehow she was like a new possession, strange to him. Being about to lose her, he had a misgiving as if she were a life not really known to him, and one that longed to be. He thrilled to her; a queer sense of unreality forced him to take account vividly of all about her. How sweet she was, like a cool fragrance, a visiting incarnation of some rare spirit, with him for the moment only! He dared not speak to her; a word might break the spell.

The ecstacy passed as he listened to her quiet breathing, but left him unspeakably content, with the pride of his purposed renunciation. For her part she was silent because in his arms her bruised heart of overnight found comfort. Virtue went out of him; she drank at his fount of courage, forgetting everything—and he was touched to find her after a while asleep.

Had she been wakeful too?

But he was sure now of being able to bring about her happiness; and he himself, out-wearied, fell asleep immediately. When he awoke she was gone, and her mother's voice greeted him. It was midnight; he had slept five hours.

Refreshed and confident on the morrow, Stephen came back, as it were, to a life in which there was nothing amiss or wanting, and heard a heartiness in all voices, imagined easily the look of any one who spoke to him, belonged again to the busy world. His mill's great hum, a roar when the office door was opened, gave him extraordinary pleasure; and in all unoccupied moments he listened to it, distinguishing the clatter and note of particular machines, occasional voices even, a crescendo and diminuendo as belts were shifted on and off loose pulleys, the whole proud gamut of the factory. One of his clerks came in from the bank with a bag of gold and silver, and the counting out of wages into small tin boxes began around him. To be the nourisher of so many homes made him glad.

He fell into a reverie, wondering how surely all things prospered to which he had ever set his hand; and the reward he presently owed to Louis pleased him—to Louis, who in these days enabled him to look on without anxiety, tasting the satisfaction of a great enterprise brought to the fullest pitch of its activities. Even upon Louis, he had imposed his will a little; he smiled to remember how. The rest looked easy. Everything comes to him who knows how to wait; even to a man who can't see!

"I shall have news for you in a day or two," he said as Louis bade good-bye till Monday. "And take notice that we won't be left so much alone at Wake House on Sundays."

A little selfish reluctancy to act revealed itself to his mind. It was an effect, perhaps, of confidence, but still more of the quickened sense of happiness when Joyce moved about him.

With her mother, he took note of characteristics they had not spoken of before, or only Grace had spoken of; such as Joyce's art of often beginning to speak about the very subject one had in mind, her foreseeing little things that would be wanted, her cleverness in this and that, and what he called her "quick-heartedness" when a petty trouble occurred. These and the like merits had been Grace's talk for some time past: he understood, now, why. The house, he agreed, would be different without her. That reflection came to himself if he sat alone; and, when she was near, he counted the cost of renouncing her coin, by little coin.

It was not that he grudged it, any more than she did the renunciation of her love. He was not well aware of the counting.

But all his recent study of self-blame had furnished him with details, and so did her added zeal to serve him. He knew just how she had been uniquely of use to him; and just why he loved her. He, too, fell, as she had done, to wondering what would remain to him when she had married Louis; but he knew far better than to hope for much. The decree was, "She shall cleave to her husband," and he found it astonishingly hard to hasten matters.

He dallied just one week, then Betty came and told him what had happened. She alone knew the state of Joyce's mind. She had seen her very forlorn; "whenever her mother was not by, the lass looked pitiful beyond bearing;" and, surprising her at last in tears, Betty took counsel with her own heart and went to her master.

Stephen's devouring anger against his sister burned unspoken. Alarm for the consequence of what she had done—and Joyce's behaviour told him she had done this thing indeed—overwhelmed all feelings else.

He had now a greater task before him.

CHAPTER XXX

A STRONG MAN UNARMED

A CLASH of wills, if anxious and decisive, is wounding in proportion as love seems to justify it. Love disarms while inciting us. Against a stranger's force we wear strong mail, but none against our own household. Stephen's heart was turned to water.

He was aware of two things clearly, besides the fact that his darling had been stabbed.

Her love, too kind already by his own old fault, might seem to her an expiation, a binding and very ardent piety; and so, when she most desired to prove her love, he must be inexorable to refuse such proof.

That was one thing. For himself, it now meant nothing; renunciation did not cost him a single pang. But he also saw that she would suffer cruelly, making a resistance which he could not measure. He knew her nature. To yield where she thought it honourable not to yield had been sufficiently hard in one egregious case, just ended. How much harder it might be now, when love was the motive, his own love warned him sharply; for he had wished to spare her just this ordeal.

Betty's report had plunged him into a tumult of emotions, anger and pity and great dismay; but amidst confusion these clear consequences showed themselves, not orderly indeed, but lit by flashes while

the rest was obscure. He let them wait and sent for Joyce. Pity was urgent.

"My poor child!" he cried as she entered, his arms outstretched at the door for her; and she—unprepared for this, shocked and pierced by the grief of it—leaped to a tragical embrace.

"Father!"

Her sobbing cry gave him the strength he needed, to soothe her lightly.

"There, there!" he said. "You should have come to me, darling. You aren't so guilty as all that." He seemed to speak smilingly, and kissed her. "Dear heart, you had wiped out that little score when you got yourself born to me. What a marvellous person you were! So young, and yet so responsible for your own doings!"

"Ah, don't, Father! It's terrible!" she moaned.

"What is terrible? The youthful depravity, or the cool assurance you came with? I wondered at that, I very well remember. You lay so comfortably on your back and criticised the red curtains. One saw at once you weren't an ordinary baby, but a young Madame perfectly aware of what you were doing. Come, I want to know about it! I never liked to mention that wicked little affair of the watch, my dear, because it was clearly your place to speak about it first."

As he talked Stephen held her close at his breast, stroking her hair; and Joyce's agitation slowly and surely abated.

"Ah, you know very well we ought to be thankful, Joyce, me for you and you for me as we are! Eh? What friends we've been! You make too much of my lost picture-book. *I* don't miss it. I scarcely remember doing so. I had always you to play with, you know. If you let this worry you I shall begin to be unhappy. . . . It shocked you, didn't it?"

"I think I had been proud of helping you," she answered.

"So you might, dearie," said he, touched by the note of bitterness. "You've been wonderful. When you were little——"

But he had to break this strain, it was clean contrary to what he wished to say to her.

"You may be as proud as ever you like still," he amended. "But why didn't you come to me? To keep it to yourself for a week! You don't really blame yourself, I hope."

She glanced up at him. "You kept it nearly seventeen years," she said shyly. "No, I didn't blame myself."

"What then?"

"Because you hadn't wanted me to know. You had been so noble about it. Oh, I oughtn't to have known—I oughtn't! I shall never forgive myself for provoking Aunt Selinah to tell me."

"Your Aunt Selinah," said Stephen coldly, startled at this new obstacle, "had no provocation but her own pride and wrong-headedness. It was not her secret, but mine, Joyce, and I should have always kept it."

Instinctively she felt that he wished to put it behind them now; that, once spoken of between them, it was probably not again to be mentioned as long as they both lived. He held her hand, however, as if to make a compact of some kind.

Was he going to speak of Louis? She trembled.

"So I want you to behave just as though you hadn't heard it, as though nothing of the kind had happened, dearie. Let me feel as if I had had my way, not your aunt hers. Will you?"

She hesitated, seeking his precise meaning. "I'll try, Dad," she faltered.

He drew her to him again, and gravely kissed her between the brows. "That's right. And put it out of your mind, because that'll please me. You see, it's of such a tiny importance! The accident happened—just how it happened doesn't matter at all. I've almost forgotten it. Suppose it had happened to you, you'd never have known how sorry *I* was! We'd have managed, I hope, to make you just as happy as you are now, and will be; and that's what you and all others have done for me, darling heart. Do you see? The secret is to accept what comes and make no fuss about it."

From relief she passed to admiration of him and a deep respect. Her upturned face between his hands glowed with it.

"People are not so kind as they think,

you see, when they pity one for things that can't be mended. Why, I know a cripple," said Stephen, releasing her and going to his chair, "an immensely clever and proud man, Joyce, who maintains that pity is an insult. Think of that! I can't have you pitying me, and you'd be sure to do it if you blamed yourself."

She said with a burning face, "I believe I was, Father!"

He had to administer a bitter remedy.

"There! And your aunt never imagined it, I'll be bound." He smiled pleasantly. "No, my dear, I don't regret being sightless. I can reckon up far more compensations than losses in it, and you've always been the greatest, without knowing it. So get away back to what you were doing, dearie, and give Betty a kiss, eh? Aunt Selinah's a little bit eccentric; she doesn't understand us."

But Joyce's first kiss was for him. A load had fallen from her, and he knew it by her unembarrassed impulse. "Dear old Dad, how good you are!" she whispered, and was gone from him immediately.

A profound depression claimed him. He had been plucking out his heart-strings, whether he knew it or not; and the contest, although it looked much easier now, was still before him. He had to divest himself not only of her pity, but, in a measure, of her love even, which what had happened might, if that were possible, have strengthened.

He took now, deliberately, a resolve which must be called heroic.

Persuasions were very well; but Stephen braced himself to something more. He could admit no further occasion of self-reproach in the matter of dependency upon his daughter's sight. She had been as a member of his body; his right hand offended him, and he must cut it off.

Next day he took her to lead him out for a last walk together upon the hills.

CHAPTER XXXI

RENUNCIATION MADE

WHILE her father had been speaking, the words which made unutterable obeisance on her lips were these: "What you are saying is beautiful! Wonderful too; for how do you know so well what to say to me without hurting? You are the most wonderful father in the world; the bravest, kindest, noblest, greatest father than can ever have lived."

And when she had left him, Joyce asked herself, "Why didn't I tell him what I thought? I can never tell him. He makes all look so natural, so like nothing splendid or very good, that thanks would always sound too foolish. He is clever, and puts them from my mind. No joy in serving him! Did I think that? Oh, wicked; wretched! That thought was selfish and shameful: how *could* I think it? . . . I love Louis, yes; but I should be a very contemptible thing if I could not live satisfied, for such a father. I am proud—proud!"

It was with more than ordinary pleasure that she heard him propose the walk. The day was a Sunday in December. He consented to wear plenty of wraps—an overcoat, a muffler, a shawl even—and he let her put them on, although, in such small personal matters as dressing, he liked to be independent. They went out together into a dazzling snow fresh fallen, which gave her extreme delight at the thought of so much beauty to be described to him.

Rags barked and capered joyously; the snow made Rags laugh, she declared.

It was clear gay weather, calm after a storm which had blown great drifts. The girl pushed her hand within the blind man's arm. He appeared very big and strong to her, moving with the upright carriage, and the cap drawn over his eyes, which gave full value to his height; and she refused to own that either the plaid about his shoulders, the muffler under his beard, or her father's accustomed pallor, gave him at all the look of an invalid. She in her jacket and Russian cap of sealskin was a gracious figure beside him. They met old Ezra; and the gardener saw how she walked with her beautiful face upturned. He stopped to greet them.

"Ye've a grand day for your walk!" said he. . . . "I like to see yo' togither, rarely."

"Isn't it lovely, Ezra? A shame to be indoors," she glowed; and Stephen said the air felt clean.

They had been talking about the days when she was little, and began to describe things to him. After the interruption she was silent. He did not ask her now to do so, but he waited eagerly.

"The snow is clean, too," she said presently. "Can you remember how the sun makes it sparkle? I see tiny diamonds in the road, millions of them."

"I know. It streams away, doesn't it, very delicate and bold, along by the wall?"

"Yes, but out from the wall—nearly across the road. We've only a narrow winding trough to go through, between smooth hollowed sides like a gleaming shell, as high as to your waist. It's like the Red Sea must have been when the Israelites passed over. There isn't a

He let her put them on

"Ah! Yes, I remember," he assured her. "That's the best of me; I've a sort of *camera obscura* in my head. You used to be my lens when first I made it. Now I go on seeing pictures all the time, you know. But tell me."

She looked about her, and they stopped. "The drifting, Dad! Oh, I shall never be able to make you see these shapes. It's fairyland. By this gate, there's a long drift like—a boat turned upside down, only the keel is a great curved feather."

speck of snow just where we stand, dear, or through the trough. . . . Oh, but further on, it's deep! I can only see one wall, the other is drifted over."

Stephen listened in the perfect silence, as she paused.

"How it all glitters! I can't see a thing that isn't white, except our yellow bit of road just here. It looks so pure, Dad—I used to think that angels wore snow robes and wings. . . . You're not cold?"

"Quite warm, dearie."

"I don't like to leave this behind; it's so exquisite! Do you see in your camera how finely the curved lines are chiselled? The feather's crest turns over. How was it shaped like that without falling, Dad? I'm sure a breath would scatter it." She lowered her voice.

"The snow is wonderful," he said.

"But the wall—you don't, you can't see that! The wall is a fairy grotto made of foam, quite light. You know, it is a rough wall without mortar, and the wind has blown holes through it and made it all a lovely ruffle, with folds and dainty dog's-ears and delicate little crinkles—oh, rare! Ah! why can't you see it, dear!"

"But I can! I see a perfect white miracle of a wall. There it is, gleaming in the sun like anything—all honey-combed and light as air. I can see the marks of birds' feet on the top of it, three claws and a sprinkle. You don't know what a lens you are."

She laughed happily.

"Oh, but to see how it's all tucked in and cockled! And then the big scooped wave to the other wall, and all the hills shining!"

"Yes," he said. "We're looking at Cockhill, and they're brightest against the sky; and down below us they're humped, and folded in, and dimpled, with woolly trees and smoking houses here and there. The air is very clear, so I miss nothing. . . . Yes; it must be very beautiful."

Joyce was awed to a silence by the widespread splendour.

"It makes me think," she said, "of the new heavens and the new earth in the Book of the Revelation, Dad. If it could be always so!"

He smiled. "No spring? No summer? No autumn?"

"Oh, yes!"

"We like each wonder while it is here, don't we? I remember I didn't want you to grow any bigger once. Ah, well! I could wish now, myself—I could forget to be happy with wishing! . . . Let us go on a little, dearie."

He ceased to match his wits against her eyes, and pleased her by close listening. As every turn of the road brought objects into view she named them, telling him how they looked in the snow; snug farms, hill flanks, plantations, quarries, broken ground, stream courses. He saw completely, for the last time, the wild dale-head he had loved as a boy; the last time completely, because nobody else with whom he walked had Joyce's vivid touch, her consciousness of what he needed in order to visualise. Others called up half-forgotten pictures; she painted them for him, with quick words, setting his mind free among old bright memories. He could pay her with tales of boyish escapades and accidents and pleasures.

To-day, he talked sometimes with animation, knowing how such tales interested her.

By this stone bridge he saw a ghost once; up in that pasture-field a bull raced him. Here was the hill where he fell with a basket of eggs, and the thrifty old dame came out with a basin and spoon to sympathise. Anne Hepworth, another old dame, lived in The Nook, and always gave him a "thumb-cake." Anne was in heaven, for certain! A little shop stood here by the road, where Tom o' Doad's put hot water in the treacle-bin, and said in a soothing voice, "Theere! That'll run a deal better, willn't it?" In the tumbledown cottage Knotty lived; he began to build a wall by contract, and found it would cost too much to finish it. "How witta do," they asked, "if tha'rt *made* to finish?" and Knotty replied, "I willn't do if I'm made." Next door to him, Jim o' Wild Dave's kept hens in his bedroom. Jim was rather gloomy. They said that, at midsummer, he used to start and lamentably cry, "Eh, dear! We s' sooin be hevin' dark weather!" Owd Billy Wasp fished by the reservoir all day, and every day of the week. There had been rain once, and two men who knew him well were passing. One said slyly, "See yo'! T' watter's risin'. It's gitten up to yon owd stump." "What stump? That's owd Billy, waitin' for a fish!" the other said. "Wha," replied the humorist, "it's allus theere when I go by!"

The teller of such quaint things was not unhappy, you would have said The sun and his daughter's brightness warmed him well. He had the strong, great heart to forget how much he lacked and how much sacrificed, and so to be glad of life as he might live it.

They had turned; and a quieter mood came over him, a touch of solemnity in the mute renunciation. From the aloofness that his will imposed, he was vaguely aware of something august and splendid; but whether in the happy time, in the silent, wondrous day, or in his fate and the present poise of it, he did not search his spirit at all to know. He felt a great content. And yet one priceless bliss of life, for the last time proved, was passing from him, dwindling; he might have counted step by step. He spoke to Joyce more seldom, and with a rare benignity. Priesthood has no such kindness; the priest in the father is more natural.

Joyce was unspeakably glad. It seemed to her that no joy in the world would exceed this day's; and, sharing his mood, she too grew silent. The strength in her father's tenderness was like a holiness to her, the tenderness a folding of buoyant wings. She staunched bright tears, and her spirit mounted.

"How sorry I am to be going back!" she said. "If I were a queen, I would make you a great lord, Father. Oh, but for King Edward's palace now, at Windsor, to hold a splendid Court in it and see them all bow down to you! I would make a speech and say, 'This is your King, good people; while he is here I am nobody. He is blind: I must not tell you how he became so, but you should know, I think, that he has not complained of it ever, not even in his thoughts. He is the greatest King in all the earth, and be sure you love him well; for there will never be a King like him, never!"

His pride in her passionate love burned high, be sure.

"You'd teach my courtiers rank flattery and I should promptly abdicate," he said. "What precious nonsense, Joyce! A rhapsody. You must take serious care, my dear; those fairy tales will one day run away with all your wits, and mine, of course."

"I'm not a queen, though," she replied, "and I can only talk. If I could do things, I would do far better than that. . . . I would give you sight again."

"Ah, hush!" said Stephen. "I thought we were to say no more of that." And presently, to make an end with it, he let himself say something. "There was a really great blind man, once, and after him none of us lesser folk has any room to murmur. (He had *two* daughters, but neither was like you, my dear). Do you know what *he* wrote?

> 'I argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
> Right onward.'

And, for all that, I doubt if he knew that blindness made him a greater poet. What things he saw in the dark! I dream fine dreams myself; I must begin to tell you. There's my kingdom, Joyce, where I royally do as I please, like Shakespeare's fantastical Duke of dark corners; oh, yes, and order daylight things besides. You mustn't grudge me that good land of fantasy because you can't enlarge it!"

"You should have mine to add to it, and be an emperor."

"A despot?"

"A despot, yes, of course! You'd do no wrong. You'd make the whole world sing your praises, dearie."

"Against their wills sometimes, then."

"Oh! The unwise ones?" Joyce caught his meaning, and she flushed.

"Well, make me quite omniscient, please, or I won't be answerable for wilful maids."

"You shouldn't be! I'd leave them free, to suffer and find you out, and serve you sensibly."

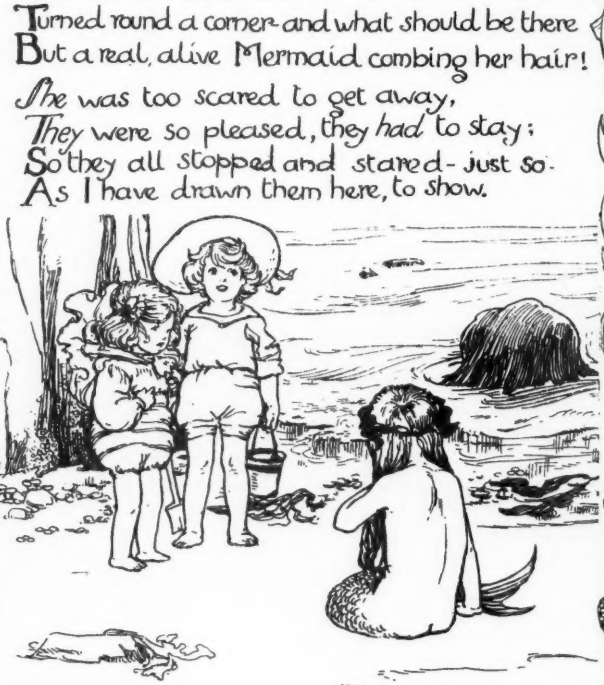
But they were now at home. Abruptly the talk ended. She left his arm to undo the garden gate, and Stephen heard the well-known click of it like a pistol cocked.

(To be concluded)

Jack, Jill and the Mermaid.

Jack and Jill, looking for shells on the shore,
Wandered and wandered and still wanted more;
Turned round a corner and what should be there
But a real, alive Mermaid combing her hair!

She was too scared to get away,
They were so pleased, they *had* to stay;
So they all stopped and stared - just so.
As I have drawn them here, to show.



Jack was brimming with questions bold,
Things he had wanted so much to be told;
As for Jill, she could only stare
At little Miss Mermaid's tail and hair?

But, before anything could be said,
Little Miss Mermaid turned her head----
Two quick wriggles--a splash of foam...
Little Miss Mermaid had gone back home.

So Jack was left with the wondering Jill,
And his questions are all un-answered still.

Helen S. Kück

Miraculous Wells

WE are living in the twentieth century. One would scarcely imagine that in this enlightened age there was any part of Great Britain where the inhabitants were still the slaves of superstition, the same superstition that used to govern and direct the minds of their forefathers five hundred years ago. Yet it is so, and in a county which of late an improved railway service has placed within an easy day's journey of the tourist and pleasure-seeker. I refer to the county of Cornwall, more especially to West Cornwall, for it is here that we meet with the most startling amount of superstition underlying the veneer of modern civilization, which has inevitably come with the twentieth century.

Of course, in Cornwall as in all other parts of the British Isles, there are the highly educated, as well as the uneducated classes, but it is to these latter that reference is here made. The Cornwall fisher-folk, miners, and agricultural labourers may be again placed in three divisions.

First, those who have no longer any belief in the traditions of their ancestors, and this is a very small class indeed; moreover against these must be placed that class, scarcely smaller, which openly avows its belief in the fates and its reverence for signs, omens, and miraculous charms: and lastly we have the class, and a very large one too, which comprises that portion of the populace who, while at midday laughing at the idea of spirits good and evil, and affecting to ridicule those who practise the rites and ceremonies which their grandmothers believed served to propitiate them, slink out at early morning and dewy eve, shamefacedly to perform the very incantations themselves.

And of all the remnants of ancient pagan worship, that which is dying hardest, or more probably has not started to die at all, is the veneration of holy wells, and belief in their miraculous properties. For this, Cornwall is justly celebrated. There may be found many of the most noted in the United Kingdom. Who, for instance has not heard of the Well of St. Keyne? Its water is gifted with the marvellous property that whoever first drinks of it after marriage will be ruler in the household. The poet Southey was so struck with this well when on his visit to Cornwall, that he afterwards celebrated its virtues in the poem beginning—

> "A well there is in the west country,
> And a clearer one never was seen,
> There is not a wife in the west country,
> But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne."

As a matter of fact, the worship of springs of water dates from pagan times.

When the early Christian missionaries crossed over to England from the continent they formally blessed those wells, the waters of which they used for the baptism of converts. They also in many instances erected edifices over them, and built themselves rude chapels or oratories near by.

Thus belief in the miraculous power of the water became linked with the name of some saintly messenger of God.

Indeed so strong is this combination that it has served to keep many of the edifices intact, and also the belief in the supernatural properties of these wells potent until quite recent times.

As to the nature of the wonders connected with Holy Wells they are of a varied description.

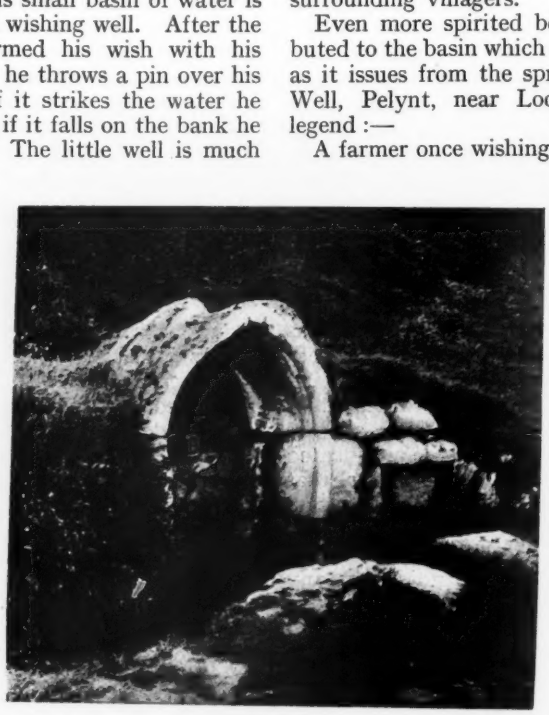
For instance, at the foot of Carn Brea Hill is a little well dedicated to St. Eunius. To be baptised in the water drawn from this is a sure safeguard aganist death by hanging.

Again the water of Roche Holy Well, an illustration of which is given, is on Holy Thursday, and also the two Thursdays following, endowed with the property of curing eye diseases alike in young and old.

This well is particularly interesting alike on account of the delicacy of the carving of its archlike granite roof, and because of its proximity to Roche Rock. This gigantic pile, which rises suddenly from the midst of the surrounding plain, and is clearly visible from the railway line when nearing Newquay, bears upon its summit the ruin of a small chapel. Here dwelt in

times past a lonely hermit, St. Conan by name. It is to him that this well is dedicated.

Of the many people who are fortunate enough to have paid a visit to St. Ives, few will be unacquainted with Fairy Well, Carbis Bay. This small basin of water is what is termed a wishing well. After the enquirer has formed his wish with his back to the well, he throws a pin over his left shoulder. If it strikes the water he obtains his wish, if it falls on the bank he is disappointed. The little well is much resorted to at the present day by tourists and all those who have a sense of the quaintness or romance of such ancient observances.



St. Conan's Well, Roche

Seeing the many beautiful edifices erected over some of these natural springs it is scarcely surprising that strange traditions are not wanting to account for their wonderful state of preservation.

An extraordinary trait is attributed to many of these ancient structures to account for this. It may be the product of the deep respect borne for them in the superstitious minds of the villagers, but was even more probably originated with intention by those connected with the worship in which they played a part either in pagan or in early Christian times.

Thus it is impossible to remove the stones of the Well of St. Cleer which is situated near Liskeard. True they may be carted away at daytime but they all return at night and deposit themselves in heaps on the site from which they were taken. Indeed such pertinacity have they displayed that when in 1864 this well which had fallen into a state of dilapidation was restored, the stones then lying around the ruins were found to be practically sufficient for the re-building operations: none having been taken by the surrounding villagers.

Even more spirited behaviour is attributed to the basin which catches the water as it issues from the spring at St. Nun's Well, Pelynt, near Looe. Here is the legend :—

A farmer once wishing to use this basin as a trough in his pig-sty attempted to move it by means of a team of oxen. At first it resisted every effort made to dislodge it. At length, however, he succeeded in dragging it from its place. But just as it was nearing the top of the hill it burst the chains that were holding it, and started to roll rapidly down again. Finally when abreast of the well it made a sharp turn and rolled straight in at the entrance, retaking its old position where it remains to this day. The oxen then fell dead, and the farmer was struck both lame and speechless.

A striking converse of this may be found in the superstition surrounding Trelill Well, near Helston, of which a photographic reproduction is given on the opposite page.

Here, says tradition, is the original site on which it was intended that Wendron Church should be built. The building having progressed to a certain point, the position for

some unknown reason became displeasing to the fates. Crows accordingly came by night and removed the stones as fast as they were erected. This went on until the porch alone was left intact. At last the work had to be suspended and the church was subsequently built some distance off. The porch which remained forms to-day the edifice of Trelhill Holy Well. As will be seen from the illustration it is by no means unlike a church porch. That wells have the ability to show such marvellous power seems remarkable.

Trelill Holy Well

Possibly the highest development in this connection is to be found in the case of Blisland Holy Well near Bodmin. This structure stands in a small wood which might have been once a field and is known as Chapel Park. The ground can never be broken for tillage on penalty of disaster to the family of whoever attempts to do so. In 1878 a crop of corn was grown there. When the corn was being cut the farmer's son, while taking down a scythe from the top of a waggon, fell on it. His knee was so badly injured that the leg had to be amputated. And to this day the plot of land known as Chapel Park exhibits no further sign of cultivation.

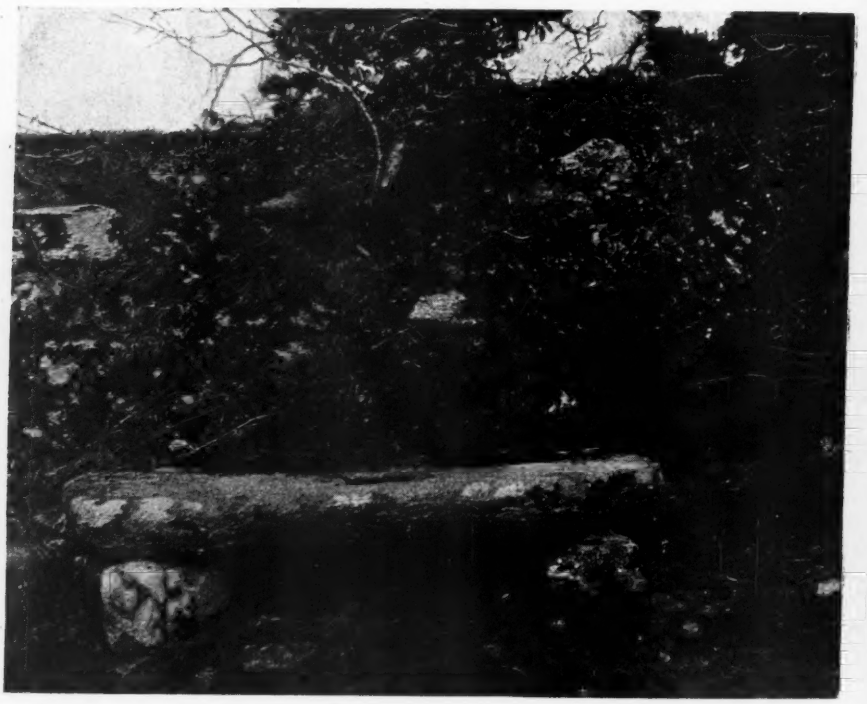
The miraculous cures wrought by the virtue of Holy water are in many instances well authenticated. Jesus Well, St. Minver, and Madron Holy Well, near Penzance, are cases in point. Belief in these at one time extended even to the Church. Bishop Hall, of Exeter, who visited Madron Well in 1640, absolutely vouches in his treatise on the "Invisible World" for the cure of a certain John Trelille who had been previously afflicted with lameness. This poor fellow was, history records, lame from birth, having to crawl on all fours from place to place like an animal. Being at length persuaded to try the virtue of the waters of this Holy Well for his complaint, he proceeded with a friend to the ancient Baptistry and there, like Naaman of old, bathed himself in the little spring, afterwards reclining for an hour and a half on a grassy bank situated near by and known as St. Maderne's bed while his friend offered up simple prayers on his behalf. The first occasion of this treatment afforded him relief, on the second he was able to stand on his legs with the aid of a staff. With a third repetition of this curious ceremony he found himself entirely cured. It is even said that in later life he

enlisted in the army and was eventually killed in battle, having previously done good work for his country's cause. Others have also been cured of the same affliction in later times by precisely the same means. Near to this Well the ancient oratory of St. Maderne may still be seen. Its ruins, even at the present day, are in a fair state of preservation.

On the first Sunday in May a service is still held there by the Wesleyans, in commemoration of the saintly man who once preached in that lonely spot the Word of God. After the service the Holy Well is visited by many people, some of whom go so far as to consult it concerning futurity.

Certainly the Cornish Holy Wells have not by any means fallen into disrepute even in this twentieth century, and that, notwithstanding the pretended apathy of the villagers. Nor will they, since, putting aside all question of their miraculous properties, there can be no doubt as to the freshness and purity of the water they supply.

COLIN N. BENNETT.



Altar Stone, Madron Chapel Well

The Parables of Jesus

XI—The Good Samaritan (*St. Luke x.* 30-37)

THE story of the good Samaritan is one of our Lord's greatest and most typical parables. It is so simple that a child can read its meaning; yet it is in truth a treatise on practical ethics more profound in thought and more powerful in effect than any other in the world. Is it too much to say that in these few verses there is contained the essential truth of man's relations with his fellowmen? Its very familiarity blinds us to the greatness of its mingled simplicity and depth and—let us add—to the greatness of the claim which it makes upon us. We can only gather one or two lessons from its store.

1. First consider the deep principle of human conduct—we might almost call it the philosophy of life—which the parable contains. We discover the clue to it when we notice that the parable does *not* answer the lawyer's question. The question was: "Who is my neighbour?" The parable tells what it is to be neighbourly. It seems to be a case of logical *non sequitur*. In fact, it is a case of the truth which is deeper than logic. Our Lord could not reach the truth by answering the question. For the question itself was wrong; it revealed a wrong temperament of mind. It was facing not truth but the fundamental error; to follow it therefore would have been to lose the truth. The lawyer, steeped in all the traditions and instincts of his class, wanted our Lord to give him a clear and precise definition of his neighbour; to mark him out, and set him apart from the general mass of mankind. But definition means limitation. If our Lord had said, "*This* man is your neighbour," the inference in the lawyer's mind would have been "Then that other is *not* my neighbour; I need not concern myself with him; I can pass him by." But this conclusion would have been the very error which Jesus came to banish. He could only put the man right by declining to answer the question; by taking him to a wholly different standpoint, and making him start there, namely—"Be in your own spirit neighbourly, and then every man will be your neighbour."

It is worth while to pause here to notice the light which our Lord's method of dealing with the question of the lawyer throws on what may often be our Lord's method of dealing with the questions which we ask now. In our religious and moral difficulties we throw out some question as a sort of challenge, persuading ourselves that it is really decisive. Often it remains unanswered. We are disappointed, discomfited. Under such failure of their self-chosen test-questions, men often give up their faith or surrender their moral struggle. But, apart from the petulance, the impetuosity, or the effort to "justify oneself" which a little honest self-scrutiny would discover in our questions, and which are sufficient to deprive them of any right to an answer—God's wisdom may see that they spring from a wrong attitude of mind, that they are not facing the line of truth, and refuse to answer them. But all the while in some other way at the moment perhaps not discerned, He may be leading us to the truth. While our mind remains a blank as to that particular difficulty which we thought of such crucial importance, He may be bringing some other truth before us, or shaping our lives by some special experience, so that after a time we shall find, perhaps without knowing how, that that old question has been answered in some other way, or has been proved futile or superfluous. Often when we have been discussing their difficulties with some impetuous boy or some eager but ignorant working-man, we have realised how hopeless it would be to answer their clamant questions without correcting their assumptions or returning to first principles. It would be well for ourselves to see here an analogy to the light in which our own impatient questions must be viewed by the patient wisdom of

God, and a reason why they so often seem to go unanswered.

But let us return to the main teaching of the parable. In order to know who is our neighbour we must first possess the true spirit of neighbourliness. It is the spirit of love which knows no limitations. The natural man always tends to look at his relationship with his fellows in the light of the lawyer's question: to regard as his "neighbours"—as men who have a claim upon his thought and help—persons clearly defined and set apart by distinctions of race, class, occupations, locality, and the like. The Jew, in spite of the generosity towards the stranger of his own law, would regard his fellow-Jew as a neighbour; but he had "no dealings with the Samaritan." The whole system of caste is an elaborate definition and restriction of the neighbour. The spirit of the East is wonderfully described in Arnold's poem, "The Sick King at Bockhara" in which the Vizier taunts the king with his foolish compassion—

> The Kaffirs also, whom God curse,
> Vex one another night and day.
> There are the lepers and all sick;
> There are the poor who faint alway.
> All these have sorrow and keep still
> While other men make cheer and sing.
> Wilt thou have pity on all these?
> No; nor on this dead dog, O King.

The free citizen of Greece or Rome saw no neighbour's claim in the subject or the slave. Even now, the white man's civilization when it is left to itself regards the coloured man as a chattel for its own convenience, not as a neighbour entitled to its care and compassion. Dr. Trench quotes a striking passage from the Essays of Emerson—in many ways a type of "the natural man" at his best—"Do not tell me, as a good man did to-day of my obligation, to put all poor men into good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent, given to such men as do not belong to me, and to whom I do not belong." We are always inclined to treat as our neighbours only those who can come within the narrow circles of our own duties, or tastes, or sentiments. The remedy lies not in enlarging these circles or adding to our lists so much as in changing our whole point of view. We are to have—so to say—a soul of neighbourliness for man as man.

It was this revolution in man's way of looking at his fellows which Jesus came to accomplish. If we may dare to put it thus boldly—God made Humanity His neighbour. Beholding Humanity robbed of its true nature, stripped of its ideal, wounded by its sins, unable to rise, He came down to it, entered it, healed, and restored it. He "was made man." The Incarnation has made human nature itself sacred. The Christian, the follower of Christ, must therefore see in every man his neighbour. The claim is not his class or condition, but his mere humanity. And the Incarnation not only revealed this ideal of neighbourliness, but made it possible for us to realise it. Man in himself we might not be able to love—but the Christ in man we can. "S. Francis," we are told, "was riding one day near Assisi while he was still perplexed as to the nature of his future work, when suddenly he was startled by a loathsome spectacle. A leper was seated at the roadside. For a moment he gave way to natural horror, till he remembered that he wished to be Christ's soldier. Then he returned and dismounted and went up to the poor sufferer and giving an alms kissed lovingly the hand which received it. Strong in his hard-won victory he rode on; but when he looked back, there was no beggar to be seen; and therefore his heart was filled with unutterable joy, for he knew that he had seen the Lord." So in his simple way he realised the truth of neighbourliness which he afterwards taught his brothers. "When thou seest a poor man, my brother, an image of Christ is set before thee. And in the weak behold the weakness which He took upon Him."

2. Turn next to the parable itself—the application of the general truth. It was a Samaritan who "proved himself neighbour"; the Priest and the Levite failed in the test—they "passed by on the other side." Our Lord thus gives a revelation of real, and a rebuke of unreal, religion. The Priest and the Levite represent

formal, organised religion; the Samaritan represents the essential spirit of religion. Let us not make the common and foolish mistake of supposing that Jesus meant to condemn the religion of the Priest and Levite, and to commend the religion of the Samaritan. He himself loyally conformed to the religion of the Hebrews: He confessed that the way of salvation was with the Jews. He chose the Samaritan in the parable simply in order to strengthen His rebuke of the Priest and Levite. It was left to a Samaritan to show the Priest and the Levite how miserably they had failed to hold the spirit of true religion with its form. Let us try to apply the rebuke to our own times. Alas! it is sorely needed.

The Christian Church exists in the world to be the organised embodiment of the Spirit of Christ. When it has been true to itself, it has been faithful to this high office. It was the early Church which made the world see what the spirit of Christ was, by its instinctive and eager compassion for the poor, the slave, the diseased, the afflicted. At its best, to use the noble words of Dr. Liddon, the Church "everywhere stands before humanity not as a patroness but as might be a living and faithful servant, who is too loyal, too enamoured of her master's name and birthright to be otherwise than affectionate and respectful in the hour of his poverty and his shame." However natural it may be for "the world" to keep sorrow, suffering, poverty, out of its sight, as things which disturb its enjoyment of life or provoke its inconvenient conscience to "pass by on the other side, the Christian Church must so far from avoiding, seek them out and cheerfully accept them as opportunities for service. It must always be on the side where need and distress are lying. This ought to be the very instinct of its life.

But there are times when the Church forgets its primary duty. Wealth, comfort, ease, enfeeble the energy of its compassion. The smoothness of conventional routine deadens its spirit. Or, it becomes over-occupied with its interests and claims as an institution, with the elaboration of its ceremonies, with controversy about its doctrines, and its character as a brotherhood of service grows faint and feeble. It becomes the Priest and the Levite and passes by on the other side. Then it is that the Samaritan is sent to rebuke it and recall it to its true life. The spirit of the Divine Neighbour, finding Himself straitened and thwarted in His own Body, turns to those who are without, and finding a welcome there, inspires them to do the service which the Church leaves undone.

Are there not signs at the present time of such a situation? The Bishop of Southwark recently expressed these signs as a weakening of "embodied" and a strengthening of "diffusive" Christianity. He meant that whereas the Church as an organised institution seems to make less way than at other epochs, there is, outside its borders or at least in no formal connection with it, a singular activity of the Christian spirit of sympathy and brotherliness. The fact is partly an encouragement; it proves the width and freedom of the spirit of Christ in man, that ever far beyond the limits of His Church, He is active in the spirit of man, enobling and inspiring it. But the fact is also a rebuke to the Christian Church. If it were true to itself, surely it would attract and enlist in its service and not repel all this diffused Christian spirit. It is bound, for the sake of man, to guard the historic Faith. In an age of materialism, it is justified in making its worship a witness to the dignity and mystery of the things unseen and eternal. But does it, with anything like equal zest, keep its heart of service strong and ardent? Does it seem natural to us to describe a body, divided into rival sects and filling the air with the discordant cries of controversy as a brotherhood of neighbourly service? I am not thinking of the noble efforts of individuals and groups within the Church, but of the Christian body as a whole. Does it present itself to man as a Community in which each member, because he is a member, is actively engaged in the service of the weak, the poor, the distressed? On the other hand, we see men and women, weary of Church-wrangles, standing outside the pale even of the Christian faith,

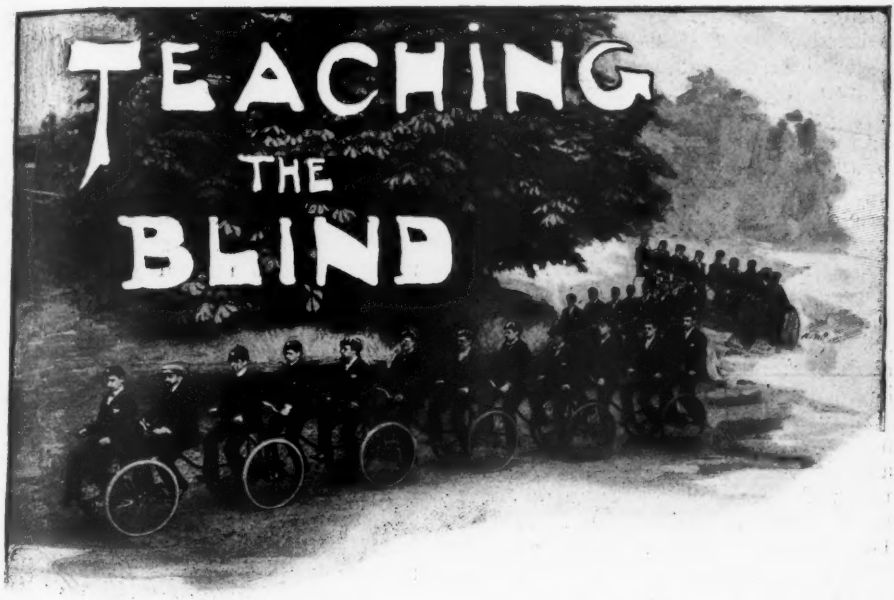
spending and spent in the service of their fellows; and we realise that still it is often the Priest and the Levite who pass by on the other side, and the Samaritan who crosses over and tends and serves and "proves himself neighbour." There is surely no ambition which ought to be nearer the heart of every Christian than that by his influence and example he may make the Christian community a worthier reflection of the Divine Neighbour, who is ever in the midst of men "as one that serves."

3. Consider lastly the character of the service which the true neighbour renders. It is unselfish, thorough, and personal. First, it is unselfish. There is a compassion which is selfish; and it is very common. Its motive sometimes is the indulgence of sentiment. The sentiment of compassion like other natural emotions craves satisfaction. It is really selfish when its primary motive is to satisfy itself rather than the need of its recipient. The charity which relieves itself by giving an alms to any beggar who asks without thought and care for his real need, which does not consider that that alms may be a means of encouraging thriftlessness and imposture, may be thus a cruel wrong both to the beggar himself and to the really deserving poor; the charity which moved by some sentimental appeal, takes no trouble to see whether that appeal is true to facts, or likely to do more harm than good; this charity is fundamentally false; it is a form of self-indulgence. Or, again, the motive may be one's own spiritual good. To give an alms as a means of relieving one's conscience, or acquiring credit in the eyes of God, is really a selfish act. It is not admirable, it is merely pitiable to see the crowds of beggars at some church-door in Italy, maintained in beggary rather than lifted out of it, encouraged to trade in the apparatus of misery, by the alms of the faithful. True charity, true neighbourliness, considers first not the indulgence of sentiment or the satisfaction of conscience, but the true need of the poor. And it has come to pass, through the abuse of charity, that the true need of the poor is often best served by withholding, not giving, the heedless and casual dole.

Secondly, the service of the Good Samaritan is thorough. He discerns and meets all the requirements of the case. He binds up the wounds, he pours in oil and wine, he carries to an inn, he provides for the future. He aims at the entire restoration of the poor stranger. So true charity is not content till it has thought out the real need of each case, and the best means of meeting it so as to prevent its recurrence. That thinking out is not easy; it demands time and trouble. In the complexity of social life, each single case of poverty or need is a problem demanding the exercise of the best judgment. If we undertake to meet it we are bound, for its own sake, to give it thought and care, and if we cannot do this, to entrust it to those who can. The parable of the Good Samaritan, so far from encouraging, in truth rebukes haphazard, heedless, indiscriminating charity.

Thirdly, the service which the Samaritan rendered was personal. He himself bound up the wounds, himself set the stranger on his own beast, himself brought him to the inn and took care of him. Charity is always incomplete unless it involves this element of personal service. In these days, we have become too much accustomed to acting the neighbour by deputy. We give money: we leave it to others to give personal service. Of course, to a large extent this is a necessity of modern life; and we can keep even this second-hand charity at least in touch with these principles if we take pains to follow our money with personal interest and sympathy. But we must never be satisfied with this. No amount of subscriptions can compensate for this want of the touch of person with person; of heart reaching heart; of will encouraging and strengthening will. Each one of us ought to be able to think at once of some individual or family in the ranks of the poor, the sick, the distressed, whom by personal thought and care and act we are trying to comfort and cheer and raise. We shall never realise our fellowship with the Divine Neighbour of humanity unless our own mind and heart and will are going out in personal service to some of those who need and claim our compassion.

C. G. STEPNEY.



Photograph by *Elliott & Fry, Baker St., W.*

IT is often said that Colonials and Americans know and see much more of the really interesting institutions of the mother country than do those born and bred in the homelands. One thing is certain, a very large percentage of the visitors who yearly find their way to the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind at Norwood to see blind men and maidens playing bowls, swimming, rowing, cycling, skating, and performing gymnastic feats that rival the best performances of the sighted, hail from beyond the seas.

The American, doubtless, feels a kind of proprietary right in this world-famed college, for its blind principal, Dr. Campbell, though of Scottish descent as his name indicates, was born on the other side of the Atlantic. Dr. Campbell combines all the tenacity of the Scot with the daring and initiative of the children of the New World, and at Norwood, where he has spent the last thirty years of his life, he has given the world an object-lesson in what can be done for the blind and what with training the blind may do for themselves. His name will go down to history as one of the wonderful men of the nineteenth century, whose work was to revolutionize the lot of the sightless by methods which appeal equally to the humanitarian and the hard-headed economist interested only in practical results.

The world's blind number something like one million. In the United Kingdom alone they number about thirty-three thousand. So recently as 1871, when Dr. Campbell was first interested in the condition of England's blind, he found that in the metropolis, the richest city in the world, between seventy and eighty per cent. of the sightless were doomed to live monotonous, idle lives, to be perforce paupers, dependent for daily bread on charitable doles. To-day, at his college at Norwood, with pupils largely drawn from the same class, from 80 to 90 per cent. are fitted for profitable employment, sometimes of a highly remunerative nature. In one year the joint earnings of pupils who owe their independence to the Royal Normal College amounted to nearly £30,000.

In 1872, when the college was opened, it consisted of three small houses near the low level Crystal Palace Station. To-day it covers 16½ acres, and forms one of the most picturesque properties south of the Thames. On entering the grounds, the same thought is apt to strike the visitor to-day as that which occurred to the late Duke of Westminster nearly thirty years ago. The duke was president of the college from its inception till his death, and one of its most generous benefactors. On the occasion of viewing the present site, with a view to purchase, he remarked to Dr. Campbell, "There are so many banks, terraces, and flights of steps, I scarcely know what you will do with it, unless you want to kill all the poor things and put them out of their misery." The principal's answer was, that the world was not made specially for the blind, who must be prepared to live in it as they found it. The freedom and ease with which the sightless boys and girls scamper over the hilly ground, have proved the wisdom of the doctor's dictum that the blind do not need a special world, and can manage very well with the existing one. He ingeniously surmounted the difficulty of steps and turnings by having the pathways made slightly higher at every approach to such.

The world as they find it at Norwood leaves little to be desired but eyesight. It might be thought that grassy slopes and sweet-scented flower-beds, shaded by fine old trees would be wasted on the sightless, but they can feel the beauties they cannot see, and often grow quite enthusiastic and eloquent over the scenery of their beautiful grounds. The great difficulty the visitor has is to remember that the speakers and actors are really blind. An hour spent here enables one to understand how the late Professor Tyndall must have felt when, on meeting Dr. Campbell climbing the Alps, he asked, "Are you really blind, or are you only a humbug?"

Dr. Campbell is, or rather has been, for he is now in his seventy-second year, an enthusiastic Alpine climber, and enjoys the distinction of being the only blind man who has climbed Mont Blanc. He stops short, however, at suggesting that his pupils should follow his example in this respect, choosing the steep slopes at Norwood rather than level ground, as likely to tend to sure-footedness, and adding one more advantage to its excellent situation. To talk of sure-footedness with regard to the blind resident here, seems absurd when you have watched them running, jumping, skating, and cycling without a suggestion of their want of sight. But the expert athlete is the product of training, and one has to remember the faltering step and timid, awkward movement of the uninitiated when they first come to the college. The teacher of the blind has to cope, not only with the want of one of the five senses, but all the defects and mental peculiarities which arise therefrom. A lack of energy is a direct though secondary consequence of blindness, and as energy and vitality are precisely what the sightless most require, the blind principal has made a never-ceasing study of everything in the realm of sport likely to develop the body, increase vitality, and rouse a natural love of exercise. Dr. Campbell's noble work has been to bridge, to a great extent, the gulf that formerly separated the sightless from the sighted, to develop in the blind every characteristic that tends to give confidence and power, and to crown health with usefulness. Every modern invention, for the sighted, is commandeered by him, and adapted, if necessary, to the needs of the sightless. He has led the world in showing the value of physical culture to the blind, and earned renown for his college and honours for his pupils. In a single season his students have won forty-two diplomas and twenty-four medals from the National Physical Recreation Society, and twelve badges from the National Skating Society. The gymnasium at Norwood is pronounced by leading authorities to be one of the most complete in existence. Even Sandow himself, who is much interested in the splendid work done here by the sightless, declared the class with the Sandow grip dumb-bells one of the best he had seen. Here it may be mentioned, the new Sandow grip dumb-bells have proved of the greatest practical utility in strengthening the hands and fingers for pianoforte practice.

The blind principal is an enthusiastic cyclist, and often spends his summer holidays on the wheel. He has cycled from Land's End to John o' Groats, through Norway, Normandy, and many other parts of Europe. His enthusiasm is doubtless largely responsible for the important place given to the cycle. Cycles built for two, three, four, six, eight, and twelve riders enable the students to get up large parties for expeditions on pleasure or business. They think nothing of riding from fifty to sixty miles to take part in a concert or gymnastic exhibition. A sighted instructor rides in front, and indicates by bell, speed, turnings, obstructions, etc.

Rowing is practised on a small artificial lake in boats carrying a crew of six, one of whom must be sighted to act as steersman or steerswoman. Swimming, diving, and practising rescuing the drowning are arts in which the students earn distinction every season. In the water they seem to be at no disadvantage with the sighted. They compete for the Life Saving Society's Medal, and as many as seven medals have been won at a single competition.

By the time the visitor on a tour of inspection reaches the swimming baths, he or she is usually reduced to a becomingly modest frame of mind. To pity or patronize the "poor blind" in residence at Norwood is the last thought, and one can easily understand how it is that the blind child who has the luck to be educated here often surpasses his more fortunate sighted brother and sister in the race of life.

Dr. Campbell
(Photograph by W. J. Wright, Upper Norwood)

From physical culture to mental culture means to turn from the college grounds and the splendid gymnasium to the college class rooms. Here the effect of the preliminary "open-air treatment" is easily discernible. Instead of depressed, awkward, anxious students, you find well-developed, bright-looking boys and girls, all alert and interested in answering questions concerning their studies and their college life. The curriculum covers the usual elementary subjects and the higher-grade subjects taught in secondary schools, include Latin, French, and Greek.

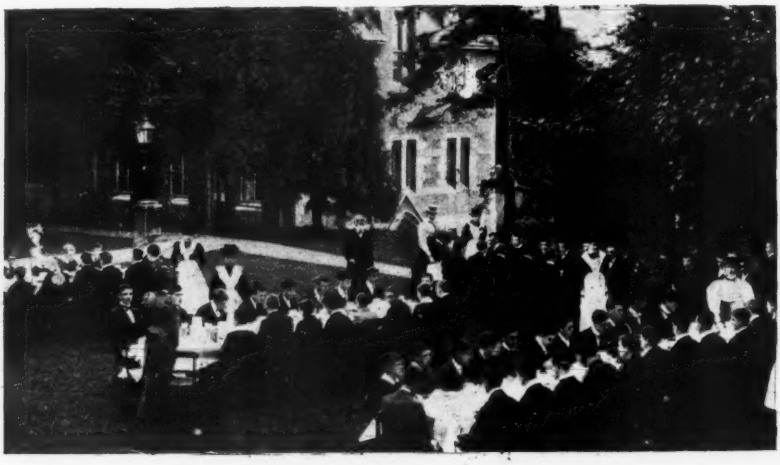
With blind children, as with the sighted, but only more so in the case of the former, Dr. Campbell holds that success in after life depends not so much on what is taught as how it is taught. At Norwood little importance is attached to the mere reproduction of text-books, and much on all that tends to form character, give faculty, and develop powers of reasoning and observation. Enthusiasm, interest, and

patience are requisite for the teacher who would succeed in this department of the scholastic world, and the staff at Norwood seem to possess these qualifications in an unusual degree. From the blind principal and his able, sighted aide-de-camp, his wife, to the humblest member of the staff, all seemed fired with a zeal and devotion to their pupils which explain to some extent the success of their labours.

I have spoken as if the college were only for older pupils. This is not so, as there is a kindergarten where children are taken from the age of five. To see the tiny boys and girls in the kindergarten-room modelling in clay, drawing by the aid of bent wires, stringing beads, or taking their first lessons in basket-making, is a touching sight. When the sightless, but not unsightly, eyes of a bright bonnie face are turned upon you by a little one, who eagerly explains the nature of his or her work, it is hard to believe they see nothing, and never will, else they would not find a place at Norwood.

In the Swedish Sloyd class is laid the foundation of that dexterity and accuracy in the manipulation of tools, so necessary later on for the complete mastery of the mechanism of the piano or organ. The work in this department ranges from knocking in and pulling out nails, to making brackets, bookshelves and tables.

The Braille system for literature and music, is the one used. Dr. Armitage, the English expert and philanthropist who did so much for the Royal Normal College, brought this system into general use in England. Through his instrumentality every blind man, woman, and child throughout the English-speaking world can now obtain the best in literature and music in Braille. The library at Norwood is extensive as may be imagined, when a work like "Little Dorrit" runs to seventeen large volumes. The blind boy has one advantage over the sighted, he is not tempted to read anything but the best in literature. For him the penny dreadful and the shilling shocker do not exist.



Dinner out of doors

From the reading-room, the visitor passes to the writing-room, the most interesting branch of which is the typewriting-room. As everybody knows, the first efforts of inventors of writing-machines, were directed towards providing a machine to enable the blind to hold communication with the sighted. At Norwood, the Ideal Hammond has been adapted to the uses of the blind, and you may see blind boys

and girls not yet in their teens typing with a facility and accuracy that is marvellous. One of the most interesting pupils of recent years was a young Canadian, a divinity student, of the name of Molloy, who served in Strathcona's Horse in the South African War. He lost his sight in action and was invalided to England. At Norwood he mastered the Braille system of reading and the typewriter in a month's time. On his return to Canada he resumed his studies and had little difficulty in keeping pace with his sighted fellow-students.

Photograph by *Elliott & Fry, Baker St., W.*

A Gymnastic Pyramid

The arithmetic class is bewildering. The blind boy's slate is made of tin, perforated with numberless octagonal holes. Into these holes he fits a small square metal peg about half an inch long. Each little peg has sixteen different designations according to the angle at which it is set, and which end is uppermost. By a few deft movements of the tiny peg in and out the perforations, he gets his results as quickly and as easily as can the sighted.

The sewing-room is one of the many in which an effort is needed to remember the workers are blind. You watch them felling, hemming, stitching, or feathering, as the case may be, and ask in wonder how it is done. Patience and practice explain

The Royal Normal College

it. From working on open canvas they pass from stage to stage until they produce work on the finest calico that would do credit to any school.

Music will ever be the ruling passion of the blind. As if to atone for the loss of beautiful sights, they seem instinctively to find compensation in beautiful sounds. The Academy of Music represents the embodiment of Dr. Campbell's ideal ot thirty years ago. All other branches ot the many-sided establishment, whilst each striving for the best as an end in itself, are but the stepping stones which make for success in the academy devoted to music. This department is very near and dear to the principal. To make it the best possible in the world of the blind, and an equal of the best in the world of the sighted, he has given the best years of his life. To him, as to the humblest student who passes the portals of the college, it suggests infinite possibilities. Music is the kindly, humanizing art that the sightless may woo on equal terms with the children of light. It is the art which has redeemed life for countless numbers of the children of darkness, and its study and cultivation are prosecuted at Norwood with untiring devotion. The college being within a stone's throw of the Crystal Palace, the students have the great advantage of attending the best concerts and hearing many of the most distinguished pianists and vocalists of Europe and America. Dr. W. H. Cummings, who has interested himself for over twenty years in the work of the academy, has said that the musical training provided here is as thorough as that given in the Royal College of Music, the Royal Academy of Music, or his own Guildhall School of Music. This means that though depending on charity for funds, the Academy of Music for the Blind ranks with the highest and best in the country, and has produced musicians who have won fame both for themselves and the college.

Without special talent, however, good tuition and much practice may and do accomplish much. The principal holds that mediocrity is often due to indolence, and with him indolence is the unpardonable sin. Five organs and a hundred pianos are needed for the never-ceasing practice which alone can bring success.

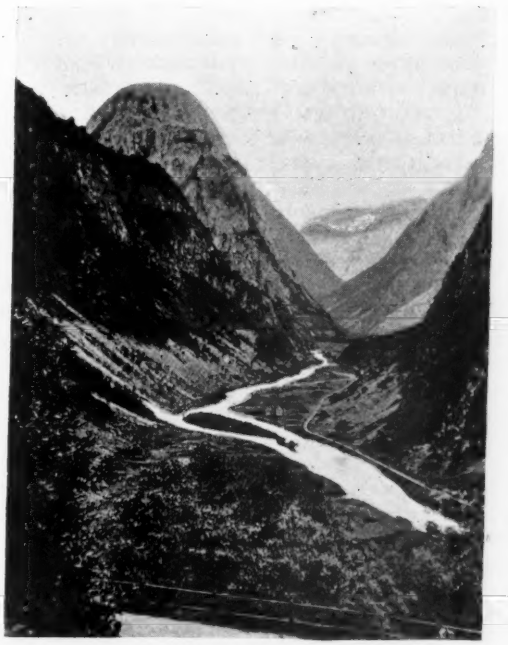
Piano tuning has always been an important resource of the blind, offering to many a congenial means of earning a livelihood. At Norwood this branch is represented by a splendidly equipped workshop, the one industrial feature of Dr. Campbell's establishment, and one which has done much to solve the problem

of independence for many of his students. The principal is nothing if not up-to-date, and in the tuning department, every make of piano, ancient and modern, down to the newest brand "made in Germany" is represented. The single aim of the training is to produce first-rate workers, and the pupils have it constantly impressed upon them, that the only condition on which they can hope to secure employment is that their work is equal, if not superior, to that of the sighted. Messrs. Broadwood have always given the tuning department their heartiest support. They employ several ex-graduates of Norwood, and this, not as a charity, but because their work is highly satisfactory.

Norwood has been compared to a veritable city of light in the kingdom of the blind. To it, for more than a quarter of a century, the blind in our own land and lands beyond the seas have turned their sightless eyes to know and learn of the wonders accomplished there by those who, like themselves, lack the sense of seeing.

To help the sightless to help themselves, not to a place in the realm of monotonous drudgery, but to a place where they may enjoy much of the world's gladness and most of its interests has been the life-work of Dr. Campbell, the grand old veteran, whose name to-day represents the institution rather than the man.

KATHERINE CARSON.



Naerodal Valley, from Stalheim, Norway

Father Redbeard

The Story of a Fighting Friar

IN March, 1799 (Austria and France having gone o war), two French divisions moved from the Grisons into Tyrol, and after driving in the Austrian outposts on the border, descended into Münsterthal, and advancing on the Landeck road threatened Meran.

General Bellegarde, the Austrian Commander-in-chief, took prompt measures to repel the invaders, whom he presently attacked with his main body, and a division led by General Hadik. Meanwhile a turning column, composed chiefly of volunteers, crossed the Wörmser Joch in deep snow and attacked the French with great vigour. The invaders were smitten hip and thigh, two of their generals were wounded, two captured; they lost in addition many officers and men and the remainder saved themselves from destruction only by a rapid retreat into Switzerland.

In this action a sergeant of volunteers, John Simon Haspinger, greatly distinguished himself, slaying in single combat two Frenchmen and taking prisoner with his own hand an officer of the French general's staff. He also helped to complete the enemy's discomfiture by capturing and using against them, two of their own mountain guns. Before the Tyrolers were dismissed to their homes the sergeant was presented to General Bellegarde, who gave him high praise for his prowess. At this time Haspinger was twenty-six years old, powerfully built, somewhat above middle height, red-haired, and of a ruddy countenance. Though so young he had already served in two campaigns, won distinction at the Battle of Spinges, and been awarded two medals for bravery in the field.

Nevertheless he was destined for the service of the Church, not for the career of arms. In 1802 he dedicated himself to a religious life, became a Capuchin friar, and adopted the "cloister name" of Joachim. In the war of 1805 he was attached as "Feldpater" to the 3rd regiment of Tyroler militia and took part in several skirmishes. The war ended badly for Austria. Among other possessions she lost Tyrol, and Father Joachim retired to the seclusion of his convent until another war and the revolt of his countrymen against their foreign masters called him again to arms. In April, 1809, he took the field as chaplain to three companies of volunteers and joined an Austrian brigade under Count Leiningen who was being hard pressed in South Tyrol. The volunteers chose Haspinger as their chief, Leiningen appointed him to the command of the advanced guard, and on May 4th he attacked Trient, which had been occupied by a thousand Frenchmen, retook the castle and the town, and drove the enemy back with heavy loss towards Verona.

The Capuchiner's next command was at the second battle of Berg Isel on May 29th, when he led the left wing with the fiery courage and military aptitude for which he was already famous. Neither on this occasion nor any other after he took orders did Haspinger either wear a uniform or carry any weapon more formidable than a walking stick or an alpenstock. But his red beard, monkish costume, and bare head made him the most conspicuous figure on the field. No less diligent as a chaplain than able as a captain he was always ready to administer the last rites of religion to his dying comrades, for whose consolation he carried under his habit an ebony crucifix which on this occasion was the means of saving his life by deflecting the course of a bullet that struck him on the breast. This was regarded as a miracle; his men followed him with blind devotion, and Father Redbeard, as they delighted to call him, became, next to Hofer, the most popular man in Tyrol.

The battle resulted in the withdrawal of the Bavarians from Innsbruck. Tyrol was formally reunited to Austria and administered in the Kaiser's name.

Napoleon, however, ordered a fresh invasion, the Austrian generals withdrew their troops, and when Marshal Lefebvre reappeared on the scene at the head of 30,000 soldiers it seemed as though all was over. The peasants returned to their homes and Hofer and most of the leaders went into either exile or hiding. But the end was not yet. There were Tyrolers who in spite of all that had happened refused to despair of Austrian help and ultimate success. Hofer sent out another *Aufgebot*, and on July 30th, four great-hearted men met at Brixen and decided on another rising. These men were Martin Schenk, Peter Mayr, Peter Kemnater and Joachim Haspinger, to whom presently came Joseph Spechbacher, whose name was a tower of strength.

Never in the history of war was a more audacious resolve taken. Just think of it! At Innsbruck, in the very heart of the land, was Lefebvre with a whole *corps d'armée*; reinforcements were advancing from Italy, all well armed and efficiently led. On the other hand, there were not in the whole of Tyrol 30,000 men capable of bearing arms, and these were dispersed far and wide, without organisation, transport, commissariat or money. Their leaders, peasants and innkeepers, and a priest, who, though conversant with war, had no means either of compelling obedience or maintaining discipline.

Haspinger and the other chiefs knew that the strategic centre of Tyrol was at the south end of the Eisack Pass. They knew also that Lefebvre had decided to despatch a column from Innsbruck to join hands with another column advancing from Italy. Unless this combination could be prevented the French would be masters of the land and successful revolt impossible. So the summons to war went forth; alarm bells were rung, beacon fires lit. Haspinger threw himself with fiery zeal into the contest, and the peasants responded to his exhortations with religious fervour. He began the crusade by preaching a patriotic sermon in Latzefons church. Three hours afterwards three hundred men paraded before him and on the following day mustered with many others at the mouth of the defile through which the invaders (who were already *en route*) must pass to reach their point.

The Tyrolers busied themselves casting bullets, building barricades and preparing "stone batteries" on the heights, so arranged that at a given moment an avalanche of rocks and trees could be thrown into the road beneath.

About noon on August 4th the enemy's advanced guard, composed of two battalions of the Saxe-Meiningen regiment, a squadron of Bavarian dragoons and two field pieces, reached Mittewald, a hamlet near the throat of the Eisack defile, which hereabouts and lower down is bounded by steep, stone-strewn, tree-covered heights, between which run two narrow roads and the river, just then in flood.

A little further on were a foot bridge and a broad wooden bridge, known as the "Peisser" which had been made ready for burning.

The first fighting took place at the first barricade, close to Mittewald, from which, after a brave defence, the Tyrolers fell back, but only to take post behind the next obstacle. Their object was two-fold—to hold the enemy in the defile while their comrades rained lead on them from the heights, and drew them to a point where a great stroke had been prepared which, as was hoped, would bar their further progress.

Notwithstanding heavy losses and fierce opposition the allies pushed resolutely on and made a bold attempt to occupy both banks of the Eisack by sending a section of dragoons across the Peisser Bridge. But it was too late, the bridge, already in flames, gave way, and the leading riders perished in the foaming river.

Nevertheless, the brave Saxe-Meiningeners fought on till they reached a straight place overhung by a great cliff, when a voice rang out so loud and clear as to be heard above the din of battle—

"In the Name of the Holy Trinity, let go!"

Then, quick as thought, ropes were slipped, supports knocked away, trains fired, and a mighty stone avalanche thundered down the slope, sweeping away everything in its course, and destroying all the unfortunates on whom it fell, hurling

some into the river and even endangering the Tyrolers on the other side. Among them was Haspinger, who saved himself from the flying stones by crouching behind a tree, and during the spell of amazed silence that followed the catastrophe, the monk—forgetting he was a soldier—went down on his knees and in an audible voice thanked God for the great mercy vouchsafed to the Tyrolers and prayed for the souls of their fallen enemies.

Rouyer now fell back to Oberau and continued his retreat to Sterzing.

Then fared it ill with the gallant Saxons. Surrounded by enemies, among whom were some of the finest rifle shots in Tyrol, not a man of the beleaguered regiment could raise his hand or get a drink of water from the river without being hit, and when they were exhausted with thirst and hard fighting, Father Redbeard ordered an assault which he himself led.

The Saxons, despite their fatigue, offered so stout a resistance, that the stormers hesitated and held back. It seemed as though the attack were going to fail when Haspinger, turning round and raising his ebony crucifix, ordered them to go down on their knees, and amid the flying bullets and the din of battle he gave the kneeling men general absolution and his priestly benediction.

"Now, forward in God's name, and a place in His Kingdom will be your recompense!" he cried.

The men rose and shouting the fierce Tyroler slogan, "Strike! Strike! and Strike again!" rushed on Oberau and would have carried it if at the very last moment one of the enemy's officers had not raised the white flag.

A third of the regiment had been killed and wounded, the rest, nearly two thousand, surrendered at discretion.

Lefebvre failed even more signally than his predecessor in his attempt to reach Brixen; he was forced to retreat, and before he reached Innsbruck his army had become a mob. On Berg Isel he rallied the fugitives and fought a battle in which he lost 6,000 men. Haspinger again commanded the left wing of the rebel host and did yeoman service; yet, though always in the thickest of the fray, never, either then or afterwards, received a wound.

On the following morning the French cleared out of Innsbruck, and continued their retreat until they were safe under the walls of Kufstein on the Bavarian border.

Hofer was now installed as Ober-commandant in Tyrol, and Father Redbeard marched with a division of volunteers to the northern frontier, stormed the Lueg Pass, fought many other actions, carried the war into the enemy's country, and conceived the audacious device of intercepting Napoleon on his way from Vienna to Paris, and taking him prisoner by *coup de main*. But without help from Austria it was utterly impossible for Tyrol to make head against the might of France. No help came, the little mountain land was invaded on every side, the northern passes were forced and their defenders dispersed. Haspinger and Spechbacher made their way to Innsbruck and on November 1st was fought the fourth battle of Berg Isel.

This time the overmatched peasants were defeated; but divers of the leaders still refused to yield, and Hofer and Haspinger, withdrawing to the south, kept up the war a while longer and gained two or three glorious yet barren victories.

The scene of operations was the region round Meran. Fourteen days after the fourth battle of Berg Isel, General Ruska was at Meran with one division, General Barbou at Sterzing with another, in all about eight thousand men, Haspinger in Passeirthal with from three to four thousand, most of them dead shots and desperate fighters.

Early on the morning of November 16th, Father Joachim moved on Meran and after an action that lasted all day and ended in the discomfiture of the French, entered the town, and Ruska retreated to Botzen.

The next day, as Haspinger was following the enemy, word came from Hofer that a French column was on the Jaufenberg and that George Lahner, the friar's "forepost commandant" had got in their rear, and so rendered it impossible for them to return to Sterzing. On this Haspinger recalled his men from the pursuit, making a forced march up the Passeirthal, and

He was the most conspicuous figure in the field

near Sand engaged the enemy who, finding they could neither advance to Meran nor return by the way they had come, entrenched themselves at St. Leonhard, loopholed the houses and prepared for a defence *à outrance*.

The siege lasted three days, and when the French surrendered, out of 1,800 men, they had lost 800 in killed and wounded.

This was the end. Winter had set in; the mountains were white with snow, food was scarce, ammunition exhausted; another and stronger French column was coming over the Jaufenberg, and yet another marching up from Botzen. Tyrol was doomed. Even Haspinger, whose ardent spirit the most desperate odds had so far failed to dismay, saw that the game was up, and that if he and the other leaders would save their lives, they must leave the country or go into hiding. In this sense he advised Hofer, who declared that, come what might, he would not quit Tyrol. Then they parted, as it proved, never to meet again.

Haspinger, still clad as a Capuchiner, made for Switzerland. At Mals, on the Landeck road, he destroyed his papers and left his horse, and late on a dark November night arrived at the Capuchin Hospice in Münster, where he found a temporary refuge and a much needed rest. But two days afterwards word came that his enemies had got wind of his whereabouts, and the Father Superior strongly advised him to seek a safer hiding place. On this Joachim decided to make for Chur, and the Father Superior gave him a pass which, however, before he could enter the Engadine would have to be "undersigned" by the Swiss officer in command at St. Maria. So thither he went, but being warned by the owner of the house in which the officer lodged, that warrants were out for his apprehension and that the Swiss authorities would give him up to the French, he decided to return to Tyrol, and, after hiding until nightfall in the house of a friendly priest, set out for Tchengels, accompanied by a guide. They travelled all night by unfrequented paths and over heights so deep in snow that in many places they had literally to "make their way." At four o'clock in the morning they reached Tchengels, where the fugitive found another asylum with one Peter Paul Perlinger, whom he had often visited in happier times.

Perlinger was the Amtmann of the Commune and steward of the castle, where he dwelt with several other families. The room assigned to Haspinger was in the same story as that occupied by Perlinger and his wife, a lady of gentle birth. The fugitive friar's presence in the castle was known only to her husband, herself and their maid servant, all of whom knew that they were entertaining him at the hazard of their lives, but their love for the Fatherland was greater than their fear of death, and the Perlingers gave the wanderer as warm a welcome as they had done before a price was put on his head.

Every precaution was taken to prevent the secret from oozing out. As Haspinger's chamber was supposed to be unoccupied he could have no fire. A smoking chimney would have caused instant inquiry. Neither would it have been safe to open the shutters, burn candles, or show himself outside the castle. But there was a secret passage communicating with his hostess's sitting-room, and thither, after dark, he often went to warm himself, and to have a friendly chat with his friends. But he had to be ever on the alert, and ready to quit when the door bell rang, or strange footsteps were heard in the outer corridor. This went on for months, and though there were occasional alarms, nothing particular happened till the night of August 24th, when there came a letter, brought by a special messenger, which rendered immediate flight imperative. It was from one of Herr Perlinger's friends, and told that orders had been given for two detachments to unite at Tschengels and search every house and place in the neighbourhood.

Within an hour Father Joachim, who had shaved his beard, dyed his hair, and donned a suit of mufti, took an affectionate leave of the friends who had sheltered him so long. Passing through Trafoithal in the darkness, and carefully avoiding places where he might fall in with border guards, he made for St. Maria in Münsterthal, taking almost the same line as he

had taken in the campaign of 1799. Here he made himself known to Herr Pasch, the Protestant Pastor, who kindly entertained him for several days.

Though Haspinger was now in comparative safety he was far from being out of danger. In the absence of papers he might be arrested by the first gendarme whom he met, and, if he were recognised, handed over to his enemies. Moreover, in order to reach Vienna, he must travel by North Italy, where an immaculate passport would be absolutely necessary. Nevertheless, there was nothing for it but to trust in Providence and march on. This the wanderer did, and presently reached Chur, where he found a temporary resting place in a seminary, whose principal got him a pass as far as Berne, which, as he hoped, would enable him to obtain there a special passport for foreign travel.

Greatly encouraged by this timely help Haspinger resumed his journey, taking on his way the pilgrimage church of St. Maria Einsiedeln. As he left the church an "unknown man" accosted him.

"Whither are you going, Father Haspinger?" he asked.

"To Berne," answered Haspinger, greatly troubled by this unexpected recognition.

"Don't," said the other. "If you do you will be betrayed and held fast."

With the stranger was a young man whom Joachim identified as Perlinger's son, then a student at Chur. His father had asked him and his friend, the "unknown man," to look out for the fugitive and give him what help they could.

In the end the stranger gave him a "writing" to Countess Fuchs, who lived near Chur, describing the bearer, Johann Gruster, as a paper hanger in search of employment, and asking her, if possible to find him a few days' work. Having lodged in the house of a master paper hanger while he was a student at Innsbruck, Haspinger knew something of the business, and opined that he could hang paper passably well.

The lady, who probably knew who "Johann Gruster" was, though it did not suit her to admit the fact, gave him two rooms to paper, which he did so well that she procured him an *Aufenthaltskarte* as "a paper hanger and iron dealer from Bruck an der Muhr," which enabled him to obtain a travelling passport, authorising him to return through Italy to his supposed home in Austria. In the middle of September he set out on his long, round-about tramp, accompanied by a guide. They footed it over the Splügen to Chiavenna, thence, by Lake Como and Lecco, to Bergamo and so to Verona, where Haspinger dismissed his guide. At Belden he put up at the inn and there foregathered with the French Commandant, who talked much about the late war in Tyrol, mentioning frequently Father Redbeard and his wonderful exploits. On the following morning, as Haspinger passed the last French picket, he handed one of the non-commissioned officers a piece of paper, inscribed with his name—which he requested him to present to the Commandant with the writer's compliments.

A few minutes afterwards the fugitive was over the border, footsore and almost penniless. At Klagenfurt, whither he next betook himself, he found a hearty welcome and good quarters in the house of an old comrade-in-arms. On the following day he saw Baron Ulm, President of the District, who undertook to inform the Kaiser of Haspinger's arrival in Austrian territory, and of his destitute condition. The answer was prompt and to the purpose. His Majesty sent Haspinger five hundred florins, also a message to the effect that on his arrival at Vienna he should be pleased to receive him in audience and hear his story.

So to Vienna Father Joachim went, and on November second (1810) had his first interview with Kaiser Franz. But poor Haspinger was so overcome that he could scarce answer a word. "This time I could not talk much," he writes in his diary. "On seeing His Majesty's benign face I was reminded of the dire misfortunes that had of late befallen him, and my heart nearly broke with grief. My voice, when I tried to speak, was choked with tears. The gracious Kaiser spoke comforting words, but I could only murmur a humble request for his protection and kind indulgence."

The only favours Joachim asked of the Kaiser were that he would enable him to discharge his pecuniary indebtedness to Herr Perlinger and "protect the Tyrolers who had wives and children at home and could go there no more."

On this His Majesty made him a grant of three hundred florins from his privy purse, and Haspinger received a like sum out of the proceeds of a subscription which had been got up in England for the relief of distressed Tyrolers. The Kaiser also awarded him a gold cross for his services as Field Chaplain in the war of 1809, which, being a monk, was the only distinction Haspinger could accept.

These matters ended, Father Joachim retired to a monastery at Vienna, where, however, he did not long stay. Towards the end of the year he was bidden to appear before the Prince Archbishop, Count Hohenwart, who roundly informed him that after so much blood-shedding it was impossible for him to remain a Capuchiner. Haspinger pleaded that what he had done was for Kaiser and Fatherland, and that since entering the Order he had neither carried a weapon nor fought with his own hand.

"I admit the rectitude of your motives," said the Archbishop. "Nevertheless, it is not meet for a man of blood to be a monk, and I must insist on your retirement from the Order."

So Haspinger was "secularised," and the Kaiser presented him to a living in Lower Austria.

It now seemed as though he were settled for life, but his adventures were not yet at an end. In 1813 Austria was on the point of joining the coalition against France, and the Government sent Haspinger into Italy and Tyrol to spy out the military nakedness of the land. He travelled with a passport, made out in the name of "Leopold Hammer, leather merchant of Vienna," and of course carried his life in his hand. He made a long round by Villach, Lienz, Belluno and Roveredo to Verona, everywhere taking note of whatever was likely to prove useful. When he reached Verona Prince Eugène Beauharnais was concentrating his forces for a forward movement into Illyria. Haspinger hired a room near the Bescovo gate, and as the army marched past noted its condition and made an estimate of its strength, which turned out to be singularly correct. By this time, however, he had spent all his money, and had no means of obtaining further supplies without a delay which might have been fatal both to himself and his plans. But the good fortune that had served him so often served him again. Some French officers, who were card playing at the inn where he was staying, invited him to join them. Haspinger answered that he had no money.

"Never mind that," said one of the officers. "If you lose, I'll pay."

On these conditions the *soi-disant* Leopold Hammer consented to gamble and rose from the game a winner of four hundred florins, with which he straightway departed for Botzen, travelling through his own country to Lienz, where he met General Fenner, commander of the Austrian advanced guard, to whom he imparted the information he had obtained. On his return to Vienna he was again received in audience by the Kaiser, who thanked him warmly for his services, and early in the following year appointed him Vicar of Trauenfeld, where he remained until 1836, when he retired on a pension and took up his abode at Vienna. Even yet, however, the old hero-priest had not done with war. In 1848, when North Italy rose in insurrection against Austria, and Sardinia declared war, Haspinger, then in his seventy-third year, went to the front as chaplain to a company of Tyroler volunteers, whom he once tried to lead into action, but being scant of breath and stiff in his joints had to yield his pride of place to younger, though not braver, men.

In 1854 Haspinger betook himself to Salzburg, and there, in 1858, died, full of years and honour.

WILLIAM WESTALL.

The Shelf and the World

The Hard Lesson of the Flowers—Cats or Birds?—The Wounded Bat—A Subtle Revenge—Shakespeare's Birthplace and the Little People—Longfellow—Lowell in Prose and Poetry—A Perfect Compliment—Thoreau's Muse—Herman Melville and George Borrow—The Greatness of *Moby Dick*—Eight Passages for Identification.

I HAVE had the line

> "A houseful of books and a garden of flowers"

running in my head, but I cannot remember the poet's name. I think of it very often because it describes my own situation this summer, and I wonder if the poet was ever made unhappy as I am by the power which a garden of flowers can exert to emphasise the transitoriness of all things and the terrible swift foot of Time. The daffodils begin the lesson: one day they are not, the next they are, and again they are faded on their stalks; then tulips; then lupins and delphiniums; then sweet peas; then lilies; then hollyhocks (our own are just beginning); and so forth, all so slow to come, then coming so eagerly, and dying just as eagerly afterwards. I hate to be reminded of the passage of Time, and in a garden of flowers one can never escape from it. It is one of the charms of a garden of grass and evergreens, that there for a while one is allowed to hug the illusion that Time tarries.

A problem which sooner or later faces people who live in the country is "Do we prefer birds or a cat?" For it is impossible to have both. This spring, having had no cat, our garden has been more full of song than ever I knew it, and we even had a nest of whitethroats on the very wall of the house, in a climbing rose, the young ones all safely growing to independence. Had there been a cat, as in previous years, that would have been impossible. We also have two tame robins who flit on the table when we have meals put out of doors, and trust us absolutely. They would disappear if a cat were to come again; and, indeed, have disappeared already, for a kitten, much against my better judgment, lately joined the family. Where there is a cat there is death: this creature had not been in the house two days before she captured a bat immature as herself, and we heard it being tortured under a chair. It was rescued, and turned out to be of extraordinary friendliness, neither scratching nor biting as tradition alleges of it, but drinking milk, and crawling over our hands and across the table in its velvet cloak like a burlesque Hamlet. But agreeable as was this *rencontre* with an animal difficult to get upon terms with, I said that the kitten must go. I prefer the birds.

Having said that the kitten must go, I forgot the matter, leaving the manner of its departure to fate. Fate settled it with a promptness and thoroughness that took the household by the throat; for the very next morning the kitten jumped down the well. It is a deep well and we have no Johnny Stout within call, and death must have been rapid. Nothing but remorse could follow upon such a tragedy, our original idea of getting rid of the cat being by gift. However, it was useless to mourn over so complete a disaster, and we reconciled ourselves to the inevitable, sorry but relieved. And then gradually we began to realise (as the grappling hooks failed to bring the suicide to the surface) that if a small kitten were to lay itself out to die with as much inconvenience to its unsympathetic owners as could possibly be arranged it could not do anything better than just to drown itself in their well. The chain and winch were too light for it to be safe to descend by them; the depth was too great for a ladder to be of any use; the kitten was too small and slippery for the hooks to catch on. In death this small creature punished my hostility, and punished it increasingly every minute.

To return for a moment to the bats. Chancing to be dining one evening out of doors, I noticed that every now and then as it grew more dusk, bats were material-

ized in the most extraordinary sudden way from a corner of the roof. Fetching the glasses I discovered that our roof at that part is full of them and they passed in and out under a raised tile. There is nothing swifter or quieter than the way in which bats leave a hole and are instantly on the wing—like young night thoughts. I say quieter, but as a matter of fact the attentive ear can hear a little squeaky argument before the flight, as though there was a question of precedence to settle.

The bat which the cat played with must have rolled off the roof, having left the home too early.

I have been reading the report in the *Stratford-upon-Avon Herald* of the unsuccessful application made by the Trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace to be exempted from rates on the ground that they come within the Scientific Societies' Act, and really one is ashamed of the result. If ever there were a case for taking a liberal view of the wording of an Act it surely was this; but instead Mr. Sidney Lee was subjected to a long examination to prove that the connection between the Birthplace and scientific benefits was non-existent. This is true enough to the legal mind, which battens and fattens on such verbal ingenuities; but who was it that said that Poetry was the smile that illumined the face of Science? My point is, not that Mr. Lee proved his case, for technically he failed to do so, the legal circumstances being too strong for him, but that he never ought to have been put in the position of having to attempt it. There are certain requests that should only need to be whispered to be granted, just as there are certain Acts which were made to be honoured occasionally in the breach. What seems to be needed at Stratford-upon-Avon is an ability to think nationally rather than parochially. We are told at every turn to think imperially, but to think nationally must come first. We have hardly learnt that yet.

By the way, I wonder to what extent Longfellow's lines on the Stratford Avon are known in the little town. They are really very charming:

TO THE AVON.

Flow on, sweet river! like his verse
Who lies beneath this marble hearse,
Nor wait beside the churchyard wall
For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmates once;—I see him now
A boy with sunshine on his brow,
And hear in Stratford's quiet street
The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge,
Wading knee-deep amid the sedge;
And lost in thought, as if thy stream
Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows;
And fain would follow where it goes,
To the wide world, that shall ere long
Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream! That dream is o'er;
He stands upon another shore;
A vaster river near him flows,
And still he follows where it goes.

I don't know whether it has ever been said, but to me, apart from his sweetness and kindness, the secret of Longfellow's popularity seems to be that he is just as much of a poet as the ordinary reader needs or can cope with. He sees so much fairness in the earth, and he never allows himself to soar above it, out of reach.

I have lately been reading, for reasons, a good deal of American literature, particularly Longfellow and Lowell, Melville and Thoreau. Lowell in two books separated by a number of years—his *Fireside Travels* and his *Heartsease and Rue*—the former being prose and the latter poetry, and both in their way very near a gentle unambitious perfection. They are not great at all, but they are most satisfyingly adequate. The *Fireside Travels*, which are hardly known at all in this country, begin with reminiscences of the author's youth at Cambridge, Mass., with pensively humorous full-length and half-length portraits of the old and lovable figures of the University in the old days, very deftly and charmingly done, a little in the manner of Lamb. The rest of the book is travels on the continent, also in the best of literary temper. But I think the reminiscences of Lowell's college days are the gem of the book, and it is possible that no one has done better just what he does there. The other book *Heartsease and Rue* is a collection of Lowell's later poetry and was published not long before

his death. It contains, I think, some of the most graceful complimentary verse since the Courtly Poets, a gentleman and a brother dictating every line.

It would be very difficult, for example, to find a more charming or perfect sonnet to an old lady than this :

Why should I seek her spell to decompose
Or to its source each rill of influence trace
That feeds the brimming river of her grace ?
The petals numbered but degrade to prose
Summer's triumphant poem of the rose :
Enough for me to watch the wavering chase,
Like wind o'er grass, of moods across her face,
Fairest in motion, fairer in repose.
Steeped in her sunshine, let me, while I may,
Partake the bounty : I content should be
That her mirth cheats my temples of their gray,
Her charm makes years long spent yet to be.
Wit, goodness, grace, swift flash from grave to gay,
All these are good, but better far is she.

Were it not for the awkward word "decompose" it would be impossible to find a flaw in that exquisite compliment. I think someone should make a little collection of the best of Lowell's prose and poetry. It would be a delightfully friendly book.

Of Thoreau's verse I knew very little until recently. With Emerson he stands as perhaps the first of the poets who say something with every word, often at the expense or beauty or rhythm. Other poets may have equally desired to deliver a message and waste no syllable, but they have been betrayed by their ears into the use of mellifluous words. Thoreau had no ear, I am convinced. One of his best poems is this, in which his contempt for respectability leads him with grim humour to cut the ground from under the enemy's feet :

THE RESPECTABLE FOLKS.

The respectable folks,—
Where dwell they ?
They whisper in the oaks,
And they sigh in the hay ;
Summer and winter, night and day,
Out in the meadow, there dwell they.
They never die,
Nor snivel, nor cry,
Nor ask our pity
With a wet eye.
A sound estate they ever mend,
To every asker readily lend ;
To the ocean wealth,
To the meadow health
To Time his length,
To the rocks strength,
To the stars light,
To the weary night,
To the busy day,
To the idle play ;
And so their good cheer never ends,
For all are their debtors, and all their friends

My third American is Herman Melville, author of that courageous book, *Moby Dick*. He is better known by *Typee* and *Omoo*, but I find even more delight in *Moby Dick*, and not only more delight but more of the Borrovian spirit. The early chapters of *Moby Dick*, before the narrator and his cannibal get to sea, are more like Borrow than any other book I know ; and there is a scene between the mate Stubb and the old black cook about the cooking of a whale steak which it is difficult to believe is not Borrow. Whether Melville knew *Lavengro* and allowed that to influence him, or whether he also was independently a descendant of Defoe and Cervantes, I cannot say ; but I am very much opposed to suggestions of deliberate imitation among masters. Melville's genius proves to us that he had no need to go to anyone for his ideas or style ; while after all, Borrows are not so very rare except as writers. I know more than one Borrow at this moment : but they do not write. Melville was an American with some of the same romantic temperament and the same desire to write ; and when he sat down to *Moby Dick* the likeness at once came out. That passage about the bedroom in the whalers' inn and the mysterious bed-fellows is just as good Borrow as anything in *Lavengro ;* or, in other words, that passage in *Lavengro* about the old apple woman on London Bridge is very good Melville. Borrow was the greater man : he was a deeper and a rarer man, and his literature is finer ; but *Moby Dick* is a magnificent work of bizarre humour and adventure and human nature. Americans should be very proud of it.

The book is extremely complete In addition to the story of the vengeful purpose of Captain Ahab and the adventures of Melville himself, it is also a very full history of whaling and the whale down to the date at which the author wrote. The digressions are carried off with immense

spirit, and the epic note undoubtedly sounds in the book as in few that I know; and now and then, particularly in that passage where Captain Ahab soliloquises, the old dramatists are recalled with their terrible sense of fatality and their rich dark phraseology of terror and doom. I suppose that both Stevenson and Henley must have been admirers of this book. When one hears Melville praised it is as a rule only for his two South Sea Island romances; but *Moby Dick* seems to me infinitely greater.

Literary competitions are in fashion. I wonder how many readers of *Good Words* can name the authors and source of the eight passages which are printed below, and which I have lately hit on in my desultory reading. No prize is offered:

I.

Man that is born of a Woman
Has a very little time to live:
He comes up like a fore-topmast staysail
And is down like a small flying jib.

II.

There is but one comfort left, that though it be in the power of the weakest arm to take away life, it is not in the strongest to deprive us of death.

III.

In the novels of the last hundred years there are vast numbers of young ladies with whom it might be a pleasure to fall in love; there are at least five with whom—as it seems to me, no man of taste and spirit, can help doing so. Their names are in chronological order: Elizabeth Bennet, Diana Vernon, Argemone Lavington, Beatrix Esmond, and Barbara Grant. I should have been most in love with Beatrix and Argemone. I should, I think, for mere occasional companionship have preferred Diana and Barbara. But to live with and to marry I do not know that any one of the four can come into competition with Elizabeth.

IV.

A familiar story is related of the benevolence of one of the sons of Ali. In serving at table a slave had inadvertently dropped a dish of scalding broth on his master. The heedless wretch fell prostrate to deprecate his punishment, and repeated a verse of the Koran: "Paradise is for those who command their anger"—"I am not angry"—"and for those who pardon offences"—"I pardon your offence"—"and for those who return good for evil"—"I give you your liberty, and four hundred pieces of silver."

V.

Well, during two weeks and a half we watched by the crib and in our deep solicitude we were unconscious of any world outside of that sick room. Then our reward came; the centre of the universe turned the corner and began to mend. Grateful? It isn't the term. There isn't any term for it. You know that yourself if you've watched your child through the Valley of the Shadow and seen it come back to life and sweep right out of the earth with one all-illuminating smile that you might aver with your hand.

VI.

"He looks just like an angel," said the charity children.

"How do you know?" said the Mathematical Master, 'you have never seen one."

"Oh, but we have in our dreams," answered the children, and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

VII.

As for my Disposition, it is more inclining to be melancholy than merry, but not crabbed or peevishly melancholy, but soft, melting, solitary, and contemplating melancholy; and I am apt to weep rather than laugh, not that I do often either of them; also I am tender-natured. for it troubles my Conscience to kill a fly, and the groans of a dying beast strike my soul.

VIII.

She dropped on him one look of a confiding softness that was to the youth like the opened gate of the innocent garden of the heart.

"You pardon me, Margarita? I may call you my beloved? strive, wait, pray, hope, for you, my star of life?"

Her face was so sweet a charity!

"Dear love! one word!—or say nothing, but remain and move not. So beautiful you are! Oh, might I kneel to you here; dote on you; worship this white hand for ever!"

The colour had passed out of her cheeks like a blissful western red leaving rich paleness in the sky; and with her clear brows levelled at him, her bosom lifting more and more rapidly, she struggled against the charm that was on her, and at last released her hand.

"I must go. I cannot stay. Pardon you? Who might not be proud of your love!—Farewell——"

E. V. Lucas.

THE BREADWINNERS, BY ROBERT MACGREGOR, R.S.A.

(In the possession of the Corporation of Glasgow)

A School of Hymn Writers

THAT any of our public schools should produce a long line of statesmen, of literary men, or ecclesiastics, is hardly a subject to be wondered at, however creditable it may be to the school in question. But that one of our greatest public schools should for three centuries and more have given us boy after boy who has distinguished himself in the unusual pursuit of hymn-writing far above what any other public school has done is certainly a striking phenomenon, however we regard the fact. Yet this is what St. Peter's College, Westminster, has been doing since the beginning of the seventeenth century!

The hymnwriters of immense popularity and of wide fame whom Westminster has produced during the three centuries that have elapsed since George Herbert entered the school as a King's Scholar in 1604 include some of the greatest names in ecclesiastical and literary circles of their respective periods. It is to deal with a few of these celebrated men as schoolboys, with the influences which have contributed to make them so notable as hymnwriters, rather than with their later work in life, that this article has been written.

Let us look at a striking scene at Westminster School in the year 1725, in the month of December. The famous annual Latin Play—the "Andria" of Terence—is about to begin. Before the crowded audience of Royalty and nobility stands in the middle of the stage, a good-looking, manly English youth of seventeen years old, Captain of the school and the chief of the King's Scholars. He is to play the part of Davus in the Latin drama, and is about to speak the Prologue. His kind, pleasant face and sweet voice much attract the great company present.

But that same boy afterwards had a

far wider and bigger audience for other beautiful words that he gave to the world. Who that saw him on that brilliant evening in 1725 dreamed for a moment that this boy's name and words would travel into remote wilds of Africa; that his hymns would be sung with rapture by the Hindoos among the Himalayas; that China and Japan would rejoice to listen to them; that thousands of dying men would bless him for the comfort he had given them? Which of his auditors of that prologue could have foreseen that

Three Names and Coats of Arms Engraven "Up-School"

this boy would bequeath such magnificent legacies to the Church of God as "Jesus, Lover of my soul;" "Come, O Thou Traveller Unknown;" "A charge to keep I have;" "Hark, the herald angels sing;" "Come, let us anew our journey pursue;" "I the good fight have fought;" and hundreds of other popular hymns?

Charles Wesley entered Westminster School as a Town Boy in 1721, but was later elected to a King's Scholarship; became captain of the school in 1725, and left it for Christ Church, Oxford, with a school-scholarship in 1726. He wrote altogether over 6,000 hymns, and undoubtedly stands at the head of all hymnwriters of any time or race, whether one considers the quantity or the quality of his work. Let his greatest rival in this be his judge and critic.

"I would sacrifice all the hymns I have written," exclaimed Dr. Isaac Watts, "to be able to say that I was the author of 'Come, O Thou Traveller Unknown!'" A noble tribute, truly, to the sweet-voiced, sweet-tempered Charles Wesley.

Another scene at Westminster. There strolls gloomily about the famous Little Dean's Yard a boy whose sharp temper is proverbial, whose manners are so gruff and brusque as to make him more than unpopular with the other scholars there. He is about the last boy in the whole school whom you would have selected as likely to write verses that would thrill the whole Church of Christ with enthusiasm; that would make great audiences of strong men weep like children; that would be softly whispered, with trembling, trusting lips, by Royal princes on their death-beds. Yet this was the boy who did it!

"His Royal Highness is saying

something, Madam," said the nurse by the bedside of the late Prince Consort as he lay dying.

Queen Victoria, her heart bleeding with anguish and love, bent tenderly over her almost unconscious husband as his lips moved, and just caught his words, almost the last that he uttered on earth. What were they? Part of that gloomy Westminster boy's wonderful hymn! For the dying Prince was gently repeating—

Whilst I draw this
fleeting breath,
When my eyelids
close in death;
When I rise to
worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy
judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft
for me,
Let me hide my-
self in Thee.

Augustus Montague Toplady
After a painting by C. R. Riley

Yes, despite his strange moods and temper, the "Spirit" of Westminster School was breathed into Augustus Montague Toplady when there, and it bore fruit one hundredfold in his after-life. He was at the school in 1756, but the exact year when he left it is uncertain. Toplady wrote, besides his world-famous "Rock of Ages," the well-known "Object of my first desire;" "Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?" "Lord I feel the carnal mind;" and many other hymns that have been much sung in the Church.

We have already spoken of George Herbert, perhaps one of the most lauded men of the seventeenth century for his beautiful character and loveableness. He was just as much liked and loved when at school as afterwards when he had grown to manhood, and had become a notable figure in the Church and in literature. "The saintly Herbert," he was called; and that title was surely not misapplied to the man who could write "The Temple," which has given him a lasting place in English literature.

George Herbert led the way for Westminster's great army of hymnwriters. He was a King's Scholar in 1604, and he stayed at school till 1608. He did credit in many ways to the noble family of Pembroke to which he belonged, and to the great school which had been his Alma Mater, and of which he was so proud. But nothing he ever did was so fine as his work for God in giving us such beautiful hymns as "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright;" "Teach me, my God and King;" "Let all the world in every corner sing;" and similar Christian songs and poems.

A few years later than George Herbert there entered at the Abbey school a boy who was to rival him in charm of character; in future literary work; in hymnwriting; in the very title that the world gave him of "saintly!" For John Austin became familiarly known in after days as "Gentle Austin;" and it was no less a person and poet than John Dryden, who often called his old friend and schoolfellow by that name. Evidently John Austin, whilst at school, was most popular, for even he won the love of such a "terror to evil-doers" as Dr. Busby, and of such go-ahead youths as Dryden and South.

John Austin came from his native Norfolk to Westminster School in 1640, as

a Town Boy. He eventually became a barrister, a literary man, and died at the early age of twenty-nine. But he had already left his legacy of the spirit of Westminster behind him. He had written, almost ere he passed to manhood, his famous hymns, and the world owes,—amongst many others,—"Hark, my soul, how everything;" and "Lord, now the time returns;" to "Gentle Austin."

Next came one of Westminster's greatest sons, one of the shining lights of English literature. And again the hymn-spirit was too strong for the dramatic-spirit, terribly powerful as the latter then was. Even this great successor of Shakespeare, in the reign of Charles II., had to succumb to the school-influence of years before. He wrote hymns, in intervals of composing dramatic masterpieces, and his hymns also became renowned. Ask any Westminster boy if he ever heard the name John Dryden!

Dryden's name carved on a orm

Dryden made his own monument at Westminster, for the most treasured possession of the school to-day is the old form in "Up-School" which still bears on its top the name that the future great laureate carved as a boy, in big straggling letters,—"J. Dryden." It is the finest memorial he could have desired. The man who wrote for the Church that splendid and dignified "Creator Spirit, by Whose aid" would have asked nothing better than what his old school has given him as a monument and remembrance. Dryden had been one of the King's Scholars from 1646 to 1650; he had acted in the Latin play; he had been a pupil of the great Busby, and contemporary with the learned South, against whom he had usually held his own when willing to work,—which was not always!

There came strolling into Little Dean's Yard on a day in 1741 surely one of the very shyest and gentlest boys who was ever at the famous school there. A boy of weak frame, of soft speech, of gentle ways, with a face that betokened no great resolution of mind or will. He was too shy and sensitive whilst at Westminster to make many friends, or to push himself forward as Dryden had done before him. Some of his later biographers have even dared to say—most unjustly—that this boy hated the school, and tiraded against it in later life. The untruth of this may be gathered from the fact that, though his guardians were particularly careful of him, and though he had mostly his own way in many things, yet he stayed at Westminster School longer than any other boy with whom this article deals; for he entered as a Town Boy in 1741, and did not leave till 1749, having been at St. Peter's College, clearly with his own approval, for nearly nine years!

His character was quite different from Wesley's, or Herbert's, or Austin's, gentle and shy as he was. For he often became so morose as to have his mind unhinged; so melancholy as seriously to alarm his masters. And the hymn-spirit soon overcame him, who was naturally a gifted youth with a most poetic genius. He sat in the old Abbey with his schoolfellows, and the mysterious influence that had mastered the great mind of John Dryden easily impressed this boy's.

What a wonderful result it had! Next to Charles Wesley he stands out as one

of the grandest and noblest singers of the Church of God, second only with Dr. Watts to the genius who had just preceded him at Westminster. For it was this shy, melancholy youth who enthralled the world with such perfect gems of hymns as "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;" "God moves in a mysterious way;" "There is a fountain filled with blood;" "Sometimes a light surprises;" "O, for a closer walk with God;" "Jesus, where'er Thy people meet;" and "Ere God had built the mountains."

William Cowper was truly conquered by a greater power than his natural melancholy, for he had been inspired with the inspiration of the Abbey school, which influence had then been working for nearly a century and a half. His name is engraven "Up-School" with that of Southey, Ben Jonson, Matthew Prior, Dryden, and other famous poets and writers who all had kind—nay, enthusiastic—feelings and reverence for their beloved Alma Mater. Surely it is the grossest of libels to suggest that this boy, with his keenly-receptive mind and love of everything that particularly centred round Westminster above all schools, should have been unhappy there.

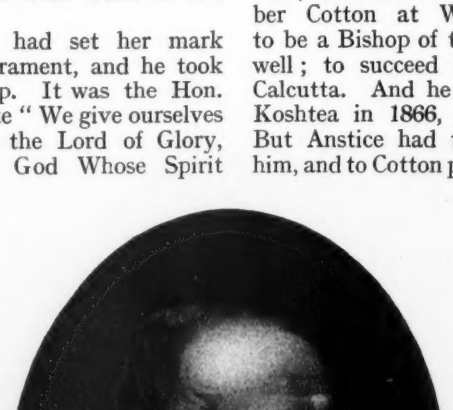
The Entrance, "Up-School"

There came to the school in 1810, when eleven years of age, the Hon. Baptist Wroithesley Noel, brother of the Earl of Gainsborough, as a Town Boy. He was a lover of poetry and literature, and the mysterious spirit breathed on him, too. His eventful after-life saw him a chaplain to Queen Victoria soon after her accession;

it saw him a dignitary of the Church; it saw him leave that Church to become a Baptist minister; it saw him live far on towards the end of the nineteenth century, though he had been born in the previous one.

But Westminster had set her mark on his poetic temperament, and he took up the dormant harp. It was the Hon. B. W. Noel who wrote "We give ourselves to Thee;" "Jesus, the Lord of Glory, died;" "Glory to God Whose Spirit draws," and other famous hymns.

Soon after Noel left Westminster there entered it a King's Scholar upon whom fell the mantle of Herbert, Austin, and Wesley. He was a youth destined to achieve distinction in many fields; to achieve it early; and then, like Austin,—as the gods loved him much! — to die young. But not before his work was done. Joseph Anstice, (1823-27 at the school), afterwards as brilliant at Oxford as at Westminster; twice won the English prize at the University; gained a double-first; Professor of Classics at twenty-two in King's College, London; dead at the age of twenty-eight!



The Hon. Baptist Noel

Photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker St., W.

But thrice beloved Joseph Anstice, as he lay dying in the summer days at Oxford, had the Westminster spirit glowing in his breast, and dictated to his young wife those beautiful hymns we know so well to-day,—"Father, by Thy love and power;" "Lord of the Harvest, once again;" "O Lord, how happy should we be;" etc. And the eight hundred years old school mourned again for one of her own true children.

George Edward Cotton passed into the school as a King's Scholar as it to take the place of Joseph Anstice, just when the latter left. What a delightful boy he was; there are men yet living who remember Cotton at Westminster. He rose to be a Bishop of the Church he loved so well; to succeed to Heber's throne at Calcutta. And he passed to his rest at Koshtea in 1866, accidentally drowned. But Anstice had thrown the spell over him, and to Cotton passed on the wonderful fire. The Church gained; for she received "We thank Thee, Lord for this fair earth."

Close after Cotton came Gerald Phillimore, one of a long and distinguished family whose Westminster traditions go far back into past centuries,—father and son; father and son; always a Phillimore at Westminster if there was a boy in the family ready for school at all! Gerald Phillimore came as a Town Boy in 1831, was afterwards rector of Henley-on-Thames, and died in 1884. He wrote scores of hymns, and we owe to him "Every morning they are new;" "O fear not, little flock;" "O Lord of glory, King of saints;" and "Darkly from the Eastern sky."

Finally let us mention one of the latest of this great school of hymnwriters. He also came of a great family at Westminster School, for what St. Peter's boy has not heard of the Waterfields? William Waterfield, one of several King's Scholars of the same name and family there, past and present, entered the school in 1846, and left it in 1850. He too inherited

the mantle of the hymnwriters, his best-known hymn being perhaps "To Thee, O Lord, for healing." But it is only one of many which have, as yet, not managed to spread so widely as those of his famous predecessors have done.

All St. Peter's hymnwriters are perhaps not included here, but the names mentioned form a wonderful list, they constitute a glorious record. No other school can even approach it, let alone equal it. What is that mysterious spirit that has brought it into being; that has continued it for three centuries; that has produced such marvellous results for the Church and the world? We cannot tell. Is it the shadow of the world-famous Abbey, the inspiration of the great and splendid traditions there? It may be. Is it the beautiful services that all Westminster boys have to attend each day in that sacred fane; the magnificent music that they daily hear and sing? It may be. Is it the spirits of the mighty dead, — of Dryden, of Wesley, of Ben Jonson, of Prior, of Cowper, of Busby, of South, of Southey, and of many others who are buried in or near Poet's Corner, or have their memorials there, and who now throw the mysterious inspiration into their successors, as King's Scholars or Town Boys, at the school they all loved so well? Perhaps it is.

Gerald Phillimore

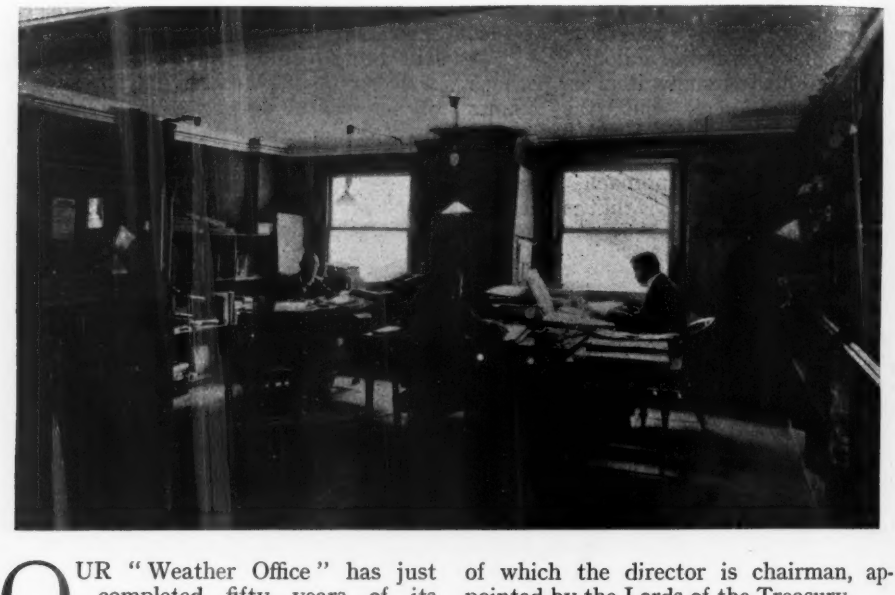
From a photograph

Who can tell? The wind bloweth where it listeth; the breathing of the Spirit is indeed inscrutable. Perhaps the unique hymn-book which the Westminster scholars use to-day influences boys who will become future Wesleys or Cowpers! A hymn-book whose hymns are almost all written by boys who have formerly been at the school, subscribed with their names and with the dates of their school careers. Is there any other school in the world that can produce such a hymn-book of famous hymns, written by its own scholars? I trow not.

St. Peter'sCollege, Westminster, looks very kindly on her beloved sons. She teaches them in the spirit of old; she makes them love her with a life-long love. And, — most fortunate of all schools! —when they have attained the world's fame and praise, she receives them back to herself once more, and lays their dust to everlasting rest in her own glorious precincts, within the national Valhalla whose shadow falls on her own, in the quiet corners or cloisters of the grand old Abbey where they worshipped when, as boys, they first entered her portals and began to imbibe her wonderful and mysterious inspiration. In death, as in life, they are hers; and she jealously keeps and guards them with a mother's never-ending love.

GEORGE A. WADE.

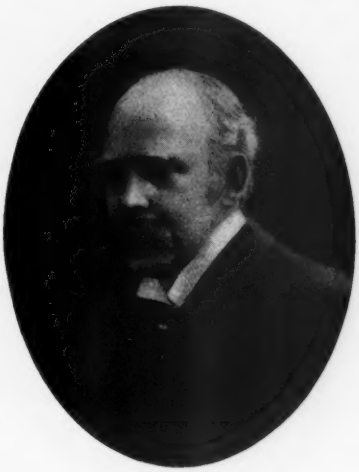
Our Weather Office



OUR "Weather Office" has just completed fifty years of its existence, and has recently undergone important changes. The constitution under which it was administered from 1878 till 1905 was not intended to be a permanent one. It was adopted only as a "temporary measure till some other organisation should be carried out," and the position of the Meteorological Office, as it is now designated, was really a curious one. It was a scientific institution, yet it did business with customers all over the country. It was practically a department of the public service, but nominally and legally it was a joint-stock company with a chairman and a board of directors, though it had no "stock," joint or otherwise, and it paid no dividend. The Government supplied it with funds to the extent of £15,300 a year, but accepted no responsibility for the administration of the grant. There was no other institution in the kingdom at all like it in these respects. Since the commencement of the current financial year the administration has been placed in charge of a director under the general control of a committee, of which the director is chairman, appointed by the Lords of the Treasury.

This most interesting scientific organisation began as a department of the Board of Trade under Mr. Cardwell at the close of 1854, but in 1867 it was handed over to a committee appointed by the Royal Society. In 1867 it was reconstituted and became the Meteorological Council, remaining without further change till 1891, when, in order to get the benefit of incorporation, the controlling council of six members, with the Secretary, Mr. R. H. Scott, were registered as a limited liability company. In 1900, upon Mr. Scott's retirement, the number of members of the council was increased to ten, and five of them became "Directors." In 1904 a Committee of the Treasury appointed to consider the administration of the grant by Parliament, recommended that the registration under the Joint-stock Companies Acts should be cancelled, that the "Company" should be wound up and the office reconstituted as a department of the recently established Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. After consideration, the Treasury decided to entrust

the general control of the funds to a committee consisting of a Director, the Hydrographer of the Admiralty, one representative of the Treasury, one of the Board of Trade, one of the Board of Agriculture, and two of the Royal Society. The Director, Dr. W. N. Shaw, F.R.S., is responsible for the administration of the office. In the report of the Treasury Committee it is suggested that the present local habitation of the Office in Victoria Street, Westminster, which its library has outgrown, and which in other respects is not very well adapted to its purposes, should be exchanged for more convenient premises. Another suggested change will probably before long be made in the establishment of a system of wireless telegraphy messages from vessels crossing the Atlantic.



Dr. W. N. Shaw
Photograph by O. & K. Edis

As at present constituted the office has a staff of forty-three all told, distributed amongst five departments—the Secretary's office, the Marine branch, the Forecast and Storm-warning branch, the Observatory branch and the Statistical and Library branch. Of these there are only two in which the general public have any great interest. One is the department which has to do with weather forecasts and storm warnings, and this is the one which absorbs the largest portion of the Government grant. The whole cost of this branch is £4,900 a year, of which the public for various special services pay £1,200, leaving £3,700 to be made up out of the grant—about one-fourth of the total Parliamentary allowance. The other is the department which keeps careful records of the past weather available as evidence in courts of law if required.

When the office was originally set up it had nothing to do with weather prediction. Our English weather was the very type of all that was uncertain. Nobody believed it possible to predict it, and there were a good many people who would have deemed it rather presumptuous and irreverent to attempt it. But there was beginning to take hold of the scientific mind a strong conviction that winds and storms, like all other forces of nature, were subject to the reign of great laws which systematic and widely extended observation might possibly make out so far at least as to be of great service to navigation. At the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, in 1845, the first international conference was got together and the great importance of extensive and simultaneous observation was strongly urged. But telegraphic wires were only just beginning to creep over the face of Europe, and the difficulties in the way of any real uniformity of land observation were so nearly insuperable that it was not until eight years later that it was thought worth while to hold another conference. In 1850, however, our own Royal Meteorological Society was established with the famous aëronaut, Mr. Glaisher, for its Secretary. This had an important influence in directing the attention of the shipping world to the desirability of a careful study of winds and currents, and three years later the maritime powers of Europe came together at Brussels. There was at that time no thought of weather forecasts. The very general feeling on the subject was no doubt expressed by Arago when he said that nobody with a scientific reputation to lose would venture on weather prediction. Arago died in 1853, the year of the Brussels conference, and it was just before

his death that he gave expression to that memorable opinion.

But in 1854 a terrible storm overtook the allied fleets before Sebastopol, and Le Verrier, who succeeded Arago as Director of the National Observatory of France, noticed that a storm of similar violence had been raging over Paris some days previously, and it occurred to him to enquire whether there was any connection between the two disturbances. Investigation established beyond doubt that the Paris tempest had travelled across Europe from west to east and had swept over the Black Sea. The Paris and the Balaclava storms were one and the same, and Le Verrier startled the scientific world by declaring that the terrible havoc with the allied fleets might have been predicted and provided against.

Admiral Fitzroy

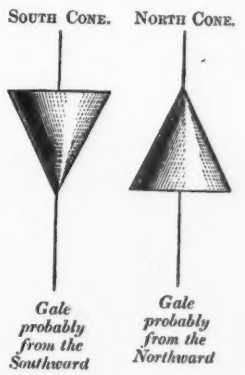
That occurred about the middle of November, 1854, and before the end of the year Mr. Cardwell, then President of the Board of Trade, took steps to establish a Meteorological department of the Board and appointed Admiral Fitzroy its chief. The following year—just fifty years ago—the Royal Society was called upon to lay down the lines upon which it would be expedient to carry on the work. The terrible destruction of our shipping and stores at Balaclava had afforded a very impressive illustration of what would be the value of weather foreknowledge if it could be attained to, and Le Verrier's bold assertion had awakened a widespread interest in the subject, but the new organisation was to have nothing to do with weather prophecy. The original object was "the acceleration of ocean routes for vessels, by an accurate investigation of the prevailing winds and currents in the various parts of the sea." The aim of the new office was to be able to show the seamen "where to find a fair wind and where to fall in with a favourable current."

Broadly stated, the idea was to take observations at sea all over the world, and to have them sent in to the Meteorological department of the Board of Trade for the study of experts and for embodiment in charts, for the benefit of mariners. As the best means of doing this it was decided to lend sea captains who would undertake to make observations, the necessary instruments and the proper forms for the registering of observations, instruments and logs to be returned at the end of each voyage.

Fitzroy entered into his new duties with great enthusiasm. He was always a hard worker, indeed he worked himself to death, for ten or eleven years after he became the head of the new department, he quite broke down under the burden of it.

The new service was taken up eagerly by Captains of the Royal Navy and of the Mercantile Marine. Large numbers of instruments were issued, and very soon the office began to be overwhelmed by an influx of observation registers with which it could not possibly deal. At the same time Admiral Fitzroy had become deeply interested in the possibility of weather prediction. He therefore checked the issue of instruments to ships and turned a great part of the strength of his office to the formation of a new organisation for the taking of Meteorological observations on land and the elaboration of a system of weather forecasts, the basis of the existing system. He began with storm warnings. He

appointed observers at certain points round our coasts, devised a telegraphic code, made arrangements with the various telegraph companies, and, in February, 1861, issued his first warnings of coming storms, which were conveyed to all concerned in them by means of a drum and cone displayed at the observing stations round the coast. This is how the warnings were then given to the world by day, though latterly the drum has fallen into disuse.

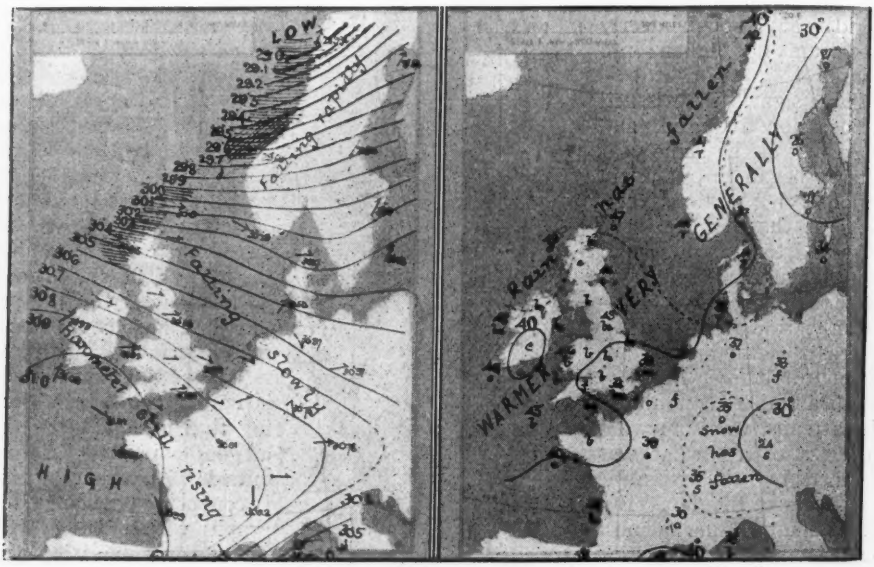


These signals were issued as occasion required, and in August of the same year Fitzroy began to put up in his observing stations forecasts of the weather to be conveyed to the country at large by such newspapers as chose to publish them. Both storm-warnings and weather forecasts fell into some disrepute before Fitzroy's death, and there is no doubt the attempt was somewhat in advance of what was justified by the scientific knowledge of the day. But the gallant Admiral must be accredited with having founded the second and the more popular department of the Meteorological Office.

This weather business is a very complicated and exceedingly interesting one to investigate, though the office itself presents nothing very striking. It is merely an ordinary street building of the business office type. In one room there is a large collection of meteorological instruments displayed in a glass case—barographs, thermographs, anemometers, sunshine recorders and so on. In another is a curious piece of mechanism designed by Lord Kelvin for some mechanical calculation of curves—a harmonic analyser it is called—but it is used only for special work and is not available for the ordinary routine of the office. Scattered in different rooms all over the building for want of proper accommodation, is a library of perhaps 20,000 books, and bound pamphlets to which 1,500 are added every year. Access to this library is free to the public from 10 till 4. They have stored here too, probably somewhere near 15,000 meteorological logs sent in from sea, and to these perhaps 200 are added every year. Charts and diagrams and statistical tables are of course all over the place, but there is very little to suggest any special interest in the weather, no facilities for watching clouds or studying sunsets, for measuring winds or gauging rainfalls. There used to be an anemometer on the roof but that has given place to a self-recording platinum-resistance thermometer. It is not of course the observing that is done here; that all goes on in the great world outside with which the office is connected by a single telegraph wire putting it in direct communication with the great telegraph floor in St. Martins-le-grand which brings it into touch with 27 carefully selected points in the British Isles where the office has its own observing stations in charge of lighthouse or lightship keepers, coastguardsmen and other reliable persons with whom arrangements are made. There are also 30 foreign stations from which daily reports are received—from some of these, indeed, twice a day. From some of its own stations—Valencia for instance—the office will get reports twice a day, and these reports, one or both, will give height of barometer, dry or wet bulb temperature, direction and force of wind,

weather, rainfall, and sunshine for preceding twenty-four hours, the maximum and minimum temperature and changes that have taken place. All coast stations also report the state of the sea. There are also a good many volunteer observers whose reports are received by post. Every morning they get in Victoria Street sixty reports, in the afternoon they get seventeen, and in the evening twenty-nine.

such as would be received at 8 o'clock in the morning. The order in which each group of figures stands in the series indicates what it refers to. Thus, 97622 will be understood to refer to the barometer reading and the direction of the wind at 6 p.m. the previous evening. In telegraphing a barometer reading, the first figure and the decimal point are always left out, and the first three figures will therefore be read as though they



Weather Chart for January 28th, 1905

The left-hand map shows the pressure on the barometer, the force and direction of the wind and the state of the sea. The right-hand map shows the temperature, weather and rainfall.

(Reproduced by permission of the Controller of His Majesty's Stationery Office.)

If all these messages were conveyed in plain English the cost of course would be enormous. In order to economise trouble and expense a code has been arranged, and what one may see come clicking in to the forecast department is not an interminable series of graphic accounts of raging seas, and tempestuous wind, flooding sunshine or deluging rain, but something like this from each of the observers posted far away on rugged cliff or lonely moor, sea-beaten lighthouse or inland mountain :—97622 09549 96228 06253 50046 64485. Gale began four p.m. ended five a.m.

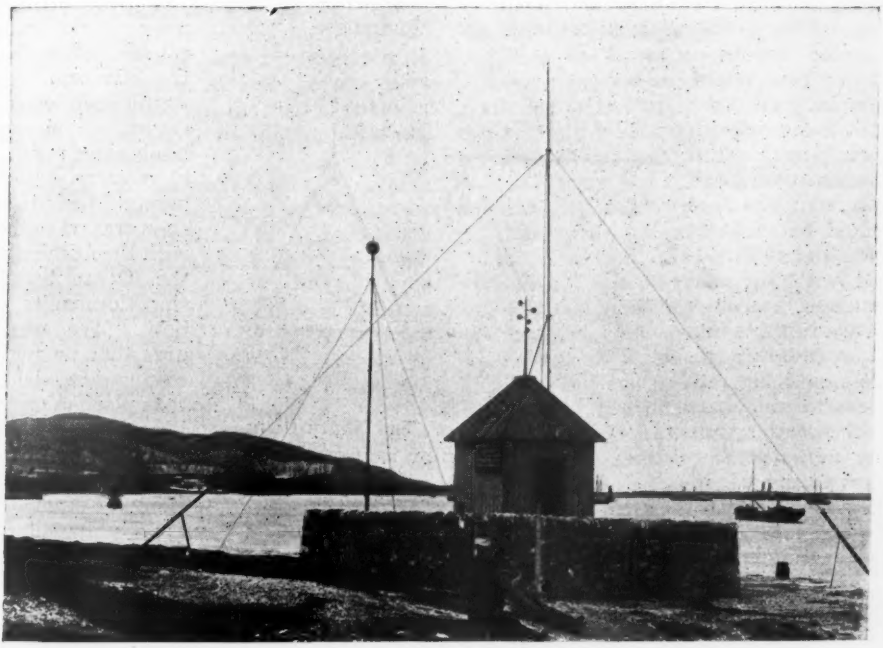
That would be a complete message

were (2) 9·76. The last two figures refer to wind direction. All the points of the compass are numbered, and 22 is the number of WSW. Similarly the second group will be understood to refer to wind force, weather and dry-bulb temperature. The first two figures refer to the strength of wind, and a reference to the well-known Beaufort scale of wind-force shows that 9 indicates a strong gale. Reference to a weather-scale shows that the figure 5 means "rain falling." The last two figures in this second group indicate that the dry-bulb thermometer shows a temperature of 49 degrees. The next two groups give similar information as to the

state of things at the time of transmission, and the last two convey the reading of the wet-bulb thermometer, rainfall for the preceeding twenty-four hours, the maximum and minimum temperature during the same period, and the state of the sea at the time of telegraphing.

These figures come clicking in over the private wire from the Post Office, through a Wheatstone instrument. They are entered in a book and "plotted" on a large chart in such a manner as to give to the experts of the office something like a birds-eye view of the meteorological conditions prevailing generally over Western Europe, reports being received not only from Pembroke, the Channel Islands, Stornoway, Valencia, etc., but from Christiansund, Berlin, Paris, Lisbon, and the Azores. It is upon a general survey of these completed charts that the forecasts are prepared, and if they are not always correct, it can hardly be thought very surprising. A numerical code is cheap and simple, but it obviously is more liable to inaccuracy than verbal messages would be, and then of course the observers are liable to mistakes. So that however skilful the forecaster may be his birds-eye views may be delusive.

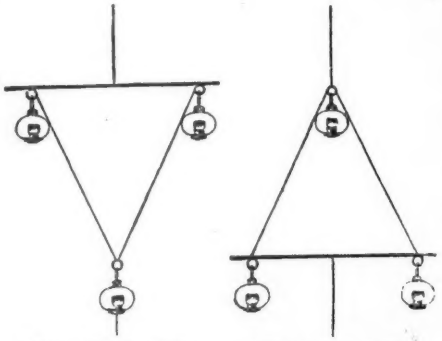
But the most serious difficulty hitherto experienced in the preparation of trustworthy weather predictions for the British Isles has been the fact that to the westward of us lies the Atlantic Ocean from which we can get no report, though it is from the west that most of our great storms come blustering in. When the first Atlantic cable was laid it was hoped that storms thundering out from America eastward across the ocean might be announced here in time to enable us to be ready for them. Experience, however, has shown that American storms do not keep their appointments with us. They often die away or sheer off in some other direction, while others appear to be bred on the Atlantic and come down upon us entirely unannounced. However careful a forecast may be prepared



The Observing Station, Holyhead

on the basis of European observations, an Atlantic hurricane unexpectedly blundering in will of course upset everything.

So serious has this difficulty been that again and again the practicability of mooring a vessel out in the Atlantic for observing purposes has been discussed. A few years ago enquiry was addressed to the Managing Director of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, as to the possibility and cost of laying a cable 500 miles out and mooring a ship. After giving a rough estimate the Director continued:—"You might moor a good sized buoy to the end with a cage upon it to accommodate an observer. The cage should be of sheet iron, and well padded with felt and blankets. You must have a tube for him to breathe through. He would have to guess at the state of the weather from the motion. Perhaps a gas arrangement might be fitted to enable him to read off his instruments, and the advantage would be that he would probably find himself landed on the Irish coast, on an average about once a fortnight without any effort of his own. A sounding apparatus might be fitted by which he might fix his intermediate positions. It would be well" concluded the wag "to get the experience of some of the officers of the 'Brisk,' which was moored off Scilly for six weeks in 70 fathoms of water. One of them on landing went to a lunatic asylum for some months."



THE SOUTH CONE. THE NORTH CONE.

SIGNALLING BY LIGHTS.

All thought of anything of the kind has long been abandoned, but now comes Marconi with his wireless telegraphy which looks as though it may overcome entirely the old difficulty. It has not yet been tried, but the Committee whose report has been referred to is evidently strongly in favour of the idea. "We would call attention to the expediency of testing the efficacy of wireless telegraphy in providing advance news of weather in the Atlantic" says the Treasury Committee. "Such news would incalculably strengthen the forecast and warning service, and might, we believe, be obtained regularly over an experimental period by co-operation either with the Admiralty, the Ocean Steamship Companies, or both. We would urge that no unnecessary delay should take place in organising this experiment."

Of course the thing cannot be done without money, and unhappily so much of our spare cash goes in war and preparation for war that we have none to spend for such purposes, and just now we are especially hard up. But means will have to be found for this obvious improvement in what, with all its failures, has become a very popular service. There has been correspondence on the subject, and though nothing practical has yet come of it, it is felt that it is only a question of a little time. Wireless telegraphy will certainly fill up this hiatus in our weather forecast system.

GEORGE F. MILLIN.

Profit and Loss

By John Oxenham

CHAPTER XXXIV

AGAINST TIME

GEORGE BARTY, the elder, whom for the sake of distinction we will still call Lindsay, could not, for reasons of his own, afford to let the grass grow under his feet. As he had told Sinclair, he was at the end of his resources. Unless, by a bold stroke, he could recover himself he must go under, and he was not the man to go under without a struggle, no matter what the weapons he used.

He had had no great hope of obtaining Sinclair's direct assistance, and as to the money left in his hands he had supposed that long since exhausted. Still, he would have preferred not to have to play his final card if his ends could have been attained by any other means, and in any case, as he had said to Sinclair, he might have to drag him into the matter and it was just as well he should be warned.

He had had ample time to perfect his plans while waiting for the markets to come round, and within an hour after leaving Sinclair he was ringing the bell of the Burney house in Kensington Palace Gardens.

Sir John, however, was down with gout and unable to see even so urgent a visitor as this, and Mr. Burney was out.

Next morning, therefore, found him sauntering about Lombard Street. He saw Frazer Burney go into the bank, allowed him half-an-hour for his letters, and then entered and requested audience of him.

He was shown into Mr. Burney's private room at last, past his old desk where he had sat gloomily stabbing his blotting-pad one morning twenty years before.

"I have come, Mr. Burney," he said, "to endeavour to enlist the interests of your firm in a very valuable discovery of tin in Australia. I have got all particulars with me, assays, reports, and so on, from the very best experts in the colony. I want financial backing. There is a heap of money in it, but it needs money to get it out."

"We are not promoters——" said Burney.

"Of course not. You are bankers. But the fact that you are behind me will be quite sufficient to carry the matter through in other quarters."

"It is not at all in our line. If your scheme is as good as you say, you will find no difficulty in floating it in the usual way. I am afraid it is only wasting your time to discuss the matter any further——" and he picked up a bundle of papers to indicate that the interview was concluded.

"Perhaps not," said Lindsay coolly. "I have several very good reasons why you should take this matter up. I will tell you one of them. Twenty years ago you yourself were in a hole for money. To get out of it you forged the name of Lady Sarah Gwynne to a cheque for £950. Your father, in order to save you, induced one of your cashiers, George Barty, to assume the liability. Barty was transported and was supposed to have died in Australia. Fortunately for me, unfortunately for you, he did not die. He assumed the name of a fellow-convict who did die in the desert, and here he sits. I am George Barty, and I want your backing to my tin scheme. What do you say to it now, Mr. Burney?"

Mr. Burney sat, with scowling grey face and knitted jaw, glaring at this evil reminder of old days.

"It's a lie," he jerked out at last. "You're crazy——"

"You know better," said Lindsay. "I was crazy to do what I did, and to suffer what I suffered, for your sake, or rather for the sake of the sum your father paid me. But let me speak quite plainly. I can prove all this to the hilt, and if you force me to it I shall do so. I have no wish to re-open the matter. On the other hand the drought a couple of years ago ruined me. This tin discovery will set me on my feet again, and I want your help

in the matter. The thing is genuine and you can make money out of it while helping me to do the same. Now, what do you say?"

"I say nothing," growled Burney. "If you care to see my father about your scheme you can of course do so. He is the head of the firm."

"He is laid up with gout, I understand. I called at Kensington Palace Gardens last night but could not get to see him."

"I'll give you a line to him," said Frazer Burney, with a very distinct appreciation of this shifting of the burden from his own shoulders, and a vague idea, too shadowy as yet to be a hope, that the outcome of the interview might possibly be more advantageous to himself than to either of the others.

The line opened the doors of Kensington Palace Gardens to Lindsay, and in due course he was shown into the room where twenty years before he had sold his soul for cash.

He hardly knew the shrivelled old man who lay sunk in his chair with his foot propped up on the rest. Twenty years and many disappointments had wrought great changes in him. His eyes, however, were keen still and he looked sharply at his visitor.

"My son tells me you have some important business to lay before me, Mr. Lindsay. What is it?"

"Briefly, Sir John, it is this. On my land in Australia I have discovered stream tin in vast abundance. I want Burneys to help me to exploit it."

"Not in our line at all. What the deuce——" began the old man irritably, and looked about for his bell.

"One moment, Sir John. The reason why your son sent me to you was this. Twenty years ago in this room you bought me, body and soul, for £5,000. It was a bad bargain—for me, at all events. I sold more than I knew. I am George Barty——"

"Barty?—Barty is dead," said the old man, much disturbed, and glaring at him with eyes like smouldering coals.

"Well, I don't feel very dead. I died, nominally, in the desert, because it suited me to do so. Now it suits me to come to life again. I was doing well till the drought carried off my sheep. Now I'm on my beam ends unless I can carry my tin scheme through. There's heaps of money in it, but I need your backing. Of course you will take a share of the plunder. But it's a genuine find and as safe as your bank."

If Frazer Burney had had any hope that the sudden resurrection of George Barty might upset his father to the detriment of his health he was mistaken. It was not the first time in his life that those shrewd old eyes had looked sharply out of a corner seeking ways of escape.

He knew that the man before him spoke the truth concerning his identity, and it was something of a shock to be suddenly confronted with him so startlingly alive, when, on the rare occasions when he had thought about him at all, he had always thought of him as dead.

But he was too old to fight a scandal; and money, for any use he could make of it, was less of an object to him now than it had been at one time. For one thing, he had plenty of it. For another, he knew how very little it can purchase compared with the things it can *not* purchase. If he had never known material want, neither had he been able, with all his wealth, to procure those two or three essential things which make for happiness.

"So you're Barty," he said slowly, "and alive. Well, I'm glad I haven't got your death at my door at any rate. What is it you want?"

Lindsay was surprised at the easy playing of his last card. He was not to have the game all his own way after all though.

"It is very simple," he said. "In my prosperous days I acquired a certain property at Glen Ingalls, in the north of New South Wales. The drought swept me bare of everything except this. I always had the idea that it might have a mineral value. It was no good for sheep. I had it carefully surveyed by experts, and they discovered tin in very large quantities, stream, lode and vein. I had the best men obtainable and their reports are above suspicion. I had to mortgage it to raise he money and to live. It is not a heavy sum—£5,000—the price you

originally paid for me, by the way. The next interest is due in June, and I want my company floated before then. The experts say there is tin there to the extent of at least half-a-million, and probably a great deal more. My idea is a company of say £350,000, purchase price £300,000, that there are no circumstances. You understand? We are talking simple business now. We should want £100,000 at least out of the £300,000, supposing any such sum can be obtained. If you can do better elsewhere we don't ask you to come to us. Have you got a good title?

"It's a lie," he jerked out

of which you take £50,000 and I take the balance——"

"We should want more than that," said the old man.

"Under the circumstances," said Lindsay, "I think you are doing very well."

"Never mind the circumstances. If we go in at all it is on the understanding That is the first thing. Let us see to the foundations." Useless as the money was to him, the spirit of Lombard Street woke up at scent of a big profit. The old man looked within measurable distance of death. The spirit of gain galvanized him into sudden life, and that not so much for the sake of the profit as for the pleasure of making it.

"The title deeds are in the hands of the mortgagees——"

"Of course, of course."

"I have an abstract here along with the other documents."

"Let me see," and the frail old hands hooked the glasses on to the sharp old nose, and he skimmed through the document with a practised eye. "Um—um—um—um—um— Alexander Lindsay. That you?"

"No. I'm Charles Lindsay."

"Who is the Alexander who bought the property originally?"

"He's the man through whom it came to me."

"Ah?—and why?" and the sharp eyes bored into him like gimlets.

"It's all there," said Lindsay. "You'll find the copy of Alexander Lindsay's will."

The old man turned over the papers till he came to it, glanced through it and looked up sharply at the other.

"You inherit through Mary Lindsay, daughter of Alexander. Who is she?"

"My wife."

"You married again out there?"

"Yes."

"I—see. Any children?"

"Girl and two boys."

"Wife living?"

"No."

"Just as well for you, perhaps. Well, if we go into it, and, mind you, I don't say yet that we will, we shall want £150,000 out of it—equal shares with yourself."

"You said £100,000 just now."

"You hadn't committed bigamy then, at least I wasn't aware of it. That introduces an element of risk, a very grave element of risk. . . . Where we accept risks we expect commensurate profits."

Lindsay rapidly reviewed the situation. On the one hand—endless troubles. The revival of the old scandal, a possible prosecution for bigamy, the certain upsetting of his schemes. On the other—£150,000.

"Very well," he said. "I must agree."

And upstairs, Mary Lindsay, daughter of that other Mary Lindsay, sat in charge of four vacant-eyed children, while the two men below, the one knowingly and the other unknowingly, bargained for her inheritance.

It was more than three months before George received any answers to the letters he had written to the various parties at Glen Tanar.

The first letter came by the evening post one day, and Mary, sitting working in George's room with him, ran down to see what the post had brought. She was pale with excitement as she handed the letter to him, and her hand shook as with an ague.

He held it unopened in his hand, and they stood looking at one another. He almost wished it had not come, almost feared to open it now that it had come. So very much depended on it. All his own and Mary's future happiness. Which would it be—life or death to their hopes? One or the other almost certainly lay inside that envelope. Doubt had left room for hope, and now the doubts were to be ended with a twist of the finger.

He kissed her white face almost roughly, in his upsetting, and tore open the envelope. A letter and a slip fell out. The fingers of a great icy hand were gripping his heart as he picked them up and opened them out.

The letter was from the Registrar at Glen Tanar and stated briefly that he had examined the registers, and now enclosed the only certificate which seemed to bear upon the subject of Mr. Barty's enquiry. The certificate proved to be that of the marriage of Mary Dennett, widow, daughter of Alexander Lindsay, of Coonanbarra, to Charles Lindsay, also of Coonanbarra. It was dated 16th, May 1872. He could find no entry of the birth of Mary Lindsay. He had only recently been appointed, and was not personally acquainted with any of the parties named.

"That doesn't help us much," said George, with a twisted face. . . . "It proves, however, that your mother was a widow when my father married her. . . . It may be just what we want after all. . . . I wonder where you were born now?" and he looked musingly at her.

"Oh, I don't remember," she said breathlessly. "Coonanbarra is the only place I have any recollection of until we went to Sydney."

"It is probably just as we have been hoping," he said, following out his own train of thought. "If you had been born at Coonanbarra you'd be on the register. Your mother was a widow. . . . You must have been born elsewhere . . . before they were married. . . . The chances are you are not Mary Lindsay at all."

"Oh, George, who am I?" she cried in distress.

"Most likely Mary Dennett."

"Oh!"

"Anything sooner han Mary Lindsay, dear."

"Ye-s. I suppose so. But it's terribly disturbing to be told that you're not yourself, and never have been. I'm almost afraid to dig any deeper. We have got among skeletons."

"We must go right through them. If necessary I must go out there. Let us see what mother and Joan make of it."

They carried the letter and slip downstairs, and Mrs. Barty and Joan puzzled over them also. But all their puzzling could make no more of them than George had already done. On the face of it, it looked as though Mary had no right to the name she had borne all her life, and that Charles Lindsay was not her father.

George could not wait for the morning; he went off at once to John Sinclair's house in Hampstead and laid the matter before him.

Sinclair read the documents in his slow careful way, as if every word contained hidden meanings and needed consideration and translation into ordinary human language.

"What do you make of it?" asked George impatiently.

"Just what we have been hoping," said Sinclair. "Mary is not his daughter at all. She is very probably Mary Dennett."

"She has never heard the name, she says."

"That is quite possible. There may be reasons for it. I think that matter is all right." And George trod air as he went back home, while Sinclair sat up late into the night thinking it all over.

Lindsay must have had some motive for lying to him as he had done. What was it? A man does not as a rule lie for the simple pleasure of it. Most men lie to further their own ends. Lindsay's end was the flotation of his company, and Sinclair decided in his own mind that as soon as he saw any signs of it coming out he would take the opportunity of inspecting the documents relating to it, and had little doubt that he would find in them the key to this puzzle.

The next mail brought George a letter from the Presbyterian minister at Glen Tanar which made he whole matter clear, and told Mary more about herself than she had ever known before.

Her mother, Mary Lindsay, had been married to one James Dennett before her father Alexander Lindsay came to Coonanbarra. Dennett had not proved a success—as the old Scotchman cautiously put it. He was shot in the bush four months after his marriage, and Mary was born some months after his death. She was an infant of a few months old when Alexander brought his widowed daughter to Coonanbarra and settled there. Those were facts within the old man's knowledge, though they were not spoken of. He remembered Charles Lindsay of the Gray Expedition coming to Coonanbarra on Alexander's invitation, and before the child was one year old her mother and he were married. That marriage had turned out prosperously. Two sons were born of it. Old Alexander died, and Lindsay and his wife were left in possession. Then Mrs. Lindsay died, and Lindsay came into the whole property, and managed it with much success till the drought ruined him along with everybody else.

John Sinclair said nothing when he read this letter. There was no need to cloud their joy at the outcome of the matter. But he saw at a glance that if the property Lindsay was attempting to float came to him through his wife, as was more than likely, the whole thing was fraudulent as far as he was concerned, as he could have no legal interest in the matter and no possible right to dispose of it.

CHAPTER XXXV

MAN AND HIS ANGELS

IT was some six weeks later that George Barty, sitting in his room at the *Comet*

office, received an unexpected visit from his father.

When his name was brought in he hesitated for one moment whether to see him or not. Then, having a great curiosity in the matter, he decided to do so. He sent off his sub to his lunch and told the attendant to show Mr. Lindsay in.

He looked bigger than ever, and there was a somewhat assertive air of prosperity about him which insensibly increased the chill of George's manner.

"You hardly expected a visit from me, I'll be bound," said Lindsay.

"I did not," said George.

"I am starting for Australia shortly, and I wanted to see you before I went. We shall probably not meet again. I understand all your feelings in the matter, my boy, and I cannot say much in my own defence. I don't suppose you would believe me if I did. I must say this, however, that, sometime, it is possible that you will see things in a somewhat different light and will judge me less harshly. In the meantime I want to make such amends as are now in my power for the wrong I have done you all."

George opened his mouth to speak, but Lindsay waved him down, and went on.

"The business I came about is now practically carried through, and I am a wealthy man, or shall be very shortly. It is only right that I should make such provision as I can for you all."

"We would not accept a penny from you," said George. "The wrong you did cannot be wiped out with money. You must find some other way of salving your conscience." He was curious to see if he would still maintain his fiction about Mary.

"That is bitter," said his father. "Some day, perhaps, you will regret having said it. That it is not undeserved makes it none the less bitter to bear. You cannot however, prevent me handing over to Mary such a sum as I think right."

"I cannot prevent you doing anything you like with what is fairly yours. But Mary won't touch it. She is wise enough to know that there are better things in this world than money."

"It's a great help towards happiness all the same. I shall leave her £20,000 in Burney's hands. At my death it will be increased to £50,000, perhaps very much more. There is one other thing—two other things. I have two boys in Sydney. Rightly or wrongly, they are your half-brothers, and you can't get out of it. Mary knows their addresses. She used to write to them. I simply ask you to remember that they are there and that they have Barty blood in them. And the other thing is—I want to see Joan."

George's eyebrows lifted for a moment, and then shut down again on the deep-set eyes which were so like those opposite them.

"Is that all you have to say to me?" he asked.

"I have never seen her," urged Lindsay.

"Your own fault," was on George's lips, but he forbore, and only looked at him thoughtfully.

Man at his best is a queer mixture, at his worst no less queer, and all in between is perhaps queerest of all. At his best, the possibilities of descent are rarely absent. At his worst, the possibilities of ascent are always present. In the great common level between, the admixture of possibilities is so vast that no man may fathom absolutely the workings of another man's mind, or say with certainty what he may rise to or what he may fall to. He is a bundle of contradictions, born of training, temperament, and his forbears. Compact of good and evil, he does the one and he does the other, and sometimes he does them both at the same time, and the things that he does are very surprising. Whence it comes that the unexpected happens. No need to illustrate so patent a truth. Just look round!

Here was this man Lindsay, swindling the daughter of the wife who had never been his wife, out of her inheritance; swindling every man he had interested in his company, by selling them a property which was not his to sell, if the whole truth were known; offering a partial restitution for a part of the wrong he had done; and—hungrily craving a sight of the daughter he had never seen.

I have no doubt he found ample justification for the course he was taking. It is a strange scoundrel who cannot do that.

I want to see Joan

No doubt he said to himself that, in the first place, if the property had remained in Mary's hands it would have remained as it was and never been developed, and that therefore the right of user of the increment was with him; and, furthermore, that Mary would ultimately benefit enormously by his skilful handling of the money. That old Jesuit plea of present ill for future good has covered innumerable sins, and will do until men learn that good is good in itself, and evil is evil in itself, and that consequences do not alter primary facts.

"You know, I suppose, that Joan is crippled," said George at last. "You could only see her at the house, and—it is better, I think, that you should not meet my mother again. It is only turning the knife in an old wound."

"I know, I know," said his father sadly. "And yet, if she knew all, even she would judge me less harshly perhaps. I did not seek that last meeting," he added quickly. "I did my utmost to avoid her because I knew it would cause her needless pain——"

"Yes, I'm bound to say I think it would have been better for all of us if you had remained dead," said George bluntly.

"I have seen Meg," said Lindsay, without heeding him. "I called at the Hospital yesterday. I have seen you all except Joan. I want very much to see her before I go back."

"I really don't see what good could come of it," said George, after another thoughttul pause, and thinking only of Joan and his mother in the matter.

"Even the condemned criminal is allowed a last interview," said his father grimly. "I shall never return to England. It is my last chance. I think I have a right to see her."

"It is late in the day to talk of rights."

"No one knows that better than I do. All the same—I want to see her."

"You can see her picture at the Academy," said George, "perhaps that would——"

"I saw it this morning. Meg told me of it. I want to see Joan herself all the more."

He was very much in earnest, and George found himself considering the case and the man with critical, and, to an extent, impersonal curiosity. It was such a very strange mixture. He had hoped, each moment, that he would explain the matter of his relationship to Mary, and possibly even express some regret at the racking he had given their hearts. And it is likely enough that Lindsay intended to do so—as soon as he had received his payments from the company and felt himself safe from the consequences of confession. George, however, knew nothing of that, and was determined to force it out of him if he would not speak of his own accord.

"What have you got to say about Mary?" he asked brusquely.

"About Mary?" said Lindsay, with a wary look at him. "Nothing."

"Then I'm sorry to say you are worse even than I thought you, which is saying a good deal. But, since you won't tell me anything about Mary, I'll tell you something. Possibly it may be news to you. Mary is not your daughter at all, and you might have saved us the most grievous trouble with a word."—Lindsay was gazing at him with twisted brows.—"She is the daughter of James Dennett, whose widow you married seven months after Mary was born. You have no right to control her actions in any way. You have done your best to ruin her life, and you offer her £20,000 as solatium. What do you think of yourself?"

"So you know all that, do you?" said Lindsay, keeping his face as well as he could. It seemed to George, however, that he was not a little disturbed at the news.

"As you hear," said George coldly.

His father sat for a time in silence with knitted brows.

"You will probably not believe me," he said at last. "But I should have told you all you have just told me—at my own time. I am sorry you have learned it elsewhere. I had reasons, and good reasons—from my point of view."

"I'm bound to say I don't believe you," said George. "You have lied consistently from the first day you came back. Your whole life is a lie."

But Lindsay was busy with his own thoughts and paid no heed to the hard saying.

"Will you let me see Joan?" he said at last. "I am sick of all this. I want to get back, but I won't go till I've seen her. And it would be better I should see her with your consent than——" and he broke off.

"I will see what my mother says about it," said George. "If she consents, it is not for me to say no. You have treated her shamefully," he broke out vehemently, "but she is a saint if ever there was one, and I suppose she will say yes. It would be painful for her to hear afterwards that you had been to the house without her knowledge."

"I know," said Lindsay. "I have sinned too deeply to be forgiven there."

"You don't know her as we do. But I think you have broken her heart. She may forgive. She could hardly condone."

"That is true. I sold more than I knew," he said bitterly, and it was not till afterwards that George understood his saying. "You will let me know then? Here is my address. Will you shake hands with me? We may not meet again."

George hesitated, but his father took the reluctant hand, and shook it, and went. And George sat for a long time gazing thoughtfully at the chair in which he had sat.

He followed his mother up to her room that night and told her just what had passed.

"He must see her, George, of course," she said quietly, and George, knowing her even so well as he did, was surprised at her calmness. "Have you spoken to Joan about it?"

"Not yet. I wanted your ideas first, Mother."

"Let me know when it is, and I——" Yes, then her voice broke a little—"I will not be in the way."

He kissed her warmly and said, "I think you are the best woman in the world. I told him so to-day."

She looked at him with the stars swimming in her eyes, and George replied to her look—

"He said he knew it, but that he had sinned too deeply there to be forgiven."

"You were not hard to him, George?"

"I'm afraid I was, mother. But I had to tell him what I thought or burst. He would have gone without a word about Mary."

"I cannot understand it," said his mother.

Joan was not a little agitated at thoughts of seeing this unknown, never-seen father, whose resurrection had brought so much trouble in its train; but a very natural curiosity was not entirely wanting in her.

George wrote to Mr. Lindsay's hotel telling him he would meet him at 21 Wynyatt Square at four o'clock the following day. He got leave from the office and was awaiting him, when he walked briskly up and turned up the steps as naturally as if he did it every day of his life. George met him at the top and took him straight up to Joan's room.

She had rolled her chair into the sunshine, and her flowers and birds and the tiny splash of falling waters were all round her. Coming in upon her from the momentary darkness of the staircase she was a radiant vision which might have made any man pause. Lindsay stopped dead on the threshold, and gazed with suspenpended breath at that strange bright room and its strange bright occupant.

He had stood for an hour looking at the lovely face of the "Aranea Felicissima" the day before, wondering and somewhat awed by the charm of its beauty and the witchery of those wonderful eyes. They had wrought in him till nothing less than the sight of the living Joan would satisfy him. He knew that, if he did not see her he would ache for the sight of her to the last day of his life, and he had gone straight to George's office.

And now he saw herself, and the sweet face faced him with brave shyness, and the great pure eyes, with the infinity of the stars shining out from them, seemed to envelop him, caress him, chide him. They held him and they drew him. They filled him with a strange delight, and covered him with an overwhelming reproach. It is not impossible that the knowledge of the gulf that his own hand had hewn between himself and this radiant being was one of the heaviest parts of his

punishment. He drew one great breath which sounded like a sigh. Then he went quickly forward and dropped on his knees by her chair, and George went out softly and closed the door.

Margaret Barty, in her own room, had heard them come in. George went along to it and softly turned the handle. The door was locked. She heard him there but did not open to him, and he understood and went quietly away.

It was a good hour before Joan's door opened and her father came out. She never spoke, even to her mother, of what had passed between them.

George had been waiting his coming and came down the stair from his own room to meet him.

But some one else had been waiting too, and she was before him. George, from the darkness of the upper staircase, saw his mother's door open suddenly, and husband and wife stood face to face once more. She silently stretched out her hand to him. George saw his father's two hands rise and fall with the gesture of one whose cup was overfull, and then he went to her. The door closed on them also, and George went meditatively up his staircase again.

Margaret Barty had listened to her husband's foot on the stair, and it put her heart back twenty years, and set it beating as it had beaten then, when Meg and George were dragging at her skirts and hindering her with their help in her household duties. His step was heavier now than then, and slower. It had travelled far since those days—very far away from her, and down strange paths. And in a very few minutes it would pass her door again, and go, and she would never hear it again.

There was a foretouch of death in the thought. And death wipes out all differences to the hearts that stop behind. She fell on her knees beside her bed and dropped her face into her hands. It came natural to her.

"As we forgive!" Was he to go without hearing from her own lips that she had forgiven it all? All the breaking and the bruising, and that last dire blow of all. Nay, she must tell him, though it should be only through the clasp of a shaking hand.

And when Joan's door opened, hers opened too, and she met him with outstretched hand, and gentle face, and the starry eyes of an angel.

George's last sight of his father was of him going into his mother's room. He never saw him again. How long they two spent together, and what passed between them, he never knew in full. Margaret Barty let her husband out of the front door herself when they had said their say, and George purposely kept to his own room lest he should find himself in the way.

CHAPTER XXXVI

CONSEQUENCES

JOHN SINCLAIR possessed in an eminent degree the qualities of his race. With great kindness of heart where his sympathies were touched, he was shrewd, cautious, and, where his suspicions were once aroused, keen as a knife to confirm or dissipate them.

As he had plainly told Lindsay, he distrusted him entirely. It was natural, then, that when the Glen Ingalls Tin Company began at last to be talked about in City circles, he should take an interest therein, of a hypercritical and strictly non-pecuniary character, of course.

There happened to be just then a strong, and constantly increasing demand for tin. With the general improvement in trade new sources of supply began to attract attention. The Glen Ingalls Company, with Burney's Bank behind it, was a very different affair from Charles Lindsay's tin property. Its success was a foregone conclusion, and Sinclair heard that the bulk of the shares were privately applied for before they were formally offered to the public. The lists were closed, with the whole amount over-subscribed, the day that Charles Lindsay called at Wynyatt Square. The matter had been practically settled and his mind at ease concerning it for some days past.

With his mind abristle with suspicion, Sinclair went over to the offices of the Solicitors of the Company to take a look

at the documents referred to in the prospectus.

He was well-known to the firm, and after his inspection, one of its members asked, "Well, Mr. Sinclair, how many shall we put you down for? First-rate thing. Shares will be at a premium inside a week. Say a couple of thousand if you want a couple of hundred, and we'll do our best for you."

"Thanks! I think I'll stand out this time," said Sinclair, and went thoughtfully downstairs.

With his fuller knowledge, he saw at a glance that the property Lindsay had sold was his Australian wife's, and therefore her daughter's, and that Lindsay himself, if all the facts were known, had neither part nor parcel in it.

The unscrupulous audacity of the thing surprised him and angered him somewhat. The man knew perfectly well that a word would blow his house of cards to the winds and perhaps land him in the dock again. He presumed upon his position and their desire for peace.

If the word should never be spoken, indeed, there was no reason why the Company should not go prosperously on its way. And, so far as he was concerned—though he strongly resented the treatment he had been subjected to, and the grounds for which he now perfectly understood—he would lift no finger against Lindsay so long as he did nothing further to disturb the peace of Wynyatt Square. The past was incurable. The present and the future he would guard to the best of his power, without any consideration for this schemer.

But there were other considerations, apart from Lindsay himself, and yet inseparably connected with his fortunes. There was Mary. And there were the two boys in Australia.

Legally, of course, the latter were outside the pale, through their father's defective marriage. Morally, they stood in the same relation to their innocent mother as Mary herself did. If Mary claimed the property, that matter could be adjusted all right. But he doubted very much whether she would do so. It might necessitate the dragging of her mother's good name through a certain amount of mire, though she was absolutely innocent of wrong. Mary's only wish, he felt certain, would be to wash her hands of the whole matter.

To blow the Company to pieces with no possible resultant good would simply make trouble for many innocent people and was not to be thought of. The Burneys would be the heaviest sufferers, in prestige, at all events, from their connection with a Company whose foundations were sand. And that, he considered, would be somewhat in the nature of equitable retaliation, since all the trouble had arisen through old Burney tempting George Barty, the elder, to his fall. But he was not going to let others suffer simply in order that the Burneys might receive their due reward.

He decided to take the whole matter to avizandum for the night. The quiet of the darkness often brought him light. In the morning he had made up his mind to see Mary Lindsay, lay the whole matter before her, and ask her what she would do. He was not sure if this was one of her off-days. When he had got through his letters he would run over to Wynyatt Square and see. Before he could do so, Charles Lindsay's name was brought in to him, and he told the commissionaire to show him in.

He saw at a glance that something had happened to the man. His face was grave, rigidly set indeed. It looked like a wooded cliff after a storm.

"Can you spare me a few minutes, Sinclair?" he said. "I have something of importance to say to you."

He spoke slowly and weightily, as though in sympathy with his subject.

"Yesterday, I called at Wynyatt Square to see my daughter Joan."—At Sinclair's look of surprised annoyance, he made an irritable gesture with his hand to stop him speaking.—"It was with the consent of my wife and my son that I did so. I spent an hour with Joan, and when I left her my wife met me—of her own accord, and—and——" —another downward sweep of the hand. "Well, I have had a bad night. But I have made up my mind, and I shall need your help. The Glen Ingalls will bring me in, between

cash and shares, something over £150,000. There is a flaw in the Company's title——"

"I am aware of it," Sinclair could not deny himself that.

"Ah! Well, it does not matter. Possibly you were going to blow me sky high on the strength of it. However, Mary and the lawyers can remedy that defect. The property is, of course, legally hers. On the other hand my boys are her half-brothers in spite of the flaw. I want them provided for as her mother's children—the rest she can take."

"And yourself?" asked Sinclair, quietly, and showing no sign of the surprise that was in him.

"At the moment I am sick of myself. I feel like making an end of it all. That may pass. If it does, with the provision for the boys I will make such a start again in sheep, along with them, as may keep us. My idea is that the boys might have £25,000 each, which leaves Mary £100,000. It will practically come to George, and he will look after his mother and the girls I know. But I am in your hands. What do you say?"

"I should say the division is not inequitable. And I am bound to say I am glad you have come to this mind. It will save much trouble for a great many people. You wish me to see Mary about it, I suppose?"

"If you will. And the sooner the better. I want to get away out of this."

"I will see her to-day. I consider you are doing the only right thing. There is much that you cannot repair, but in this matter at all events you are doing well," and as Lindsay rose to go the two shook hands, and one of them found some comfort in the grip.

Sinclair went up to Wynyatt Square at once, and found Mary there. She was in Joan's room with Mrs. Barty.

"I have come on business of importance with this young lady," he said, "but I would like you all to hear the whole matter, as it is through you two it has come about. Your husband called on me this morning,"—he looked at Mrs. Barty. "He told me he had been here yesterday, and from his present frame of mind I can understand to some extent what passed. As far as lies in his power he is bent on repairing damages. He is, I should say, even more conscious of what he cannot do than of what he can do in that respect. But the one thing that he can do is in the matter of this Tin Company he has just carried through. The property he sold to the Company was your mother's,"—he turned to Mary.

"I want nothing to do with it," she said quickly.

"That is what I expected, but you can't help yourself, my dear, unless you wish to make much scandal and a great deal of trouble for a great many people."

Mary tightened her lips and regarded him anxiously.

"This is how the matter lies. Your reputed father had no legal right to deal with that property at all. Had he been legally married to your mother, of course, he would have had that right. As it is, the property is yours, and, legally, yours only. There are your half-brothers, however, in Australia, and it is only right that they should benefit by the sale, since your mother was also theirs."

"Surely," said Mary.

"You will have to sign certain documents which the lawyers will prepare, and which will remedy the defect in the sale by him to the Company, and then the amount derived from the sale will be divided between you children——"

"And he?" asked Mary.

"With the boys' shares he will start again in sheep up country, at least that is his present idea, and it seems to me the most sensible thing to do. Your share will come to about £100,000."

"How much?" said Mary, in a scared whisper.

"£100,000," said Sinclair discountingly, to bring her down to level again. "It is not very much, but it will save you some anxieties no doubt."

And the three sat gazing at him with various and strong emotions on their faces.

"It will be quite a nice little surprise for George," said Sinclair.

"It will be a surprise," said Mrs. Barty, "but I am not sure that it will be much to his mind. . . . His father made some such suggestion when he called on him

They shook hands, and one of them found some comfort in the grip

yesterday, and George would not hear of it. He has gone to Paris with Niel."

"Oh?—What's that for? Niel——?" He looked as though he feared Felston had broken out again, but did not like to put it into words.

"They've gone on business for Sir John Burney," said Joan quickly, perceiving his thought and resenting it. "Mr. Burney went there ten days ago, and has never come back, and the old man is afraid he has met with some accident."

"I see," said Sinclair, and knowing something of Mr. Burney, he thought it by no means unlikely.

CHAPTER XXXVII

A RAKE THROUGH HADES

THAT same evening on which George Barty, the elder, called at Wynyatt Square, there came a telegram for George, the younger, which caused him no little surprise, and started him and Niel Felston off on a hurried journey.

The telegram was from Sir John Burney, and it ran—

"Please come and see me at once, urgent."

After a few minutes' quiet talk with Joan, Mrs. Barty had kept to her room after her interview with her husband. George ran down to Joan, who was sitting with her hands in her lap, idle for a wonder, for she had much to think about.

"What can he want?" she asked, at sight of the telegram.

"I am going up at once to see," said George. "Tell mother where I have gone, if she asks," and he set off at once for Kensington Palace Gardens.

He was shown into Sir John's private room. It was a considerable time since he had seen him, and he was startled by the changes in the old man. He seemed more shrunken and shrivelled than ever. His face was thinner, and whiter, and sharper. His voice was even more querulous than before, and his hand shook even when it gripped the arm of his chair.

"Ah!" he said, as George was announced by the solemn Buckle. "You are Barty—George Barty—and I thought you were dead. I'm glad to see you alive again. *That* does not lie at my door, in any case. Body and soul! Well, your body's all right, and your soul must look after itself. But you did it with your eyes open. You can't blame me——"

George could make nothing of all this, and did not suppose it was for the purpose of listening to it that he had been sent for so urgently. He did not know of his father's close connection with the Burneys, or he might have supposed the telegram had reached his hands by mistake.

"You sent for me, sir," he said—"a telegram marked urgent——"

"Urgent? urgent? Ah! Yes!" and the old man came suddenly to himself with a snap. The vagueness disappeared from his eyes and he stiffened all over with evident effort.

"Come closer!" he said, and George stood by his side.

"Sit down and come closer!" said the old man again, and George sat down and bent towards him.

"You are a man to be trusted, young Barty, aren't you?" he said in a whisper.

"You trusted me once, sir, and I did my best," said George, wondering much if the old man had taken complete leave of his senses.

"Yes, yes. That was the son, this is the father. That was the father, now it's the son. This is the matter"—and he laid a thin, shaking finger on George's sleeve.—"My son, Frazer—not young Frazer, he's dead—Frazer from the Bank, you know! Well, he went to Paris ten days ago on business—important business. —He was to be back in two days. He never did come back when he should have done—never. I've an idea——. Well, never mind. He is seven days overdue, and each day I have looked for him, and he has not come—seven days! And I'm beginning to fear—to fear—I don't know what I'm beginning to fear. I'd go myself"—he said in a hoarse whisper, and the idea of the helpless, shaking old man s arting off for Paris, when he could not raise himself in his chair, was a painful one—"but I'm not feeling up to the mark just now. Now you're safe, Barty. I trusted you before and you did your best. It may be"—the wizened face twisted into a scowl—"it may be there's something wrong. And we don't want any scandal. I want you to go across to Paris and find out if anything is wrong, Barty. Will you go? How soon can you start? There's money in that drawer. Take £50 —no £100—you may need help. The Continental is where he stops. And if anything is wrong"—and the shaky voice dropped to a still lower whisper—"Keep it to yourself, Barty. I can trust you and you'll do your best. When can you start?"

"I will lose no time, sir," said George, thinking rapidly of what he would have

to do, "but it may not be till to-morrow morning——"

"To-night, if you can," urged the old man.

"Yes, yes! that's it—taken ill or some accident. No scandal, mind. Take the money, and go quickly."

George took five twenty-pound notes

"I'd go myself," he said in a hoarse whisper

"To-night, if I can," said George. "And I will wire you as soon as I have any news. We will hope there is nothing wrong. He may have been taken ill, or had some accident——"

out of the drawer, and shook the trembling hand and went out.

Mrs. Frazer Burney came along the passage in evening costume and a cloud of scent, and he stood aside to let her pass

Her jaws were working slowly on something as usual. She passed heavily down the stairs in front of him and climbed into the carriage which stood waiting at the foot of the steps.

George walked into Kensington High Street and jumped into a cab, and drove off to find Brinsley to beg leave of absence for a day or two, and then went quickly home, laying his plans as he went.

From what he knew of Frazer Burney, he knew that anything might have befallen him. Niel Felston's assistance would be invaluable to him, and Niel agreed instantly when it was put to him. They managed to catch the ten o'clock train that night from London Bridge and were in Paris the following morning.

They went straight to the Continental, engaged rooms there, and started their enquiries before permitting themselves even a wash and breakfast.

Mr. Burney had been there about ten days before, had stopped two days, and had then left in the usual way. Some letters had arrived after he left, and they were still there, as he had given no instructions as to forwarding.

"That widens the possibilities," said Felston. "If he'd left his portmanteau here it would have been natural to suppose he had no intention of leaving Paris. As it is, he may be anywhere, and I expect we'll have difficulty in making the police believe he's here at all."

They went to the Chief of Police. He listened politely, fastened at once on the weak spot in the matter, and assured them that no one could possibly disappear in Paris without his knowledge. What is more, he really seemed to believe it. The missing man had most likely crossed to Dover, or back to London, and disappeared there, he suggested.

However, he placed detectives at their disposal, and they commenced a systematic search of the city. First—in charity, but with little hope—the hospitals, with no result. Then a comprehensive round of Hades—to Niel Felston, a bitter reminder of old follies; and to George Barty, a Dantesque descent through ever-deepening circles of infamy, which lowered his views of man in the ranks of the animal world and filled him with pity and disgust.

They found much which was useless even as experience, but not a trace of Frazer Burney. He had disappeared as completely as any fly that ever blundered unwarily into a dark corner web and was sought for seven days afterwards.

Each night George penned a brief announcement of their ill-success to the old man, waiting in that gloomy room in Kensington Palace Gardens. Each night he held out such hopes as he could string himself up to, of something turning up on the morrow. But the morrows passed and nothing turned up, and each day lessened the chances of anything ever turning up.

At the end of seven days the detectives confessed to doubts, and reluctantly—since the extra pay was good—came round to their chief's opinion that the missing man must have left Paris. And at that, it seemed to George and Niel that they could do no more.

George wrote to Sir John putting the matter to him as gently as it could be put, and stating that he feared it was only waste of time and money to search further in Paris. From what he had seen himself, he knew that a man might disappear in scores of the places into which they had penetrated, and no slightest trace of him ever be discovered from the outside, and Niel confirmed him fully.

And no slightest trace of Frazer Burney ever was discovered. He had vanished into the seething wilderness of the gay city, as his son had vanished into the white solitudes of the mountains. What the actual end of either was, no man may know, but the similarity of their fates was somewhat startling. And it seemed to George Barty that, of the two, the one who died among the snows died probably the cleaner death.

He went up to see Sir John the night they reached home, and the interview was a painful one.

"Couldn't find him, eh?" said the old man, with a laugh that rattled painfully in George's memory for many a day. "Of course not."—He leaned over, with a

sharp glance round the room and a beckoning jerk of the head, and whispered hoarsely, "Gone to New York—on business—business of the firm—quite forgot about it.—Private business—very private business.—Best say nothing—won't be back for some time.—Wrong? God bless my soul, no! What should there be wrong?" Then his brows puckered up, and he looked vaguely at George, and asked abruptly, "Who do you say you are?—George Barty?—Barty's dead," he said—"Ay, ay! I remember. He came to life again.—Some to life and some to death—and not a brain among them all—not a brain among them all——" and he sank back into his chair, staring at things which none could see but himself.

George spoke to him and tried to rouse him, but the old man only muttered incoherencies. So, at last, leaving a statement of his expenditure and the balance of cash on the table by his side, he came away.

Buckle, with a face even more solemnly clerical than usual, was waiting for him in the hall. His dignity, and stern sense of what was due to a man in his position, had crumbled somewhat under his growing apprehensions concerning his master.

"Mr. Burney be home soon, sir?" he asked anxiously, and his shrewd eyes watched George's face keenly.

"I'm afraid not, Buckle. Sir John does not expect him for some time yet."

"He'd ought to be here, sir," said Buckle severely. "He's failing quick"—with a jerk of the head towards Sir John's room.

"I'm afraid he is. I see a great change in him even in the last ten days. Is the doctor attending him?"

"He is, sir, but doctors ain't no good for the like of that. He's breaking up, sir; that's just what it is—breaking up, an and he may go off sudden at any time. Mr. Burney'd ought to be here. It makes things very awkward. Mrs. Burney she ain't no good—in a case of this kind, I mean. He's always been master, and now he's going, and he'll go quick belike."

But George could do nothing to relieve the old man's anxieties, and as he left the gloomy house he thought it very unlikely that he would ever enter it again.

On reaching home he heard, for the first time in detail, all that had happened in his absence, and that gave him quite enough to think about.

Mary had developed a spirit of obstinacy, which Mrs. Barty, with a loving smile at the girl, said augured ill for George. But her smile belied her words.

John Sinclair had, with some difficulty, prevailed on the lawyers of the Company to prepare a short deed by which Mary, for the consideration of £100,000 made over to her father all her rights in the Glen Ingalls property. The lawyers were very angry with Lindsay, and talked at first of prosecutions and so on. But Sinclair's large common sense prevailed, and they did as he suggested, dated the new deed prior to the contract of sale to the Company, and so rectified the flaw in its foundation.

But Mary, having thought the whole matter out, flatly refused to sign it unless Mrs. Barty, and Meg, and Joan, and George, agreed to share the windfall with her. She reasoned thus: the property certainly had come to her through her mother, but the chances were that, if her reputed father had not taken it in hand, it would have remained undeveloped, and so the money would never have come to her. Her gain had been purchased at sore loss and trouble to these more than friends in England. It was only right, she said, that they should share equally with her in the unlooked-for fortune, and she set her face stonily till they agreed. And as time pressed, for Lindsay was sailing immediately for Sydney, they had perforce to agree to her proposition in George's absence. When he came back from his raking of Hades, he found his father gone and the property divided.

At first he was inclined to raise difficulties and lodge objections, but, when Sinclair took him in hand, and in his quiet, forceful way showed him just how matters lay, he could not but admit a certain rough and ready justice in the arrangement, and he accepted it as the rest had done.

And so, clever Mary avoided a pre-eminence in worldly wealth which she certainly had not sought, and which might have introduced some slight element of discomfort into her relations with George. For it is one thing for a young man, earning a bare living, to woo a girl who has nothing, and for whom it would be the joy and pride of his life to win everything; and it is a very different thing for that young man to woo a girl with £100,000 and to preserve his independence of spirit intact. It was excellently well done on Mary's part, but it was dictated solely by her own good heart and her elementary ideas of justice and the fitness of things.

Margaret Barty agreed to the matter perforce. There were scandals enough in the family. She would have given up every penny she possessed to avoid more. And, feeling so, she accepted the good fortune as quietly and calmly as she had in her time accepted the bad.

Once it was all settled she could not but feel grateful that all her anxieties for the future—for Joan especially—were at an end. For George she had no fears. Money enough to live on without personal exertion would spell mental ruin for many men. But she knew her boy and could trust him, and she believed that his love for his work would not let it suffer because his bread and butter did not depend on it. She believed, indeed, that freedom from anxiety on that account would give his faculties all the freer play, and enable him to put them and his time to their fullest and largest uses. And she was right.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

CLEANING UP

One evening, about a month after George Barty and Niel Felston returned from Paris, John Sinclair walked in on the company in Joan's room, and one at all events among them knew by his face that he had news to tell and guessed what it was.

It was Meg's night, and she and Jack Fairfax were in high feather, talking, laughing, disputing—with the boys and with one another, but always, as usual, combining for common defence against the rest when either of them was attacked.

Niel Felston had long since become quite one of them. His genius and his great friendship with Joan—the outward and visible signs whereof were then hanging on the walls of the Academy and bringing the artist much fame and many commissions—had commended him to the boys, and they had accepted him with the hearty goodwill which distinguished all Barty boys. Niel was never far away from Joan. The feeling between these two had grown, down and up, till its roots were very deep, and the flowers and fruit of its branches were visible to all. It speaks volumes for both Joan and Niel, that the other boys never resented his coming in between them and the object of their own worship.

When Sinclair came in that night, Felston was tossing off good-natured caricatures of the various members of the company which evoked shouts of laughter even from the victims. Joan was rosy with her enjoyment of them all, and Mrs. Barty, with her white shawl falling off her shoulders, and her needles flashing homely lightnings, beamed peace and goodwill as of yore. There was, perhaps, even something more of quiet contentment in her gentle face than there had been before, for there was a certainty as to the future now, which had then been only matter of faith and hope. But these after all are great matters, and the boys, knowing nothing of these other things, knew only that she looked more gracious and beautiful than ever.

Sinclair waited till the boys had drifted off to their rooms. He detained Meg and Jack when they got up to go, and when all had gone except Niel, whom he had come to look upon as one of the family in everything except the actual fact, he said gravely—

"I have something to tell you, and I am going to tell you all together, so that once telling may do, and it may then be buried and forgotten. Sir John Burney died at noon to-day——"

"They hardly expected him to live through the night, when I was there yesterday," said Mary. "Whatever will Mrs. Burney and those poor children do?"

" Twenty years ago your father was transported for a crime which he did not commit"

"I take it that nothing more will ever be heard of Mr. Burney——" said Sinclair, looking from George to Niel Felston.

Both shook their heads.

"Well, the deaths of those two unseals my lips of a secret imposed upon me, very much against my will, over twenty years ago. It has been hard to keep from speaking on many occasions, but the secret was not mine and I was pledged by both sides to keep it. For twenty years, my dear friend," he said, laying his hand on Mrs. Barty's needles, which went on as imperturbably as ever, in spite of the weight of it—"Why, I believe you know"—he said, as he caught the deep light in her eyes.

"Yes," she said quietly. "He told me."

"That relieves me greatly. I was afraid it would bring back the old pain."

"No, it has taken it away," she said. "Sorrow remains, but the pain is gone. Tell them."

The others were listening in wonder.

"Twenty years ago, George Barty, your father," he said, looking at George, "was transported for a crime which he did not commit. The actual criminal was Frazer Burney——" George snapped out an ejaculation and a storm swept over his face. "Your father was in financial difficulties through some unfortunate speculations. He was a cashier in Burney's Bank, and it meant the loss of his position, and almost certainly the impossibility of obtaining another. Frazer Burney committed a forgery and it could not be hidden. The old man, knowing of your father's troubles, induced him to take the matter on his own shoulders in exchange for the sum of £5,000. He and old Burney came to my house, late one night, to place the money in my hands, because, I presume, Mr. Barty could not trust the Burneys in the matter. His chief thought in going into so mad a business was, I am certain—in the beginning at all events—to provide for his wife and children. I did my best to dissuade him. But he had made up his mind to it, and no doubt believed in his own power to come through unscathed and start afresh when his time was up. It was probably beyond any man's power to come unsmirched through what he had to go through, and, as we know, he did not succeed. We may not judge him, because it is past our understanding. But when George Barty left England, far from being a breaker of the law, except, indeed, that he was knowingly bearing another man's punishment, he was doing what he believed to be the best thing he could do for his children's interests. It is useless thinking of repairing the wrong now," he said, looking at George. "The idea is naturally in your mind, but the better way, considering all that has happened since, is to bury the whole matter, once and for all. Is it not so, dear friend?" to Mrs. Barty.

"Surely!" she said quietly. "We know the whole truth and the world does not matter. Besides it has forgotten all about it."

"I wish I had known the truth when he was here," said George, in a voice full of regrets.

"It might have done more harm than good to know it then," said Sinclair. "At all events things would probably have been very different from what they are. You would have gained nothing and lost much.'

"Oh—gained!" said George, with quick scorn and irritation. "I would have sacrificed everything to set his name straight."

"Exactly! And in straightening out one coil you would only have involved him in fresh ones. It is better as it is for all concerned."

"Yes," said Mrs. Barty, with gentle decision. "Things are better than they might have been, and certainly better than I ever dared hope. We will let the dead past bury its dead and think of the future."

THE END.

Nelson's Flagships

After the picture *by N. Pocock*

Trafalgar—October 21st, 1805

(" *England expects every man to do his duty.*")

A hundred years of strife and change, of loss, and hard-won gain,—
The travail of an Empire vast and mighty as the main—
A hundred years since Nelson cast his signal on the breeze,
And, dying, crowned the land we love the Mistress of the Seas!

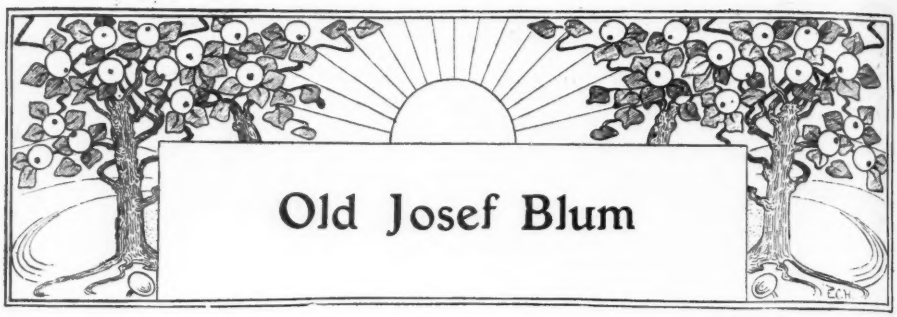
He knew our sea-blown Isle's defence, he taught the world to know
That England, guarded by her fleet, was safe from every foe;
And Greater England proves to-day the secret learnt of yore,
That all her coasts may dwell in peace, prepared, at need for war.

Not " wooden walls " our rampart now, but armaments of steel,
The swift-sown death, the thing of fear those slim, dark tubes conceal;
The newer, deadlier kraken that the ocean waves may hide,
To slay with thunderbolt unseen the warship in her pride.

Gone are the men that Nelson led, the ships that Nelson knew,
But not in vain from mast to mast his gallant summons flew;
To cruiser, gun-boat, submarine its message still shall be
A trumpet-call to heroes from a nation brave and free.

Oh! Valiant soul! no lapse of time can tear that signal down,
With thy great name for ever linked in measureless renown;
" England expects! " and strong and true, though years have passed away,
Our pulses thrill responsive still as on Trafalgar's Day!

MARY FARRAH.



Old Josef Blum

"I DON'T want to be introduced to a horrid old miser," I said. "Is there no escape?"

Aunt Cicely shook her head and smiled "I'm afraid not. Herr Josef Blum wishes it, and you must remember that you are under his roof, Mabel dear."

I shuddered a silent protest. "He's only eccentric and rather trying," added my Aunt in a comforting sort of way. "You've only come over to Capri for a couple of days; and he keeps to his own suite of rooms. During the five years I have kept house for him he never comes here into my domain except to spend an hour in the afternoon—I take tea and he grumbles about the bills in English, as he thinks it good practice, and I am hopeless at any other language. He says my accent is provincial."

'But he makes you handsome presents?"

"Presents! Oh, dear no. Nothing of that kind."

"What—no presents and no remuneration?"

She shook her head again and smiled.

"And English conversation thrown in!"

"Well, you see, dear, I have a charming suite of rooms in a climate that suits my health, and he knows I am content."

"I think he might show a little gratitude after you've rescued him from indulging his miserly habits and living in scandalous squalor in the attic of that wretched inn."

"But," argued my aunt, "after all, his family asked me to. He is a bachelor, and with only himself to consider, and I believe he really regrets those days. But he's very eccentric. For instance, he's furious about the beggars who constantly call at the villa. Servants will talk—and it is known that he's a millionaire."

"He's kind-hearted, then."

"My dear, all I know is that he abhors the sight of a beggar—it's a perfect craze. He gives strict orders that they are to be turned away without a word or a centime; and he never ventures into the streets except to go to the barber's close by for fear of being accosted by a beggar. Whether it is that he hates the sight of poverty, or is outraged at being asked for money, I can't make out."

"How dreadful!"

"He gives me four pounds a week for expenses every Monday afternoon, and punctually to the minute he grumbles because I don't return him more than I do from the previous week's amount. But of course there are Susan, and Marita the cook—and I don't fancy I'm extravagant!"

"What a 'treasure' you are!" I exclaimed.

She laughed as she replied—"Oh, he doesn't think much of me because I can't talk German or any language but my own, and that's a cardinal sin in his eyes. As a rule he receives no strangers, as talk with them is a waste of time unless they have some linguistic knowledge and can enter into his tastes."

I could talk German, it is true, but not as fluently as at that moment I could have wished. And I have a fair knowledge of French and Italian, which, when I am nervous, are apt to get mixed. Accordingly, I prepared myself for an interview

that would end in ignominy, for I knew Herr Josef Blum was in the habit of testing his visitors, and, if he found them wanting, of bringing the acquaintance to a termination with a snap by a polite expression of thanks for the visit. The few he tolerated reported him to be full of knowledge of a kind. Moreover, it seemed to interest them, too, to ponder what was going to become of his great wealth.

So I shrank from the introduction even more than before, now that the hour of my appointment was imminent for me to accompany the old gentleman on his promenade in the garden. I stepped out on the balcony. There he was, strolling feebly up and down, constantly looking up, and straight at me, but evidently without seeing me. I noticed that he was very short and very thin, and that he stooped slightly; he was dressed in a long grey suit, hanging very loose, and he wore a large straw hat, and blue spectacles, which partly hid his features.

My Aunt accompanied me downstairs to where he was.

"Herr Blum, this is my niece—my favourite niece," she said.

He bowed her away with some ceremony and peered eagerly into my face. Then he said, courteously, and in excellent English—

"I'm glad you've come—welcome to Capri!"

He took my arm at once, and leaning on it lightly he led me forward. His face was mild and worn, and when he looked over his spectacles his eyes, tired and bleared, were the eyes of a man about eighty years of age. His whole appearance was that of an ascetic.

Then, with curious adroitness he began the operation of sampling my brains, and revealed in the process a mastery of various languages, together with a childish pleasure in originating riddles, charades, and word juggling, his hobbies, he told me, of a lifetime. At the same time he put me at my ease, and was so ready and anxious to impart information and was so courteous in his manner of correcting mistakes—correct them he would—that we were good friends before our *tête-a-tête* was at an end. Next day the performance was repeated; and as, at his urgent request and with permission from home, my visit was prolonged, our two mornings' walks developed into a recognised institution, and we began to understand one another pretty well.

"I like you," he would repeat; "you understand me; you are patient with an old man. Now to-day let us talk of radium; tell me what the English papers say, that must be interesting. But excuse me, before I forget, it is a habit of mine—try and guess my new riddle . . ."

The sympathetic ring of his voice, and the geniality that seemed in a fashion to breathe from him, were surprising in one so old. And I was still more surprised when I discovered that everyone, without exception, had misjudged him. As I gained his confidence I could see that it amused him to be considered the horrid old miser. He tried to encourage it, even to live up to it. The truth is, he was no miser in the ordinary sense; but he couldn't spend money in the way his large fortune warranted. "I can't!" he would exclaim plaintively; "I can't." And he certainly couldn't, on himself.

He spent but a few centesimi a day upon a vegetarian diet which just supported his spare frame, satisfied, and no more, his meagre appetite and still more meagre wants.

"Come and see my kitchen," he said one day in a burst of confidence. I followed him. It was a tiny apartment opening out of his study, and here he did his own cooking. "Good, hein?" he remarked, thrusting before me some plums he had been stewing. Suddenly his face lighted up, and he raised his hand for silence. I waited and watched the smile that proclaimed poetic fervour and prospective triumph. Then taking off his spectacles with his left hand, he held his right aloft, shaking his forefinger as he exclaimed, with a giggle—"A charade! Listen—

"A plum is a fruit you can easily cook—
And the study of life is as easy to some;
But search through a character cookery-book,
And admit that the heart's not so easy to *plumb*!"

He looked at me in delight.

"Wonderful!" I cried, "and in English, too!"

He laughed like a child. "That is nothing," he said, frankly radiant, "any language. It is my two thousand eight hundred and forty-seventh. I must write it down or I shall forget it."

"That would be a great pity," I said.

"Indeed, yes," he rejoined as he quickly settled himself at his writing-table. He looked quite youthful in his enthusiasm, and very neat, too, for his old clothes had recently been taken away from him when he slept—the usual course when new garments were necessary; it was the only way. He was in high enjoyment for, as to pleasures, he had none but those of conversation. He seldom strolled beyond his garden. Even the lovely view was denied him, as his poor eyes were too dimmed by past reading and present age to see and enjoy it.

His walk, his invariable walk—because it was shaded from the sun, which hurt his eyes in summer, and from the wind, which hurt his eyes in winter—was up the inclined pathway leading to a height which commanded the glorious scene over the bay of Naples. No one could behold this steep road with the old man toiling up it, and not be struck with the living allegory of the stony path of life, and he, a striving spirit doomed to climb it daily, towards the goal—the seat of rest at the summit. But he never succeeded in getting further than the little arbour half way up.

"Some day when I am stronger I'll go up to the top for you to see the view they talk about," he said, when we were starting for our walk. "But to-day," he went on, "I must go to have my hair cut."

He leaned on my arm and tottered on the way to the barber's, and I was to do a little shopping and then call back for him. His nervousness of the crowded roadway and its beggars made him pause constantly to look around. "Why don't you let the man come to you in your own home?" I asked him, as a sort of brilliant idea.

"Ach, my dear Miss Mabel," he replied, "it is because the charge would be double—like this I pay twenty centesimi and the master himself must attend to me. He is a Spaniard and I stipulate also he should speak in his own tongue; so I get Spanish conversation for nothing—see? Ach! How that pleases me—all for twenty centesimi!" and he released my arm, rubbed his palms together, and chuckled like a delighted child.

The next day we toiled, as usual, slowly to the arbour, while he eagerly expounded and quoted, with sudden interruptions at the remembrance of a riddle accompanied by the usual apology—halting every few steps, as he talked, foreign fashion, as if the better to punctuate his meaning. When we arrived at our destination, and he took rest, I read aloud from some foreign newspaper while he listened with curious enjoyment for my mistakes of accent. Then he philologized, and became confidential, for he sank into one of his depressed moods, complaining of his age and loneliness.

"But Herr Blum," I said, to comfort him. "you have a large family in Germany who have your welfare at heart."

"Welfare?" he repeated, brightening up. "*They* don't want my welfare, they want my money. And—and they're not going to get it—and what's more," he added, chuckling, "from the letters I get from them they don't quite realize how little regard I have for the whole undeserving lot of them!" And for a time he sat rubbing his hands and chuckling, as he repeated with the frankest candour—"They're not going to get it!"

Then he would become suspicious of everyone about him, and fill me with an indescribable repulsion which quickly changed to pity when he declared that no one had ever cared for him for himself. "Ach, my dear young lady, had my eyes been closed to all the selfishness and self-interest that surrounded me, I might have been by now a happy grandfather, like my brother. There was a young girl—so much like you——"

He broke off. His voice dropped, and I heard him mumble some things about "death the better way"—a pathetic figure, truly, with his four-score years passed in self-inflicted misery. And he a deeply religious man!

" I like you, you are patient with an old man "

He was in one of these moods when he asked me bluntly a few days later as we sat in the arbour—

"What did your Aunt come here for? Why do you sacrifice yourself walking out with a decrepit, lonely old man like me?"

"My Aunt left her home where she was happy because, though she is very delicate, she has a strong sense of duty—and she found she might still be of some use—as your sister wrote to her."

"Don't mention that sister of mine;" he interrupted, excitedly, "she married out of the faith. She shan't have a penny! But—why have *you* sacrificed yourself?"

"As for me, why—well—" his face was so screwed up with peevish shrewdness and cunning at cornering me as he thought, that I couldn't help smiling as I added, not without a touch of offended dignity—

"I think, Herr Blum, it was not I who sought the introduction. Indeed, I must confess that I rather—I rather shrank from it."

He looked relieved, removed his blue spectacles and wiped them on a rag of a handkerchief that had escaped Aunt Cicely's vigilant eye. "I enjoy your friendship, Herr Blum," I went on, "and I am grateful for your tuition. You interest me—just a little bit. But your money doesn't. Money matters distress you and are distasteful to me, so let us forget them. Tell me about Schopenhauer, as you promised."

"Ach yes, Schopenhauer," he repeated, eagerly. He was again the schoolmaster, and like a child he quickly forgot his suspicions in the fresh and congenial topic. But the subject often recurred. His wealth had spoiled his life and warped a naturally gentle and sympathetic disposition.

My visit was nearing its end. Six months had actually gone, and circumstances at home called for my return. It was the last time I accompanied my old friend back from his twopenny shave with Spanish conversation and we had just arrived on the threshold of his villa when we were suddenly confronted by a middle-aged shabby-looking woman. He was too shortsighted to notice what she was, he only heard the words uttered in German—

"I'm in want of money—Don't be hard-hearted—in the dear God's name have pity on a poor woman who——" She got no further.

Herr Josef Blum became livid with anger.

"A beggar"—he cried—"it's a beggar. A Ger—German beg—gar!" he stammered. He was trembling all over, speechless with indignation. He motioned her away with his trembling forefinger, and, as she persisted and tried to clutch his coat, he started back, drew me through the open door, and flung it to with a bang. His breath came short as he stood and gasped for a moment, and then laboriously mounted the stairs, still quivering on my arm; but he bowed to me with his usual courtesy and pressed my hand when I left him.

I was glad for once to be rid of him, so dreadful was the exhibition. I ran and told Aunt Cicely. She said that on the rare occasions when these little contretemps could not be avoided, he was always agitated and upset as I had seen him at the appeal of the hollow-eyed woman.

At last, when the final touch was being given to my packing I went to Herr Blum's room to say good-bye. I had forgiven him the hateful scene of the day before, he had looked so sad and wretched.

"I'm so grieved you can't stay," he said simply. Heretofore, my tap at his study door had always been sure of an eager response, and now the same bright smile that had always welcomed me made me unhappy as it faded away and turned to pain.

"See here," he said with feverish eagerness. He showed me his books with pride, and searching among them he took down a dictionary, and inscribed my name in it with much ceremony.

"You are kind, but I really don't wish to deprive you of it," I remarked, disliking the idea of accepting anything from him.

"But I got it second-hand," he hastened to assure me, "so it only cost one mark. And I want you to have it as a souvenir. For I think you are the only friend I have who really cares a little bit for me for myself." Poor pathetic soul! He was

so pleased when I told him I would treasure it that he joyously babbled on—

"All these manuscript books you see here, and all my charades, I'm going to leave to the library of my last hospital."

"Your last hospital!"

"Yes, the one to be built in my natal place. The one near here and the others do much good, but this is to be my pet scheme of all."

"But—oh, Herr Blum, you never told me—I——"

"Ach! told?—No, I never told anyone," he replied. And added earnestly—"You mustn't tell—I forgot myself—it is my amusement to remain anonymous till I die. It is the condition of every gift I make."

My heart sank when I had to say goodbye and saw my old friend's wistful look—that look which comes to the eyes of old folk when the time to part has come. It had come, and was not without pain for us both. "God bless you!" he said. And I knew I should never see again the piteous, bent figure that appealed so strongly to sympathy.

It was not very long before Aunt Cicely and I were together again, and then it was in my own house which she was to make her home. Herr Josef Blum had lately died—three days after I left. On his last day he had toiled, for the first time and the last, to the top of his little hill. And there, on the seat, he was found, dead. His straw hat had fallen off and the noonday sun shone full upon his head and warmed his peaceful features and his clasped hands as though it would warm him back to life.

And she told me what everyone did not know: That in his hand was found a letter he had received that morning. It was from his sister, informing him that she was in the German hospital near Naples; and reproaching him in bitter terms for scorning her at his door when she came to beg for assistance in her poverty, as was her right. For she could ask no one else to help her and her fatherless children.

The sight of the poor woman in her shabby mourning flashed back into my brain.

Soon after came news of the Will upon which so many had built their hopes. It was found to have been drawn up ten years before. Herr Josef Blum left the bulk of his great wealth to his sister's children; the rest to his hospitals. And there was a quite recent codicil to the effect that £30,000 was bequeathed to Aunt Cicely as a token of his appreciation of her kindness and devotion. She was overcome at the news, and could only murmur—"Oh, my dear, I never knew he had such a thing as a hospital!"

Poor old Josef Blum!

MABEL SPIELMANN.

Walberswick Creek

THE BRITISH NAVY'S FIRST RECORD IN TORPEDO WORK

"WELL then, I find we must spare our beaux and send honest Benbow," said Dutch William who well knew on whom he was about to depend in a difficult crisis. It was the last year of the 17th Century and the King was discussing with his ministers the question as to who should be sent to take command of the fleet then fitting out to tackle the French in the West Indies. Benbow had recently been on that station which was not at that period considered a very enviable one, and the King had hesitated to send so good a servant back into those latitudes after so short a spell away from them. Various other Naval commanders were offered the command, but like the guests in the parable they "with one consent began to make excuse" . . so that after all "Honest Benbow" was sent.

Indeed, from the first he had made a name for himself as a man ready for the toughest and most unpleasant job, and when in 1693 the depredations of the French privateers on our commerce had reached an unbearable pitch, Benbow was the man selected to try and destroy the principal nest of these sea wasps—the fastness of St. Malo. When it is related that between the years 1688 and 1697 the St. Malo corsairs—alone, and without any assistance from their brethren of Dunkirk and other notorious privateering ports in Northern France, captured no less than 162 of our Men-of War-and 3,384 sail of our Merchant ships it is evident that "something had to be done."

It was necessary to strike, and strike heavily at the root of the evil—at the pirate city of St. Malo itself.

But the town founded by the Irish Saint Maclou on its rocky peninsula, at high tide almost an island, and at low water unapproachable by anything that floats, was not an easy place to get at. A prolonged bombardment by a powerful fleet would no doubt lay it in ruins despite its strong girdle of fortifications and formidable citadel. But it was only possible with the smooth-bore artillery of those days to fire for a few hours at a time, for the ships would have to get away out of range before the swift ebb of the tide should land them high and dry on the network of rocks and shoals which forms a bristling outer line of defences from maritime attack. Many of these rocks and islands were fortified, in fact these fortlets or those which immediately replaced them are to be seen to this day as well as the heavy mass of the mediæval citadel and the lofty ring of stone ramparts.

What then was to be done? The wasp's nest must be destroyed, must be burnt out. But how? How, if unapproachable by land nor sea? As for burning—you can't burn stone walls washed every day by the waves.

"Never mind, Benbow will find a way" we can imagine those who knew him

saying when he was selected to take command of the enterprise. As it turned out he was not superlatively successful. The nut was too hard for even that bold seaman to crack, as it wanted cracking. But he did his best, and his best included an attempt to use means which the British Navy had not tried before. The simile of the Wasp's nest doubtless occurred to him as he revolved various plans for the discomforture of the Malouins in his head. Now wasps' nests are usually either burnt or blown up.

Blown up.—That was the word. If St. Malo could not be burnt, perhaps it could be blown up. At any rate he would try it.

Fireships are almost as old as antiquity. The effect of the English fire ships on the Spanish Armada was at that time comparatively recent history. But the Italian engineer Giannibelli, employed by the Dutch at the siege of Antwerp by the Spaniards in 1585, had gone one better. He built heavy marble chambers in the holds of two vessels, stuffed them with combustibles, covered them with everything heavy he could lay hands on and blew Parma's bridge over the Scheldt with its protective fortifications literally to smithereens. Benbow had probably heard too, of the "Infernal" which had been prepared by the French for use against the city of Algiers in the year 1688.

However, this may have been, there is little doubt that he had made up his mind to try the effect of an "infernal" or explosion vessel against the walls of St. Malo before he left England, and caused such a vessel to be prepared against his departure.

It was the 13th of November when the little expedition, which had been kept as secret as possible, sailed. Benbow as Commodore flew his broad pennant in the "Norwich," a 48 gun ship. He had under his command the following ships:

"Weymouth," 48 guns.
"Woolwich," 54 guns.
"Newcastle," 48 guns.
"Smyrna Merchant," 40 guns.
"Oxford," 54 guns.
"Dartmouth," 48 guns.
"Portsmouth," 32 guns.
"James" (galley) 48 guns.
"Mary (galley)" 34 guns.

Six bomb vessels, three fireships, and five brigantines.

Away went the little squadron on its mission of retribution, and after it had anchored in Guernsey Roads, weighed again on the 15th and arrived off St. Malo about 4 in the afternoon of the day following.

What that corsair city looked like from the British fleet can be well imagined by those who have seen it in these latter days, for there is probably no town in Europe that has changed so little in appearance.

The reason for this is sufficiently obvious. Built as it is on a very circumscribed area almost entirely surrounded by the sea there is absolutely no room for expansion, and, walls and houses being all of the most solid construction, have lasted century after century and show very little of the ravages of time.

To return to "Honest Benbow" and his squadron.

We have seen that the English ships appeared off St. Malo about four in the afternoon. At this hour they anchored off Quince Fort, that is all of them but the small craft, brigantines and well-boats together with four of the bomb-vessels, which, taking advantage of a favourable northerly wind and a rising tide, got within half a mile of the town. The frigates had to moor bow and stern across the tide, so strong was it running, and the bomb-vessels with their sterns towards the city in which position they could better get their mortars to bear. To do all this naturally took up a considerable time so that it was after ten before fire could be opened. Then the thunder of gun and mortar went on till four in the morning. The hissing bombs lit up the darkness of the night with their fiery paths, while the sturdy Malouins we may be sure were not slow in replying from their fortifications.

As the middle watch came to an end so also did the bombardment. It was a case of "up anchor" and away or ships and boats would alike be high and dry. So it was "out boats," and their crews had

the heavy job of warping the fleet out into deep water against the northerly breeze. As for the enemy they had suffered little if at all according to the French accounts.

When the tide began to make again, about eight o'clock in the morning, the indefatigable bluejackets set to work to warp the bomb-vessels once more into position, but it proved a long business, and not more than seventy shells were

Eighteenth Century Engraving of St. Malo in the Hotel de Ville

fired into the city before the falling tide made retreat again urgent.

This sort of engagement could not continue for ever. A week of such work would try the morale of the best ship's companies that ever trod plank, so while the enemy's attention was occupied on the day following by a weak, feeble, and desultory cannonade and a descent on the island of Sycamber, or Cezimbre, the famous explosion ship, or "infernal," was got ready for action.

This ship which, according to one account was designed by Mr Meesters, a Dutch engineer, was the first of a series of 30 such vessels which, during the next two years, were added to the British Navy, but which, meeting with almost uniform want of success were put out of commission. The first one actually commissioned was the "Nicholas," which hoisted her pennant on 30th April, 1694, and was futilely exploded against the pier-head at Dieppe on 12th July the same year; while the last one, the "Mayflower No. 2," was paid off by Captain J. Kendall on 17th Sept., 1695.

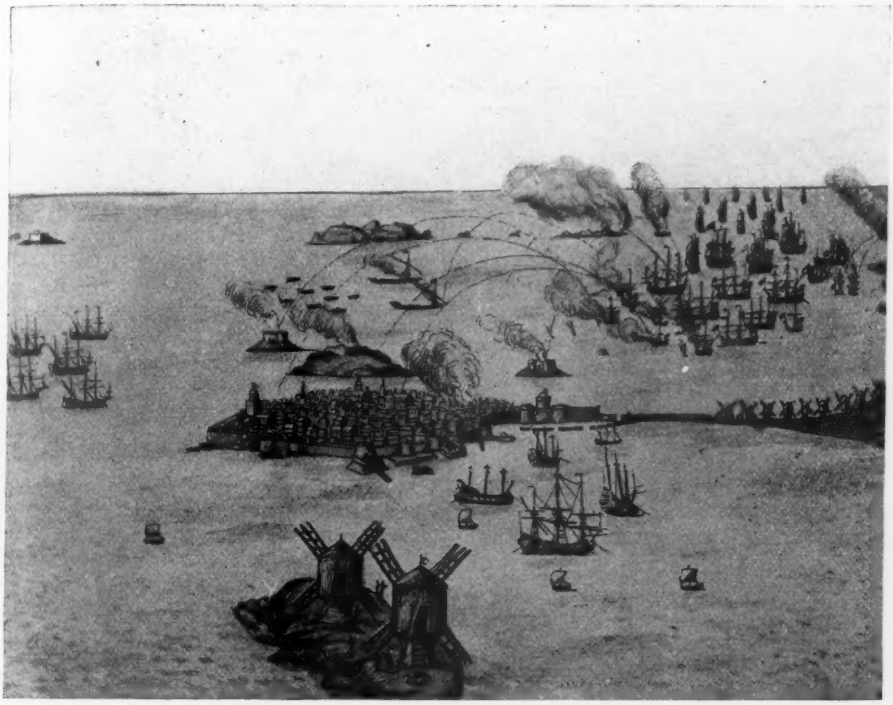
It is rather curious that all attempts at the employment of explosive apparatus for naval use in the 16th and 17th centuries hailed from Holland, though it is possible that the success of the Italian engineer who designed the "Devil Ships of Antwerp" for the Dutch patriots may in some measure account for it.

Thus Corneilius Van Drebbel, a Dutchman of Alkmaar, invented a submarine boat which greatly took the fancy of James I., and in all probability he or his

son-in-law Kuffler were responsible for the "water-mines," "machines" and "boats to go under water" that were taken by Buckingham on his ill-fated expedition to the isle of Rhé. Pepys also refers to Kuffler and his proposals to provide the Admiralty with apparatus for blowing up ships, which he says were well known and successfully experimented with in the time of the Protector. And now we come to William Meesters, another Dutchman, and his Explosion ships. This Dutch engineer and inventor does not seem to have been very much of a genius. His explosion ships never "came off" with any effect, and though the blame of their failure has been placed by some writers on the pilots who had the duty of conducting them into position, others are not slow to impute it to the incapacity of Meesters himself.

There are two or three descriptions of the St. Malo Infernal extant. The account published at Whitehall on the 26th Nov., 1693, simply says "On the 18th———they prepared a fire-ship; putting one hundred barrels of powder and 250 carcases on board her."

French writers describe it as:—"A new galliot of 300 tons. At the bottom of the hold were placed 100 barrels of powder; these were covered with pitch, sulphur, rosin, tow, straw and faggots; over which lay beams bored through, to give air to the fire; and upon these lay 300 (or 340) carcasses or mortar chests filled with grenadoes, chain shot, pistols loaded and wrapped in linen pitched, broken iron bars, and the bottoms of glass bottles. There were six holes or mouths to let out the flames, which were so vehement as to consume the hardest substances; and which could be checked by nothing but the pouring in of hot water.



The English Bombardment of St. Malo in 1695

(From a contemporary sketch in the Museum at the Hôtel de Ville, St. Malo)

Another account, illustrated by a drawing which is reproduced at the end of this article, was published[1] not long after the attack on St. Malo in "Les Memoires d'Artillerie," by the Chevalier de St. Remi, an officer of the French engineers. The following description accompanies the plate, (which is entitled "The Infernal"):—"The machine, or vessel, was 34 feet in length, 18 in height, and drew 9 feet of water; the upper deck was covered with old iron cannon and *langridge*—"[2] (Fig. 1) A—Section or profile of the machine; B—Bottom of the vessel filled with sand; C—Lower deck filled with twenty thousand pounds of powder, with a covering of masonry a foot thick; D—Second deck, furnished with 600 bombs and carcases, having two feet of masonry over it; E—Third deck above the gaillard,[3] furnished with 50 barrels, hooped with iron, filled full of all sorts of fireworks; F—Canal or tube for conducting the fire to the powder, and to the priming; G—(Fig. 2). Iron instruments, 50 in number, filled with fireworks and armed with points, whereby they would, if they fell on wood, stick to it." As this writer says—what would appear to be the fact—that one part of the vessel did not blow up, and that "by what remained its construction was known," it is possible that his account is the most correct one. On the other hand the very little damage done by the explosion ship, according to some writers, would indicate that the more impromptu contrivance referred to in the first quoted account was nearer the mark.

But, as we shall see presently, all accaccounts of this strange Explosion ship, its construction, fate, and the damage it effected are very contradictory. English writers are divided on the latter points, French writers wish naturally to minimise the damage it did.

The night of the 19th fell dark and boisterous, such a night as we can often find in November in the Channel. The tide was running strongly in, hustled by the north wind behind it. The Malouins, secure from wind and weather by the firesides of their massive stone and oaken houses, talked of the repulse of the hated islanders. Even those whom duty called to the ramparts saw no immediate menace in the long line of riding lights far outside their rocky outposts.

But we may be sure that Benbow and his officers were all keenly watching the dark and indistinct form of the "Internal" as she was towed clear of the fleet on her way towards what they probably regarded as the doomed town.

In those days there was a moat, or canal, which cut off the citadel from the town, and it was probably Benbow's intention to let his infernal machine drift if possible, into its entrance between the *Tour Quiquengrogne*,[4] at the N.W. corner of the citadel and the ramparts of the town. Possibly too, that side of the city, so close under the citadel ramparts, was open.

The tide would run strongly towards this canal, and the explosion of the infernal in the confined space would probably lay most of the town and citadel in ruins and kindle conflagrations in all quarters. But if this was Benbow's aimiable intention fate did not permit it to be carried out.

The watchers that clustered on the decks and in the rigging of the British squadron were at length rewarded by a blaze of light, a volcano of flame and lurid smoke, with a stunning and thunderous concussion, while the whole horizon was streaked by the fiery arcs described by the burning carcasses as they flew over the town. We can hear the cheers from hundreds of British throats sweeping down on the north wind to the ears of the terrified denizens of the corsair city. But the city still stood, and after all it would seem that the damage done in no wise came up to Benbow's expectations.

What had happened?

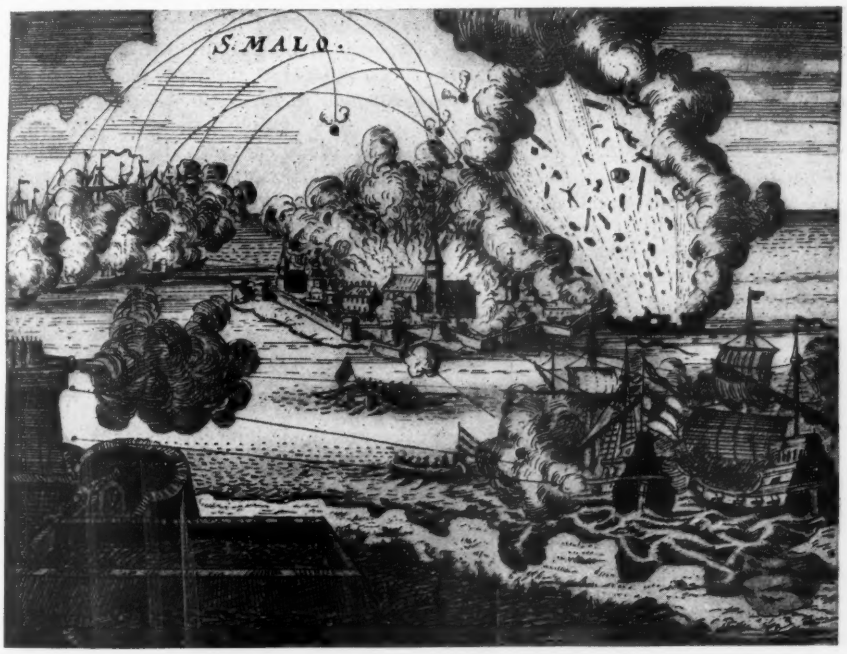
Well, as remarked above, accounts vary. The "Infernal" went steadily in between the island of Grande Bey—

1. Reproduced in Grose's "Military Antiquities" from which drawing is taken.
2. Broken metal of all kinds. At that time also fired from cannon.
3. Quarter-deck.
4. Built 1498—"Qui qu'en grogne, ainsisera, c'est mon bon plasir" was engraved on it by Anne of Brittany, when the Malouins grumbled at the taxes and labour which it cost them.

afterwards Chateaubriand's chosen resting place—and the fortified islet now known as Fort National but then as Fort Vauban. The Admiralty account says, "they sent in the said fireship, and, having laid her close to the town wall, blew her up. Part of the carcasses flew into the town, and set it on fire in three or four places, and some part of the wall where the ship blew up, was thrown down to-

cation of having been published not later than the early part of the 18th century. In this, the explosion is also shewn as taking place close to the town wall.

But most writers, English and French, agree that she never reached the town wall but struck on a rock between Grande Bey and Fort National. Some indeed say that she reached the wall but was blown off again by a shift of wind and then



The English Infernal blowing up against the Walls of St. Malo
(From a contemporary engraving in the Hôtel de Ville)

gether with the houses that were near it." To some extent this report is corroborated by the large oil painting which commemorates the event in the Salle des Fêtes in St. Malo Hotel de Ville, which shews the exploding vessel close under the walls at N.W. corner of the town. The Municipality would surely have satisfied itself that the artist was warranted by history and tradition in placing her where he did before hanging it in so public an edifice. In the Museum of the Hotel de Ville is a small engraving—here reproduced—which, though undated, bears every indi-

ran aground. Captain Philips, the engineer officer in charge of her, finding that she was leaking badly set fire to the fuse and abandoned her. As much of the powder got wet before the explosion took place the effect was a good deal minimised, and yet the same accounts which state that she blew up at a distance from the wall claim that she did more damage than the one above quoted which says that she reached her objective.

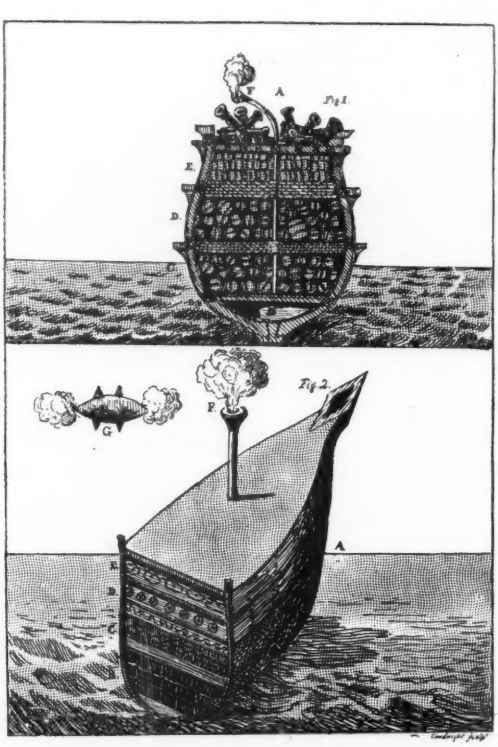
"The explosion was terrible beyond description" says one of these, "it shook the whole town like an earthquake; broke

all glass and earthenware for three leagues round; and struck off the roofs of three hundred houses. The most extraordinary part of all was this, that the capstern of the vessel, which weighed two hundred weight, was carried over the walls, and beat a house it fell upon down to the ground. The greatest part of the walls toward the sea fell down also; and if there had been a sufficient number of land troops on board, the place might with ease have been taken and pillaged."

According to the French accounts very little damage was done, and not a single person injured. That "the greatest part of the walls towards the sea fell down also" is certainly untrue as it is only necessary to look at them at the present time to see that most of the ramparts on that side date from a period long anterior to Benbow's attack.

Whether the British Commodore thought that he had read the Breton corsairs a sufficient lesson, or whether he considered that no more was to be done with the force at his command cannot be ascertained. Certain it is that he got under weigh on the morning after the explosion of his Infernal, and made sail for Guernsey, where he arrived on the afternoon of the next day but one. Captain Philips, who had been on the sick list for some days, and who had probably aggravated his malady, whatever it was, by exposure, when he took in the "Infernal," died the same evening. The net result of the expedition did not amount to a great deal, A considerable number of houses were destroyed in St. Malo, the fort on Quince Rock was demolished, a convent on the island of Sycamber (Cezimbre) burnt, and eighty prisoners taken. This was the sum total, if we except the lucky recapture of an Indiaman belonging to our allies the Dutch, which the "Portsmouth" picked up during the operations, probably making for St. Malo.

C. FIELD.



The St. Malo "Infernal"

Princess Joyce

By Keighley Snowden

CHAPTER XXXII

SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT

THERE was a singularity of Joyce's behaviour which warranted all the tact her father used, and his worst misgivings. From childhood even, she had been prepared for marriage. This special culture seemed of no avail.

Stephen Merrall, being a man who thought for himself, had his pet theory of education. Since education forms the mind for life, it should not omit, he held, to foster an honourable view of the duties of life which marriage consecrates. He went so far as to say that, in this respect, we are blundering in the Dark Ages. A view of love which is barbarous, although we are unaware of it, imposes an incompetent silence in the schools and a false reserve in the home, he declared; and many tragedies result from this convention. He would have had love treated frankly, as the general source of human happiness, the instinctive thing that makes the world go round. It was divine, not shameful. And his very Protestantism took this view. The old preposterous belief that the race is continued by a sinful means had had, as he supposed, its origin in priestly theory; and it seemed to him odious, as well as mischievous.

He had therefore invested the idea of love and motherhood for Joyce with a splendid sentiment, as he had that of fatherhood for himself. She was to see herself the heritress of a great joy, a beautiful and sacred duty. In spite of this conception, she imagined a higher duty in daughterhood.

That was why the possible conflict of wills which he foresaw looked formidable. His main argument had failed already. That, too, was why he took his tragical last walk with Joyce before coming to grips with her prepossession. If she resisted sincerely, there could be no more walks, however he might desire her dear companionship. So he burned his boats.

Joyce, indeed, knew all she was foregoing. She chose with open eyes.

Only—there were two gospels, not one; and that of self-sacrifice appealed to her nobility of nature in the case in which she found herself. It seemed to point "the right path." Is then the right path always the thorniest? Not so, dear, wilful maid; or you should marry George Marlowe! And is there no self-sacrifice in love? No great and satisfactory surrender? Have done with notions and admit the truth—the greater love, whichever it be, must conquer you; since you are tender-hearted; must do so whether you yield or not, accept its happiness or die unmarried. You only do not know, as yet, which love is master.

And, alas for Stephen's tact! it lacked at this hard time some firmness and decision. Louis was there when Joyce and he came in, and Stephen thought it well done to leave her with him: himself too painfully moved to wish for company.

"I'm going to lie down," said he. "Be kind to one another, you two."

He had no guess at Louis's high-strung mood. But his own dropped remark of a week ago, that he might have some news, had quickened hope again too prematurely. "A day or two" had since spun out to eight days, which seemed at least a month or two; and Louis, in dire suspense, was left to find for himself how matters stood. He had not spoken alone with Joyce since their great raid upon the blackberries. The fault was his; he had been at extravagant pains to avoid her; and, after his greeting glance at her face—aglow with pleasure and the sharp air, she was just then more than ever lovely—he did not dare to meet her eyes. He stood by the window talking, with an affectation of lively interest in the outdoor spectacle, while Joyce unfastened her jacket.

She was more at ease, and glad to see him, but yet made nervous by her father's unceremonious withdrawal. A feeling

that the interview was somehow to be grave embarrassed her.

"Have you been far?" Louis asked. "I felt like taking a great walk myself."

"Oh, you should! I am sorry to come in," she cried.

If with her, how gladly! But she did not mean that. He helped her to get the jacket off, and she thanked him, laying it with her cap upon the table. Stephen, he saw, had had no news to tell him.

"Father has enjoyed it tremendously, and so have I."

Then she glanced at him in some hesitation, and his eyes fell. The glance showed her his unhappiness, of which the traces had begun to alter him. His handsome face was dulled, and in the pale light of the waning afternoon looked sombre; while his lost confidence of manner reproached her. She held out her hands in a spontaneous gesture without purpose, and he took them passionately. His eyes were ardent at once; their appeal startled her.

"I've something to tell you, Louis," she faltered; then checked herself. She let him keep one hand and strove for a lighter key to begin upon.

"Oh, I never thanked you for the letter about your slippers! Didn't you really guess, Louis? You watched me so closely, working them; I daren't look up!"

The mingled candour and shyness impassioned him; he pressed her hand to his lips.

"How could I guess?" he said, and turned away. "All that work for me! . . . . The letter—the letter I was ashamed of; it did not say——"

She protested, "It was a dear letter;" and brightly hoped the slippers were warm and comfortable.

"I'm sure they are; but . . . I don't wear them." He faced her smiling, if the smile was obviously forced. "You see," he gravely explained, "I want to keep them. When we're old I shall have them to look at, and remember by."

"But I worked them," said Joyce, distressed, "for this cold weather."

"Do you mind very much?"

She had to smile too, he made so much of them. "I'll make you another pair," she said quickly; "and then . . . you can put them under a glass case, with a blue velvet cord round it."

So they laughed, Louis promising that he would wear them if she pleased; and then she went to the fire to dry her boots. He was aware that his love looked foolish, but the playfulness put them both at ease.

"My mother said something like that, in her quiet way," he confessed.

"Yes? You must take things as they're meant." She glanced aside pleasantly. "You're like me, wishing this afternoon it might be always snow. Father's wiser. He put in a word for the spring and the other times, and making pleasures welcome while they last; which did me *ever* so much good."

She drew up a chair for herself, and mocked him gaily. "When we're old: how dreadful! . . . Have you been waiting till then to come and see us?"

"I'm afraid I have."

"Ah, I should like to make the best of life!" she said in a tone that pleaded. "This splendid day has taught me that. You know that I like to have your company, Louis. I've missed you."

He flushed with pleasure.

"You're surprised at that? Indeed, I've missed you sadly. I don't know when I was so dull, as after finishing your slippers . . . and you mustn't leave me alone, Louis; I've had trouble!"

She held out a hand again, and he sprang to her.

"You were such a friend that I—I thought I should always have you."

"You've had trouble? Ah, forgive me, Joyce." He had caught her hand to his breast, and now, with a self-forgetfulness and grace that touched her like the first avowal, he dropped upon his knee beside her chair.

"What was your trouble?"

She glowed while her heart profoundly smarted. He looked so true a lover. Very hard seemed the thing she had to say, as hard to her as it must be to him. Her eyes filled, her bosom laboured.

"You must be good to me," she murmured, "because it was I who made father blind."

"You!"

"Yes. I never knew, Louis. When I was just turned twelve months old I did it, somehow."

"Oh, poor girl! My dearest!" His arm from the back of her chair came round her shoulder quickly.

"In one way, when Aunt Selinah told me, it made me glad I had refused you, Louis. You see, I should have had to take back my word. And yet I longed so much—I don't know why—I longed to hear you say—to know that it made no difference!"

"A difference? My darling!"

"Yes, but I can't explain the feeling; it seems absurd, doesn't it? . . . Did you tell father you had asked me to marry you?"

"He wished it," Louis answered, paling.

She spoke hurriedly. "Oh, Louis, I'm sometimes afraid of myself! It's so plain, isn't it, that we can't let him be unselfish about it—I mean that I can't. Don't you think so? I do so much want you to stand by me, Louis, and tell me I'm doing right. I know it myself, of course; but with father against me, I—Dear Louis," she looked into his eyes, so near that their breaths mingled, "you love him, I know. Think! If you had done it instead of me!" Her eyes fluttered and fell.

"It isn't easy, dear!" she whispered.

The cry of her love confessed in that quick exclamation, the appeal to his chivalry, struck upon sad desire like a kiss unlooked-for at the stake.

"How stand by you?" he breathed.

"Help me, Louis—to do what I must. You might tell father we. . . ."

Suddenly Joyce was aware of what a great thing she asked him; and halted, drawing back confused. There came a dire pause.

"Yes, I will stand by you."

He rose from his knees, however, and she rose too.

"If you ask it of me," he firmly said, "it shall be as if there were nothing between us; I mean as if there had been nothing."

"No, no, I don't, I couldn't ask that!" she said quickly, very pale. "But you approve, Louis? It must be as I see it should; you think so, don't you?"

"You must do what your heart tells you, Joyce."

"But you?"

His lip trembled. "I will stand by you."

After a hesitation she said, "Forgive me, Louis, but oh! that's not quite all. Will you . . .? If father speaks to you, will you help me?"

She supplicated with a face of pain.

"I meant that," he replied. "But I can't deny that I love you."

"It is *because* you love me!" she said with proud eyes. "You are very noble, Louis, and . . . though I haven't told you,"—her glance was veiled, and the red came back to her beautiful cheeks—"I love you too."

He took her in his arms quietly; very tenderly. "Who would not be satisfied?" he whispered after a silence, and held her close, so that she felt his stormy breathing. "But can we hold out? . . . Ah! Joyce, you'll not get your way!"

"*Now* I shall," she answered looking up. . . . "May I kiss you, Louis?"

She kissed him on either cheek and on the brow, as she kissed her father; and he, mortally pale, gave nothing in return.

"Go now," he stammered. "We are agreed. I'm not myself, you see. . . . Will you?"

"Ah, you are brave!" said Joyce. And she did not dare to look at him; in a moment more she was gone.

Louis threw up his arms with a groan, and sank upon the chair where she had sat, bitterly sobbing.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE CAMPAIGN OF HEARTS

IT was Joyce who gave battle.

Stephen, a little unhinged, lacking the sureness of his old control of her, would have taken time to order his ideas. But her opportunity came after chapel. The snow and a deepening cold kept visitors away, and Louis had gone when tea was over. There, then, in the homely room which happy thoughts and pure affections beautified, this intimate discord widened, sounding its note of tragedy.

Even as Joyce began to speak, Stephen quailed. She began quite abruptly, without the endearments habitual between them, sitting a little removed from him; and she spoke in her mother's presence, confidently.

"Father, I should like you to have your mind at ease about Louis and me. I am sure you worry sometimes, though you never say much. Father, Louis thinks as I do."

Louis sank upon his chair

It was a bolt from the blue. He had quailed, and it stunned him. Grace, who was reading "The Holy War," laid the book upon her knee and looked at her child in amazement; but it was Grace who spoke first.

"Louis thinks as you do, Joyce!"

"Yes, mother. We talked this afternoon."

Stephen had supposed that he was dealing with a sentiment, not a purpose, much less an active and resolute purpose. Joyce's independent will had gone great lengths, and she utterly surprised him.

More and worse than that, he felt a personal pang. His authority had been gentle, a prerogative never claimed, exquisitely thoughtful of his daughter's pride and sensibility; she struck against it unfeelingly, despitefully, it seemed—and this when his heart was kindest. At painful cost he had surrendered one great thing in her, making himself less dear, willing to count as nothing if need were; and she flouted him, taking all, treating it

as nothing worth to him. Her innocence did not soften the blow. For a moment, dear though she was, he suffered the stab of a sharp ingratitude, sharp because she was so dear. It was that, more than the menace to his hopes, which astounded him. Out of doors, a wind had risen again ; and the keen sound of it was in his ears like part of what she said, whirling his thoughts in a wintry void where lost cries echoed. His heart stood still.

He heard her mother speaking. " How can you fashion, Joyce ? " his loyal and simpler helpmate said, close at hand. " You know your father's set his heart on seeing you wed."

That moved him tumultuously.

Joyce crimsoned, but he could not see that, or the solicitous look fixed upon his face. She talked on strangely, while he made an effort to seize her meaning—her thought of himself in it.

" We love you, father, and Louis is not selfish. I know you would be glad if we married, but, father, we shall be together almost the same, and we do love each other—dearly—as well as you. . . . So I — I want you to feel sure that we shouldn't ever be content away from you, either of us. You understand, don't you, father ? Louis does."

Louis ! But to Louis he had given his word. What mischief had she absolutely done ? Could Louis have deserted him, and let all hope in love be stifled ? He did not believe that.

But was she right ? Could she and Louis not be happy ?

She said so with entire sincerity, and only that could account for her boldness, or make its unconstraint seem reasonable. Oh, curse indeed of blindness if it were so !

" Yes," he said, " I partly understand, Joyce."

" Do you, mother ? " she asked next ; but Grace answered, almost fiercely :

" I understand your *father* willn't be content."

Joyce's heart misgave her. Again she crimsoned, watching him.

" Father knows," she said, " it isn't meant to pay for what I did to him. He talked me out of that. I know, now, that he doesn't need me, really. It's because I don't want to leave you, Father. I couldn't "—her voice trembled—" unless you told me I must ; or unless—Is it true, as mother says, that you'll be very much disappointed ? "

The distress of her simple question dispelled, once for all, his dark emotion ; and the blind man spoke like himself, putting all that easily out of mind.

" If you can make me think," said he, " that Louis and you are happiest as you are, of course I must be satisfied."

" Oh, I'm sure of it ! " she cried.

" Ah ! . . . Let me see. How long has Louis known you love him, dearie ? "

Joyce flushed as she told him, suddenly diffident.

" Four hours ! " he exclaimed. " You really did tell him ? Oh, then I see Time's on my side. Well ; I'll find you reasons why your minds may change and save your self-respect, my dear."

" But don't you understand, dear ? " she pleaded tremulously. " We see alike ; and if I found him changing I—I shouldn't respect *him !* Oh, I want you to think no more about it, Father ! Do you fancy I'm not in earnest when you joke ? "

He smiled.

" Father, I give you a promise——" she began.

" Stop ! " he held his hand up. " A promise must be taken as well as given, you know ; but I refuse it. Let me tell my mind now. Because it is fixed as firm as yours, dear ; and it was fixed long ago. I leave you free all the same, remember that ; neither your mother nor I will force your will, Joyce ; only, you're not as free as I meant to make you. No ! I'm not talking about that indiscretion of Aunt Selinah's now, or even about your love for me ; my own fond self-indulgence is to blame."

He paused, so grave that Joyce grew frightened.

" If this decision of yours and Louis's was taken for love of me, for love pure and simple, then I shan't be hurting you. To be free really, it should have been." He paused again. " If not, I must still tell you. . . . My dear, your stupid old Dad has to make a confession—not to you, mind, but to his own conscience. In time

past he took an extreme delight in your glad eyes, Joyce. He used them freely. Well, that can't always be. As they say in politics, that was an annexation. You're now grown up, Joyce; I think you're fairly qualified for self-government, eh? So, being benevolent though a despot, I give you freedom now without a war. That's the English way, you know."

Joyce heard him with a fast-beating heart. "What do you mean, Father?" she asked.

"I mean you're not the little Seychelle Islands, or even a rich possession like India, to be made the most of. You're to consider yourself, say, the daughter State of Australia, very ready to help in time of need, but independent of me."

"I wish," she said, "you wouldn't talk in riddles, dear," and went over to him quickly, kneeling to take his hands.

"You're saying something terrible, aren't you?"

He faltered. "Not very, darling. All I'm saying is that I can't take a mean advantage of you any longer. I think I put it grandiloquently so as not—to be too much ashamed."

Grace was weeping silently.

"Ashamed? Of using my eyes, was it?"

"No: of tampering with your birthright, Joyce. I was very welcome, I know, but it was wrong, though your kind heart will find excuses easily."

"You won't use my eyes any more, though I killed yours?"

He felt that the surgeon's knife was in his hand.

"You wouldn't compel me, Joyce? This is my poor repentance, you see; *my* way out. If I did so to please you, I'm afraid you would make me a very mean man; I did take a walk with you to-day. . . . Joyce, darling heart, I leave you free about Louis; you will be fair with me, won't you?"

He laid his hand upon her head lightly, and Joyce broke into passionate tears.

Stephen could say no more then. He stroked her hair, waiting, while she, poor child, sobbed out on his knees her grief of separation.

It was as bitter as death, perhaps; it lasted long and, left Joyce stupefied. Then the compassionate mother touched her on the shoulder, saying quietly, "There, Doy, kiss your father. He's wanting it, I know."

Joyce sprang to his neck, and the fight was lost and won.

"Ah, he comforted," said he when her tears had ceased. "What I was going to say, but we stopped talking—Listen, dearie." He spoke in her ear. "You shall give me eyes again; new eyes."

Almost as a mother laughs when the child is shown her, Joyce laughed on his arm.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE KING HOLDS A COURT

HAPPY Joyce, and soon-to-be-happy Louis! Happy people all of the Merrall household—except that other wilful maid, poor Aunt Selinah, quite shut out from what she cares about most in the world, the great mismanaged question of Joyce's "future."

Happy, simple-hearted people! Why should we now, deliberately, take leave of them? "The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried," said old Polonius—who had much worldly wisdom if no other—"grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;" and why not friends in a book? Although we know that all went well with them, being bound to do so, why must we drop the curtain, turn the pleasant lights down, and go home? They are not puppets, yet the show is ended.

Ring up again! Some scenes may still be shown.

And first a large one. Christmas Eve in the warehouse, and such a roar of merriment as Yorkshire voices make. An incredibly large dinner, cooked on fifty hearths at least, though Stephen is the host, has just been eaten heartily at six long trestled tables; a perfect miracle of organisation and good appetite, Louis being *major domo*. To Joyce and her mother belongs the praise of the decorations. These made of white-washed walls a hospitable palace, a place of utterly bewildering brightness and good will—such is the wealth of holly and gay devices, red cloth greetings, banners and coloured

lights and other bravery. The bazaar, they are saying, was nought to it. Why, it has cost pounds and pounds, never speak of the work there's in it. Now, this is a fair old Christmas, no stint, all merry together, all doing a bit towards it; and Black Dyke Band playing—nay, it caps all!

See yo', they're coming on 't platform—Hooray—ay—ay! Give it bell tinker! Let 'em hear on 't! Hay-ay-ay-ay!—and the tables dancing; Stephen Merrall's a right man-king. Louder, chaps! He's blind, but he can hear well, and t' floor'll stand it.

Why, they'll never stop! Look how pleased he is. Eh, God bless him!

One for Grace Merrall now. Another! Stephen' wife's a rare sort, wherever you pick. She's blushing like a young un!

One for Joyce! cry the women, the decorators. Joyce makes a shy little bow as the cheers resound, and looks at Louis. But Louis is quite silly, cheering there as if he led them; and he should be cheered if any one, not she!

A good one for Louis Knight! Hooy, lad! It roars out, Hear you; there's beef and pudding i' that! He's wielded this grand dinner well.

And so, with a mighty drumming of feet that gathers all in one strong music, the pæan ends reluctantly, diminuendo. And all sit down but Stephen Merrall.

There stands the blind King of Ousenup, the Music-maker; calm, great-hearted. His easy voice falls mellow and broadly cheerful on the silence. "Neighbours and our good friends! A man being known by the company he keeps, I think so well of myself, for one, that your cheering hardly bettered it. I was already as glad to be among you as a man could be, I thought. But then you cheered very gloriously those who are dearest to me; and then I knew what you felt and feel, and bowed my spirit, and thanked God for your good will to them and to me.

"There is only one good thing, and that is adding to other folks' happiness. That, of course, makes our Christmases. Here you are all about me, my own gradely folk whose work I know, every man, woman and proud half-timer of you—and what can I say? If you are all so happy, and like well to tell us of it, be sure we are far more so, having put you in that humour. 'Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and I want, first of all, to wish you a Merry Christmas and a good New Year."

A clamour of answering cries interrupts him.

"Next, I have to tell you something which I think will please you. We're very much one big family, after all, and this mill often seems to me a larger kind of house, with a lot of work doing. But the house is rather too large for my liking; I can't get a word with everybody. It was different in my father's time. My father used to say that he knew what every man was thinking, and what he'd had that day for breakfast. Though times are better now, I sometimes feel as if they made a stranger of me."

The allusion is vehemently denied.

"Well, you've banished that feeling, I confess. You are the children and grandchildren of my father's weavers, and you know all about us, I daresay, if we don't know quite so much as that about you. So I bade you here to-night to admit you to the family council."

Louis is pale, and so—with a difference, though—is Aunt Selinah, who does not know what is coming and feels acutely miserable. But Joyce glows

"We intend to make two changes," Stephen says; "and one concerns you closely. . . . I am taking a partner."

Dead silence at this, very trying to Louis's nerves.

"That means giving you a new master, and you may reasonably be anxious. But you will understand that a man without eyes can only run a big business like ours by depending largely upon others, whom it is impossible to recompense in the ordinary way; and you will sympathise, I believe, with my awkward case. Now, if I brought in an unknown man, you might wonder if the old order——"

Does he hear it? Joyce does. A sibilant whisper from all over the room; they are all pronouncing a name with an "s" in it.

"——you might wonder if the old order

were giving place to something new and formidable. I don't intend that. There is one who, for a good many years now, has had a greater interest in the running of my mill than he would let me recognise. He is one of those diffident people who hide their lights under bushels. But he has never spared himself. As it exists now, the business is more of his making than of mine; indeed, I think it must have come to an end without him. You all know him, I don't even need to name him; you've seen him daily at my right hand; and I ask you——"

That surprising burst of applause, unprompted and swelling to a note of real enthusiasm, is a revelation of Louis's popularity great enough to turn young folks' heads.

How radiant Joyce's eyes are! And in all that audience only Aunt Selinah sits displeased; at the back of her mind even she, poor soul, chagrined as she must be, knows there is nothing for it but acquiescence, and so she smiles a pale grimace. Her aigret-beaded bonnet trembles. "Oh, Stephen, you might hear her groan if thoughts were audible. "I'm here, no doubt, for the look of things, and it might have been worse; but well I know why you didn't choose to warn me!"

"Ah," says Stephen, smiling. "I need make no appeal, I hear. We're all very much of one mind. And that brings me to my second piece of news easily, and more than ever proudly. It is chiefly for the wives and daughters, who take a particular interest, I believe, in news of this kind. I have found a son-in-law as well as a partner."

Rather a shock, Miss Merrall, but unavoidable.

And what do you say to that shrill clapping of hands, which lasts so long, and ends in a feminine babel? You did not lead there, hadn't a ghost of a notion opinion shaped itself that way. . . . But you are looking at Joyce, and—yes, she glances an eloquent appeal.

Those furtive tears become you, contrite lady, and not a soul will find them amiss! Grace, too, is plying her handkerchief. But Grace is all smiles; and so is Joyce, and red and pale by turns; and Louis is pale no longer, but a generous high colour; and suddenly old Ezra stands at one corner of the platform, stentoriously shouting, "Three cheers for t' Bride and Bridegroom! Hip-'ip-'ooray! Hooray! Hooray!"

Which cheers are immensely hearty, and no worse at all for being premature. Betty claps the old man on the back as he sits down.

Oh, yes, it is a rare Christmas! There has never been one like it in Ousenup.

Then Stephen calls on Louis, partner, son-in-law, and popular *major domo* aforesaid; and Louis says he hasn't got a speech ready for the wedding breakfast, and begins upon one prepared for the real occasion—but modestly breaks down. What he says besides, under the desperate necessity of saying something, neither he nor any one else can well remember afterwards, except one thing; so how should I record it all? But he is clapped for his good intentions, and does convey his actual meaning; which is that he is the happiest, the most preposterously lucky, and by far the most grateful, responsible and flabbergasted young man in England, if they will kindly excuse him.

"My wife that is to be," he says, however—very deliberate as to this—"I shall owe to a special and great unselfishness, which I must be allowed to speak about because—because I am now on my legs and can say what I like. Some of you have parted with daughters, one or two with only daughters. I'm afraid we marrying men are apt to take possession as a matter of course when they give leave. But can you realise, any of you, what this surrender means in the case of our dear employer, Stephen Merrall? I, at all events, feel that he is giving up freely, magnanimously, one whose delight it was to cheer his blindness, and who made him continually forget it."

Ah, Joyce, dear child! It is your turn now to cry a little; but, after all, they are happy tears.

"He will have it so; and when Stephen Merrall makes his mind up, you know we have to bend. He has taken you into the family secrets, so I tell you that as one, for her and for myself; and I don't mind

owning, as some of you seem inclined to laugh, that I was never so glad to bend in all my life!"

"And now," says Stephen, when they have all got over this confession, "we'll have the tables moved, please, and make a floor for dancing."

Joyce at her chamber window muses

The rest of this you may imagine, save one scene—Joyce goes instantly to Aunt Selinah and kisses her. Aunt Selinah makes, as she would say, a fool of herself, and is presently led, rather tremulous, into the group of personal friends by whom Stephen and Louis have been at once surrounded. She gets a word in his ear.

"Well, Stephen, I'm punished."

"Ah, Selinah," says her brother, grasping the wasted arm, "never mind all that. You're forgiven long ago, and to-morrow's Christmas."

"I know," she replies with half a sob. "I was coming to dinner, Stephen."

* * * * *

Joyce did not lose her father; that fear

was foolish; and he has not lost Joyce. He sometimes comes to use her eyes again. She gained a second mother too, to whom, in love, she has given a place at the fireside.

And Joyce has now, in Louis's heart, a kingdom of her own; sits a queen there, and cannot share it. Old Ezra boasts of that. So does Betty. So, with a most surprising nerve, does Aunt Selinah. But Joyce herself is humble.

"To be a sweetness more desired than Spring,
A bodily beauty more acceptable
Than the wild rose-tree's arch that crowns the fell;
To be an essence more environing
Than wine's drained juice; a music ravishing
More than the passionate pulse of Philomel;
To be all this 'neath one soft bosom's swell
That is the flower of life:—how strange a thing."

Joyce at her chamber window muses so, in the sweet house dreamed of ere she clasped her mate. She greets a morn of June at the open casement, too happy for long sleeping. "Pure from the night and splendid for the day," Joyce "drew her curtains and began the dawn."

The nested birds, in ecstasy, are singing life's fulfilment; and, awed by pleasure of that, she turns for Louis's eyes. It is full light now, with shining hills and a sky of pearl.

The End

Photograph by *Kate Pragnell*

A Tier of Lakes in the Clouds

IF the reader will come with me to the heart of the Canadian Rocky Mountains I'll show him a marvel: a tier of lakes amid the clouds. We will require to utilize the Canadian Pacific Railway, and stop at a little rustic station called Laggan, nestling in the beautiful valley of the Bow River, and in the centre of a circle of mighty peaks. Our friend the trapper will take us in his buckboard over a decidedly up-grade road, and a rough one by the same token, to a Swiss-like *châlet* in the woods. A glacial stream tumbles noisily on the left of the climbing highway, and the tree-covered slopes of a foothill make a steep boundary on the right. A late train and a chasing thunder storm brings us into darkness that was not anticipated, calling for a complete faith in horses and driver, and the big mastiff that belonged to the outfit. At length the advance guard of rain drops is followed by a welcome shout and a cheery light—the shout emanating from the keeper of the *châlet*, and the light from a sputtering, blazing pile of logs in a generous fireplace. What a power of welcome, cheery welcome, there is in fire! and what a wealth of animal comfort in a good meal and a soft bed after a long journey!

Photograph by *Notman, Montreal*

Lake Louise, with Mount Lefroy and the Victoria Glacier

A morning of sky brightness succeeds a night of stormy blackness. The first outlook revealed a lake of indescribable loveliness and peace, mesmerized into a mirror-like placidity by the quietness of air and warmth of sun. Lake Louise lay sleeping in its bed of rock between the mountains, a triangle of milky green, with its farther point piercing a narrow valley,

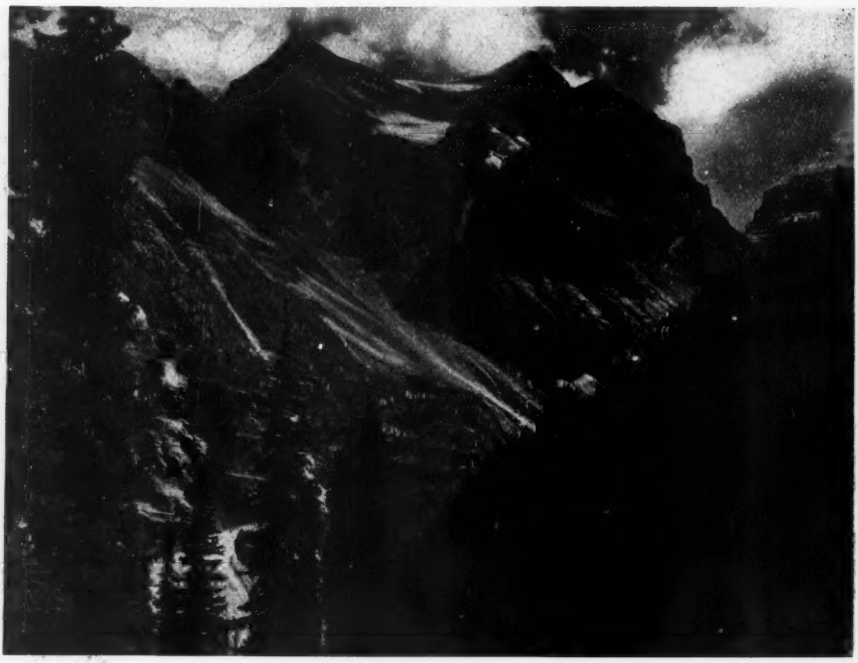
beyond which a monster glacier-encased wall blocked the way, forming the Great Divide of the Rockies. From the ridge up in the clouds one stream has its genesis and flows westward toward the Pacific Ocean; another flows eastward toward the Atlantic.

A boat moored to a little pier suggests its use, and we are soon furrowing a way across the lake. Keep to the right shore, advises the *châlet* man, for the left bank at the foot of the awful precipice is dangerous. The columned palisades of a mountain buttressing the lake carry at their base the evidence of many a terrific landslide and avalanche, and away up at the summit, where a vagrant cloud is idly floating, a pyramid of rock is already nearly separated from the main body of granite, making ready for a fall that will some day throw the little smiling body of water into a paroxysm and shake the foundations of the surrounding hills. On the gigantic pinnacle of this overhanging column a boulder of immense size is precariously balanced, and it will be the first to take the sheer leap of two thousand feet.

The only sound is the roar of a waterfall, deadened by its hidden passage through a forest, and even its voice fades away as a ledge of rock is rounded. Then it becomes a silent land with scarce a breath from Nature. And here Nature is colossal—mighty upheavals terrifying one by their massive majesty and supreme height, and such a silence, one conceives, as the Creator surrounded Himself with in the first world-days:

> How massively doth awful Nature pile
> The living rock, like some cathedral aisle,
> Sacred to silence.

The quiet that is in the starry sky is over the snow-mantled mountains, too, until a deep reverberation startles one from dreaming, as an avalanche falls

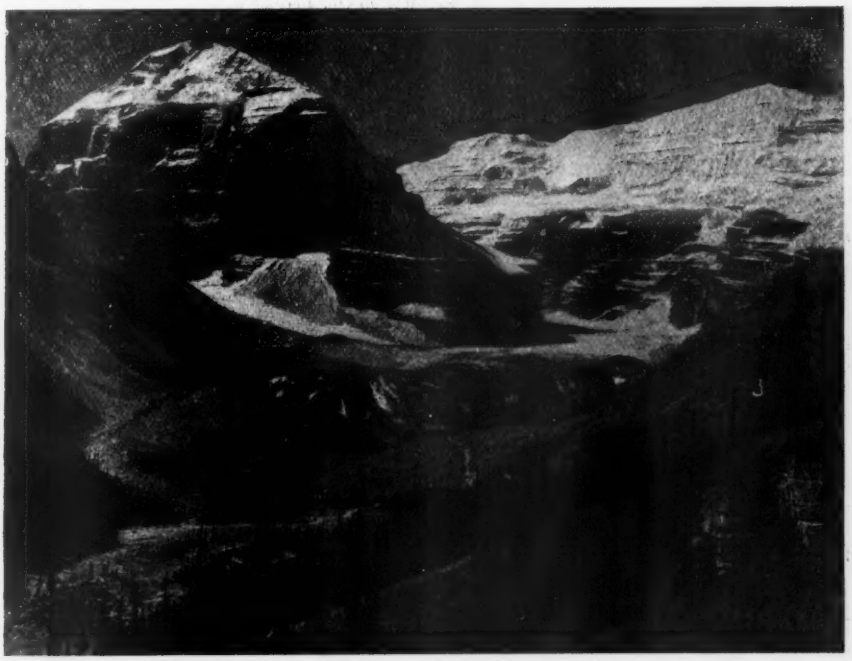


Photograph by *Notman, Montreal*

Castle Crags and Hazel Peak

from some dizzy height to an unfathomed depth, thundering and echoing as it falls. It is a fear-thrilling sound, coming so suddenly upon a noiseless world, and the heart beats quicker as the blood tingles and the brain throbs. Then, as the sun mounts to its highest point in the heavens, other masses, loosened from their hold, tumble into other profound canyons and again waken all the dormant voices of the hills. It is Nature in motion, and when the everlasting peaks shed but a fragment of their ice coating, puny man halts terrified at the exhibition of an infinitude of power.

Returning to the *châlet*, a line of pack-ponies and a trusty guide are ready, and a procession of three starts on another climb to another terrace and another lake. It is the steepest ascent we have ever experienced on horseback, amid a dense forest of balsam and firs, and through the domain of the Rocky Mountain bear. But a couple of weeks before, an old grizzly, who had defied the hunters for many years, met his fate near the hotel, but not until a score of bullets had pierced his flank. The old fellow weighed 600 lbs., even in a lean condition. In his prime of youth and size he must have been a king among his kind. As we proceeded, it was reassuring to find that the ponies could climb up a ladder of rock or turf as safely as walk down again, though the experiment was a constant strain on the faith of certain tenderfoot riders. An occasional glimpse through an opening in the trees showed that the relative positions of Lake Louise and its barricading hills were changing—the former growing smaller and smaller, and the latter coming nearer. The trail then led us up to Mirror Lake, a circular gem of transparent blue, receiving its icy waters from a fall only to empty them out on the other side into the sister lake on the lower level.

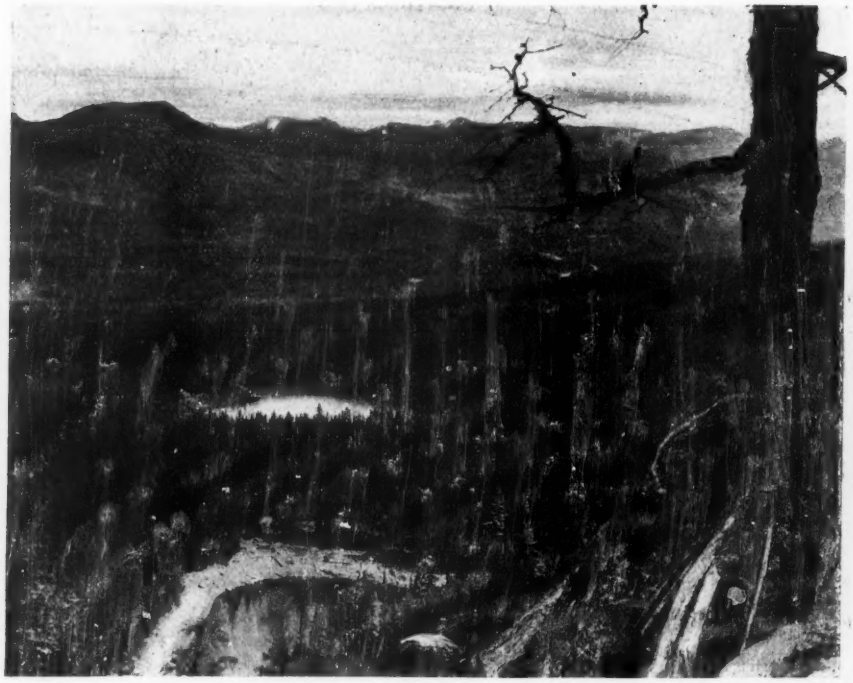


Photograph by *Notman, Montreal*

The Victoria Glacier and Hazel Peak, above Lake Louise

A few hundred feet higher the ponies have left the tree line below them, and are picking their way slowly over the boulders of a landslide that had swept every vestige of tree and stump away in its wild descent, leaving behind only the rough stones that once belonged to a higher altitude. A short distance away a whistling badger issues his shrill note and answers saucily to the imitative whistle of the guide. Suddenly the discovery is made that a precipice is startlingly near on the right, and a rapid nervous glance shows Mirror Lake far below. Over a trail of loose stones the ponies continue to pick their way, ever climbing higher along the face of the great Bee-Hive Cliff. One begins to wonder many things: how much higher the man in front intends to lead us, how many hundred feet of a fall awaits us, in case of an accident, and what would be left of a mortal if he were to take the plunge! The breath comes more quickly and the heart works up higher than its normal position until a dismount is ordered in front of a sheer cliff, and while the horses wait, we climb by means of a mountaineer's rope over the rocky obstruction, and reaching a still higher level, what then?

Another lake on a terrace—Lake Agnes—completing the wonderful trio, fourteen hundred feet from the valley, and nestling securely in an encirclement of mountains that enclose it on three sides. It is the region of the mountain goat and the big horn sheep of the Rockies. The twin peaks of White and Niblock form between them a saddle-back fit for a Norse god to use. Exactly where we stood a waterfall was born and tumbled precipitously to Mirror Lake far below.



Photograph by *Notman, Montreal*

Panoramic View from Lake Agnes showing Mirror Lake and Lake Louise

Here it was, standing on the brink of a precipice, that we beheld the marvel we had come far to see: the triple alliance of lakes, each on its own tier, each with its

own colour and beauty, each in a great granite reservoir. We saw, too, the connecting cascades, the remnants of the avalanches of former years, the forest unblanched as yet by devastating fires. We saw almost within touch of the hand the sandstone Bee-Hive, tapering to a cone 2,000 feet above. Taking a wider range of vision, there was revealed the God-made circle of peaks, and the ribbon of silver forming the stream that pours from Lake Louise into the Bow River, bordered on the North by vast mountain ranges leaning against the sky.

Returning down the steep path, after receiving the baptism of a wild little snow storm that raged while the sun shone all around, Lake Louise was blushing like a maiden whose cheeks are sensitive to every glance as each passing cloud, in league with the sun, left its impress upon its surface. The glacier on Mount Lefroy took on a new form as a storm gathered on its ridge, and, driven by a racing upper current, formed the figure of a gigantic hen fighting a chicken-loving hawk, but before the battle was decided, the hawk flew away into the mist, the hen was transformed into a swan, and the swan was swallowed up in a whirl of cloud that wrapped Lefroy and its ice from our sight. And as the trapper-driver hurried us down to the lower slopes to the station, in the rapidly closing dusk, everything faded out of vision, except the hoary summit of Mount Temple, receiving a glorious flood of moonlight on its glittering crown. And as we were at last whirled away to other scenes, the heart offered a prayer and the soul instinctively swelled with the thought that all we had seen was the handiwork of God, "who by His strength setteth fast the mountains and cutteth out rivers among the rocks."

FRANK YEIGH.

Photograph by *Notman, Montreal*

Scene in the Rockies showing Lake Agnes

The Romance of a Bible Manuscript

"The Devotion of Thecla," the Story of the Codex Alexandrinus

NOTE.—Chief amongst the many ancient copies of the Scriptures, in determining the true text of the Bible, stand four famous Codices, each one, strange to say, in the possession of a branch of the Church. They are the oldest copies of the Holy Books known, and are written in "uncials" or capital letters. There is one, "Codex Sinaiticus," belonging to the Greek Church, now at St. Petersburg; another "Codex Vaticanus" at Rome; and thirdly, the priceless treasure of England, the "Codex Alexandrinus," in the British Museum. This famous copy was given by the patriarch of Constantinople to Charles I. in 1627. It is written, of course, in Greek, and contains nearly the whole of the Old and New Testaments, with one or two other books once read in the Church.

On the first sheet there is an Arabic Inscription stating that this book was written by "Thecla the Martyr," and the Patriarch of Constantinople, in presenting it to the English king, stated that she was a virgin, daughter of a famous Greek, named Abgierienos, "a devout and learned maid, who founded the monastery in Egypt upon Pharoas tower . . . and who died not long after the council of Nicea."

Little else is known about her, but she must have taken part in all the incidents in the following story, which are taken from the eventful history of Alexandria, during the half century that followed the death of the first Christian Emperor, Constantine, and whilst Thecla was alive.

Every detail of the following story—the escape of Athanasius—the advertisement of Julian—the cutting of the boy's hair—may be found in the ancient histories of the Church.

"FOR *His mercy endureth for ever*"—the response to each verse of that 136th Psalm thundered from the lips of the congregation. Women with pallid cheeks, and children with frightened eyes, men of every class, from the porters on the quays to the wool-carders, and minters, stood there in the darkened Church of St. Theonas, on Thursday the 8th of February, A.D. 356, in the city of Alexandria, singing the grand uplifting words, while death hammered at the doors.

"*Who remembered us when we were in trouble—*
For His mercy endureth for ever.
And delivereth us from our enemies—
For His mercy endureth for ever."

Thus they sang, whilst the heavy doors resounded with the beating of spear and axe, and the voices of 5,000 soldiers cried "Open! Open! Give us up Athanasius."

He, Athanasius, their dearly loved bishop, a little grey-haired man, sat on his throne by the great altar, with calm exalted face. This was not the first time that he had been hunted out of his see by the enemies of the orthodox faith—it would not be the last. But to the end of his days, he would prove true to his allegiance, unswerving in upholding the Faith in the Blessed Trinity—aye, even if it must be "*Athanasius contra mundum.*"

"*For His mercy*"—it was the last line—and the doors crashed in; the yelling soldiers poured into the church. A flight of arrows, a shower of spears—the cries and groans of wounded and dying—confusion and uproar, as the armed men swarmed over the bodies of their victims, hunting for the "little bishop." Many valiant arms were raised to keep them back; many stood in a solid phalanx round the altar at the east end—but their devotion was unnecessary; for it seemed as if Athanasius had vanished. The soldiers searched in vain. At the moment of the soldiers' entrance, he had risen from his seat, and driven off his feet in the méleè, he had fallen senseless to the ground and lay buried beneath the bodies of the slain, to escape later in the night, and to lie in hiding until, in God's time, he was recalled to his work.

Syrianus, the commander, with a deep oath, at last gave his men the order to leave the Church, and as they turned sulkily away, he cried aloud: "Athanasius is no longer bishop—George of Cappadocia is commended by the Emperor—and enters the bishopric to-morrow."

"Arian and heretic," muttered one panting Christian in the shadows of the colonnade.

"Pork-butcher," whispered another. "Then there will still be no peace for the orthodox. He is a fanatic. Better far the old heathen persecutions, which united all who believed in God, than these heartless quarrels under a Christian Empire."

A shrill cry near by attracted their attention. The Church was nearly deserted, and the two speakers hurried in the direction of the sounds. An officer held by the waist a young girl, who was striving to rid herself of his embrace. The two men ran towards them. "'Tis Sebastian," cried one. "What," he shouted angrily, "Is murder not sufficient for you here that you must stoop to worse things in the house of God," he cried, and bending, snatched a spear from the floor.

But the girl shook herself free. "Go, sir," she panted. "Go—shed no more blood, and—and—I pray God I may see your face no more."

The officer bowed with a mocking sneer. "I commend you to your protectors," he said, "for the present. I have my duty to see to. Meanwhile, maiden, I shall look to see you later when you have collected yourself, and soothed that radiant beauty. Remember—I am your guardian."

He turned on his heel, and clanked out of the church; but the girl sank on her knees, shuddering. The two men looked one another in the face, in silence. They knew this girl by sight: Thecla, the daughter of the Greek Scholar Abgierienos, whose body lay only two days in the grave.

The younger man, Didorus by name, at last broke the silence.

"Lady," he said, "we would see you safe home. The streets are not safe with these soldiers, and the Arian mob let loose. We are Christians—your fellow-worshippers here."

Thecla arose and adjusted her dishevelled dress. "I thank you, sirs," she said, "for your interference and protection. If one of you would see me as far as the North Quay, I shall be safe then."

Didorus made a step forward impulsively, and his companion, with a whimsical smile at his youthful impetuosity, drew back and said farewell. The young man took Thecla's hand, and led her down the dark colonnade. Already parties of friends were searching for the dead and wounded, but their torches only served to emphasise the gloom.

For some time, they threaded the streets in silence, passing quietly down the byeways. It was a cold night, even for Egypt, and in the still air, the shouts and uproar of the Arian quarter could be heard distinctly. The Alexandrian mob was at its pleasure—rioting.

Didorus was thinking of Sebastian the officer. It was strange that of all the night's excitement, this last incident should be the one which filled the young man's mind. The killing of the Christians, the mystery of Athanasius' escape had faded into the background of his mental picture, and all he saw was the young girl struggling in the arms of her guardian, Sebastian—he knew him well. By profession a soldier, by faith a heretic, he had gained his position by hanging at the backstairs of the Arian bishop's house, ready to intrigue with the Government, ready to soil his hands in any dirty work, to maintain his position.

"Lady," he said at last, "I see you do not need warning against Sebastian."

"Nay," she replied, her breast heaving as she spoke. "I know only too well what sort of a man he is. But sir, I am friendless, powerless, and in his hands."

Didorus looked at her, and the pale beauty of her Grecian face entered deep into his soul. "I understand in part," he said. "I know that you have just lost your father—but, if I may dare to intrude, (and I swear to you, lady, I would willingly help you), I would ask how Sebastian comes to know you."

"My father was my only relative," said the girl, "and as you know he was a great

scholar. Sebastian has been scheming with George the Arian bishop against Athanasius. That much you know already. Six months ago, George, who is a would-be bibliophile, sent Sebastian to my father over the purchase of a rare Septuagint. I—I curse the day; for since then, Sebastian has found opportunity to come often. He asked for my hand. My father refused it to an Arian. Sebastian threatened, and blustered. My father was firm. But he died suddenly, and at once—but yesterday morning—this man came, saying that as my father had left me in the bishop's charge, and Athanasius was to be deposed to make room for George—(you know he has been waiting at Heliopolis for months, stirring up the Arian party)—George was therefore my guardian, and he—O God—he had entrusted me to him—to Sebastian. How helpless I am."

She fell to weeping softly. Didorus ground his teeth at the thought. To leave this girl at the mercy of a man like Sebastian was impossible. "Lady," he said, "there is much that may happen in these next few weeks. George may not long be bishop. We shall pray without ceasing that Athanasius may be restored to us. If you could be safe from your enemy for a while, things might alter."

"Listen," he continued, "my mother is still alive. She lives at the North Tower. I am one of the city architects, and those are the rooms allotted to me. Dare you let me take you to her? She would protect you—as our guest, Sebastian could not touch you. She would welcome you—I feel sure—would love you—as a daughter," he added under his breath.

A deep blush rose to the girl's olive cheek in the dark, her heart beat faster. But this was no time for coquetry, and she laid her hand in his, saying, "I thank you, sir, from the bottom of my heart. Take me to her now."

II.

Sebastian's fury, when he found that the girl had passed out of his control, knew no bounds. But she was safe, although her property, such as it was, remained still under the trusteeship of George. The latter had entered Alexandria on the next day with great pomp, escorted by an army of soldiers, lest the Christian populace should cause any disturbance.

But though there had been murmurs in the great crowd that watched his progress, there was no outbreak, and he had reached the bishop's house unmolested. He was an extraordinary man, vain of his rise in the world, (for he had started in very truth as a small pork-dealer), desirous of being taken for a great theologian, for which reason, he had amassed a famous library which afterwards passed into the hands of the Emperor, and he was hated both by the heathen and the orthodox Church for his zeal and devotion to his own "doxy."

The very first night after his arrival, the great heathen temple of Serapis was stripped and robbed of its idolatrous treasures by his Arian supporters, rousing the heathen quarter to a white heat. But, deeming himself safe, he calmly gave out that he would demolish all the heathen shrines in the city, if only God gave him strength and time.

Meanwhile, on the other side, he issued an order that the orthodox were not to refrain from communion with him, on peril of imprisonment and fine; and he gave orders, that any company of Christians found gathered together anywhere outside his churches was to be dispersed by force.

The state of chaos in Alexandria may well be imagined. The Christian community, naturally, refused to enter into communion with an Arian, with one, that is, who denied that Jesus was the Son of God, perfect God and perfect Man; and the heathen populace, on their part, nursed their anger against the man who had no respect for the ancient gods of Egypt.

It was a time of anarchy and riot. It was a time when any man who had a grudge against a neighbour could find opportunity to settle it under an easy pretext. Sebastian, like many another unprincipled man, found his chance. He watched in vain for Thecla's appearance at the services in the church of St. Theonas; and ere long, discovered that she and others were in the habit of meeting in a secluded spot on the foreshore for their

The Officer bowed with a mocking sneer

services. A hint to George put him in possession of the authority he wanted, and one night, as the Christians knelt at prayer, he came upon them with his men. Didorus was knocked down and stunned, and Thecla, screaming, found herself carried off by her enemy, and lodged, much to Sebastian's chagrin, but by the bishop's orders, in his palace. Here Sebastian hoped to pursue his unwelcome suit, and hither came Didorus the next morning, with his head still bandaged, to do what he could for the woman whom he had learnt to love.

It was a strange scene in the bishop's ante-room. There were suppliants of every kind, beggars waiting for their doles, merchants, monks, officers from the Governor's house, the little knot of Christians arrested on the previous evening, Jews and heathen, even some of the tonsured priests from the Egyptian temples. These last had come to lay new complaints against the Arian mob. But on this day, they were not suppliants, there was no cringing in their attitude; they conferred with the officials from the court, and there was covert triumph in their eyes. Something was in the air.

As they waited for George to appear, or for his secretary to bid them enter one at a time, a sudden confusion arose amongst the crowd at the door and a bronzed, bearded sailor, thrust his way through.

"Where is the holy bishop?" he cried, in his deep sea voice. "My lord—my lord—George—hearken unto me. I have news—news—these landsmen must wait."

The uproar he made brought the Secretary from the inner room in a hurry. The sailor advanced and whispered hoarsely into his ear. Without a word the secretary ushered him beyond the curtains. The heathen looked at each other meaningly. Silence fell, and through the archway the sailor's voice could be heard, as he presented the messsage he had brought.

"It's true, my lord," he said, "we heard it as we came away from Ostia; and this message came from the Church, just as we were hauling up anchor. Yes, he's Emperor, sure enough, and he's in earnest too."

The bishop's voice rose angrily, defiantly. "Though an host of men came against me," he said, "yet shall not my heart be afraid."

He came from his room, glaring angrily at the heathen in the apartment.

"I see," he said, with a quick glance round," that some of you know the news. Think you I am perturbed? Not I. I go on the way in which my feet are set. I alter not an iota of my purposes. Julian is Emperor in Constantius's room. Julian, Apostate, brought up as a Christian, but now an idolater. He swears to bring back the world to its ancient allegiance to the old gods. Let him try. Here I have word of his new laws. We will keep them. He forbids our children to be taught the classics. Good; have we no Scriptures of God's own, that we must go to heathen writers for an alphabet? The clergy are no longer exempt from taxation. We shall count it glory to suffer any loss under a heathen Emperor. The heathen temples are to be restored and the Churches are to pay the cost. Restored they shall be, but into houses of the true God. The Serapium itself shall be a Christian Temple when the time is ripe. But before they can thus be restored, they must be cleansed. The cleansing shall be ours. I passed but yesterday the evil shrine of the Genius of Alexandria—and I say now to orthodox and Arian, to Heathen and Jew alike—how long shall this accursed worship pollute the Christian city? Are there none bold enough, faithful enough, to stand with Jehu, and Jehoshaphat, with Hezekiah, aye with the Master Himself, to put away the foul abominations and make this place indeed a house of prayer?"

The beggars and the lower class of Christians raised a shout; they were easily carried away by the enthusiastic rhetoric of the bishop. The priests clenched their hands in rage. "Julian shall know," they hissed, and deliberately turning their backs upon George, they swept from his house.

The rest looked eagerly at their bishop. Against a common enemy, perhaps Arian and Christian might combine. George paced upon and down the room, muttering

and anathematising. At last, he turned to the crowd.

"Your duty is clear for to-day," he said, "or for to-night. Go and do it. Let Julian know that ye are sons of men who have suffered unto death, be ye Christian or Arian, fools or wise. Stand by your Faith."

Didorus came forward and knelt at George's feet, as the rest left the room.

"Begone," said the bishop, as his eye fell on him, "have I not said?"

"I have another task first, my lord," said Didorus. "Last night, your men attacked us at our worship. They carried off prisoners. Amongst them a girl, Thecla. I come to demand her release."

The Christian prisoners still stood near the door, guarded, but Thecla was not among them. "Demand?" began the bishop angrily, but his face softened. "Come this way, Christian, and I will show you the girl whom you seek."

He led the way into his private room, and there to his astonishment, Didorus, found Thecla, sitting at a desk; her face was pale and worn, but she was engrossed in her work. A new parchment, in sheets, lay on the desk and she was engaged in copying upon it, from the roll in front of her. As she looked up, and caught sight of Didorus, her face grew still whiter.

"I try to be faithful to my duty," said George, "and when this girl was brought hither, with the rest, heretic as she is, I heard her tale. I know Sebastian. I knew her father—a better scholar never lived." Didorus was taken aback by the bishop's unlooked-for gentleness.

"What are you doing, Thecla?" he said. "I —I don't understand."

"The bishop found time in all his work to do me justice," she said. "Arian as he is, he is just. I—I—told him that—that——"

She hesitated and stammered and blushed. A light leapt into Didorus' eyes. The truth flashed upon him. No word of love had passed between them; for he had refused to take advantage of her position in his mother's house. Sebastian had demanded her hand from the bishop, without a doubt, and as her only resort, she had told him—ah, what? He moved swiftly forward and took her hand. "Sweet maid," he whispered. "Dear Thecla, did you tell him what I have not dared to say—was that it?"

She smiled a timid assent. "Oh, was ever a woman like thee?" he exclaimed rapturously, and turning with glowing face to George, "My Lord," he continued, "she has told you the truth. We love one another, and we desire nothing better than to make our provisio" (formal betrothal) "now—unless," he added, "unless you would make our love an excuse for converting us."

George smiled. "My son," he said, "if you become Arian, I shall thank God; but in this case we are simply man and man. I have always had a tender feeling for true love. 'Tis my weak spot. And then I knew her father—and I know Sebastian. Go, sir, take the girl with you. And in the times of peril that await us, do your duty to the God whom we both worship, and to the Lord Christ, whom we both revere, though we define Him differently."

"Remember," he added, "I expect you to play the man. If these troubles that impend pass by, then I shall have to enforce harder measures upon all who uphold Athanasius against me. And I shall do my duty. But to-day, my way lies otherwhere."

As they left the apartment overwhelmed with conflicting feelings, he called Thecla back. "Take up your parchments," he said, "and take your copy. 'Twas your father's once, and I restore it to you. This maybe is your task. If Julian forbids our children the ordinary means of education, then all the more must we multiply our copies of the Scriptures to teach them by. Already at Rome, Victorinus has issued poems and hymns to take the place of Julian's forbidden classics. Do you on your part copy the Holy Books themselves."

As they went home, Didorus asked, "Do you hate him—or do you love him, Thecla, that strange bishop? For my part, when I think of Athanasius, my blood boils; but when I think of his earnestness—and his care of you—I know not what to think."

"God makes man of many strange admixtures," said Thecla, slowly. "We must respect this man, Arian though he is. We owe him much. But we must be true to our Faith—true to the very end, Didorus."

III.

So on that fateful day, these two found a happiness which Thecla never afterwards forgot. But the sunset brought a storm.

Sebastian, enraged at the bishop's treatment, for George had not scrupled to tell him what he thought of him, after he had heard Thecla's tale, stole away from the palace to the Temple of Fortune, and there, bent on revenge, he suggested to the priests what their policy should be; and so, as the day passed, the news fled from heathen to heathen, that Julian was ruler—and that they might free themselves from George's intolerable yoke. Meanwhile amongst the Arians, George's inflammatory words were being repeated; and later in the day, these men, the mob of Alexandria, determined to make the news an occasion for a manifestation of their zeal for the Faith. It was to end disastrously.

The spark that lit the conflagration began, strange to say, on the building where Didorus was at work. He had seen Thecla safely home, and taking up his plans, had gone to his work. He employed a number of Christian boys as bricklayers and plasterers; many of them belonging to one of the city guilds, started by Athanasius. At mid-day, when all the workmen left off during the heat of the sun, Didorus noticed that two or three men were busy posting notices upon the walls of the houses opposite, and his lads were clustered round them. One of the men wore the shaven crown of a heathen priest, and Didorus moved from his office to see the notice. To his consternation, it was an advertisement from the Temple central Corporation, issued by the authority of Julian, offering a high rate of wages for boys with good voices to sing in the Temple choirs.

(Note.—Julian's letter to Eodicius, the Prefect, with regard to this very advertisement may still be read.)

With a fierce gesture, Didorus tore down the offensive notices, his heart burning at the attempt to bribe his boys from their Faith, and as the heathen priest approached him, threatening to denounce him, if he persisted, Didorus called the lads round him.

"Boys," he cried. "Do you see what they would have you do? They would turn you into Judases. They would have you betray your Master for Julian's pay. But the boys who sing in these idolatrous shrines must be unshorn. Cut your hair now, rather than let yourselves be seduced by this bribe. The Master said, "Better to cut off arm or foot, than enter into hell-fire." Now, who will be shorn for Him?"

Two or three boys came forward immediately, and Didorus with his own hand cut their long curls short. Then his spirit seemed to animate them all and in a moment, partly in boyish fun, partly in earnest, they fell to work upon one another.

The priest and his confederates hurried, cursing, from the scene; it was only what they had expected, and they were prepared. Before the task was over, there arose the noise of voices from the purlieus of the temple not far away. The noise grew to a thunder of voices, and a crowd of fanatics poured round the corner of the street into the area of the new buildings.

"Down with the Christians. Seize the blasphemers. They mock at the gods. Julian is king. Julian—Julian! Down with Christ. Away with the Cross. The old gods are back."

The swiftness with which the murderous uproar and excitement spread among the Alexandrian populace was proverbial. They launched themselves upon Didorus and his men. One of the lads, with shaven head, fell with a scream; and a blood-stained smith, a moment afterwards, held up a dripping body. "Death to the Christians," he cried, and flung the corpse into the crowd. Where the blood fell, it roused madness, and the lust for murder.

The priests took care to save Didorus. Wounded and red, he was dragged along bound, towards the bishop's house, for the crowd, once roused, demanded vengeance there. From every alley, from every slum and bye-way, fresh numbers

joined the seething mob, their pent-up passions loose at last. Outside the Church of St. Theonas, another body of men joined the rioters; they bore on a donkey in their midst the disfigured corpse of the manager of the bank, slain because he had cast out from his offices, the altar to the Genius of the Emperor, which the priests had been authorised to plant there that morning. . . .

The Christian attendants, and the monks were torn to pieces, except a few who fled; and the Bishop, George, was cast into the prison, with Didorus, only saved from immediate death by the extreme exertions of the heathen priests, backed by an escort of soldiers.

There, in terrible misery, they passed the night in company with a few other prisoners. In the darkness and heat of that cell, they fell to talking with one another; and, so strange is human nature, George thought it the opportunity to try and convince Didorus of his false theology. It was an extraordinary conversation, but not unique in human history. Two men, heedless of the shadow of death, arguing heatedly, passionately, with one another. Didorus striving to be cool, knowing full well that only a belief in the Son of God, made Man, suffering Himself imprisonment and mocking and death, could sustain him now. George, with the zeal of an enthusiast, striving by every argument that could avail, to win one more brand from the burning, to his own narrow creed. In the midst of it, came the uproar of the crowd from without, the distant battering at the gates, the cries, faint but distinct: "Give us up the bishop. George! Pork-butcher! Come out and die—like one of your pigs."

Silence fell on the men as they listened. The dawn had come without. The wild beasts of Alexandria would not be baulked. It was George who spoke at last. "Didorus," he said in a whisper, "Friend, we are going together before the Judgment-Seat. Going where there is no theology—where the terms that men mishandle and misinterpret are known in absolute truth. We may not quarrel longer. Friend, clasp hands."

"Friend, brother, as we forgive them that trespass against us," answered Didorus, and then his mind wandering to the Tower on the Quay, "God keep thee, Thecla," he added, "God guard thee, safe—safe—till we meet beyond this troubling."

He took the bishop's hot sweating hand. The cries were nearer, the gates were open—or down. The two men stood up. "I believe in God the Father," said George, and his companion took up the words, "and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord."

Thus they chanted that ancient Creed, still called "Of the Apostles," and thus they were found by the bloody mob who swarmed into their cell.

IV

And Thecla—what of her?

The violence of the heathen mob passed her by; for within twenty-four hours, the prefect of the city had stopped the outbreak. Julian's orders expressly forbade any assault of the Christians; and, when he heard of it, the Emperor visited the ringleaders with punishment.

In George's place, Athanasius came back, and in him Thecla found one who could give the only comfort that could solace her—the comfort that comes from the Man of Sorrows.

At the bishop's suggestion, she and the mother of Didorus formed a community of sisters whose work, besides tending the sick, consisted chiefly in copying out the Scriptures. It was during the stormy years that followed that she completed the book she had begun at the suggestion of an Arian Bishop.

Many years she lived, and grew to know of that happiness which is theirs who believe in no final parting in this world, because of a re-union in Christ in the world to come; and when, at last she passed, because by her life of patience and fortitude and hope, she had borne witness to the Faith in the Risen Lord, her name was set down at the end of her book as "Thecla, the Martyr, the Witness." What nobler title could a Christian earn?

S. N. Sedgwick.

The Parables of Jesus

XII—The Prodigal Son (*S. Luke xv.* 11-25)

WE come this month to the parable which may well be called the greatest of them all. To use the true and often quoted phrase, it is *Evangelium in Evangelio*—the Gospel within the Gospel. Unerring sureness of touch and faultless simplicity of language and imagery, these we have seen to be the literary characteristics of all the parables; and in these the parable of the Prodigal Son is supreme. Regarded as a mere fragment of human literature, it is an incomparable expression of the patience and generosity with which human love bears with and triumphs over human wilfulness and folly. But to the Christian, who knows Who it was Who told it, and of Whom it was told, it is something infinitely deeper. It is, as it were, a very sacrament of the Eternal Love of God. Not merely are we permitted to see in the generous love of a human father a distant type of the attitude of God towards His children; rather, the Eternal Father, "of whom every fatherhood in the world is named," speaking through the eternal "Word," Himself breathes through this story the assurance and the appeal of His own patient and all-embracing Love. It is this, so to say, sacramental presence of the Love of God in the story which gives it its immortal power. It is a parable to be appropriated by the spirit rather than expounded in words. The attempt seems vain indeed to give any exposition of it. The whole experience of the Christian life for nineteen centuries is its living commentary. We can only hope by recalling it reverently to our minds, by the use it may be of some fresh turn of thought or phrase, to renew and deepen its hold upon heart and conscience.

Doubtless it was at the moment intended to be a rebuke to the Pharisees and scribes, who had murmured, saying "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them!" Doubtless it had a reference to the position which the Jew and the Gentile were to take in regard to the preaching of the Gospel. It includes these temporary references, but it transcends them. It is spoken to human experience in every age. Therefore, the best method of treating it will be to unfold the response to it of our own conscience and of our own great need.

I. THE DEPARTURE FROM HOME.

The younger son "said to his father, 'Father, give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me.'" It was the craving of a false independence. He already possessed in the life of the home the full enjoyment of all his father's substance. Speaking later to the elder son, the father expressed the abundant generosity of that home life in the words "all that is mine is thine." The son would have been right to use and enjoy that substance to the full. But he was weary of the sense of dependence: he wished to be his own master. That was the beginning of his fall. And for us—"God is our Home," and in that home life all His gifts are freely bestowed upon us. We *can* use and enjoy them; nay, we *ought*. The marvellous endowments of our human nature—of the mind and of the senses, of love, and of beauty; all the marvels of this universe in which we live, which man half receives and half creates; these we are meant to know, to use, to enjoy. It is the very privilege of man to be able in some degree to "share God's rapture" in His creation, to see and know that it is "very good." "All that is mine is thine." We are meant to "taste the joys of life," to live in every thought and sense vividly and eagerly. "Vivens homo gloria Dei"—a living man, living to the utmost point of intensity, is the glory of God. But the life is to be realised in the home—in union with God the Father; conscious ever of His Presence, sharing His mind, and submissive to His Will. It is when we wish to take life with all its gifts and opportunities into our own hands, and use them apart from

God, when we wish to be our own masters, that we go wrong. "Give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me"—the making of this claim, whether in the history of the race or of the individual man, is the Fall. Jesus in this parable only repeats and vindicates in simple and homely language the truth of an older "parable"—the story of the first chapters of the Book of Genesis. When in the "fretful stir" of youth, aware of new and clamorous desires and impatient of restraints, we say in our heart, "I will enjoy life and have a good time in my own way; I will be my own master," we think that we are uttering the voice of our true and emancipated manhood; but, alas! we are only echoing the voice of the oldest delusion in the world. Some time or other we have all made that claim; perhaps somewhere in our lives we are making it still. Every time we make it we lose our Eden. We leave "God, who is our Home."

"And he divided unto them his living." The claim is allowed. The son can take his life and use it as he pleases, if he will. God will always acknowledge His own mysterious gift of freedom. It is needless, for it is useless, to ask why? God chose to make among His other creatures sons—beings "made in His own image"; only so from His creation could come the free love and praise and obedience which alone could satisfy that Love which is His very Life. For this great end—to use human modes of speech—He chose the risk of man's freedom. Only when we can say, "We would rather have been stones, or trees or beasts than sons of God" is there any place for our complaints; and may we not add that this is something which no one who has kept any spark of his true manhood alight within him would ever dare to say. "He divided unto them his living." It is the consequence of the greatness of God's Love and of man's destiny.

II. The Sojourn in the Far Country.

The "far country," as S. Augustine tersely said, "is forgetfulness of God." It is that state of being which S. Paul described as "alienated from the life of God." There are ultimately only two states of life—the one centred in God, when the life is obedient to the leading of God and is moving towards Him in thought, desire, and will; the other, centred in self, when the life resists the leading of God and is moving in thought, desire, and will away from God. Between these two states most men hover to and fro, but gradually the main motive of the will—God or self—carries them to the one or to the other. In proportion as God is becoming more and more the inspiration and the goal of all our activities, we realize the home-life for which we are made, and in which alone we can find joy and rest. In proportion as that inspiration and goal are becoming self we are taking our journey into the far country.

True, it is not always, perhaps not often, that a man pursues this journey recklessly to its last stage of degradation. Messengers of God—haunting memories of better days and better things, the example of better men, rebukes of conscience, warnings in the spirit and in the flesh—are sent to delay or divert his course. But the parable describes the lot of human nature choosing self and left to itself; and this, in order to give the great assurance that there is no stage in that mistaken journey from which a man cannot make his return to God and receive His welcome.

In interpreting the sojourn in the far country it is, alas! easy for most of us to use the lessons of our own experience. At first there was the "riotous living"—the thrill of indulged sensation, the excitement of new and unrestricted pleasure. But soon we learned that the resources of life were being wasted and spent, without any reward of real satisfaction. For indulgence only wears out the powers of enjoyment: it cannot satisfy them. Appetite only grows by what it feeds on. There is found to be, sooner or later, a "mighty famine," an insatiable hunger, in the far country. And the famine leads to slavery. He who set out to be his own master finds himself in the grasp of a tyrant. For there is no tyranny so lawless and pitiless as the tyranny of self-indulgence. The mere beasts are protected against the excess of their own

desires by the law of instinct. But if man once parts with the rule of reason and conscience, of God, there is no such limit to restrain and protect him. He knows that he is ruining himself, but he has sold himself to a master who acknowledges no law, feels no pity, and gives no wages of reward. The money-lover must go on accumulating long after the joy of acquisition has passed away. The man of mere ambition is doomed to fretfulness, to the pains of wounded pride, to the disease of envy, even when he knows that the hope of success to which he yielded himself can never be realized. The gambler is held in the vice of restless excitement. The drunkard becomes a sort of embodied thirst. The sensualist, struggle as he may, is the prey of unceasing suggestions of sin, which both entice and torment him, and he can neither resist nor satiate the gnawing pangs of lust. Lastly, tied as he is, hand and foot, to his sin, the sinner blindly obeys his master-sin, when it sends him into every sort of degradation. He who began by boasting "I will go my own way" is sent to feed swine, and is fain to fill his belly with the husks which the swine are eating.

S. Paul, in that terrible first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans holds up a flaming torch of judgment over the far country that we may see whither it leads. It marches with hell, for what is hell but this slavery to insatiable sin? "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; he that is filthy, let him be filthy still." For the sinner, under the tyranny of his sin, "enlarges his desires as hell, and is as death, and cannot be satisfied." I can never forget the words of a poor sinner who had just escaped from her life of sin, "You need not talk about hell: I know it; I've been there for five years."

This is the Nemesis of self-indulgence, of that false craving for independence. If we can think of any part of our life which we keep for ourselves and withhold from God, it is well for us to realise that there we are setting out upon a road to a far country where recklessness, hunger, slavery, degradation, death await us. "What fruit had ye then at that time in the things whereof ye are now ashamed? For the end of these things is death."

III. The Return.

At last "he came to himself." So we read of the prodigal in the parable. It is a profound word. Deep down within every man, tossed to and fro as he may be by the stress of his passions, there is this true self: neglected, forsaken, yet not destroyed. It is "the Man in men"—that image of God in which he was made. It is, as R. L. Stevenson says, "the thought of duty, the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbour, to his God; an ideal of decency to which he would rise, if it were possible, a limit of shame below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop." In every man, if we could but reach it, there is this surviving remnant of the true self. As even poor desperate Ratcliffe, in "The Heart of Midlothian," admits "A'body has a conscience though it may be ill wunnin at it." Once won and touched, it is true to its birth. It remembers its Home. We "come to ourselves" when we awake from this miserable feverish dream-life of sin, and realize its delusiveness and remember the real life of the Home to which in the truth of our being we belong. "When he came to himself he said, 'How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger."

Some of us, perhaps, can understand that exclamation from our own experience. We thought, it may be, of the forces, the flowers, the birds, of Nature, the "hired servants" in the Father's House, fulfilling quietly and tranquilly the will of God, and contrasted with their peace the restlessness and disorder of our self-chosen life. Or, we thought of the dutiful faithful men we knew, and longed for their steadfast simplicity; we shrank from the conviction that we were losing touch with them, and rapidly, if only in our secret lives, identifying ourselves with the fellowship of sin; and our heart cried, "O, shut not up my soul with the sinners." Then as our thought went back to the life of the Home, it concentrated itself on the centre of it all—the Father whom we had forsaken. Then remorse, in itself only bitter and hopeless, became contrition, the pain of

the soul which brings its own healing. At the remembrance of Him—of His patient Love in contrast with our shame—a strong emotion of penitent sorrow laid hold of us, and broke the chains of slavery, and, our heart's desire set free turned once again towards home. "Our soul is escaped, even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler: the snare is broken and we are delivered." "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, 'Father, I have sinned.'"

There is but one step more, and the return is achieved. But it is a step of supreme importance. In real contrition, in sincere confession, the soul has offered its desire of return But the will must turn that desire into act. It is just here that many a man has failed. It is not only by remorse, by sorrow, by confession, however sincere in its emotion, that we can make our escape from the far country. With the deliberate energy and concentration of the will we must rise up and leave it "He arose and came to his Father."

IV. THE RECONCILIATION.

"While he was yet afar off his father saw him and was moved with compassion and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." He was yet afar off, but he was moving towards home. The father, beholding that movement, accepts it on trust: it is the token that his son will finish the rest of the road. Therefore even there, still afar off, he meets him, welcomes, forgives, and restores. At the sound of this twentieth verse our spirit must surely bow in adoring reverence. In it, in words which go straight to the human heart, the Almighty and Eternal Father proclaims His sovereign mercy. In heart and will and character we sinful men are afar off; our penitence, for all its reality, is imperfect; our submission is incomplete. Yet if there be in us this movement of return from self to God, from the far country to the home, God accepts it. He takes us not for what we are, but for what we are coming to be. Because of that "faith"—that homeward look of the returning spirit—we are "justified," reckoned as already returned, and accepted as sons in the generosity of forgiving love. "God commendeth His Love towards us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

Do these words bring in thoughts and associations strange to the simplicity of the story? Is there any trace in it of that mysterious and perplexing doctrine of the Atonement? The question arises very naturally in our minds. But notice that the centre of the story is the experience of the prodigal, not of his father. The thoughts and the sorrows of the father's heart in these long days of his son's absence are veiled. But surely human sympathy can enable us in some degree to understand that background of the father's pain which lay behind his generous forgiveness. Ever since the day when his son had said "Divide the portion of thy substance," the burden of rejected love must have lain heavy upon the father's soul. The sad news of the young man's riotous living had reached the home. In proportion to his own goodness the father's anger must have mingled with his love and sorrow. There must have been in the secret place of his mind and heart some hard-won reconciliation between his hatred of the sin and his love of the son. Doubtless in after years some knowledge of it would reach the son in his new and deeper fellowship with his father. Thus in the inner meaning of the parable the fact which is emphasized is the infinite hope for the penitent, the assurance of his forgiveness, not the cost at which in the Mind of the Holy Father it is obtained. How can we either ignore or measure the cost of forgiveness in that region of Infinite Holiness withdrawn from our sight? Some means must have been found there by which the hatred of absolute Goodness for the sin can be reconciled with the yearning of infinite Love for the sinner. We can only know what He Himself has revealed. Hints there are given to us in the words and deeds of Him who came forth from that hidden heart of God, hints of the cost of divine sacrifice by which man has been redeemed from sin and his forgiveness has been bought. In such wise as human thought can grasp it, the Spirit of the Father has revealed to His Church—His household of returned sons—

the mystery of the cross. Reverently, if sometimes over-confidently, the Church has tried to express that mystery in words in a doctrine of the Atonement. Yet the great fact transcends all attempts to explain it. Before that Fact we can only bow the head in reverent and penitent adoration. It is enough to know that the Cross of Him who was Son of God and Son of Man is alike the awful revelation of what our sin means to the Love of God and the welcome assurance of the fulness of His pardon.

"And the son said unto him, 'Father, I have sinned.'" You will notice that it is after, not before, the embrace, that the confession comes. It is the goodness of God that leadeth to repentance. The answering love of the penitent son can only express itself in his confession. In all the joy of his home-coming, in all the after-years of loyal service, the memory of that moment would remain; that heart of penitence would never become hardened. True, he no longer uses the words of which he had thought in the far country—"make me as one of thy hired servants." For he knows that he has been already welcomed as a son. But it is this very fulness of the son's heart, assured already of the Father's forgiving love, that speaks in the confession. Thus, to the Christian, the confession of his sins is no doubtful, fearful, morbid effort to extract forgiveness from an offended Taskmaster. It is the spontaneous expression of his sonship. "For ye received not the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye received the spirit of adoption whereby we cry Abba, Father." It is that spirit of sonship which adds "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight."

"But the father said to his servants, "Bring forth quickly the best robe and put it on him.'" This was the father's answer to the son's confession: the absolution was the gift of the symbols of complete sonship. We know with what marvellous fulness this part of the parable has been fulfilled for us. The life of sonship is the Life of the Perfect Son given to us. It is with that Life by his absolution that the penitent sinner is clothed. The "ring" which is given, what is it but the earnest of his inheritance, the "Sealing" of the spirit? He is now a son in restored right, and that Spirit of the Eternal Son will gradually and in ever-deepening reality fulfil the true sonship within him. The embrace of the Father while the son was yet a great way off—this is what St. Paul calls "justification." The bestowal of the gifts of sonship—this is what he calls "sanctification." Never suppose that these great words, in which S. Paul summarised his own exultant experience, and which he bequeathed to Christian thought, are only the formulæ of barren doctrines. They are latent here in the very heart of the parable, which is the simplest unfolding of the Gospel of God's Love.

"And they began to be merry." For "there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." We have read again this old story of the Father's forgiving Love. Does it leave us untouched—a sound of words, beautiful indeed, but signifying nothing in our own actual lives? Or does it leave us with some echo in our hearts of that "music and dancing," some hymn of praise rising from our experience as men who have known the far country and have now come home again? C. G. STEPNEY.

The Shelf and the World

The Epistolary Form of Novel Writing—Watering-place Life—Little Boys and Little Girls—Brute Boy Triumphant—Pianism Rampant—The Seal—If I were Autocrat—Late Trains a Answering Letters—The Current Bradshaw—An Adventure with a Turkey—An Old Frenc Château.

MR. SWINBURNE'S novel, "Love's Cross Currents," has revived interest in the epistolary form of narrative, against which, so far as I have observed, the collective opinion of the critics is levelled. None the less many persons have been very glad to buy this book and read it; and I imagine that the novel in the form of letters, so long as it is done (as it usually is) with skill and lightness, will always find a fit audience, if not a very numerous one. To me the epistolary manner is very attractive, and I feel that there must be many good observers of life and shrewd commentators on it without the gift of progressive narrative who but for this way out would never be able to write fiction at all. I should like to see one good epistolary novel every year. It has always struck me as curious that Jane Austen did not try the experiment with more success than in "Lady Susan."

I write these lines in a little English town which is almost entirely inhabited by children. There are grown-up people, it is true, here and there, but they exist only to do what the children want: they have no other calling. In other words, I write these lines at a watering-place with vast sands. Watering-places without sands belong to the adult, but where there are sands the adult is eliminated except as a servant of the young—a boatman, a donkey man, a father with money, a mother with a lunch-basket, a nurse with a towel. After careful study I have come to the conclusion that the little girl derives more pleasure from the sands than the little boy. It is the little girl who rules here. Paddling provides her with just as much excitement and unusualness as she wants; give her a spade and a pail and bare her legs and she is happy. The boy wants a little more: he cannot forget that danger is part of his heritage; he wants to be in the distant boats; he wants to catch large fish.

And this reminds me of a comedy involving two little girls and one little boy, which has given me much pleasure. The little girls were making a sand castle on an ambitious scale, when the little boy, a total stranger, walked up to them, said it was his territory, drove them off with sticks, and assumed possession. That is the portrait. They hurried home in tears to complain of the enormity, and nothing was heard for some time but the arrogance and selfishness of Stanley—that being his name. Act two occurred the day after, when an expedition was made to some rocks. Here I must resort to dialogue:—

First little girl (suddenly): "Look, there's Stanley."

Second little girl: "Where? So he is. I wonder what he's doing?"

They advance cautiously in a blend of curiosity and fear.

Stanley (seeing them): "Hullo!"

Both little girls: "Hullo!"

First little girl: "What are you doing?"

Stanley: "Catching crabs. You may come and watch me if you like."

Both little girls, overjoyed at his condescension and affability, hurry to his side.

Stanley: "I've caught thirty-six already; once I caught a salmon." (And much more in the same vein.)

Both little girls return fascinated by this new hero. Now they are warm friends.

We are not on any railway; to get to the nearest town we must either take a motor 'bus with an alarming amount of top hamper, or a steamer. Indeed, at the moment I write we have no choice but the steamer, for the motor 'bus caught fire yesterday, and is not yet cool enough to resume its duties. Every house and cottage contains two or three families besides that which belongs to it and sleeps Heaven knows where, and every family has one piano and two pianists. Hence there is no tune now in vogue that I do not know, but I know none so well as

"Hiawatha" and "Lead, Kindly Light," the two melodies (designed for opposite tastes) with which the most persistent of our visiting organs is furnished. We also have companies of strolling players in the evenings—Follies and Pierrots, Vagabonds and Nondescripts—and by day such odd stray entertainers as niggers; an old, old man who extricates himself from a network of knotted rope, and looks far liker a venerable lay preacher; a humourist on high stilts with a mysterious way of catching pennies in a hat and an irresistible way of compelling us to throw more; and this morning a fisherman from Great Yarmouth with a tame seal.

This is the best of our visitors so far. I always knew that seals were very wonderful creatures, capable of a cleverness for which we are at pains to find no more vivid epithet than "human," and full of quiet fun; but not until I studied Joey, the seal in the box, did I realize how friendly and companionable these animals can be. Their eyes are more brilliant and quite as sympathetic and intelligent as any dog's; their countenances are far more alert and expressively conscious of their surroundings; and their skin is the most exquisite smooth silver grey. Some day I must have a seal. The fisherman in whose net Joey one day found himself has a pleasant humour and what seems to be a genuine affection for his captive, and Joey, although the freedom of the North Sea may sometimes be regretted, gives every indication of enjoying contact with men and children. One of his feats was to scratch the heads of little boys; another to kiss his master, who laid out, I was glad to see, no small proportion of his earnings on fresh fish for his friend.

Most of us have played the rôle of imaginary autocrat, and stated with more or less emphasis what we would do if we had absolute power. One thing I would certainly do: I would penalise unpunctuality. In some way or other I would reach servants of the public—such as railway officials—who are light-heartedly late to the disarrangement of every plan. Legislation seems to concern itself with so many unimportant things. Take aliens, for example. What does it matter to me whether or not another German Jew is allowed to take up his abode in the East End of London? But it would matter to me and every one else in England very much if a bill was passed making it a finable offence to defraud the public with Time Tables in which no adherence can be placed. Accidents and Bank Holiday pressure might perhaps be held as good excuses, but during ordinary times I would fine railway men as vigorously for allowing their trains to go slow as motorists are fined for going fast.

What always interests me about a late train is the origin of its lateness. At some period during the day a blunder must have been committed by some one which led to the loss of time that followed. I have put this point to railway officials but they have declined to discuss it. They have suspected irony. When an accident occurs the responsible person is always, sooner or later, traced; he should be traced when a train is late, too. Some lines are far more ashamed than others of dilatoriness, which shows that it is to a large extent a case of laxity at the head. Given a general manager with an enthusiasm for punctuality and the enthusiasm would spread and the time of the line improve. In this world all movements are the work of one man.

I happen to have curiously bad luck with late trains, for I live near the terminus of a branch single line which joins the main line five miles away. This means that our trains start to the second. They have indeed never been known to do otherwise, so that for the first five miles the illusion of speed and punctuality is strong upon us and our hopes are high. Then comes the delay at the junction, and a fall of hopes.

Another of my thunderbolts (were I autocrat) would be directed against those who do not answer letters. This is the unpardonable fault. If some of us die five years before our time it will largely be the fault of people who have sapped our vitality by not answering letters. Napoleon once remarked that to answer letters was an act of superfluity, because they all answered themselves in due course; but

that is only partially true. Indolent people hide behind Napoleon's dictum, forgetting that only Napoleons have the right to such high-handed ways. In writing like this I am not unmindful of those who temperamentally are incapable of writing letters, or who have not the habit of pen and ink. These I forgive and these I abstain from writing to on important matters. A reply telegram is better. But the worst offenders are those who having an idea that men of genius keep no appointment and disregard all social obligations, such as replying to letters, affect to have genius themselves in order to escape these duties with aplomb. I know more than one " man of genius " whose genius is merely the machinery of genius.

Yet another autocratic measure. I would compel all hotel proprietors to keep the *current* Bradshaw. Their *Tatlers* and *Sketches* might be a year old, but I would have Bradshaw to date.

Since writing a month or so ago about the pleasure of exploring empty houses—old houses—I have had a new experience : I have had the run of a desolate and ancient French château. When I say I have had the run I am perhaps misleading : I should more properly say I took the liberty, no one being in sight to restrain me. Here, again, I am wrong, for there was someone, and that someone put me in a more ridiculous and undignified plight than I should care to be seen in by a photographer or hostile critic—or even, I fear, a friend. For it was an angry turkey. There is probably a short way with angry turkeys, but I have not learned it. I know more or less what to do if a bull were to run at me, or a dog try to bite me ; but a bird is different. There are no laws for dealing with assailing birds. It is said that a swan if aroused to attack a man can break his arm with one blow of its wing, but I never heard of any prescribed line of conduct for the man. Similarly with a turkey. A turkey cannot do such damage as that, but what is one to do but retreat lamely and in shame when a turkey pursues you closely across a large farmyard totally lacking cover, and now and then threatens to bite or peck, or whatever it is that turkeys do ? I had a stick and I waved it, but it had the effect only of enraging the bird. No one came to the rescue. Had anyone come, I learned afterwards, I should never have been able to see the château. Slowly and painfully, with terror breaking out damply all over me, I reached a doorway and slid through it. The turkey came too. Beyond I saw a high gate. I backed to it and stood by it, holding the turkey with a fixed glare. It stopped. I glared harder and felt for the lower bar of the gate with my foot. The turkey retreated a step, and I rose a step. It retreated another and I rose another, and then I turned to scramble over. The turkey made no attempt to follow, and I was within the courtyard of the château.

Everything was deserted and desolate. The great house filled, or almost filled, one end of the court, while stables and other offices and an imposing gateway completed the square. All was in red brick, rather ornately finished, all was crumbling. The château itself was surrounded by a moat, now dry, and filled with rank greenery, and to get into the house I had to go round to the front and cross a bridge. Inside the state of things was not so bad. The wainscotting was good, the windows kept their glass. The kitchens were immense, with elaborate wash-houses and larders and cellarage all contiguous. Upstairs one walked more cautiously, for it seemed that every door must give on an ancient French family at tambour work or cards. There were, however, only mice and vacancy. It was all very strange and a little eerie the sense of emptiness, and dead owners, was too vivid. In front of the house stretched a park with a lake in the hollow, equally empty, and forlorn.

The next thing was to get away, the tresspass done, and to get away without again meeting the turkey. It seemed as if the great gateway of the courtyard which led to the road direct would be the best way, but it turned out to be locked. None of the other buildings contained a door that led anywhere and

in the end there was nothing for it but to go back through the turkey's domain, the farmyard, or, as it were, the Dardanelles. Very gingerly I descended from the gate and entered the doorway of the farm. I glanced hastily round. The turkey was on the other side, among a crowd of servile poultry, but immediately in front of me, apparently awaiting my appearance with the liveliest interest, was a stout farmer's wife in conversation with a chauffeur, and then I learned that the owner of the estate had just arrived in his motor car, and had seen me from the park moving before the windows, and had sent his chauffeur to demand explanations. It was a trying five minutes, and it cost as many francs.

The quotations in the last number of *Good Words* were from the following writers:—

i. FitzGerald's Glossary of Suffolk Sea Phrases.
ii. Sir Thomas Browne.
iii. George Saintsbury.
iv. Gibbon.
v. Mark Twain.
vi. Oscar Wilde (*The Happy Prince*).
vii. Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.
viii. George Meredith (*Farina*).

I doubt if I could have guessed any myself.

E. V. Lucas.

Ruined Arch, Walberswick Church, Suffolk

2858